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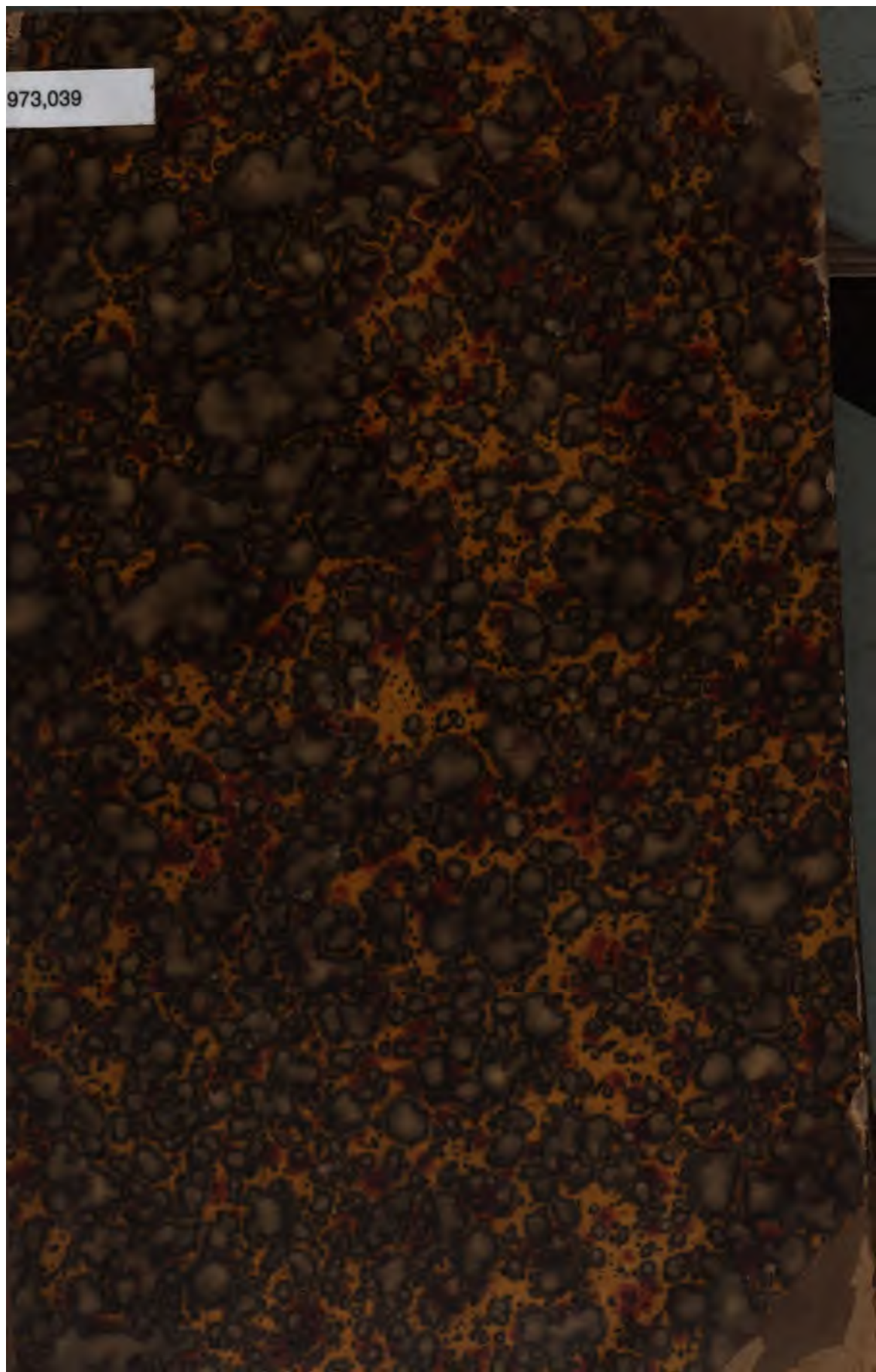
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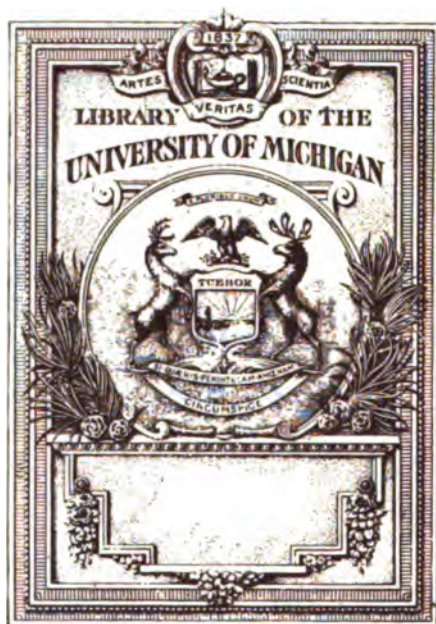
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THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

v. 53

MAY TO AUGUST, 1861.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW-YORK:  
PUBLISHED AT No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET.  
1861.



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JOHN A. GRAY,  
PRINTER, STEREOTYPY, AND BINDER,  
Corner of Frankfort and Jacob Streets,  
FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

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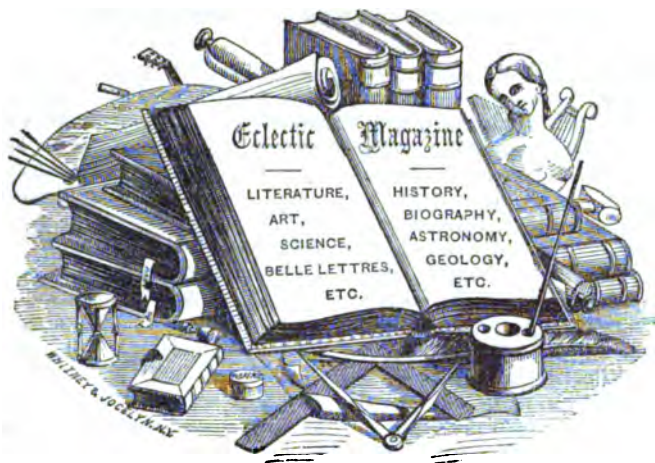
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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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MAY, 1861.

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From the London Review.

## EARLY ENGLISH MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.\*

THERE is, as yet, no general history of Christian missions. The theme is now so large and full, that, perhaps, no one man feels himself equal to it. If there have been proposals to supply what the Church would rejoice to possess, a comprehensive, accurate, and faithful narrative of all holy efforts to evangelize the heathen, the result has been somewhat like what has fol-

lowed certain attempts at cyclopædias of literature, which have issued in mere lists of private libraries, or in descriptive editions of business catalogues. A particular object is put forth under a general name; or the chronicles of a generation are given as the review of an age; or denominational doings are paraded as the actions of Christendom. And, it may be, we have no right to expect any thing else. It remains to be proved whether any man has knowledge, love, and genius enough to write a general history of Christian missions. Some good monographs, however, adorn this department of literature; and he performs no small service who succeeds in throwing a lasting charm over any one scene of missionary zeal, or in immortalizing the records of a single movement towards the overthrow of Paganism. It is not for us to intrude into the prov-

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\* 1. *The Church Historians of England. Pre-Reformation Series.* London: Seeleys 1853, etc.

2. *Biographia Britannica Literaria. Anglo-Saxon Period.* By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A. London: J. W. Parker. 1842.

3. *The History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church.* By JOHN LINGARD, D.D. London: Dolman. 1845.

4. *The Latin Church during Anglo-Saxon Times.* By HENRY SOAMES, M.A. London: Longman & Co. 1848.

5. *Revolutions in English History.* By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. London: J. W. Parker. 1859.

ince of the historian; but we are at liberty to indicate those points of interest, or those sections of the historic field, which invite special attention, and which might worthily exercise the ablest pen. Among these England affords, to us at least, the greatest attractions. She is the parent of modern missions. She has cradled and nourished the institutions which have sent forth life and blessing to the ends of the earth. Every thing, therefore, connected with her early Christian life, and first missionary experiments, must be interesting to those who love the Gospel; and especially so to her own children.

England owes her first lesson in Christianity, under God, to Pope Gregory the First. The ancient British Church, whatever it once was, or by whomsoever it was founded, had been scattered as unworthy of its calling; and, when the Pagan Saxons were ready for the truth, its western remnant stood aloof, gloomy in spirit, broken in form, and all but entirely bereft of its power. Its memory is an admonition. How was it that a people like the Britons, partially civilized, yea, to some extent Christianized, and therefore, it may be presumed, advancing rapidly towards intellectual and spiritual maturity, how was it that such a nation came to be invaded by swarms of Pagans, to be crushed, or swept from the soil, and its homes again numbered, for a time, with the abodes of Heathenism? This question will throw us back on the great principle of a supreme moral government—a principle which must be continuously recognized and honored, if the history of the human family is to be understood. The moral government of God has respect to nations and communities and churches, as such. The grand ultimate object of Heaven is the purity and happiness of the whole world. Men are gathered together into families and nations, that they may be more effective agents in promoting the great object. The Supreme Ruler marks out the sphere of each community, and prescribes its work. With nations and communities, as well as individuals, faithfulness to the calls of Providence secures prosperity and honor; while moral corruption, abuse of talents, and neglect of duty, are invariably followed by dishonor, distraction, or national death. So says an oracle, to whose decision we bow: "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation, to pluck

up, and to pull down, and to destroy; if that nation against whom I have pronounced turn from their evil, I will repent of what I thought to do unto them. And at what instant I shall speak concerning a nation to build and to plant it; if it do evil in my sight, that it obey not my voice, then I will repent of the good, wherewith I said I would benefit them."

A melancholy illustration of this is furnished in the condition and fate of the Roman empire, or Christendom, during the fifth century. Contemporary writers, men who were among the pious few, tell us with deep feeling of the moral corruption of the professedly Christian world. "You think," cries Salvian, in reply to an infidel objector, "you think there can be no Divine government of human affairs, inasmuch as the professed servants of God obtain no favor at his hands; and that the Church itself is left to its fate. But see what Christians actually are every where; and then ask whether, under the administration of a righteous and holy God, such men can expect any favor. What happens every day under our eye, is rather an evidence of the doctrine of Providence; as it exhibits the Divine displeasure, provoked by the debauchery of the Church itself." And what was thus said of other parts of Europe may be applied in particular to Britain. Gildas was the British Jeremiah of the sixth century. By turns he exposes the enormities, and weeps over the desolations, of his people, "If," says he, "God's peculiar people, his first-begotten Israel, were not spared when they deviated from the right path, what will he do to the darkness of this our age? in which, besides all the aggravated sins which it has in common with all the wicked of the world, is found an innate, fixed, and incurable spirit of inconstancy and foolishness. Britain has kings, but they are tyrants; Britain has priests, but they are impudent; she has clerks, but they are deceitful raveners; and pastors, but they are rather wolves prepared for the slaughter of souls. There is every vice to which human nature is liable. Meanwhile, God, still willing to purify us, sends a rumor of foes, who are rapidly approaching to scourge and destroy the land." \* The venerable Bede also declares, that "all the bonds of sincerity and justice were so entirely

\* Sect. 1, 21, 22, 27, 66.

broken, that there was not only no trace of them remaining, but few persons seemed to be aware that such virtues had ever existed." "To those sins which are not to be described, says he, "they added this, that they never preached the faith to the Saxons, or English, who dwelt among them."\* All this is confirmed by the fact, that when the celebrated Germanus, who came over from Gaul to check the spread of Pelagianism in the British Church, had spent some time in catechizing and instructing the troops which were collected to oppose the Saxons, *he baptized the majority of the whole force.* We may infer that, though the British Church had existed above two hundred years, one half of the population were still either idolaters or persons who shrank from that baptism which would place them under the restraints of a Christian profession.

It would appear, then, that the Britons had enjoyed a day of trial, but that they were found faithless. Roman arms had probably opened the way of the Gospel; and pious officials and soldiers, or, it may be, even apostles, had brought the leaven of Christianity to this island. The same instrument who broke up the Jewish temple, and scattered the faithless Jews, had previously subdued Britain, and laid it out as a fair field for the cultivation of that religion which Jerusalem rejected. Under the mild government of Agricola, the Britons were to some extent rescued from barbarism, and prepared to listen with calmness to the doctrines of truth. That truth was received; and had it been faithfully entertained, and steadily exemplified, it might have saved them; but, alas! they proved that their countryman, Gildas, spoke the truth when he remarked that they were "ever desirous of hearing something new, but remained constant to nothing long." They were, perhaps, enervated rather than improved under Roman sway; and suffered themselves at last to become the sport of circumstances. Their country had probably given birth to the mother and son who were the first to range imperial power on the side of the Church; and, what was better, they had enjoyed the labors of such Christians as Ninian, Patrick, Fastidius, Germanus, and Lupus. But, in common with their fellow-subjects on the continent, they had

lost their social vigor, their political health, and, with a few eminent exceptions, their religious purity; and were now to give place to the people who were at once a scourge and a blessing. The Teutons, at the time of their descent on this country, were as yet heathen; but they were the chosen instruments of Heaven in renovating and reorganizing the western world, and in preparing Christendom for her benevolent mission.

"To the farthest verge  
Of the green earth."

But who first administered to them the truth which touched, and purified, and consecrated their minds and hearts to the nobler service of Him by whose providence they had, so far, been trained? We say again, it was Gregory the Great. Let no Protestant be alarmed; his religion is not in danger. Protestantism must never be blind to truth; nor do its interests ever require us to be unfair. Gregory was a great man. His name is one of the landmarks of history; and his character, in grand outline, will ever remain the most distinguished honor of his generation. He was a man for his times. Shut up in Rome, with savage hordes at the gates, and pestilence, famine, and flood within—with heresy in the provinces, and the care of every department weighing heavily upon him at home—he he never 'bated jot of heart or hope,' but met every demand in turn; always ready, always prompt, always decided, and generally successful. He was modest and simple in his dress; plain in his household; severe to himself, but ceaselessly kind to others. He was at once the domestic economist, the vigilant land-owner, the municipal overseer. Now, he is the watchful diplomatist; then the soldier, superintending his own commissariat, planning his defences, and directing his troops. Now in the pulpit, passionately rousing his flock to spiritual life and action; in the cloisters, keeping his monks to their discipline; in his closet, writing morals on the Book of Job, or keeping up a wide correspondence with kings and queens, ecclesiastics and scholars. Then, in the choir, reforming the Church Service, and giving that musical impulse to the Christian world which will be felt as long as the Gregorian chant continues to charm a human soul. Indeed, he was every

\* *Hist.*, b. i., c. 22.



thing that his Church and his times required. If to us he seems over-credulous, he was only conformed to the fashion of his day; and it is a remarkable fact, that the same reproach, if reproach it be, has been cast upon almost every man who has been a leader of his generation. He appears in one or two cases to have been guilty of flattering those who ought to have been reprov'd; as when, in his correspondence with the profligate but relic-loving Brunehaut, he declared the French to be happier than other nations in the character of their sovereign; or when he made heaven and earth rejoice at the accession of the brutal Phocas. In this he set an example of inconsistency which has been too frequently copied by those whose zeal for their favorite object blinds them to the faults of those who help them to success. There is no evidence to sustain the report, that he headed a crusade against the classic remains of his own city. Even that most subtle of all slanderers, Gibbon, expresses a doubt in his favor, when he would have been only too glad to find some reason for a sneer. Gregory was suspicious of pagan literature; but it was for the same reason which would lead a modern pastor to guard his flock against the pernicious influence of graceless novelists.\* His cautioning half-instructed Christians against pagan writings was, at all events, perfectly consistent.

The sight of some young Saxon slaves in the Roman market probably touched his heart, and suggested the first thought of a mission to England. It is interesting to observe the circumstances under which some of the most happy missions of the Christian Church took their rise. And, at this point, the history of the early and later missions affords some remarkable parallels. Gregory looked upon some poor Saxon slaves, and his mind conceived the conversion of the land from which they came. A few pious men of Basle, standing at the gates of their native

city, in the days of the first Napoleon, saw the pagan ranks of Kalmuks and Tartars, under Russian colors, marching past to the siege of Huningen; and were led by a simultaneous thought to enter into a solemn vow, that if God spared their homes from the impending desolation, they would form a seminary for training missionaries to the uninstructed hordes which had excited their pity. And thus sprang up an association which is now taking a noble part, not only in the conversion of those who were the first objects of its care, but of India, and in the vernacular instruction of Western Africa. Gregory would fain have entered on the Saxon Mission himself, but he was too valuable a man for Rome to lose. When raised to the papal chair, amidst all his labors and cares, his favorite scheme was not forgotten. His first purpose was to procure young natives from the slave-market, and have them trained as evangelists to their countrymen. This process, however, was too slow for his impatient zeal. He fell back on his monks, selected a missionary band of nearly forty, and in the year 596 sent them, with many exhortations and blessings, to the coast of Kent. No one can read his epistle to the consecrated missionaries without feeling that the man's heart was set upon this work, and that he entered on it in simplicity and godly sincerity. "Let not the toil of the journey," says he, "nor the tongues of evil-speaking men deter you; but with all possible earnestness and zeal, perform that which, by God's direction, you have undertaken; being assured, that much labor is followed by greater eternal reward. . . . May God Almighty protect you with His grace; and grant that I may in the heavenly country see the fruits of your labor; inasmuch as, though I cannot toil with you, I may partake in the joy of the reward, because I am willing to labor."

Not without reason Gregory warned them against "the tongues of evil speaking men." On their way through Gaul, they heard the dangers of their mission magnified, until their courage failed, and Augustine, their leader, went back to pray that they might be recalled. This weakness has been spoken of as a proof that true Christian zeal could never have moved their hearts. But the inference is not fair; the annals of modern Missions might furnish parallels from among those whose

\* Perhaps if he had lived in our times, and heard an unqualified recommendation of such a periodical as the *London Journal*, he would have vigorously acted the Pope, even though that apologist were Lord Brougham himself. And, by the by, for a man whose word is so much like law, to appear as the public advocate of 'social science,' and, in that character, to speak favorably of pages which, to speak gently of them, tend to debauch the intellect of the young, is, at least, to be guilty of an outrage on propriety and good taste.

evangelical zeal and purity no man doubts. Augustine and his companions landed in Kent, probably in the autumn of 596. The story of his reception is well known. His way had been prepared by female piety in the royal household. The queen had held fast her Christianity amidst the temptations of a pagan court. Augustine and his friends gained a hearing, and opened their message. Their difficulties were not very different from those which have many times since beset missionaries who carried the same truth to "the regions beyond." This is remarkably shown in the correspondence between Augustine and his superior at Rome. The customs, manners, tastes, and prejudices of the people involved him in questions which he calls on Gregory to help him in solving; at least he modestly appeals to the judgment of his ecclesiastical father. Hume, and men of his school, have thought that they had found in the discussion between Augustine and Gregory ample reason for a laugh at "questions and replies" which they pronounce "indecent" or "ridiculous;" and which, in their wisdom, they thought could occur to none but those who had "sympathy of manners" with "the ignorant and barbarous Saxons." But the modern missionary, who has come into close contact with heathenism in other climes, may find a striking similarity between the correspondence which was once maintained between Canterbury and Rome, and that which has sometimes passed between Southern Islands or African coasts, and central Mission Boards in London or America. Like questions turn up; corresponding difficulties occur; and it is well if all modern advisers prove themselves as clear-sighted, judicious, forbearing, and just, as Gregory appears. Whatever else that pope was, he was consistent. In the spirit of his times, he was disposed to extend the sanction of the Church as far as possible to pagan fashions. Perhaps he went too far in that direction when he laid the foundation of what grew up into parish feasts. But he allowed nothing that was plainly condemned by Christianity as impure. (It has been reserved for a colonial and missionary dignity of these modern days, to advocate the continuance of polygamy in the infant churches of Africa!) Gregory, however, sternly required obedience to the New-Testament laws of holy matrimony; and enforced chastity alike on princes and

people. There could have been no serious compromise of Christian principle or duty, like that which the Jesuit missionaries of a later day were guilty of, in attempting the conversion of the Hindoos. They determined to become indeed "all things to all men," for the accomplishment of their object; and so far did they carry this policy, that, in the charges eventually lodged against them before the pope, it was declared to be doubtful whether, by sparing idolatry, and tolerating it among their proselytes, they had not themselves become converts to Hindooism, instead of making the Hindoos converts to the Christian religion. That this was far from being the policy of Augustine and his companions seems plain, from the fact that the permanent results of their labors have rendered it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to gain a satisfactory view of the mythology and creed of old Saxon heathendom. It is only by the collation of minute and isolated facts, preserved, perhaps, in some popular superstition, legends, or even nursery tales, that we gather the few dim notions we possess. Both the missionaries and those who chronicled their labors, seem to have made it the business of their lives to destroy the remembrance of former things; and to avoid every thing that might recall the past, or remind the converts of the creed or practices of their forefathers. The consecration of heathen temples and places of popular resort to the service of the Christian Church would scarcely have been effected, without allowing some broken elements of the old system to lurk for a time in the habits and belief of the people. Indeed, some of them may be found among us still. But, after all, the work of those first evangelists will bear comparison with any case of island conversion that comes nearest to a parallel in the history of modern missions. Take New Zealand, for instance. When Bishop Selwyn says, that though it is only forty years ago since the first missionary landed there, yet now "the whole nation, as far as he could judge, comparing man with man, are as worthy of the name Christian as are our people of England,"—the fact might possibly be taken as evidence of the purer and more earnest zeal of modern missionaries; but it is not difficult to see that the process through which the people of this country passed under the labors of Augustine and his followers, is the

same as that which is now going on in New Zealand. "The people," says a recent witness, "are nominally Christians, but retain many of the superstitions and habits of their former state. It is rare to see a house at all superior to the huts they built fifty years ago. Some of them wear the mat; many have substituted the blanket; but a considerable number dress well in the English costume. When we see them squatting in the streets, or grouping in their huts, or freely lounging together in the sun, without respect to rank or sex, we are disappointed; for they look to us more like savages than Christians. Yet nearly the whole of them can read, write, and calculate; many keep the Sabbath holy, read the Scriptures, and have family worship; and some are highly honorable and conscientious in commercial transactions. All the worst traits of heathenism have disappeared, and now the people are learning the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. When they formerly abandoned the name and profession of heathens, and adopted Christianity, all Christendom heard of it, and rejoiced over the victory; but as great a work is still to be done, in retaining successive generations on the vantage ground, and, in the face of vast difficulties, leading them on to maturity."\*

Turning from this to our own land, and looking at the manner in which Christianity in England bore the tests to which it has been subjected by political revolutions, growing wealth, and, above all, by religious corruption and ecclesiastical tyranny, the foundations must have been nobly laid, and the work of the first builders must have been well done. The groundwork indeed was laid in Divine truth, and the work was done under the Holy Spirit's sanction and blessing. As yet, those distinctive dogmas which have become essential to the Latin Church of later times, had not taken a position to eclipse the great leading doctrines of saving truth. The teaching of the missionaries would, of course, fairly represent the views and feelings of their nation; and Gregory, though not entirely free from perverted notions on some points, was, in doctrinal views and ecclesiastical principles, much nearer to what is called Protestantism than to the standard of the modern Romish Church. His ear was too open to stories of the supernatural and

miraculous; although perhaps he can not be fairly judged by an age so mechanical and hard, so material and secular as ours. The question of alleged miracles in the Christian Church of post-apostolic times, is one of great difficulty. We can easily believe that such men as Gregory were too ready to credit marvelous tales, and to chronicle reports which, if properly sifted, would have turned out to be mere exaggerations of some remarkable coincidences; or, that some striking and impressive manifestations of Divine Providence on behalf of the infant Church, or its missionary work, might, in the course of circulating talk, become distinguished by terms which, understood figuratively at first, have at length helped to place them before posterity in the character of miracles. The recently published volumes on *Fiji and the Fijians* may furnish an illustration. There are statements as to the salvation of persecuted converts from imminent peril by the sudden and unlooked-for destruction of their persecutors, which, if brought to the next generation of Fijians by oral tradition, might easily be mistaken for miraculous vindications of Christian truth. At the same time, from the testimony of such men as Bede, and from the memorials of many of the early missionaries themselves, it is clear that both Gregory and those whom he employed were ruled by the conviction, that the Divine government could not be upheld over human minds without occasional interference by miracle; and that such interference might be expected at the first introduction of the Gospel among heathen people. And, after all, it is more easy to believe that a merciful God would arrest the attention of unbelievers, and force the truth of the Gospel on their notice, by such interferences, than to admit that men of pure sincerity and holy purpose could be victims of self-deception, and the means of deceiving those whom they so earnestly wished to save. That such men intended to deceive is beyond the faith of any pretender to calm thought or good feeling. It may be easily conceived that the extraordinary facts connected with modern revivals would, under some circumstances, be reported as miracles. The outer man, for instance, is prostrated in a manner which many have found unaccountable; but from that prostration the entire man has risen with evidence of a moral change

\* *Wesleyan Missionary Notices*, November, 1859.

which none can deny, and which most admire. But may not God permit truth to be so discovered as to overwhelm for a time the powers of human nature? not to show that such affections of our physical nature are necessary to a religious change, but to call the attention of a skeptical world to the fact that there is a Divine Spirit without whom men can not be rectified and hallowed, and, at the same time to awaken the Church to the true meaning of its creed, when it says, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." As society becomes cool and hard under the sway of mere intellect, spiritual religion will be treated with neglect, if not with scorn. Its claims will be politely overlooked, or its advocates borne with as the subjects of a defective training; but when multitudes suddenly take a religious turn under the pressure of convictions wrought without any visible agency, men are obliged, in spite of themselves, to acknowledge a Divine power, and to pay homage to the grace of God. Who cares for what a few people say about their inward experience? but who can be thoughtless when his neighbors are struck down as by an unseen arm? Who but must be serious when he sees them rise up to act on new principles, from new motives, and with an aim and purpose altogether different from that of their former life?

But to return to Gregory. It would appear that with all the credulity with which some have charged him, he was more cautious than many of his contemporaries; and that he was prepared judiciously and scripturally to guard his clergy against extremes. Who does not like to read, again and again, his calm, beautiful, and affectionate letter to Augustine, written when he was rejoicing in the unexpected and marvelous changes which were taking place in the scene of his mission? "I know, most loving brother," says the pope, "that Almighty God, by means of your affection, shows great miracles in the nation which he has chosen. Wherefore it is necessary that you rejoice with fear, and tremble whilst you rejoice, on account of the same heavenly gift: namely, that you may rejoice because the souls of the English are by outward miracles drawn to inward grace; but that you fear, lest, amidst the wonders that are wrought, the weak mind may be puffed up in its own presumption, and, as it is eternally raised to honor, it

may thence inwardly fall by vain glory. For we must call to mind, that when the disciples returned with joy after preaching, and said to their heavenly Master, 'Lord, in thy name, even the devils are subject to us,' they were presently told, 'Do not rejoice on this account, but rather rejoice for that your names are written in heaven.' For they placed their thoughts on private and temporal joys, when they rejoiced in miracles; but they are recalled from the private to the public, and from the temporal to the eternal joy, when it is said to them, 'Rejoice that your names are written in heaven.' For all the elect do not work miracles, and yet the names of all are written in heaven. For those who are disciples of the truth ought not to rejoice, save for that good thing which all enjoy as well as they, and in which they have no faith of private enjoyment." The writer of this epistle did not, on some points, keep so near to our standard of orthodoxy as we should think necessary; but on most subjects his way of thinking was strongly akin to our own. He was, perhaps, the last of the popes with whose spirit it would seem possible for us to fraternize. His unquestioning faith in the significance of dreams and visions disposed him to entertain the question of a purgatory—evidently against his better judgment, when influenced by the light of inspired truth. He was willing to admit the use of pictures as teachers of scriptural facts, but not as objects of adoration; while he attached some value to relics, though he never idolized them. At the same time, there was no one immaculate, in his estimation, but "the Son of Man." He set up no claim to supremacy as a bishop; nor was he above concession to the opinions and practices of those who differed from him, when the glory of his Master and the success of truth called for it. He believed the Church to be composed of those who were "anointed and sanctified by the Spirit of Christ." He enforced no confession but the confession of a penitent sinner to his God; preached no sacrifice but that which the Lord Jesus offered "once for all;" and proclaimed no salvation, but salvation by "faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." Indeed, his "Rock" was not Peter, but Christ; for, "By rock," says he, "is meant Christ; the foundation signifieth Christ." Christ's word, with him, was the only standard of faith

and practice: "No doctrine may be thought necessary to be believed," he remarks, "but that which is grounded upon Scripture; and whosoever will avouch any divine truth, must build his speech upon this foundation." Hence, he exhorts the laity to study the Scriptures, that "they may learn the will of God, because," he continues, "Holy Scripture is the epistle of God unto his creatures. It is a flowing river in which the lamb may wade, or the elephant swim."\*

A mission begun under the influence of so much truth, could not be without gracious fruit. There were some things in Augustine's mode of opening his message which to us may appear beneath the dignity of those who bear the commission of the Gospel; as when he and his companions approached the place where King Ethelbert of Kent had appointed an interview, in a kind of procession, with a silver cross and a picture of Christ borne before them, chanting a litany as they moved, and in alternate choirs singing their prayers for the conversion of the heathen. Their chant and litany, and even indeed their cross, will be borne with, perhaps, better than their picture; but if such things seem childish to us, some generation of the future, wiser and more spiritual than ourselves, may probably read with wonder the record of our strife about the color of a preacher's vestment, and may find it difficult to detect the earnest piety of those who substituted the religious novel for the Word of God, replenished their Church coffers with the profits of popular concerts, and regulated the orthodox pitch of their devotion by a musical key. Truth, however, always accomplishes something, though associated with human infirmity, and even when partially mixed with error. Sincere efforts to Christianize men never entirely fail. And when the results of one evangelizing movement seem to be dying out, it is only to open the way for something better. As geological deposits have followed each other through the course of former ages to compose this remarkably-constructed island, thus preparing and adapting it as the scene of civilization, and a great center of moral power—so, dispensation after dispensation of truth

comes to its people, each in succession more pure and rich, until England shall become a mature example of unblameable godliness and unmixed charity. Nor should any religious age glory over a former day, as if all its advantages were owing to itself. That which now is, owes a great deal to that which went before it. And, indeed, the relations of ages and generations, and their dependence on one another, in the economy of Providence, must be held to be sacred. As "the eye can not say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you;" so, an age of more intellectual piety should not despise the one which, though less enlightened, had its distinctive power. Nor should the generation whose advantages are more complete, think meanly of the days when the ground-work of those advantages was laid.

Reflections have sometimes been cast on the memory of Augustine, the leader of the first English missionaries, on account of his mode of treating the remnant of the British or Welsh Church. He had been made bishop; and, among other instructions from Gregory, he had been directed to take the superintendence, not only over all the bishops in Saxon England, but over those who might remain among the Britons of the West. "To you, my brother," says the official letter, "shall, by the authority of our God and Lord Jesus Christ, be subject not only those bishops you shall ordain, and those that shall be ordained by the Bishop of York, but also all the priests in Britain; to the end that from the mouth and life of your holiness they may learn the rule of believing rightly, and living holily; and so fulfilling their office in faith and good conduct, they may, when it shall please the Lord, attain the heavenly kingdom." Gregory never invaded the just rights of others; and must have found a reason for this arrangement, partly in the degenerate character of the British remnant, as described by Gildas, and partly in the fact, that the British Church had been in communion with the churches on the Continent, and with them had acknowledged the superiority of Rome, and had shared in its pastoral care and oversight. Augustine sought an interview with the British clergy on the banks of the Severn. All he asked was, their fellowship with himself, a reasonable

\* The passages which express his opinions on all these points have been culled and arranged by Morton in his *Catholic Appeal*, 1609.

conformity to the usages of the continental Church, and their aid in his missionary work. They refused. There was a second meeting. He reviewed all the points of difference between them, and he reduced his proposals to three; namely, that they should consent to show their friendliness by keeping the festival of Easter at the same time with the Saxon churches, that they should observe the same form of baptism, and especially that they should join him in his missionary efforts to convert the Saxon tribes. They were still sullen; and Augustine, kindling at their obstinacy, broke up the conference by saying, "Know then, that if you will not assist me in pointing out to the idolaters the way of life, they by the just judgment of God will prove to you the ministers of death." The missionary may possibly have grown warm under his disappointment; but he felt that his reasonable propositions had been blindly scorned. The secret of the whole turned out to be, that Augustine had unwittingly violated their notions of etiquette. A pilgrim whom they had consulted had taught them to reject him if he proved otherwise than lowly; and the testing sign of the requisite meekness was to be his rising at their approach. Unfortunately Augustine kept his seat. Perhaps he felt his dignity; he had enough goodness, however, we think, to sacrifice a point of ecclesiastical fashion, had he known that the whole affair, important as it was, had been secretly made to hinge on this trifle. The truth and the salvation of souls were made subservient to a petty feeling of race, or the pride of a clan; and the fact reminds us that not far from the scene of this unsuccessful negotiation a Saxon judge has, within our own times, found a Welsh jury determined not to give a verdict against a Welsh criminal. Such unworthy feelings of nationality should have the frown of the intelligent world.

We can scarcely wonder at Augustine's final warning. It was natural enough, and seemed all but prophetic. The missionary cannot be fairly charged with the crime of exciting a Saxon chief to shed the blood of the obstinate monks, who were afterwards slain so fearfully by Edelfrid, the pagan king of Northumbria; for Augustine had passed to another world eight years at least before that massacre at the battle of Chester. His successor in the Kentish mission was discouraged,

for a time, by the fluctuations of the court; while another of the first missionary band, Mellitus, who had opened the mission in the capital of Essex, was so disheartened by the continued rudeness and violence of a half-instructed prince, that he retired for a time to Gaul with his companion Justus. The difficulties which beset the early movements of these first evangelists have found but scanty record; those, however, who are happy enough to study these records in connection with modern missionary literature will scarcely wonder at the allusions to occasional depression and even temporary abandonment of the field. The struggles between the prejudices and the better judgment, between the passions and the consciences, of heathen princes and chiefs, together with the consequent doubt and uncertainty on the part of their people—are striking similar in all ages of the missionary enterprise. And, indeed, many of the foreign scenes which are unfolded in the missionary chronicles of our own times, appear strangely to match those which had been acted among our own ancestors, when this island was a mission station. The perplexities for instance which surrounded Mellitus, when subject to the capricious tempers of his departed patron's pagan sons, may be better understood in the light which the history of some of the South Sea or African missions shed upon them. When Mellitus fled from his station into Kent, to consult his fellow-laborers—and, as Bede tells us, it was unanimously agreed that it was better for them all to leave the ground than to continue without fruit among the half-awakened and still willful barbarians—the principle of action was the same as in a case reported by a missionary society in 1827. "We had expressed a hope," it is said, "that the New-Zealand Mission, notwithstanding the many counteracting causes which opposed themselves to its establishment, would ultimately exhibit the triumphs of Christianity and civilization. These pleasing anticipations, it is our painful duty to record, have not been realized. Commotions among the tribes and the conduct of contending chiefs have, for the present at least, driven the missionaries from the station, and obliged them to withdraw from the island."\*

Nor will a student of our materials for

\* See *Wesleyan Missionary Report*, 1827.

a history of early missions fail to see that those who first brought the Gospel to the Anglo-Saxon tribes in England had to brave precisely the same spirit as recently manifested itself in opposition to the Gospel on the slave coast; and that the king of Dahomey merely spoke out again what had often been so expressed or made evident before, when he met the advances of the missionary by saying: "I know that there is one true and living God, and that He forbids killing, selling, and the worship of Fetish; but as I have been trained in these things, I can not leave them off. I know that if my people be allowed to hear the Word of God, they will be changed and become cowards, and they will not serve the Fetish with me, neither will they go to war. If I allow all the children of my people to attend the Christian school, they will be entirely converted to that religion; therefore I can not do so."\* Such heathenism, however, cannot long hold the Gospel in check. It will not do so in Africa; it has not in Australasia; it did not in pagan Saxondom. Laurentius lived to see the truth victorious in Kent, and Mellitus and Justus returned to witness the firm establishment of Christianity on the field of their labor and conflict. Paulinus, another of Augustine's companions, was the first to break missionary ground in Northumbria, under the protection of the royal bride, whom he accompanied from Kent. Some of Augustine's disciples had gone into East Anglia on the invitation of its monarch Redwald, and had baptized him into the Christian faith. His brother Sigebert, however, was a more sincere and earnest Christian; and when he came into power, after being for some time on exile in Gaul, he opened his kingdom to Felix, a Burgundian bishop, who entered on his mission under the sanction of Honorius of Canterbury; and, after the example of the mother station, established a school in connection with the Church. About the same time, (634,) Birinus, under the direction of the Pope, found his way to the southern coast, and opened the tidings of salvation to the fierce tribes of Wessex. Aided by the presence of the Northumbrian prince, who had come to seek the hand of a West Saxon princess, he succeeded in gaining the king, and with him

many of his subjects, as the first fruits of his ministry and the nucleus of a Christian Church. The zeal of northern Christian princes opened the way for others into Mercia; while Sussex, after resisting for a long time, every other appeal, yielded to the address and zeal of the traveled and accomplished Wilfrid of Ripon. Like many others who have been called to positions of wide influence, or to the accomplishment of some great work in the Christian Church, this remarkable person gave tokens of his native power in early life; and by a concurrence of circumstances was made to pass through a great variety of experiences at the beginning of his course. This providential training prepared him for holding a fixed purpose through and amidst all changes, and for making all events and all times serve him in the pursuit of his object. While yet a youth, he could carry arms, or gracefully serve the mead cup in the banquet hall, or wait agreeably on the person of his queen. At the same time he was not unprepared for the crosses and the self-denials of a religious life. In his fourteenth year he was marked out as best qualified for waiting on an aged courtier who had resolved to find a pious retreat at Lindisfarne. Alcuin's description of that island would show that during his stay there outward things helped to teach him how to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

It is interesting to trace the influence of Wilfred's scriptural studies in the formation of his missionary character. God's Word was his text-book; and, like many of his contemporaries, he enjoyed companionship with the Psalter and the Gospels, until they seemed to become a part of himself. He entered the priesthood at Ripon, and became at length the Archbishop of York. His seat, however, was an uneasy one. His consistency was too rigid for the times. Nor was it long before he knew what it was to be "in journeys often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren." His strong attachment to the ecclesiastical polity of Rome brought on him a series of persecutions; driven before which, he fled into the yet barbarous kingdom of Sussex, where he secured the friendship of the chief, who

\* See *Wesleyan Missionary Report*, 1860.

gave him the island Selsey with two hundred and fifty slaves. These were his first converts. He gave them their liberty on the day of their baptism. Within the space of five years, he saw Christian worship firmly established in Sussex. His attachment to Rome was certainly too strong to suit our notions; but we can not be blind to the fact, that the Anglo-Saxons owed to him the final establishment of Christianity throughout the island. It was he who drew the contending kingdoms within the circle of his powerful influence, and joined them into one church; thus to a great extent bringing about that universal peace and unity which Bede celebrates at the conclusion of his history. "The Picts," says he, "at this time have a treaty of peace with the nation of the Angles, and rejoice in being united with the universal Church. The Scots that inhabit Britain, satisfied with their own territories, meditate no plots or conspiracies against the nations of the Angles. The Britons, though they, for the most part, through domestic hatred, are adverse to the nation of the Angles, and from wicked custom, oppose the appointed Easter of the whole Catholic Church; yet, from both the Divine and human power firmly withstanding them, they can in no way prevail as they desire; for though in part they are their own masters, yet partly they are also brought under subjection to the English." Such, indeed, was "the peaceable and calm disposition of the times," that both among the higher and lower classes military pursuits were yielding their popularity in favor of a religious life. "What will be the end thereof," he remarks, "the next age will show. This is for the present the state of all Britain; in the year since the coming of the Angles into Britain about two hundred and eighty-five, but in the seven hundred and thirty-first year of the incarnation of our Lord; in whose reign may the earth ever rejoice; may Britain exult in the profession of His faith; and may many islands be glad, and confess to the memory of his holiness."

The conversion of the Anglo-Saxons from Paganism to Christianity was thus completed in the course of one century. The work was begun by Gregory the Great; and was carried on by his missionaries and their disciples, aided in some districts by Scottish or rather Irish mis-

sionaries from the Island of Iona. These co-workers came from the monastery which, it is said, was found by the celebrated Columba, a monk from the abbey of Bangor, on the coast of Ulster. It is interesting to observe, in passing, that the Blessed Spirit under whose ministrations all that is vital in Christianity is begotten and cherished, continues to distinguish the venerable scene which once gave birth to so many examples of true heavenliness and zeal. Not that the style of piety which Bangor cultivated was as active and practical as we think the will of Christ and the welfare of mankind require; for there was too much of the mystic in some of Ireland's best saints. And it may be devoutly hoped, that the modern awakening of Ulster may issue in more stirring zeal and larger missionary action than did the earlier spiritual movements of that province. If the monastic establishment of Iona was founded by Columba, it must have been soon after the year five hundred and sixty, when he was on his way to Gaul, with his twelve companions, in search of the deepest possible seclusion from the world. His disciples on the Holy Island were stirred up to some effort by the spirited movement of the missionaries from Rome; but it does not appear that there was much in the example of Columba himself to awaken true missionary zeal. The life which he led in Gaul was, as Mr. Wright remarks, "entirely agreeable with the contemplative and anchoretic character of the Irish and British Churches; it was innocent, perhaps, but it can not be said that it was equally useful." Bede's reflection on the British Christians, as to their lack of action, charity, and missionary zeal, was not unmerited. Iona remains a remarkable monument of their over-contemplative character. It seems as if it had been marked rather as a place for the dead, a receptacle for noble and saintly dust, than as a center of active spiritual life, sending out blessing to the world. It is now a scene of resort, where the curious and the devout wander over the accumulated dust of kings and chiefs, mitred abbots and nameless monks; a place of graves, from which hundreds of monumental inscriptions have been collected, and scattered, and lost, and where the carved and inscribed memorials are unnumbered still. With all this, the traditional recollections of the saintly recluses



seem almost entirely to have faded from the minds of the people; while the legends of daring chiefs and princely warriors remain just as fresh as ever. We may accept Scott's beautiful mode of accounting for the fact. While "the life of the chieftain was a mountain-torrent thundering over rock and precipice, which, less deep and profound in itself, leaves on the minds of the terrified spectators those deep impressions of awe and wonder, which are most readily handed down to posterity; the quiet, slow, and uniform life of those recluse beings glided on, it may be, like a dark and silent stream, fed from unknown resources, and vanishing from the eye, without leaving any marked trace of its course."

The Irish agents from Iona seem to have been brought into the English field by princely influence. Oswald and Eanfrid of Northumbria had been obliged to hide themselves from the jealousy of their reigning kinsman Edwin; and had spent the time of their exile in receiving lessons on Christianity from the monks of the Sacred Island. On Oswald's restoration to power, he acknowledged his obligation to the Christian religion, and sent to his old hiding-place for missionaries to instruct his people. "Corman was sent," says the learned Lingard, "a monk of severe and unbending temper; who, disgusted with the ignorance and barbarism of the Saxons, speedily returned in despair to his monastery. While he described to the monks the difficulties and dangers of the mission, 'Brother,' exclaimed a voice, 'the fault is yours. You exacted from the barbarians more than their weakness could bear. You should first have stooped to their ignorance, and then have raised their minds to the sublime maxims of the Gospel.' This sensible rebuke turned every eye upon the speaker, a private monk of the name of Aiden; he was selected to be the apostle of Northumbria; and the issue of his labors justified the wisdom of the choice." Paulinus had opened the way, setting up his cross in the vale of Dewsbury, and fixing his center of operations at York. But a bloody invasion of the

kingdom, after the death of Edwin, had scattered the first fruits of his labors. What was begun by him, however, was carried on and established by Aiden and his colleagues.

It has been objected to these first missionaries, both Latin and Irish, that they began with courts and princes, rather than with the people. The history of modern missions, however, will show that this by no means reflects dishonor on their Christian character or missionary zeal. There is a striking similarity, in this respect, between their work and that of the most devoted and heroic men who, in later times, have evangelized savage and idolatrous tribes. The purest zeal has harmonized with wisdom in prompting an appeal to the chief, in order to more advantageous attempts on the clan. And, among the cases which illustrate the correctness and happy results of this plan, there is one which always strikes us as an interesting parallel to one of the most beautiful incidents in the history of the first mission to this island. About forty years ago, and English missionary\* stood in one of the wild valleys of Africa, where a quiet Christian village, with its church and school now stands as a memorial of successful labors; and surrounded by the pagan chief and his councillors, he opened to them the news of salvation by Christ; and inquired whether they would receive his message, and submit to the teaching of the Gospel. After consultation it was said in reply, "We never before heard these things about the soul. We have had doubts and fears. Uneasy feelings and sorrow have come. But we did not know where to find rest. Before you spoke, we were like people in an egg-shell. It was dark. We could see nothing. We could understand nothing. There was the sky. There were the mountains. There were lilies. But we did not who made them. Nor could we tell where we came from, or where we were going. Stay and teach us, and we will hearken."

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\* Barnabas Shaw.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.\*

IN the mean time, the preparations for the invasion of England were slowly being completed. This was the chief aspiration of the whole Catholic world—the dethronement or death of the Jezebel of England, and the consequent extinction of heresy in Europe. To join in producing these happy results, Henry III. had made almost suppliant offers to Philip. The pope had prayed to be able to do the same thing, and offered a million of crowns in subsidy. Philip, however, kept his own counsel, and put off every body with delusive replies. He accepted the pope's money without exposing his project even to him: he would have no partner in his plan except Parma, of whose secrecy and fidelity he was as sure as of his own inflexible design. From before the fall of Antwerp that plot had been gradually ripening. The Grand Commander of Castile had, by Philip's orders, mapped out the whole enterprise early in 1586, in most elaborate detail. France was still, with Spanish money, to be kept in civil war, so that it could be no impediment in any direction. Troops for the invasion of England were to be collected in Flanders, as though for an enterprise against Holland and Zealand, while the Armada, which was to cover the passage over, was to be prepared in the ports of Spain, *ostensibly for an expedition to the Indies*. The queen of Scotland being then alive, it was determined to marry her to Alexander Farnese immediately the country was conquered; and as they were not likely to have any children, various ulterior arrangements were contemplated. The ground plan of the whole scheme being thus magnificently laid in the Escorial, Parma was requested to examine it and put in the finishing strokes. The prince, by a paper found among the archives of Simancas, reminded the king that, when, as a good Catholic—

master an account of the coasts, anchoring-places, and harbors of England, he had then expressed the opinion that the conquest of England was an enterprise worthy of the grandeur and Christianity of his majesty, and not so difficult as to be considered altogether impossible. To make himself absolutely master of the business, however, he had then thought that the king should have no associates in the scheme, and should make no account of the inhabitants of England. Since that time the project had become more difficult of accomplishment, because it was now a stale and common topic of conversation every where—in Italy, Germany, and France; so that there could be little doubt that rumors on the subject were daily reaching the ears of Elizabeth and of every one in her kingdom. Hence she had made a strict alliance with Sweden, Denmark, the Protestant princes of Germany, and even with the Turks and the French. Nevertheless, in spite of these obstacles, the king, placing his royal hand to the work, might well accomplish the task; for the favor of the Lord, whose cause it was, would be sure to give him success.

"Being so Christian and Catholic a king, Philip naturally desired to extend the area of the holy Church, and to come to the relief of so many poor innocent martyrs in England, crying aloud before the Lord for help. Moreover, Elizabeth had fomented rebellion in the king's provinces for a long time secretly, and now, since the fall of Antwerp, and just as Holland and Zealand were falling into his grasp, openly.

"Thus, in secret and in public, she had done the very worst she could do; and it was very clear that the Lord, for her sins, had deprived her of understanding, in order that his majesty might be the instrument of that chastisement which she so fully deserved."—(Vol. ii. p. 270.)

Three points, he said, were most vital to the invasion of England—secrecy, maintenance of the civil war in France, and a judicious arrangement of matters in the provinces. After enlarging on each of these points, he then proceeded to enter into the details of the expedition, specifying the number of troops which would be required, describing the craft which he should have to provide, and descending to the smallest particulars.

The letter was written in April, 1586. Philip steadily followed out the pro-

\* "Two or three years before he had sent his

\* Concluded from page 505, Vol. ii.

gramme. Tremendous was the activity in all the dockyards of Naples, Sicily, Portugal and Spain, but especially in Cadiz and Lisbon. For a year galleons, galleazas, caravels, brigantines, tenders, and warlike stores had been quietly accumulating in the vast harbors of these two cities, when Drake, who, like a true sea-king, was accustomed to carry on war on his own account, came to see how they were getting on; and it was then that he "singed the king of Spain's beard," as he termed it, by burning, scuttling, rifling, and sinking many thousands of tons of shipping, driving the Spanish galleys under their forts for shelter, and challenging Santa Cruz, who was to command the Armada, to come out and exchange bullets with him. Nevertheless he was not of opinion that he had materially damaged the Spaniards, so vast were their preparations. "But," said Sir Francis, "I thank them much that they have staid so long, and when they come *they shall be but the sons of mortal men.*" Yet we learn from the archives of Simancas, by a communication of the Spanish ambassador, that when the pope knew what *Draques* had done at Cadiz, he declared that Philip was a poor fellow, and that the queen of England's distaff was worth more than his sword!

Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, was rapidly organizing the military part of the expedition with all the patience, ingenuity, and genius which distinguish a consummate general. This prince, with his unswerving fidelity to his master, his unalterable attachment to the cause of Catholicism, his chivalry in the field, his unquenchable ardor, dauntless vigor of character, and inexhaustible fertility in the most brilliant combinations and efforts of military skill, was worthy to have served in a better cause; but a scion of a papal family, nursed in the school of morals of the Jesuits, it was hardly possible for him to be other than he was, loyal to the last breath to the cause of Romanism and Philip as its chief, but capable of every violation of morals and right which might seem advantageous to the intolerant ambition of the Catholic Powers. A man born to command, with a spirit at once impetuous and patient, nursed in the traditions of the famous military schools of Italy, which produced great captains and Condottieri from the days of the Sforzas down to those of Spinola and Montecuculi, he now entered heart and

soul into the plans for the subjugation of England. Mr. Motley's portrait of Alexander of Parma, is one of the most striking passages in these volumes:—

"Untiring, uncomplaining, thoughtful of others, prodigal of himself, generous, modest, brave; with so much intellect and so much devotion to what he considered his duty, he deserved to be a patriot and a champion of the right, rather than an instrument of despotism.

"And thus he paused for a moment—with much work already accomplished, but his hardest life-task before him; still in the noon of manhood, a fine martial figure, standing, spear in hand, full in the sunlight, though all the scene around him was wrapped in gloom—a noble, commanding shape, entitled to the admiration which the energetic display of great powers, however unscrupulous, must always command. A dark, meridional physiognomy; a quick, alert, imposing head; jet-black, close-clipped hair; a bold eagle's face, with full, bright, restless eye; a man rarely reposing, always ready, never alarmed; living in the saddle, with harness on his back—such was the Prince of Parma; matured and mellowed, but still unharmed by time."—(Vol. i. p. 188.)

This general, who was capable of draining whole districts for the sake of taking a town, was now cutting down forests in the land of Waes for the construction of transports and gun-boats; digging canals to bring them down to his seaports of Sluys, Newport and Dunkirk; protecting his canals with artillery against the rebel Netherlanders; and providing portable bridges, stockades for intrenchments, rafts and oars; and superintending his engineering operations with the most unwearying activity. Besides the troops he already had under his flag, three thousand soldiers reached him from Northern and Central Italy, four thousand from Naples, six thousand from Castile, and three thousand from Aragon, three thousand from Austria, with four squadrons of Reiters, besides levies in Franche Comté and the Walloon districts. No preparation was omitted; to provide for these troops, there were hundreds of ships—flat-bottomed transports and river hoys—horses, mules, saddles, spurs, lances, mills for grinding corn, barrels of beer, and tons of salted beef and biscuit. Nothing was left unthought of down to the sumptuous equipment of the body-guard with which he was triumphantly to enter London.

But what was the attitude of England and its queen in the face of these sumptuous preparations? Walsingham was

informed of every thing. He had a full and correct inventory of the prince of Parma's purchases. He knew precisely how many pairs of velvet shoes, how many silk roses, white and red, how many pieces of cramoisy velvet, how many hundred-weight of gold and silver embroidery the prince had ordered, how all the lances were bravely painted with their colors as for a triumph, and how the litany was read in all the churches daily for the prosperity of the prince in his enterprise. But the warnings of Walsingham against Spain were an old story. The queen would not listen to them; she had shut her ears for the last sixteen years to Walsingham's advice, and could she believe him now when that gallant soldier, the prince of Parma, told her, and Philip gave out, that these great preparations were for the Indies, or perhaps for the Netherlands, or perhaps for both? The counsellor, who was her chief support in this view, and who taught her to hope for peace where there could be no peace, was the lord Treasurer. Burleigh, in his flowing gown, white wand, and reverend aspect, was one of those respectable, timid gentlewomen who appear from time to time as statesmen, wanting always to be on the safe side. Their fears make them warlike and audacious in time of peace; and unfortunate for peace when there is no hope but war. No one more than Burleigh had urged Elizabeth to the execution of the queen of Scotland. While Mary lived he had been convinced that there was no hope of England's safety, or of the queen's. His fears were so unendurable on this subject, that any means were fair to get rid of them—he made two attempts to have the Scottish queen assassinated with perfect security to himself, and failed. Nevertheless, Burleigh must or should have known that the execution of Mary was an act of mortal defiance to the whole Catholic world. No sooner, therefore, did the head of Mary fall in the hall of Fotheringay Castle, than a cry for vengeance arose throughout Europe. Not only did the Jesuits of Italy, Spain and Austria clamor for the blood of Elizabeth, but all the preachers of the league thundered against the wicked Jezebel of England, and demanded her blood as an expiation for that of the royal martyr, the remembrance of whose beauty and youth, and whose relationship to the Guises, goaded the Parisian populace to madness. Philip was

preparing his mighty armament against England, not only as the chief of the Catholic world, but as one who himself had a claim to avenge the death of Mary, inasmuch as she had appealed to him for protection, and by a solemn instrument, which he affected to consider valid, had constituted him heir of all her rights and dominions. Burleigh knew very well that from north to south, from east to west, throughout Europe, for the last two years, the invasion of England had been the all-pervading dream of the Catholic mind; and that the subjugation of England was to be the stepping-stone to that of Holland, and to the complete triumph of Romanism. It was not a matter about which there could be any doubt in the eyes of any sane person of that epoch; it was openly avowed and openly hoped for from Paris to Rome, and from Vienna to Madrid; and if Philip had succeeded, he would have been but the instrument of the public opinions of the greater portion of Europe. On every side the evidences of his designs were now patent. Ireland was kept by him in a chronic state of rebellion under Tyrone; in Scotland, James VI., still unappeased for the death of his mother, allowed the Jesuits free range over his kingdom, and the Earls of Huntley, Morton and Crawford to concert measures with the Duke of Parma. From the Vatican the Pope launched forth his bulls of excommunication and deposition; and in France, Philip, true to his policy, kept the whole force of the nation writhing in civil war, and, as fit preparation for his great movement, ordered the chiefs of the League to Paris, who there brought about the day of the barricades, which drove the king from the capital, and gave Philip's creature, the Duke de Guise, supreme authority in the metropolis. The king of France was thus, to use the words of the Prince of Parma, reduced to a state of helplessness which did not permit him "to assist the queen of England, even with his tears, of which he had need to weep his own misfortunes." *Fifteen days after the day of barricades* the Spanish fleet sailed out of the Tagus on its way to England.

Such, besides Walsingham's constant intelligence of all the details of the destined invasion, were the general indications of the storm at hand; and yet Burleigh to the last contributed to lull his queen and his country into a false security, and ob-

stinately persisted in carrying on those secret negotiations for peace which were the disgrace and nearly the ruin of England, and a continued disloyalty to the Netherlands. The researches of Mr. Motley have brought to light for the first time a great many curious details of the deepest historical interest on these underhand transactions.

A Genoese merchant, named Grafigny, residing much in London and Antwerp, was the officious instrument of the negotiation. Having occasion to wait on the Prince of Parma for a passport, they began to talk about the distress of the country, the damage to trade, and matters which the man of commerce found especially obnoxious to him. Parma gave out that all he wanted was peace; and spoke in terms of vast admiration of the queen. Grafigny, acting on this hint, sought out Lord Cobham, in England. The peace party in England, Burleigh at their head, instantly caught at the bait thus hung out to them. Then ensued an active correspondence between persons more or less in the confidence of Elizabeth and Parma, and having direct access to each. Parma was informed that the queen was most pacifically disposed; the prince replied with an infinity of compliments that peace then was an easy matter, and in this underhand way negotiations were set on foot. Parma from the first informed Philip of what was going on, and told him he did it in order to gain time, to set the English to sleep about the invasion, and to slacken their defences. But the queen and her advisers kept her share of the transaction a secret from her allies, the Netherlands, and when taxed about the matter denied it roundly. Parma at length himself wrote to Elizabeth letters full of effusion and cordiality. Burleigh replied for her to his Flemish correspondent in letters equally effusive and complimentary. During the whole of 1587, these negotiations dragged their slow length along; the queen, with Burleigh and others, persisting in thinking something was to be got by them, Walsingham from the first setting his face against them. Leicester, when in the Netherlands, got at last sufficient information to enable him to speak out. "Surely you shall find," he wrote to Burleigh, "*the prince meaneth no peace; I see money doth undo all, the care to keep it, and not upon just cause to spend it.*" From every quarter the queen

received warnings; even the king of France was beginning to see the folly and weakness of his own conduct, and held a long conference with the English ambassador at Paris, on the hopelessness of settling any peace with Spain, whose designs he well knew. The States got wind of these transactions long before Leicester; and there is little cause to wonder that the brave Hollanders and Zealanders, who were prepared to retire to the last foot of sand and shed the last drop of their blood before they would submit to Spain, should, on hearing of these clandestine and disloyal efforts for peace, have lost all confidence in the queen and in England, and grown infuriated when Deventer and Zutphen were lost by the treason of Englishmen. Yet, in spite of all, Burleigh continued writing his interminable sentences to his correspondent, De Loo, wanting the prince, before commissioners were really sent, "to assure her majesty by his writing that he would, upon his honor, with all expedition send to king his advice to stay all hostile actions, or to have the king's answer, like a prince of honor, *whether he intendeth or no to employ these forces against her majesty, and yet her majesty will stand well by the duke's answer* if the army shall not be known to be actually prepared against England."

We should imagine that there is nothing in all history equal to the ineffable simplicity of this letter, when we consider that it came from Burleigh and was inspired by Elizabeth. Here was Burleigh, the statesman, who had counseled the surreptitious taking off by private hand of the Queen of Scots, to avoid public scandal; here was Elizabeth, who certainly showed at several epochs in her life that she was a mistress in the arts of dissimulation, and who was now herself deceiving her allies, asking, in an age of universal chicane and intrigue, an Italian prince, taught in the school of the Jesuits that to deceive a heretic was the duty of a Romanist—to give them a straightforward avowal of what they knew, if true, it was his interest to conceal. What could the duke reply, but in high flown Italian compliment with pious asseverations, that he above all was desirous of the public welfare and tranquility? Elizabeth and her advisers were sincere in their protestations for peace, for they wanted it. Parma was insincere because

he did not want it. Parma, at least, with all his mendacity, was true to Philip and his creed; and the peace party in England were untrue to their allies, and to their creed in seeking for it in this disloyal manner. The conduct of Elizabeth and Burleigh on this success would be inexplicable, did not history show us, over and over again, the truth that persons capable of the deepest artifice and dissimulation, will at times, as in the case even of Cæsar Borgia, only believe what they want to believe. That which really deceived Elizabeth on this occasion was her avarice; this had made her haggle and procrastinate about assisting the Netherlands; the expense of that assistance had made her hate the war, and hate the name of the Netherlands; and now her avarice made her prefer these ignominious attempts to soldier up a peace, rather than expend money in putting the country in a proper state of defence. Parma, as Leicester told them, was using these negotiations as a blind to hurry on his preparations as fast as possible. Elizabeth was using them as an excuse to herself and her country for not drawing her purse-strings, and not doing that which the commonest prudence dictated.

The correspondence of Philip and Parma, which Mr. Motley has hunted up in the archives of Simancas, reveals the shameless mendacity with which they on their side continued to hold forth the tempting lure of negotiation; but it was a mendacity which ought to have deceived no one. At the very time that Parma was writing affectionate letters to the queen, he had before him Philip's last directions about the English invasion. Philip told him one hundred ships, twelve thousand trained infantry, with abundance of volunteers, were all ready. "Nothing," said the king, "had been allowed to transpire in Spain, or at Rome: every thing must be done to keep the secret." Parma told the king the course of the negotiations, but also begged to be informed whether there were any terms upon which the king would really conclude a peace.

"The condition of France, he said, was growing more alarming every day. In part there seemed to be hopes of peace in that distracted country. The Queen of England was cementing a strong league for herself with the French king and the Huguenots, and matters were looking very serious. The impending peace in

France would never do, and Philip should prevent it by giving Mucio (their cant name for the Duc de Guise) more money. Unless the French are entangled and at war among themselves, it is quite clear, said Alexander, that we can never think of carrying out our great scheme of invading England.

"The king replied that he had *no intention of concluding a peace on any terms whatever, and therefore could name no conditions*; but he quite approved of a continuance of the negotiation. The English, he was convinced, were utterly false on their part, and the King of Denmark's proposition to mediate was part and parcel of the same fiction. (Guise was to have his money, and Farnese to go steadily on with his preparations.)"—Vol. ii. p. 807.)

On the same day Philip wrote another letter to the same purport. He refused to send Farnese full powers for treating, but the prince was to say that he had had them for some time, and decline to show them till satisfaction had been made on certain points; he enlarged on the misdeeds of England, on the inhuman murder of the Queen of Scots, on the piracies at sea and in the Indies, and on Drake's late "singeing of his beard" at Cadiz and Lisbon. Farnese was to express astonishment that the English should desire peace while committing such actions; but, in order to make use of the same arts employed by the enemy, the latter were not to be undeceived as to the negotiations, which were to be kept on foot with the strictest understanding that they should lead to nothing. The king's secretary, Don Juan de Idiaquez, wrote another letter to the same purport. This was on the thirteenth of May, 1587.

At last commissioners were appointed on both sides; and when commissioners were appointed it was no longer possible for Philip to withhold the full powers. They were accordingly sent, but with the most distinct injunctions to Farnese that *they should be considered as of no authority at all*. The English envoys arrived at Ostend, in March, 1588, and proceeded to meet Parma at Ghent. The embassy consisted of the Earl of Derby, Lord Cobham, Sir James Croft, Valentine Dale, Doctor of Laws and former ambassador of Vienna, and Dr. Rogers. With them also came Robert Cecil, youngest son of Lord Treasurer Burleigh. It is of little consequence what they did, when we know beforehand that the whole business was a delusion. Suffice it to say that there were banquetings, meetings, cor-

dialities of the most tender character, interchanges of amenities and presents of the most touching description, hares, pheasants, casts of hawks, couples of English greyhounds, and barrels of Ostend oysters. The prince himself, when he had no more pressing occupation on hands, would confer with Dr. Rogers or Dr. Dale, listen to their pedantic harangues, smile with them, weep with them, hug them in his arms, speak in the most gallant manner of the queen, and go through his part with all the graces of a consummate comic actor. Thus passed six months of time, months perhaps the most precious in the whole of modern history, months on which the fate of all civilization depended, months in which the legions of Jesuitism and Papal darkness were arming themselves in invincible array to come forth and trample under foot the most sacred rights of humanity in their last refuge in England and Holland, and reduce the conscience of Europe into a degrading and hopeless state of bondage from which it might never have been enabled to liberate itself up to the present hour. For long after the very days on which the Spanish fleet sailed from the mouth of the Tagus, after the very hour in which the Spanish and English fleets were exchanging broadsides on the coast of Devonshire, did the English commissioners remain protocolling, writing apostilles, and exchanging civilities with the representatives of Spain. Not even the bull of Sixtus V., in which Elizabeth was denounced as a bastard and usurper, and her kingdom solemnly conferred on Philip, published in Antwerp in the English tongue, nor the infamous libel of Cardinal Allen, were sufficient altogether to undeceive the queen, for, on the ninth of July, she commanded Dr. Dale to obtain explanations of the prince about his contemplated conquest of her realm, and his share in the publication of the bull and pamphlet; and to "require him, as he would be accounted a *prince of honor*, to let her plainly understand what she *might think thereof*." It is true, in her letter to her commissioners, she says that she has discovered that the treaty of peace was only entertained to abuse her; but still her envoy was to inform the prince that she would trust to his word; and *this six weeks after the sailing of the Armada*, when, if it had not been for the unwieldy character of the vessels, and a

tempest which overtook them off Cape Finisterre, and compelled them to put into Corunna and other ports of Spain for more than a month to repair, the fate of England would already have been settled either one way or the other. It will have been seen by Philip's letter to Parma that it was imagined the negotiations were also illusory on the part of the queen, but there is no proof of this; there is every proof that up to the last the queen was the dupe of a strong delusion, and that Burleigh was the dupe of his own wish to be on good terms with her, and to take the cautious side.

Meanwhile there can not be the smallest doubt, from abundant contemporary evidence, that the queen had sacrificed the security of the country to her avarice and her obstinacy. The Armada left the Tagus on the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth of May; damaged by the storm off Cape Finisterre, it arrived in Calais roads, where it was to effect a junction with Parma, on the sixth of August. Had there been no storm, and had the junction been effected with Parma, the Spaniards might have landed on English ground at least before the end of June. It is painful to think that at that time, with the exception of Howard's little squadron cruising about in the channel, neither fleet nor army were in any way prepared for resistance. The country was burning with enthusiasm, but sinking with anxiety and delay, and loathing the very name of peace. From before the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, from near the commencement of the heroic struggle in the Netherlands, that is to say, for nearly twenty years, it had been felt by every Protestant heart in England that the death grapple with Spain must come at last. England, without Scotland and Ireland, then a little nation of barely four millions of inhabitants, was full of heroic souls, like the Sidneys, Fulke Greville, Howard, the Norrises, Sackville, Raleigh, Essex, Drake, Hawkins, and all her great sea captains, who had grown wild with desire to cope with the great colossus of Spain, swollen with the wealth of both Indies and of Europe, and outnumbering the English by many millions. Yet these had up to the present time been held back, fretting and foaming at the imperious curb of the queen's obstinacy; all their patriotism and noble passion sacrificed either to her parsimony or her fa-

voritism. When the queen did give the word the nation rose, and rose *en masse*; but she gave the word too late.

Although this assertion is totally at variance with the received tradition of Elizabeth's spirit and forethought on this great occasion, the evidence collected by Mr. Motley from our own state papers, and an accurate comparison of the dates, places the fact beyond all doubt, and throws an entirely new light on the history of the projected invasion. England's defenders were praying in vain up to the last for means to protect their country, and cursing in their hearts these negotiations.

Old Hawkins wrote to Walsingham in February, 1588:—

"We might have peace, but not with God; but rather than serve Baal, let us die a thousand deaths. Let us have open war with these Jesuits, and every man will contribute, fight, devise, or do for the liberty of our country."

The Lord High-Admiral Howard wrote in the same month to Walsingham:—

"Since England was England there never was such a stratagem and mask to deceive her as this treaty of peace. I pray God that we do not curse for this a *long gray-beard with a white head witless*, that will make all the world think us witless. You know whom I mean."

The Lord Treasurer plain enough!

In March, Howard was complaining that the queen was keeping "those four great ships" to protect Chatham church. Drake was not ready with his squadron, "and yet," said Howard, "the fault is not with him."

On the 17th of April, Howard again wrote, beseeching for one of "those four great ships;" and ended his letter in despair.

"Well, well! I must pray for peace, for I see the support of an honorable war will never appear. Sparring and war have no affinity together. I am sorry that her majesty is so careless at this most dangerous time."

The Spanish fleet was reported by Drake in April as already numbering from four hundred to five hundred ships. "By midsummer," says Mr. Motley, "there was ready in England a total force of one hundred and ninety-seven

vessels manned and partially equipped, with an aggregate of twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and forty-four tons, and fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-five seamen." Of this fleet a large number were mere coasters, of less than one hundred tons each; scarcely ten ships were above five hundred; and but one above one thousand. The greater portion of these ships were furnished by the English merchants and private gentlemen in London and the sea-ports. The aggregate tonnage of the royal navy was eleven thousand eight hundred and twenty. "Not half so much as at the present moment—in the case of one marvelous merchant steamer," floats on a single keel. The preparations of the land forces were even more dilatory than those of the sea. Sir John Norris was the best soldier in England, and he was to be Marshal of the camp under the favorite Leicester, commander-in-chief. An army had been enrolled, but it existed principally on paper. Leicester's force was to consist of twenty-seven thousand infantry and two thousand horse; but by midsummer they had not reached half that number. Lord Chamberlain Hunsdon was to protect the queen's person with an imaginary army of thirty-six thousand. The Lord-Lieutenant of each county was expected to lead out his militia, and it was here that the real strength of the country lay, however ill-prepared. Leicester was just commencing his camp at Tilbury, with four thousand men, and Lord Hunsdon's force was *not assembled at all* on the seventh of August, when the Spanish army might have crossed over from Calais Roads in a night, and landed on the soil. The queen's "Bellona-like" appearance on her white palfrey, amid the ranks at Tilbury; and her heroic speech, which has excited the admiration of every English child, did not happen *till eleven days afterwards*—"not till the great Armada, shattered and tempest tossed, had been a week long dashing itself against the cliffs of Norway and the Faroës, on its forlorn retreat to Spain." To the last we have Leicester inveighing against the penuriousness of the queen. On the 5th of August "our soldiers do break away at Dover, or are not pleased. I assure you, without wages the people will not tarry, and contributions go hard with them. Surely I find that her majesty must needs deal liberally, and be at charges to entertain her subjects that have charge-



ably and liberally used themselves to serve her."\*

It was fortunate for England that Philip on his side, as he pedantically directed the vast expedition from his cabinet in the Escorial, made blunders sufficient to preclude all hopes of success. The autocrat's plans had often been ruined by his irresolution and procrastination; they were now made fruitless by his angry precipitation. In the first place, the fleet was no longer commanded by the Marquess de Santa Cruz; that veteran seaman had died of grief and vexation at his master's insults and reproaches. Alonzo Perez de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, the first grandee of Spain, but an officer without character or experience, was entrusted with an enterprise requiring the nicest union of courage and discretion. In the second place, the king gave instructions that the fleet was not to give battle until the junction with Parma; but there was no provision whatever how the junction with Parma, which was the very key-stone of the whole conception, was to be effected. And this was the real difficulty in the enterprise, for Alexander with his vast preparations, and his splendid levies and reinforcements, with his light craft and flat-bottomed transports, was cooped up in his shallow harbors by the Dutch fleet; he was completely nailed to the side of Flanders—held in a vise by the Hollanders and Zealanders, with their large and small craft, until such time as his tormenting foes should be driven away. In vain had Alexander Farnese repeatedly assured Philip of the necessity of getting hold of one of the large ports of the Netherlands as a basis for his operations against England. Philip obstinately persisted in believing that Farnese could pass with his light flotilla through the Dutch fleet whenever he chose, or rather the king laid his plans as though the Dutch fleet was not in existence. In all human probability the sturdy occupation of the coast by those Dutch skippers saved England from invasion—a memorable example to all time of the vital importance of the Dutch and Belgian ports to the security of this country!

\* The penuriousness of the queen was so extraordinary, that it amounted to a monomania. When it was reported that the Spanish fleet had taken refuge in Corunna, she ordered Effingham to lay up some of her largest ships and discharge the seamen. But Effingham begged leave to retain all in commission at his own expense.

The Spanish fleet, after its first mishap, had got well under sail on the twenty-second of July, and on the twenty-ninth they were off the Lizard; and the same night, throughout the length and breadth of England, mountain, cliff, and foreland threw up, one after another, their fiery signals that the foe was at last on the coast. Slowly, in pompous array, like a floating city, the Armada, one hundred and thirty-six sail, floated up the channel. Its enormous galleons and galleasses, rowing-galleys and tenders, arranged in the form of a crescent, the largest vessels castellated at stem and stern, with low waists, and shot-proof towers, were, however, with all their parade of gilded saints and bulwarks, pulpits, streamers, standards and ostentatious pageantry, little match for the light-heeled cruisers of Hawkins, Drake, Winter and Frobisher, who fell in with them on the thirty-first of July. The superiority of English seamanship was never more manifest than on that day. The great Spanish hulks, from the very beginning, found themselves out-manoeuvred by their nimble adversaries, riddled with shot, and unable to get a blow in exchange. The English craft walked round and round them, and inflicted the most fearful punishment, so that on the very first day the flag-ships of the Guipuzcoan and of the Andalusian squadrons, with a general, admiral, four hundred and fifty officers and men, and some one hundred thousand ducats of treasure, were lost to the Spaniards. On went the Spanish fleet, however, leisurely wafted up the channel, followed by the English. On the second of August, there was as Hawkins said, "a sharp and long fight," and volunteers of all ranks, like Cumberland, Northumberland, Oxford, Raleigh, Brooke and Dudley, Willoughby and others, came off to the queen's ships from the coasts of Dorsetshire, to take their share of the day's glory. The tactics day after day were of the same kind; the unwieldy Spanish hulks trying in vain to grapple with their light-winged antagonists who poured in their broadsides and danced away. On the fourth of August both fleets were off Dunnose, in the Isle of Wight. Here Frobisher, in the *Triumph*, got to close quarters with the Spaniards, and was in some danger; when Effingham, the Lord Admiral, in the *Ark Royal*, with the *Golden Lion*, the *White Bear*, the *Elizabeth*, the *Victory* and the *Lei-*

cester, bore down into the midst of the Spanish fleet, and laid himself within point-blank range of Medina's flag-ship, the *St. Martin*, while his comrades were at equally close quarters with the *St. Mark*, the *St. Luke*, the *St. Philip*, and the rest of the apostolic squadron. As soon as Frobisher, however, had extricated himself, the admiral gave the signal for retreat, and the English walked away from their gigantic adversaries, leaving behind them ghastly marks of punishment, while the enemy's fire went high over their heads. On the sixth of August, nevertheless, the Spanish fleet dropped anchor in Calais Roads, without having suffered any serious discomfiture.

The English fleet dropped anchor in front of them, at a mile and a half distance, and during that night and the next day, Sunday, the seventh of August, the fleets remained rising and falling at their anchors. The impatience on board the Spanish fleet increased from hour to hour, mixed with horrible suspicions of treachery. Where was Parma? Where were his invincible legions, seasoned in the smoke of a hundred battle-fields? Where was the famous *Terzio* of Naples, three thousand five hundred strong, the most splendid regiment ever known in the annals of war? Where the renowned columns of Spanish infantry, then the most terrible in the world, and celebrated by Bossuet a century later for being as solid as ramparts, but ramparts capable of repairing their breaches? Where were the Margraves, princes, arch-dukes, scions of royal houses and noble English traitors, who had rushed to the camp of Farnese as to a tournament? Alas! the plot, like Hotspur's, was an excellent plot, but it was made up, unfortunately, of two halves which could not be got together. Farnese was, Drake said, "raging like a bear robbed of her whelps." Day after day he had told Philip that it was impossible to get out with his flotilla and transports—that the armada must at least clear the way for him. With incredible labor and expense he had got his troops down to the sea coast; on the news of the arrival of the Armada before Calais he had packed his men like sacks of corn in his boats, in the hope of being able to get out to sea, but the Hollanders and Zealanders guarded every outlet, braved him, taunted him, laughed him to scorn. Alexander, beside himself with rage, ordered a thou-

sand musketeers to assault those insolent boatmen. "With his own hand," so it is related, "he struck dead more than one of his own officers who remonstrated against these commands, and then the attack was made by his thousand musketeers upon the Hollanders, and every man of the thousand was slain!" And while he thus continued to wait, the prince of Ascoli, who had gone ashore from the Spanish fleet off Calais, brought him news of the panic struck into the Armada by Effingham's fire-ships, and of their dispersion and flight.

"To the queen's glorious naval commanders, to the dauntless mariners of England, with their well-handled vessels, their admirable seamanship, their tact and their courage, belonged the joys of the contest, the triumph, and the glorious pursuit; but to the patient Hollanders and Zealanders, who, with their hundred vessels, held Farnese, the chief of the great enterprise, at bay, a close prisoner with his whole army in his own ports, daring him to the issue, and ready—to the last plank of their fleet, and to the last drop of their blood—to confront both him and the Duke of Medina Sidonia, an equal share of honor is due. The safety of the two free commonwealths of the world in that terrible contest was achieved by the people and the mariners of the two States combined."—(Vol. ii. p. 465.)

Meanwhile the fire-ships of Effingham, on the night of the seventh, had thrown a frightful panic among the crews of the Spanish fleet; many vessels were disabled, two fired, and the rest driven from their moorings. Nevertheless Medina Sidonia would have returned to take up his quarters, but in the six hours' fight of the following day, in which Winter especially distinguished himself, so many of his ships were disabled that he was compelled to order a retreat. Spanish sailors who had been in the battle of Lepanto said that that famous sea-fight was far outdone by this combat off Gravelines. The conduct of our great sea-captains, even after that event, was a union of the most consummate audacity and prudence. They kept close to the heels of the Spanish fleet, nearly drove them on to the fatal sands of Zealand; and when the enemy, by a change of wind, were enabled to stand out to sea, the English fleet followed them, although many ships were without ammunition or provisions. "Though our powder and shot was well nigh spent," said the Lord Admiral, "we put on a brag

countenance and gave them chase, as though we wanted nothing."

Part of the fleet put back to cover the mouth of the Thames, and look after the Prince of Parma, but the Lord Admiral dogged the flying Spaniards over the North Sea till the twelfth of August, when he put back. It seems that Medina Sidonia was on the point of hanging out the white flag, so terrified was he at the prospect of having to weather the tempestuous passage round the Orkneys and the Hebrides. On the fourteenth came that tremendous storm which strewed the greater part of the shattered hulks in wrecks about the granite rocks of Norway and the Faröes. Out of thirty thousand men scarce ten thousand returned to Spain. There was hardly a noble family in the country which was not in mourning—*afflavit Deus et dissipantur*. In the words of Drake, "Their invincible and dreadful navy, with all its great and terrible ostentation, did not in all their sailing about England, so much as sink or take one ship, bark, or pinnace, or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land." Nevertheless it must be admitted that the penuriousness of the queen exposed England to a frightful danger. The love of sparing—as her generals called it—was with her an infatuation, a monomania, carried to such an extent that it imperiled the existence of England, and subjected her noblest defenders to lamentable and cruel forgetfulness on the part of their obdurate mistress. Before the danger had even passed away, in the latter days of August, the sailors were dying by hundreds and thousands of ship fever—perishing in the ships, and in the streets of the naval ports, with no hospitals to take them in. "It would grieve any man's heart," wrote the Lord Admiral, "to see men that have served so valiantly die so miserably. The crews had been eight months at sea, subject to excessive privation, and could not get their wages; so that," said Howard, "it breeds a marvelous alteration among them."

Yet the spirited attitude of the queen at Tilbury, and the annihilation of Philip's great enterprise, raised the temper of the country to an heroic height. Then commenced that series of glorious enterprises which carried terror and destruction into every port where Spanish was spoken, which cut off every fleet, and ravaged

their colonies one after another from Porto Rico and Nombre de Dios to the coasts of Chili and Peru. The queen herself, on the accession of Henry IV., came liberally forward to his assistance; and the valor of Lord Willoughby, Norris, Williams, Baskerville, Borroughs, Umpton, Vere, and Essex contributed to secure the throne of France, in spite of the Duke of Parma and the League, for the monarch to whom Protestantism was to owe the glorious triumph of the edict of Nantes. For after the destruction of the Armada a rapid change took place in the affairs of France. In the same year the Guise was murdered by Henry III., who himself was assassinated by Jacques Clement on the first of August, 1589, and with the victories of Henry IV. the dark cloud of Spanish ambition passed away from the face of Europe.

We have thus been enabled, with Mr. Motley's assistance, to pass in review one of the most famous episodes of English history, the ignominious defeat of the greatest conspiracy against the freedom and conscience of man which was ever attempted. It has been impossible in the limits of these pages to do justice to the noble spirit and achievements of our navy; for it must never be forgotten, that the storm did no more than consummate the disaster of the enemy. Much as we value the new light which Mr. Motley has thrown on this famous passage of our history, we differ from him in his estimate of the results likely to follow, even had Parma effected a landing. When we consider not only the gallantry and seamanship of England's naval heroes on this occasion, but also that which Raleigh and Essex displayed soon after, as well as that eternally memorable action of Sir Richard Grenville, three years later, when with one ship and a crew of a hundred and three, he engaged the whole Spanish fleet of fifty-three sail and ten thousand men, from three in the afternoon to the break of day the next morning, during which engagement he destroyed four ships and a thousand men; it can not be imagined that even had the Spaniards succeeded in effecting the junction with Parma; and in landing on the coast that they could long have maintained a position in England. The English fleet, inferior as it was in point of size and number, showed itself even without the aid of the storm, more than match for the Great

Armada. Whatever force had landed on the coast, whatever military position the genius of Parma might have taken up, the invading army would have found itself cut off by the indomitable courage of men like Drake, Howard, Frobisher, Winter, and Hawkins — men who could not only have got fitted out in English ports, but in the Netherlands.

Besides which, a country in arms, as the England of that day was, is nearly invincible. It must be remembered that every citizen was trained, as he ought indeed to be, to the use of arms. Our noblemen and gentlemen from earliest youth were practiced not only in hunting, horsemanship, and the mimic warfare of the lists, but at the sword and dagger, wrestling, throwing, leaping, and every manly exercise. "First, in any case, practice with the single sword, and then with the dagger; let no day pass without an hour or two of such exercise; the rest study and confer diligently." So writes Sir Philip Sidney to his brother Robert at the University of Strasbourg, after a great deal of advice about Aristotle and logic. No father wrote to his son at school in those days without telling him to play out his play lustily at weapons. Nor were the yeomen, peasants, and townsfolk less practised at singlestick, pike exercise, and every kind of athletic sport. An army of such men headed by the lord-lieutenants and gentlemen of the county would have made short work with the invaders; and we know the Catholics themselves, as soon as the real danger appeared, volunteered to serve as soldiers in the ranks or as seamen in the ships.

Neither do we agree with Mr. Motley in esteeming Philip insincere in his Catholicism. In our opinion he has at least that excuse for his barbarity, if it be an excuse. We regard him with the same horror as an idolater who thinks to

appease and worship his deity with groans, torture, and unceasing anguish of innumerable victims. His God was the idol of bigotry, who turned a deaf ear to mercy, and whose delight was pain. We have no doubt he spoke the real feeling of his heart when he said to the victim, who was about to be burned at the stake: "Perish thou, and all like thee; if my own son were a heretic, I would deliver him to the flames." The very letters in these volumes are to us, in their cold, rigid, pietistic tone, a proof of the sincerity of his fanaticism. It is true that when he was a candidate for the Empire of Germany he offered beforehand to tolerate Protestantism in his dominions. But there can be no doubt that his confessors would, if he had succeeded there, instantly have relieved him from the obligation, and that to have arrived at such a dignity by means of a broken vow would have been regarded as a triumph for Romanism. He doubtless had not the most remote intention of keeping such a promise at the time he made it. Both he and Catherine de Medici will long remain conspicuous in history, as examples of how completely a Jesuit education can extirpate the conscience, and leave nothing behind but superstition and cruelty. In the Catholic world, all greatness of character perished, and through the confessional the spirit of Loyola governed all. The conscience of all Catholic Europe passed through the alembic of the Jesuit, and the result has endured to this day. Italy is only now endeavoring to awaken from the pernicious effects of the deadly poison then infused into her system; and it would seem as though Spain, the land of the Inquisition of Philip II., in its feeble and frantic efforts at life, was yet long to remain as a warning and an example of the terrible past from which we have escaped.

From the London Review.

## A H A R D - W O R K I N G A G E .

"For all manner of persons," said Thomas Carlyle, "how much could one have wished that the making of our British railways had gone on with deliberation; that these great works had made themselves, not in five years, but in fifty and five!" Since the "Latter-day pamphlets" were written, the three great engineers of the railway mania have died premature deaths. Stephenson, Brunel, and Locke, humanly speakly, might have been alive at this moment if the feverish and fatal development of the railway system had not made an excessive demand upon their nerves, their intellects, and their physical strength. The seeds were sown in 1845 of the gradual diminution of vital power and lingering diseases that carried them off in 1859-60. Of the professional compeers and associates who shed generous tears of sorrow around Stephenson's tomb in Westminster Abbey, not one but had his story to tell of the incredible labor, prolonged vigils, exhausting fatigues, and incessant journeys of the railway mania. Men who used to boast that in order to lodge their plans at the Board of Trade in 1845, they did not go to bed for six weeks—snatching an hour of unrefreshing slumber on the sofa, and keeping themselves awake by strong coffee and other stimulants—now sighed and cursed the folly of that mad time. The mourners at the grave of Brunel and Locke had the same personal experiences to relate, and the same unavailing regrets to utter.

One or two of the leading Parliamentary counsel of that time survive, but with shattered nerves and broken constitutions. Paralysis has struck down some of the witnesses in railway committee rooms; the lunatic asylums have received others. Lawyers, engineers, surveyors, secretaries, sharebrokers, did not and could not work in measure. And they have since paid the penalty of "too much work." The successful lawyer is greatly tempted to work too much. His professional duties are

most laborious and exacting, and demand a constitution of iron. Yet it is expected of every great advocate, alike by the profession and the public, that he shall have a seat in Parliament. He can hardly escape the House of Commons, for if he should be of opinion that he has quite enough on his hands in the courts legislative, honors will be thrust upon him by some admiring constituency. As soon as he can escape from Her Majesty's Judges he doffs wig and gown, and rushes into St. Stephen's. The late hours of modern legislation seem expressly designed to kill off the Parliamentary lawyer. Bethell, Cairns, Malins, Rolt, Bovill, and other lawyers in large practice are frequently to be seen in St. Stephen's at two and three in the morning, waiting for some law Bill; yet they walk into the courts the same morning at ten, as if the night before they had gone to rest with chanticleer. Selwin, Q.C., member for Cambridge University, a rising star in the Parliamentary firmament, had prepared a long and elaborate speech last session against the Roman Catholic Charities Bill. This Bill was usually the last of twenty or thirty orders of the day; and when the clerk at the table read over the name of the Bill at two, sometimes at three, and now and then at four o'clock in the morning, the bill was postponed, without any question being put from the chair, or any fair occasion being offered of plunging into a legal definition of "superstitious uses." For a couple of months our Chancery barrister, who ought to have been at home reading his briefs, or refreshing himself by a good night's sleep for the next day's work in the Court of Chancery, sat patiently by the side of his commanding officer, Mr. Newdegate, until the House rose, waiting the opportunity of firing off his oration.

The leaders of a great political agitation sometimes break down under the excessive fatigue and waste of nervous energy, consequent upon public meetings, coun-

cils, correspondence, and travel. The man who by his "unadorned eloquence" contributed more than any other to the triumph of free trade, is now the pale, attenuated shadow of his former self, compelled to seek the balmy air of Algeria, and exhibiting in his feeble gait and languid manner the weakness of a confirmed valetudinarian. His friend and colleague, a man of burly frame and of greater vehemence suffered still more from overwork and the reaction of success. He was ordered by his physicians to withdraw altogether for a time from public life, and manifested symptoms of such severe cerebral inflammation that it was doubted whether he would ever be able again to take part in public affairs. Joseph Brotherton, Sir J. Potter, Augustus Stafford, Gooch, Jacob Bell, Fagan, Henry Fitzroy, Hildyard, F. Lucas, Molesworth, Muntz, M. T. Baines, are a few recent Parliamentary celebrities who occur to us, of whom it may be said that they died prematurely of "too much work."

Men of letters, science, and art every year, contribute to this mournful catalogue. Witness Albert Smith, Dr. Todd, Sir C. Barry, R. B. Brough, M. Jullien, among the better-known victims of 1860. Lord Macauley had the build, strength, and constitution of a man destined for long life, yet he died at sixty. The Marquis of Dalhousie was another distinguished victim of over-work. In private life, every man's experience enables him to count upon his fingers a dozen of his rivals and friends who would not be content to work with measure, who "lit the candle at both ends," and who fell, like Horner, Follett, and C. Buller, with the harvest around them, just as they had reaped a few sheaves of the golden grain. The House of Commons offers a conspicuous and fatal temptation to mercantile and professional men to work too much. The London banker finds his account in a dozen ways in obtaining a seat in the House of Commons, Rothschild, Glyn, Thomas Baring, Hankey, Gurney, Hoare, etc., tug at the oar all the day, and come down at night to write more letters in the intervals of debate. Of the lawyers we have already spoken; they are old, and, luckily for them, hardened offenders against the laws of hygiene. Country merchants and manufacturers in Parliament usually take an active part in the operations of their respective firms, and

are consulted in all matters of importance. County representatives, and other country gentlemen of large estates are not exempt from the promptings of the demon of over-work, and get through an enormous amount of correspondence with brother magistrates, agents, stewards, bailiffs, gamekeepers, tenants, and dependents of one kind and another, before they enter upon the business of the nation.

Journalist M.P.'s are by no means proof against the inevitable infection. Poor Wilson used to go to a newspaper office to write leading articles and city articles after the House was up, and has been found on the floor of the editor's room in the deadly swoon of over exhaustion. Ward, the late Governor of Ceylon, edited a paper while he was secretary to the Admiralty. The late Edward Baines rose every morning at 6 o'clock during the session to answer the constituents' letters and pen leading articles for the *Leeds Mercury*. His son is said to have more than the father's activity and industry, but does not greatly commend a course of life that is evidently self-denying by any healthiness or bloom of complexion, rather appearing, on the contrary, as if he were working within an inch of his life. As for Gladstone, who, while Chancellor of the Exchequer, receives deputations, makes experiments with Sykes's hydrometer, answers the letters of any financial amateur who is not content with his speeches in the House, conducts a well-sustained correspondence with half-a-dozen Greek scholiasts on *Homer*, and writes occasional letters of forty pages to a lawyer on some nice legal point—his passion for work is a morbid disease. His nerves were so irritable and his physical man altogether so unstrung and below concert-pitch last year that Mr. Ferguson, it was said, more than once in the session could hardly refrain from walking up the floor and claiming the great orator from his colleagues on the treasury bench. Mr. Bright's physician during the reform bill discussions of last session is said to have owned a similar hankering. Sidney Herbert wisely dreads the late hours and fatigue of another session in the lower house from which Lord Robert Grosvenor, with little better health and equal wisdom, retreated a year or two ago.

The women seem to be the gainers by the excessive toil of the men. It is for them men work double tides. They live

in better house, wear finer clothes, give gayer parties, and mix in higher circles than they would do if their fathers and husbands were more moderate in their aims. Yet if women would be honest they would confess that they purchase these pleasures at the cost of many hours of *ennui* and anxiety. The wife sees little of her husband, or the girls of their father. They complain that he comes home at night jaded, languid, not seldom moody and irritable. If the young wife be of as lively social turn she is beset with danger during the long hours of her day's widowhood, as Sir C. Cresswell might, from many examples, set forth and expound. When this self-immolation is made for children the motive is so good and laud-

able that it seems to call for praise rather than reproof. The father overworks himself that the boy may go to Eton and Oxford, and that he may send the daughter to a fashionable school at £200 a-year. Society applauds the self denial, yet the children in the long run are not always the gainers. Indeed, it may be laid down as an axiom that, where a parent toils at his profession with an eagerness and a degree of application ruinous to his own health and spirits, the children will, in the majority of cases, have bitter cause to mourn over the imprudence. They lose, perhaps, the protecting and sustaining hand just when they are entering life and need it most.

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From the North British Review.

## MODERN NECROMANCY.\*

SPIRITUALISM, from whatever aspect we view it, merits a more philosophical and scientific examination than it has yet received. Millions are said to believe it. Men of considerable mental acquirements accept it, and expound it with all the fervor of believers in a new creed. Some of them are necromancers, with a deep conviction that they are in immediate communication with the illustrious dead, and from them receive revelations of a world hitherto not only undiscovered, but believed to be undiscoverable. They proclaim themselves to be, and are accepted by thousands as "mediums" of intercourse between the living and dead, and, without doubt or hesitation, set forth certain statements as the truth in regard to "spirits" and their habitat.

Less speculative and mystical, in profes-

sion at least, another class of cultivated minds accept the various phenomena of spirit-rapping, clairvoyance, inexplicable dreams, and alleged appearances of ghosts as facts, but yet beyond the ordinary observed course of natural phenomena, and as pointing to the existence of another and a spiritual world. They assume to be scientific spiritualists. They insist that it is a fallacious principle of inquiry to affirm that the facts are supernatural or impossible, simply because they are opposed to all our preconceived ideas and foregone conclusions as to the natural and possible order of phenomena. They endeavor to show that the skepticism as to the testimony of the senses, which is adopted and avowed as the rule of inquiry by physicists, is opposed to scientific progress, and has especially stood in the way of a knowledge of the immaterial and invisible. And they entertain hopes of a great advance in knowledge in this direction, if a suitable but dispassionate method of inquiry be adopted. Possibly—remarks a most able member of the school—possibly truths may have been knocking at the

\* 1. *Spiritualism*. By JOHN W. EDMONDS and GEORGE T. DEXTER, M.D.; with an Appendix by NATHANIEL T. TALLMADGE. Eighth Edition. New-York. 1853.

2. *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World; with Narrative Illustrations*. By ROBERT DALE OWEN. Philadelphia. 1860.

tongue will speak automatically. We know a lady in whom this automatic dexterity can be easily induced, by inducing a morbid state of the nervous system, so that her hand will move and write quite irrespectively of any volition on her part. When the state comes on, she is warned of its approach by a spasmodic feeling about the chin. This and similar phenomena are due to an automatic action of the brain, as the seat of the ideas and thoughts, just as various regular convulsions of groups of muscles are due to automatic action of the spinal marrow, and its continuation into the brain. A few extracts will suffice to show the symptoms of Dr. Dexter's "case," and indicate the nature of his hallucination and morbid automatic action, and the development of the disorder.

First, as to the hallucination, and the involuntary or automatic character of his writing:

"It was not until I had become fully developed as a writing medium, against my will and determined efforts to the contrary, that I yielded an implicit faith in the truth of the spirit intercourse with man. . . . I were more than a man to refuse still to believe, when I was a living, acting evidence, that through me, and against my will, spirits possessed the power and ability to write their thoughts and express sentiments and ideas as much opposed to the ordinary actions of my mind as if it were another person. . . . Let it also be understood, that the spirit-manifestation by my arm is absolutely involuntary. I have no direction in the act. My muscles are the medium of spirit-communication, not my thought," etc.

Like all persons with this form of hallucination, Dr. Dexter had others of great pathological significance, which occurred immediately before or during sleep:—

"After their concerted and continued attempt to impress me had passed over, I refrained from visiting circles, and thought, by staying away, I might be free from any impression; on the contrary, my arm would be moved when asleep, and awake me by its motion. During the time I abstained from sitting in any circle, I was twice lifted bodily from my bed, moved off its edge and thus suspended in the air. The first time I was so dealt with, I had retired to a different room from the one I usually occupied. I had not been asleep, and was conscious of every thing around me. As I lay composing myself for sleep, I discovered my whole body was trembling in every fiber [*etc.*] I attempted to raise my hand, but I could not move; my eyes were closed, and the lids fastened. My

mind was unusually active, and I noted every thing which took place with an intenseness of perception I never before experienced. My bodily sensation was likewise increased in power. As I lay there, unable to move a limb, my body was lifted from the bed, and moved gently towards the edge, with the bedclothes over it; there it remained a moment, and then it was moved off the bed into the room, suspended in the air, and there held for an instant. [Hallucination of relation to space.] Just at this time the fire-bells rung an alarm, and my body was suddenly brought back to the bed, and deposited in the same place I had previously occupied, with a sort of jerk, as if it had been dropped from the power that held it. [The dream broken.] I immediately recovered my power of locomotion, and arose from the bed and examined the clothes, and found they had been drawn over toward the side where I had been lifted, and were trailing on the floor.

"I was deeply moved at this special evidence of spirit-manifestation. . . . For the first time it occurred to me, that, perhaps, in this evident design to develop me as a medium [notional hallucination of suspicion,] I might, by submitting to their direction, arrive at the whole truth of spirit intercourse with man. I felt impelled to ask if there were spirits in the room. Three distinct raps were given in reply, indicating they were present; and then, too deeply agitated to question further, I again returned to bed to ponder," etc.

In short, the hallucinations gradually became more fully developed, and he began to find out that his hand "was seized and made to write." And the mode of development of this automatic movement is significant:

"I was sitting alone in my office, late at night, and was leaning back in a rocking-chair. . . . As my hand lay on the arm of the chair, I felt a singular sensation in the whole limb, as if the arm were grasped by two hands at its upper part [hallucination of touch.] I attempted to raise it, but was unable so to do; and as soon as I made the effort to move it, the fingers were bent down tightly on the arm of the chair, and grasped it firmly [a spasmodic contraction of the fingers.] Immediately the hand began to tremble, and as I watched the movement the whole limb was shaken violently. At this moment I heard two loud raps at the upper part of the side wall of the room [hallucination of hearing;] and it then occurred to me, that this unseen power, whose manifestation I had so often witnessed [in circles of inquirers,] was in some way operating upon me [notional hallucination from suggestion.] To satisfy myself, I asked in an audible voice, 'Did the spirits just rap?' There were three distinct raps in reply. I then asked, 'Are the spirits trying to influence me?' Again there were three distinct



haps. At this I arose from my chair, arranged my books, and then retired," etc.

Every physician familiar with the hallucinations of the insane, can recognize morbid phenomena in all these. Corporeal hallucinations of floating, etc., spectral sounds, and suspicions of unseen or mysterious agencies, are commonly associated in certain forms of maniacal melancholia. In Dr. Dexter's case, they came on late at night, when sitting alone, and when he was just entering, or already in, the first stage of sleep, a condition which always highly predisposes to irregular action of the brain, if it be not in the great majority of cases one of actual incoherence of ideas (dreaming.)

Dr. Dexter and Mr. Edmonds affirm most emphatically, that the style of Dr. Dexter's compositions corresponded to that of the "spirits" by whom he was thus involuntarily dealt with. That would have been nothing remarkable, if Dr. Dexter had been already familiar with the works of Bacon. But the converse is certainly the fact. Hence the assertion (itself founded on an hallucination,) in common with many others, serves to show how utterly unfit these persons are to observe and compare even the most ordinary phenomena. Otherwise, we should be shocked to find that the English of the great Chancellor of England has degenerated in the "spirit-world," as well as his love of truth. We find, for example, that when Lord Bacon was in the full flow of his communications, and telling Dr. Dexter how to comport himself towards those who deny the phenomena and conclusions of spiritualism, his advice was, that there should be a "grand dignity" in Dr. Dexter's answers, and a "moral personification" of his communion with spirits. Again, Dr. Dexter took the great liberty, we must say, of asking Lord Bacon to stop, while he should "read to Judge Barbour some of Swedenborg's communications." Lord Bacon was good enough to say, in his polite way, "that he was always instructed by anything from Swedenborg;" but after listening to that great ghost's opinions for half an-hour or so, he said, "I guess we will all go home, and so good night." We can understand Lord Bacon yawning, but the parting salutation looks more like a hint from Dr. Dexter himself to Governor Tallmadge and Judge Barbour to be off, than the pure idiom of the

author of the *Advancement of Learning*. Be this as it may, they acted on the hint, and he came back to the doctor and the judge (who remained in "cosy" conversation till after midnight,) and moved the former, in answer to a question of Mr. Edmonds, to write as follows:

"Sleep? Certainly, Judge, how can our bodies support the tear and wear of life without sleep? But the nearer I approach those I love, the more I identify myself with their present feelings. Thus, I feel inclined to-night to be cosy with you two, and to open my heart, and tell you of its high and noble aspirations, to tell you with what joy I shall wend my way to those worlds spoken of by Swedenborg, when I shall have accomplished the object for which I now labor."

The main object of Bacon and Swedenborg seems to have been to instruct Dr. Dexter and the deluded judge and governor, and their friends, in the doctrines of spiritualism, and the best modes of propagating them. With that total defect of power to perceive the incongruous, which characterizes the insane affected with this class of hallucinations, Dr. Dexter and his friends can perceive nothing extraordinary in the circumstances, that he, an obscure transatlantic physician, had been selected by the greatest deceased philosopher of Europe as the medium of his modern speculations in ghostdom, and that he should adopt a Yankee idiom to express them. It is curious to note the particulars of Dr. Dexter's "case" in other respects. When the hand acted at first automatically, the writing and the ideas were equally imperfect, as is the case in all this class of hallucinations. The earlier attempts expressed a single idea, and could hardly be deciphered; while it was only after some practice that the writing became rapid, bold, and easily read. The "patient" knew nothing of what he had written until it was read to him, and even then the matter wholly passed from his memory. At first it was necessary he should "sit in a circle" before his hand would write, and even wait an hour or two; but practice made perfect, and as his susceptibility increased, the impression was felt almost as soon as the circle was formed. The morbid state would also come on when sitting alone at night, or during the first sleep, when he was compelled to write. In all these circumstances we have the usual conditions of morbid phenomena.

Let us now turn to the history of Judge Edmonds as given by himself, and we learn the history of his "case," as one of monomania also :

"It was in January 1851 that my attention was first called to the subject of 'spiritual intercourse.' I was at the time withdrawn from general society; I was laboring under great depression of spirits (melancholia.) I was occupying all my leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man's existence afterward. I had, in the course of my life, read and heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject, that I hardly knew what to believe. I could not, if I would, believe what I did not understand, and was anxiously seeking to know if, after death, we should again meet with those whom we had loved here, and under what circumstances. (Speculating on ghosts and ghostdom.) I was invited by a friend to witness the 'Rochester Knockings.' I complied, more to oblige her, and to while away a tedious hour. I thought a good deal on what I witnessed, and determined to investigate the matter, and find out what it was. If it was a deception or a delusion, I thought I could detect it," etc.

This is the usual course of development of disease in these morbid mono ideists. They have an entire and unwavering conviction of their own cleverness, and their ability to detect fraud or explain phenomena, however remarkable and obscure. No suspicion ever crosses their mind, that at least some knowledge of the laws of action of the brain and nervous system is needed in these cases; and they are therefore speedily bewildered in the quagmires of superstition, mysticism, and deception. As his mental state became worse, Mr. Edmonds experienced a class of hallucinations of touch, and other sensations very common in persons affected with a morbid suspicion of mysterious agency, as of galvanism, electricity, secret wires, and the like. In Mr. Edmonds' case, the agents are spirits, and, as usual, manifest their influence at night :

"To-night, after I had gone to bed, and while I lay reading, according to my usual custom, I felt a touching on my left thigh, which I at first thought was the twitching of the muscles, which all will at times experience. It continued, however, so long, and with such regularity of intervals, that I began to think it could not be from that cause. I accordingly put my hand down by the side of and upon my thigh, and the touching ceased. The moment I withdrew my hand it was renewed. This I did several times, always with the same result. I

then altered the position of my hand. . . . The touchings of my thigh were renewed; and not only that, but there was a feeling on the top of my hand and across my fingers, as if that which touched my thigh had passed across my hand and touched each finger as it passed. It seemed like a stream of electricity passing across and touching my hand, and then touching my thigh with a spot about as large as my little finger. . . . I determined to ascertain if it was intelligent. I asked a question aloud. While I was asking, the touching ceased; and when my question was put, my thigh was twice touched, with distinct intervals. I repeated the question mentally, with the same result, only the answer was then given by three distinct touches," etc.

Then this poor gentleman had "a stream of touchings," from his left big toe, running up and down his leg several times, and finally touchings near his loins on the left side, very gently and at intervals, until he fell asleep. Between twelve and one, a few nights afterwards, he had a renewal of the touchings. The time and character of these phenomena are perfectly characteristic of the class of hallucinations to which they belong. No "expert" (not tainted himself by necromancy) would fail to recognize the true nature of the case. It is not surprising, then, that in this state Judge Edmonds believed firmly in the most extraordinary assertions of spirit-mediums, clairvoyantes, and the like, and listened to Dr. Dexter's mad Yankee travestie of Lord Bacon's "style" with all the satisfaction of a brother lunatic.

As a pathological revelation of mono-ideistic insanity, this big book is very curious; as a revelation of new truths, we hardly need say it is a tissue of absurdities. Perhaps some apologetic explanation is needed for this serious investigation of the phenomena of spiritualism, when obviously the easiest method would have been to treat the whole thing with ridicule and contempt. Already, however, this method has been followed to the fullest extent; and it seemed far more useful to the numerous victims of these delusions, as well as to society at large, to accept the challenge of these necromantic lunatics to examine the phenomena of spiritualism in a serious and scientific spirit. The honest conclusions from the facts we give; and we find that Dr. Dexter and other so-called "mediums" write with a certain coherency, nothing more than their own incongruous aberrations.

Dr. Dexter is, doubtless, convinced that

he is in communication with Lord Chancellor Bacon and Swedenborg as their amanuensis; but then stern science compels us to doubt the accuracy of Dr. Dexter's convictions. If convictions of that kind are to be adopted without further question, and made the starting-point of "scientific" inquiries, we should have as many "ultramundane" truths as there are "crazes." Our asylums (as we happen to know) offer multitudes of instances of men who have as strong convictions upon particular topics much less improbable than those of Dr. Dexter. But the stronger their convictions, unfortunately for them, the more prolonged their detention under treatment as lunatics.

It will, doubtless, be alleged that our diagnosis in these cases is erroneous, because Dr. Dexter and the Judge can, and do, perform the usual duties of their vocations in a sensible, rational way. Upon this point there may be some doubt, and, so far at least as it regards the Judge, less than doubt; for, according to his own showing, his legal decisions have been publicly impugned and denounced, because founded on necromancy. But allowing the full force of the objection, it is no more than what is constantly seen in similar forms of insanity. So commonly is this the case, that it is sometimes difficult, in the most confirmed and unquestioned cases of monomania, to obtain such evidence from the conversation of the patient as is sufficient for diagnosis. And what applies to speech, equally applies to writing. We have known lunatics, with the most decided and absurd hallucinations, to be perfectly coherent in composition. Persons are occasionally observed to write letters, for example, in the midst of the most incoherent words and actions, without introducing anything that could indicate the then state of mind of the writer. Nay, in the commencement of certain forms of insanity, in individuals of naturally dull intellect, the morbid change is not indicated by any perversion of the intellect whatever, but only by an exaltation of the mental powers, with greatly increased activity.

Nevertheless, these mono-ideists are always to be considered unsafe persons, and should never be trusted with any responsible duties, inasmuch as whenever, in the exercise of these, they come across their "craze," there is no longer mental soundness, and the most absurd acts may be

done. It is certain, too, that the same causes which have operated to develop the monomania, have a tendency to widen the sphere of morbid action and develop mania. We lately, when visiting a large public asylum, observed the bust of one who must have been of a high order of intellect. It was that of a gentleman who had died an inmate of the institution, and who had been rendered insane by mesmeric manipulations. And it is a fact, that many of the persons who constitute the circles of the spiritualists, and of similar sects of the mystics, are either insane or on the verge of insanity. Hence our practical conclusion, that this work, like all others of its class, should be a warning to ignorant minds and weak heads how they venture to deal with things beyond their powers.

The work of Mr. Owen is of another stamp. Although of feeble judgment, yet, like all believers of his class, he is cunning enough to see that his book will be received by the thoughtful and cautious as an attempt to revive popular delusions which modern science has long since dispelled; and hence he labors hard to give his work a scientific, candid, and practical character. While he maintains the orthodox tendencies of his inquiries, he affirms that in this direction his book has already favorably influenced the skeptic. On the other hand, with much parade of learning and an overwhelming assumption of candor, he seems to admit the physiological explanations of the phenomena he examines, and goes even so far as to attempt to discuss dreams, hallucinations, and spectral illusions in a scientific and philosophical spirit. Nay, he undertakes to explain away some favorite stories by physicians; yet, while he admits candidly on the one hand, he doubts much more strongly on the other. The result of his method, in short, is to leave an impression on the reader's mind, that even ordinary dreams *may* have something in them ultramundane, while (in fact) he only ventures to affirm that exceptional dreams are of this class.

It is very obvious, however, that Mr. Owen has no such knowledge as will enable him to distinguish ordinary from exceptional dreams,—hallucinations and delusions from visions and spirit-promptings,—or the metaphysical phenomena of spirit-rapping from the physical. Every page of his book proves to us that he is neither

physicist nor metaphysician, physiologist nor neuro-pathologist. He is a man of a sophistical temper, with some knowledge of the world, who has got bewildered by the doings of modern necromancers and weak people, and who seeks to establish foregone conclusions in the mode best adapted to catch converts. A book so mischievous in its tendencies requires to be dealt with in a way most likely to counteract it. We therefore propose to examine some of the histories therein given.

But we have first to examine the important preliminary question of evidence and of belief in the testimony of the senses. It is always a matter of surprise to a man when he first encounters a monomaniac, and finds all his arguments utterly powerless against a fixed idea, the absurdity of which must (he thinks) be apparent to a child. He fondly imagines a few plain facts will suffice to set the aberrant intellect right, and it is only experience which at last convinces him how utterly hopeless is the attempt. Now, this aberration from healthy mental action is essentially of the same kind as the healthy action itself; it is developed according to the same laws, and has its seat in the same tissues. It is only, in fact, a morbid species of the natural *genus* error. How, then, does erroneous belief arise?

A cursory examination of the leading facts of consciousness in relation to the organization, suffices to establish the fundamental principle, that the belief of an individual is bound down to those conditions of the organism upon which consciousness itself depends. For example, in that mental state termed corporeal pain, it is not in the choice of the individual whether he shall feel pain or not, when the ordinary causes of pain are applied; so also, when the brain is duly active can he choose whether he shall think or not. Concurrently with the incessant successions of vital changes in the organism, there is dependent on them an equally incessant series of successive states of consciousness; so that, to modify the latter effectually, the former must be modified. Hence, practically, no better means are known for this purpose than the use of drugs which act directly on the brain, as alcoholic drinks, opium, haschisch, and the like. Chloroform will extinguish pain, but then it will also induce transient mania. This being the law, if the vital changes thus concur-

ring with mental states correspond accurately to those induced by external things, the individual knows truly as to external things; but if not, then he labors under error regarding them.

Now, this exact correspondence of external things to internal sequences is a thing of such difficult attainment, that perhaps it is never attained. For, in addition to well-trained organs of sense, there must be a perfect organ of perception and comparison. And this is rare, for hardly any man addresses himself to the observation of things without some bias from a preconception of foregone conclusion; so that the result of his observations and comparisons is not a pure conception of things as they are, but a *tertium quid*, compounded partly of the perceptions, partly of the preconceptions or prejudices. The result of *error* in a man with a healthy brain; *hallucination* in one with diseased brain.

There has been so much vague discussion as to the true nature and origin of hallucinations, and so much imperfect knowledge elicited, that an illustration or two of their true character may be useful. A person in delirium, or even in the state between sleep and waking, if there be disorder of the brain, may fix his eye upon a visual object, say a shadow on the wall. This shadow, when looked at, does not, under the existing morbid condition of the brain, excite the ordinary changes in the organ of perception, so as to be recognized as a shadow; but other changes, such that it appears to the looker to be another object—as an animal, demon, man, instrument, or the like. Should the individual be able to determine the true character of the phantasm, by comparing his *present* experience with the past, or by experimental inquiry, as examination by the touch or otherwise, he has been the subject of a *spectral illusion*; but if he is not able, from the condition of his brain, to compare his past experience with the present, and so determine the falsity of the spectral illusion, he believes in its reality, and labors under an *hallucination*. A real object is thus transformed into a delusive object by the operation of a morbidly active brain, put into activity, however, by the impression of the object itself. Now, this is the condition in a vast number of insane persons, and in a great variety of morbid states not insanity.

But the morbid changes may not be

thus excited from without; on the contrary, they may arise independently of all external impressions. Such are the illusions and hallucinations excited in cases of poisoning by various drugs, in epilepsy, in delirium, but especially in sleep. In those instances, the illusions and hallucinations have often no reference to external things. There is no comparison of the knowledge obtained through the senses or by experience, with the illusions of morbid action; and, consequently, the latter are regarded with all the intensity of earnest conviction. It is thus that in sleep, when the senses are shut, and past ideas are confusedly presented as a present reality (*i. e.*, as an hallucination,) that the wildest beliefs possess the man, so that he will even superintend his own interment, in the belief he is dead, without any perception of the incongruities of the notion with experience. Such hallucinations are very common in delirium, somnambulism, and other morbid states allied to dreaming. Perhaps the most typical of this class are the dreams of nightmares, etc., arising from indigestion, irregular circulation through the heart, lungs, etc., when the external senses are wholly shut.

Practically, however, no such sharp line of demarcation can be drawn between these various forms of illusions, hallucinations, and delusions. Thus, when Dr. Reid had a blister applied to his head, he dreamt he was being scalped by Indians; the dream-hallucination was manifestly excited by the pain of the scalp caused by the blister; and the senses being shut, no correction of the hallucination could be made. But if Dr. Reid had been insane, and had had a blister so applied to the scalp, he might, when awake, have mistaken those about him for the very Indians of whom he dreamt, and struggled violently to escape from his imaginary tormentors. This would have been a maniacal hallucination or delusion. In either case, it is to be noted, the belief in the reality of the hallucination is equally strong, so long as that cerebral condition continues, upon which the hallucination and the defect in correcting power both alike depend.

Now, it is obvious, that it is by no means necessary these delusions should have regard to the absurd and impossible alone; that, it is true, is the manifestation most commonly observed, because it

is the most striking, and because hallucinations as to ordinary events would never be suspected to be such; they would only be looked upon as extraordinary errors in observation, or as contradictory evidence, unless, indeed, the subject of them manifested other symptoms of disordered intellect. This class are, however, of very serious import when the hallucinations are received as evidence in courts of law, and life and character depend upon the discovery of their true character. The criminal annals of this country and, indeed, of all countries, abound with illustrations of the danger of receiving the evidence of hallucinated persons, whether regarding themselves or others, as to murders and other crimes. It is notorious, that hardly an undiscovered murder occurs in this country, of such a character as to excite the imagination, but that some unfortunate imbecile surrenders himself to justice as the perpetrator, giving all details of the crime he committed, as to time, place, and other circumstances, all which are wholly hallucinations. And in the days when the belief in witchcraft and intercourse with Satan was universal, it was rather the rule than the contrary, for the women who were accused, to confess to their intercourse with the devil, with all particulars detailed in accordance with the superstitious imaginings of the time. In fact, this was simply what might have been expected. These poor creatures themselves highly credulous, and most orthodox believers in the current dogmas of demonology and witchcraft, were thrown into noisome prisons, tortured, prevented sleeping, and deprived of food and drink, until the brain gave way; and then all the imaginings which the credulity of the times developed and expanded became realized in their morbid organisms as hallucinations.

But, perhaps, the most painful consideration is, that the credulous wretches who believed themselves or their children to be the victims of witchcraft, became the subjects of hallucinations, as to the practices of wholly innocent men and women, and boldly swore as to things done by them which were simply impossible. Many thousands perished throughout Europe by the hands of the executioner, or died under miserable tortures, upon no better evidence than the hallucinations and delusions of credulous persons with

an impressible nervous system; such, indeed, as happily now believe in the less dangerous but equally morbid phenomena of modern necromancy.

Our modern courts are not wholly exempt from the dangers of hallucinated evidence, although in a less striking form than when it was founded on mysticism and superstition. Early in the morning of the thirtieth of April, 1857, the body of Eliza Hopley was found in the canal at Bradley, Wiltshire. The body presented no marks of violence, and it was believed that she had fallen accidentally into the water. In about three weeks after, a neighbor, named Samuel Wall, declared that she had been murdered by one Philip Clare, and that he had witnessed the murder. He gave all particulars as to the time, place, mode, his conversation with Clare, and the threats of violence which the latter uttered; all of which were proved, on the trial of Clare, to be wholly groundless. The celebrated Campden murder, in which the supposed murderer was executed on hallucinated evidence, is another illustration of this kind. Indeed, such examples might be multiplied to almost any extent.\*

A few facts as to this class of phenomena may be useful in the explanation of many of these ghost stories.

Delusions, hallucinations, and illusions, will vary in character according to the seat of the vital changes upon which they depend. Hence there are illusions and hallucinations of hearing as well as of vi-

sion, of smell, taste, touch. The feelings of floating, rising in the air, being reversed, and the like, so common in feverish sleep, constitute what may be termed corporeal illusions and hallucinations. They are very common in the nervous, and hysterical, and insane, and are evidently experienced by "mediums." Some of this class are very curious. We have known persons who felt as if their body was as large as the Pentlands; that their head was of enormous size; that their arms were indefinitely expanded; that they took enormous strides. Persons who have lost a limb are apt to have the illusion that it is still a part of their body, and even to suffer spasms and pain, referred to particular muscles and joints in the missing member.

Curious hallucinations as to personal identity are very common. In dreams, the arguments held with another person, are in reality the arguments of the individual himself. A man may thus defeat himself in debate, or in a combat of wit. A gentleman dreamt that a friend of his looking at a piece of black cloth on the table, asserted that it was of a *flesh color*. This the dreamer disputed, and maintained it was black; and at last a bet was laid on the point, when the friend remarked, "Is not *black* the color of half the human race?" whereupon the dreamer felt completely abashed, that he had not seen the point; yet the wit was his own.

This kind of mental condition, as to a duplex consciousness, that is, of self as self, and self as another person, is not an uncommon hallucination in the insane. It has also characterized the mental state of men of such highly developed powers as to trench on the line of morbidness. Tasso firmly believed that a familiar genius conversed with him. One day he proposed to convince his friend Manso, who maintained it was an illusion, of the reality of the thing, by showing it to him. On the following day, the friends being seated near the fire, Tasso turned his eyes towards a window, on which he fixed them so attentively, that he ceased replying to Manso's remarks, and probably did not hear them. At length, he said, "There is my familiar spirit, who is so polite as to come and converse with me; look at him, and witness the truth of what I told you." Manso turned his eyes towards the spot indicated, but saw only the rays of the

\* "The Campden murder," and other cases, may be found detailed in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for July, 1860, in an article entitled "Judicial Puzzles," in which this kind of false evidence is ably illustrated. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that much innocent blood has been shed judicially, and much misery inflicted in consequence of undetected hallucinations being received either in evidence or as confessions of guilt, and that this department of the science of testimony merits the most careful inquiry, from a physiological as well as metaphysical point of view. And, in reference to our present subject, when so much stress is laid by the spiritualistic writers upon the testimony of the senses, and the dangers to society which may result from doubting it, it may be set forth at least as a sound principle, that all phenomena of an alleged supernatural or contradictory character, occurring under conditions of the nervous system which experience has proved to be morbid, are probably themselves morbid, and belong to the class of illusions, hallucinations, and delusions. In such a category must be specially included all dreams, nocturnal visions, and inspirations of persons with manifest disorder of the organ of consciousness, however induced.

sun streaming into the room. Whilst he gazed all around, he perceived that Tasso was engaged in deep conversation, and his discourse was arranged as if two persons were conversing; he alternately interrogated and replied. During this state Tasso's mental faculties were highly developed, for Manso reports that the conversation was so exalted, and the style so sublime and extraordinary, that he was astonished beyond measure. This kind of exaltation sometimes accompanies the hallucinations of the "mediums" of the spiritualists, and is, in fact, one of the chief characteristics of the morbid conditions known as ecstasy, clairvoyance, and coherent delirium, of which hallucinations are strongly marked elements. Thus Mr. Edmonds observes:

"I pass to another consideration which has much weight with me, and that is, the remarkable manner in which the distinctive characters of those professing to converse with us are delineated and preserved. Thus, through a female, gentle, simple, unsophisticated, of not much education, and with no ordinary powers of mind, I have received communications purporting to be from different persons, each bearing the distinctive characteristic of the person professing to speak, each different from the other, and none of them like the qualities of the mind of the medium. It was impossible for her to fabricate these manifestations," etc.

So thought Judge Edmonds, in his entire ignorance of cerebral pathology. What to the mono-ideistic spiritualist is a spirit, to another class of persons is a "genius," the devil, or voices. Thus, a lady one day observed to M. Briere de Boismont, "Voices suggest expressions to me with which I am not familiar; they give me words much superior to those I have been in the habit of using, or which my education justifies. Their conversation often runs on geography, politics, and domestic economy, questions to which I am a stranger, but which I perfectly comprehend when the voices suggest them." Mr. Mayo mentions a clairvoyante who gave a learned discourse on some scientific subject: it was taken down, and found to be a page, *verbatim*, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

This hallucination of another personality takes other forms of a singular character. For example, an individual will have the feeling of another person being attached to him, or that he is made up of two bo-

dies; we knew a case of this kind, in which the two bodies were felt to fight with each other. Another corporeal hallucination is, that a person believes every thing he suffers is really felt by another person; or that which really endangers him, endangers not him, but some one else. Thus, a woman we know is in terror when she goes down stairs, lest—not that she—but some one else, should fall headlong. This kind of condition may be observed in delirium accompanying cases of injury to the body, when the patient attributes his own sufferings and groans to another person. M. Descuret mentioned a case to M. Briere de Boismont of triple personality. The subject of it was a clergyman, who, in every position, saw himself thrice repeated; when he turned in bed, the two other persons turned with him, and placed themselves upon him. In this case it may be said that each half of the body had a distinct personality, as well as the two halves unitedly. To this group of hallucinations belong all those of spirit-possession.

The various illusions or hallucinations which may be more strictly denominated mental, are *delusions*. They either refer to things or the causes of events, or both. Whatever is in the memory, or is desired, or feared, or expected, or anticipated in thought, may be realized subjectively\* as an illusion or hallucination. Thus, the traveler suffering from thirst in the arid desert, dreams of verdant fields and gushing streams. Thus, also, the man who desires earnestly to see a departed friend, may at last evoke a hallucination of his personal appearance. An instance of this kind is related by Mr. Owen. It is a curious story, as illustrative of the coincidences which impress the mystical so strongly. It is entitled

#### "THE FOURTEENTH OF NOVEMBER."

"In the month of September, 1857, Captain G—— W——, of the sixth dragoons, went out to India to join his regiment. His wife remained in England, residing at Cambridge. On the night between the 14th and 15th of November, 1857, towards morning, she dreamed that she saw her husband looking anxious and ill; upon which she immediately awoke, much agitated. It was bright moonlight, and looking up, she perceived the same figure standing by her bed-

\* That is, in consequence of changes in the *subject* of the mental state, independent, partly or wholly, of an external object.

side. He appeared in his uniform, the hands pressed across the heart, the hair disheveled, [sic] the face very pale. His large dark eyes were fixed full upon her; their expression was that of great excitement, and there was a peculiar contraction of the mouth, habitual to him when agitated. She saw him, even to each minute particular of his dress, as distinctly as she had ever done in her life; and she remembers to have noticed between his hands the white of the shirt-bosom, unstained, however, with blood. The figure seemed to bend forward, as if in pain, and to make an effort to speak; but there was no sound. It remained visible, the wife thinks, as long as a minute, and then disappeared.

"Her first idea was to ascertain if she was actually awake. She rubbed her eyes with the sheet, and felt that the touch was real. Her little nephew was in bed with her; she bent over the sleeping child, and listened to its breathing. The sound was distinct, and she became convinced that what she had seen was no dream. Next morning she related all this to her mother, expressing her conviction, though she had noticed no marks of blood on his dress, that Capt. W—— was either killed or grievously wounded. So fully impressed was she with the reality of this apparition, that she thenceforth refused all invitations.

"It was on a Tuesday, in the month of December, 1857, that the telegram regarding the actual fate of Captain W—— was published in London. It was to the effect that he was killed before Lucknow on the *fifteenth* of November.

So matters rested until, in the month of March, 1858, the family of Captain W—— received from Captain G—— C——, then of the Military Train, a letter dated near Lucknow, on the 18th of December, 1857. The letter informed them that Captain W—— had been killed before Lucknow, while gallantly leading on the squadron, not on the fifteenth of November, as reported in Sir Colin Campbell's dispatches, but on the *fourteenth, in the afternoon*. Captain C—— was riding close by his side at the time he saw him fall. He was struck by a fragment of shell in the heart, and never spoke after he was hit."

It appears that the date of this officer's death was, in fact, wrongly stated by the authorities, and was subsequently corrected; but there is nothing remarkable in the lady's tenacity of belief as to the proper day. She had accidentally a dream during the night of the day when her husband fell, out of which she awoke to have it continued as an hallucination. The coincidence is curious, but there is no cognizable relation of cause and effect between the event and the dream. No doubt the cause of the dream (which is wholly omitted from the history) was the anticipation of danger to her husband, which would be excited very naturally under the cir-

cumstances, and felt most at that date; for she would doubtless calculate the time of his arrival on the field of action, and thus her vague imaginings would take a more decided form just at the time when he was first incurring the dangers of his career. There is really nothing surprising in the coincidence, when the order of events is known. On the other hand, it must be remembered how many myriads of presentiment-dreams and hallucinations are experienced without any such coincidences occurring. Such, for example, is the following. It is quoted by Brierre de Boismont from the *Mercure Galant* of January, 1690:

"The best proof, my friend, that I can give you of the vanity of dreams, is that I live after the apparition which I had on the twenty-second of September 1679. On that morning I awoke at five o'clock, but slept again directly. I now dreamed that I was in my bed, and that the covering was withdrawn (an accidental circumstance, but true.) I saw one of my relatives, who had been dead some years, enter my room; she, who was formerly so lively, now looked very sad. She sat down on the foot of my bed, and looked compassionately on me. As in my dream I knew she was dead, I judged by her distressed look that she was about to announce to me some bad news, perhaps death. Indifferent to that event, I said, 'Well, I must then die!' 'It is true.' 'When?' 'To-day?' I own that the time seemed short, but without any fear I questioned her anew: 'How?' She murmured some words that I could not catch, and I awoke.

"The importance of so peculiar a dream caused me to examine attentively my situation. I observed that I was lying on the right side, my body straight out, and my hands on my stomach. I arose to write down my dream, lest I should forget it; and finding that it contained all the circumstances peculiar to divine and mysterious visions, I was no sooner dressed than I went to tell my mother-in-law, that if serious dreams were infallible warnings, in twenty-four hours she would cease to have a son-in-law. I then related to her what had happened; I also repeated it to some of my friends, but without feeling the least alarm, or changing my habits, yielding myself to the will of Providence. Perhaps, had I been weak enough to believe in this vision, I should really have died; and my fate would have resembled that of the man spoken of by the Greek historian Procopius; I should have lost my life as a punishment for my belief in dreams, a superstition forbidden by God."

This kind of presentiment as to a future event, is not uncommon in ecstasy, clairvoyance, and somnambulism, as well as in



dreams; and it can not be doubted, that if the individual yields to it, there is a great probability that it will work its own fulfillment. So also is it with fears as to the "evil eye," as to witches, prophecies of evil, and the like. Thomas Britton, whose portrait hung some years ago as No. 113 in the British Museum, was a musical genius of the last century, and being a coal merchant, was nicknamed "The Musical Small-Coalman." His cause of death was a striking example of the power of suggestion over life itself. Being at a dinner party, a ventriloquist present, for the sake of a jest, predicted his death would occur that night, in such tones, and such a manner as deeply to impress his imagination. He immediately left the table; and in spite of all the assurances of his friends, believed the voice he heard was ultra-mundane. He did die that same night. So true is the old saw, "Conceit (*i. e.*, imagination) can kill, and conceit can cure."

Mr. Owen fortifies the deduction drawn from the hallucination of the officer's wife coinciding in time with the officer's death, by trying to establish another coincidence of the same kind between the hallucination of a "medium" and the fatal event. Mrs. M—— had "all her life had perception of apparitions," and her husband "is what is called an impressible medium." The lady's solicitor (Mr. Williamson) related the vision and the coincidence to these two persons as "a wonderful circumstance," and described the figure as it had appeared to her. The story had the immediate effect of a suggestion on their morbid organizations. "Mrs. M——, turning to her husband, instantly said, 'That must be the very person I saw on the evening we were talking of India, and you drew an elephant with a howdah on his back. Mr. Williamson has described his exact position and appearance; the uniform of a British officer, his hands pressed across his head, his form bent forward as if in pain. The figure appeared just behind my husband, and seemed looking over his left shoulder.'" They got into conversation with the specter; and the ghost, that was speechless to his wife, could tell these strangers he had been killed in India, adding, "That thing I used to go about in is not buried yet." The lady particularly remarked the expression. Mr. Owen is perfectly triumphant about the *facts* of this case. He says, "Those

who would explain the whole on the principle of chance coincidence have a treble event to take into account; the apparition to Mrs. M——, that to Mrs. W——, and the actual time of Captain W——'s death; each tallying exactly with the other." The looseness of assertion in which Mr. Owen can indulge in face of his own statements, is, at the least, most reprehensible. The events, even as related by himself, show that the "time" with every regard to the difference of longitude did not "tally exactly." Captain W—— was killed on the afternoon of the fourteenth November, before Lucknow; Mrs. M—— had her alleged hallucination about nine o'clock in the evening of that day; but the wife had hers early in the morning of the fifteenth November. Exact dates are, however, nothing in necromancy.

The remarkable illusions and hallucinations which the linked sequences of vital and mental states will produce, and upon which depend what is termed association of ideas, have not been hitherto observed in a scientific way. Their connection with the states of the organism upon which memory depends, have in particular been greatly overlooked. In the aged, whose memory of events does not reach beyond the hour, the association of ideas is vigorous in relation to the events of childhood or youth, and their hallucinations correspond. Both phenomena equally depend upon the nutrition of the brain, which in old age is feeble, in youth vigorous. Something like this occurs not unfrequently in sleep, under special cerebral conditions. Thus persons born in India, and who in childhood had learnt something of the language of their Ayah, or native nurse, will dream of that language long after it has wholly passed from their waking memory. In certain forms of delirium, in which there is a cerebral state very analogous to, if not almost identical with, that of dreaming, similar long-forgotten reminiscences will occur. Of these there are various well-known examples in books.

Now this kind of hypnotic reminiscence may serve to recall important, but wholly forgotten facts to the memory. As an illustration of this class of dreams we may mention Mr. Rutherford's dream, as told by Sir W. Scott, in his notes to the *Antiquary*. Mr. Rutherford dreamed his father appeared to him, and revealed to

him all particulars of a missing legal document, and which proved to be correct. This was no doubt an act of dream-memory, but in which (as is the law of dreaming) the reminiscences were presented to the consciousness as realities. Mr. Owen makes much of this story, which is obviously of a purely physiological nature, and is only interesting as illustrative of the laws of phreno-vital action.

The following instance indicates the influence of the association of ideas in causing hallucinations, both in a state of febrile disturbance of the brain, and in that condition which coincides with a fixed hallucination. It was communicated in a letter addressed to ourselves by a man of education and superior intelligence. We may designate it, in the Owen style, as

#### "THE SPECTRAL BROTHER.

"Presuming on your kind manner to me when we met in —, I have ventured to send to you the following details of perhaps as extraordinary a case as you ever met with. . . .

"The fact, then, is, that I am the victim of a most singular spectral illusion; but in order to make myself fully intelligible, I must premise the relation of a few circumstances.

"When I set out on my wanderings nearly six years ago, I left behind me a younger brother, to whom I was very much attached. He was the handsomest and cleverest boy I ever saw, and of a disposition so sweet as to endear him to all who knew him. He was my constant companion when at home. We went to school together, and were scarcely ever a day away from each other till I left England; and then the thought of being separated from him was far more painful to me than that of leaving all my other friends.

"At Sourabaya, in the Island of Java, I was seized with fever, and removed to the military hospital there. One morning the doctor informed me that he considered my case to be a very serious one; and on the evening of the same day, I was lying in a state of semi-consciousness, with all sorts of strange phantoms passing before me, when I suddenly heard the voice of my brother speaking quickly. The words were as distinct as if the speaker had been standing at the foot of my bed, and were these: "Write to Harry. Tell him to come home; tell him to come quickly." After I had recovered from the shock produced by this event, I thought but little of it; as I had several times before, when in the same state, fancied that the two Dutch officers who occupied beds in the same room with me were talking English, though I knew very well, when I was fully conscious, that they could not speak a word of it.

"Judge, then, of the feelings of surprise and awe I felt when, nearly two years afterwards,

I received a letter in Australia informing me of the death of my brother, and that, very shortly before he died, he called for a pencil and some paper to write to me, but not being able to trace the letters, he addressed to my sister those very words which I heard in the hospital at Sourabaya, many thousands of miles away!

"No arguments could persuade me that this part of the story can be accounted for by natural causes. Whether it be that spirits so nearly freed from the body can in some instances hold communion or not, I do not pretend to say; but I am perfectly convinced that those words actually sounded in my ears as they were spoken by my dying brother. What follows, however, I know to be a mental delusion of a most extraordinary nature.

"Ever since the receipt of that letter, long-continued residence in any place has invariably subjected me to a most painful trial. Though the time varies slightly, yet, generally, if I live in the same house for about three months, at the end of that time I begin to be haunted by an image or shadow of my brother; and I solemnly assure you that at this very moment he seems to me to be sitting at the other side of the table, and looking upon me with that sweet smile I remember so well.

"This imaginary presence gives me no alarm, or hardly interrupts my ordinary avocations, so accustomed have I become to it; but still it is an inexpressible relief to be free from it. And, strange to say, change of scene banishes it for a time, though the most active employment during the day is quite ineffectual to remove the illusion, if I return to the house at night. I see it without distinction of time or place. It landed with me in England, and then left me, but returned immediately on my arrival at home, where almost every blade of grass reminded me of the dead. It looked upon me while engaged in my studies at —; and I sometimes walk along the streets of London, with this figure so plainly visible to me at my side, that I have almost expected the passers-by to turn round and wonder at my strange companion. I never visit my home now, as, when I am there, the shadow is as inseparable from me as the living original *was*.

"I have struggled against this singular delusion for nearly three years in vain; and I believe that I shall continue subject to it for the rest of my life, unless something equally strange with its cause happens to remove it.

"I have narrated this singular history to you, because I thought that you would be interested in it, and because . . . . If you should consider it worthy of any attention, I can have no objection to your mentioning the particulars, but I must beg of you to keep the name a secret."

This touching narrative is so highly illustrative of the natural history of illusions and hallucinations, that we have ventured to avail ourselves of the writer's permis-

sion to utilize it. The whole can be readily referred to natural causes. The fever-poison had placed his brain in such a condition that illusions were readily excited. Thus the conversation of the officers in Dutch was metamorphosed into an illusion of his own tongue. The announcement of the serious nature of his illness had naturally led him to thoughts of home, especially of his beloved brother; and the creative imagination having acted as it always acts in dreams, he anticipated the thoughts and language of his brother, which anticipations became subjectively realized as hallucinations. That he should have thus anticipated what his brother actually said, is nothing surprising; on the contrary, it is just what might have been expected, for this kind of mental process is one of the most common things to be noted in dreams. The reëxcitement of the spectral illusion at home, where every blade of grass reminded the sufferer of the dead, was evidently also due to the association of ideas. That shadowy reminiscence of a deceased brother, or wife, or child, which remains internally as a fleeting act of the representative faculty, was in him projected externally as a specter, because of the peculiar predisposition of his cerebral tissue to vigorous presentative function. The only point to be specially noticed, is the coincidence as to time of the sickness of the two brothers; but this is also a natural phenomenon not so difficult of explanation as might appear at first sight.

Mr. Owen gives the history of a dream in which a murder was presented to the consciousness of a distant person as it occurred, and which is related by Dr. Carlyon in his *Early Years and Late Reflections*. Of this dream Mr. Owen observes: "The various coincidences taken together, as proof that chance is not the true explanation, have all the force of a demonstration of Euclid." Let us see what this proof is.

#### "THE MURDER NEAR WADEBRIDGE."

"On the evening of the 8th of February, 1840, Mr. Nevell Norway, a Cornish gentleman, was cruelly murdered by two brothers of the name of Lightfoot, on his way from Bodmin to Wadebridge, the place of his residence. At that time, his brother, Mr. Edmund Norway, was in the command of a merchant vessel, the *Orient*, on her voyage from Manilla to Cadiz; and the following is his own account of a dream which

he had on the night when his brother was murdered:—"Ship *Orient*, from Manilla to Cadiz, February 8th, 1840. About 7.30 p.m. the island of St. Helena N.N.W., distant about seven miles; shortened sail and rounded to, with the ship's head to the eastward; at eight set the watch and went below; wrote a letter to my brother, Nevell Norway. About twenty minutes or a quarter before ten o'clock went to bed; fell asleep, and dreamt I saw two men attack by brother and murder him. One caught the horse by the bridle, and snapped a pistol twice, but I heard no report; he then struck him a blow, and he fell off his horse. They struck him several blows, and dragged him by the shoulders across the road and left him. In my dream there was a house on the left-hand side of the road. At four o'clock I was called, and went on deck to take charge of the ship. I told the second officer Mr. Henry Wren, that I had had a dreadful dream—namely, that my brother Nevell was murdered by two men on the road from St. Columb to Wadebridge; but that I felt sure it could not be there, as the house there would have been on the right-hand side of the road, so that it must have been somewhere else. . . . It was one continued dream from the time I fell asleep until I was called, at four o'clock in the morning."

The murderer's confession is as follows:

"I went to Bodmin last Saturday week, the 8th inst., (February 8th, 1840,) and in returning, I met my brother James at the head of Dummer Hill. It was dim like. We came on the turnpike road all the way, till we came to the house near the spot where the murder was committed. We did not go into the house, but hid ourselves in a field. My brother knocked Mr. Norway down; he snapped a pistol at him twice, and it did not go off. He then knocked him down with the pistol. I was there along with him. Mr. Norway was struck while on horseback. It was on the turnpike road, between Pencarrow Mill and the directing-post toward Wadebridge. I cannot say at what time of the night it was. [It was between ten and eleven o'clock.] We left the body in the water, on the left side of the road coming to Wadebridge. He took some money in a purse, but I did not know how much. My brother drew the body across the road to the watering."

Doubtless in this case the coincidences were very remarkable, yet they may be easily referred to natural causes. These, however, we must speculate upon, as the history supplies few data in reference to the causes of the dream; nor, perhaps, would Mr. Edmund Norway have been himself conscious of the trains of thought that passed through his mind previously to dreaming. They would probably be these:—Writing to his brother on a winter's night, in the solitude of his cabin, his thoughts revert to home. It is mar-

ket day; his brother will have gone to Bodmin; he will have to return home late on a winter's night, on a lonely road, with money. What if he is attacked, robbed, and murdered? The imagination realizes in sleep this anticipation, as a thing done, with all particulars. And these are of the most common. Two men usually co-operate in these robberies; the bridle of the horse is seized at a suitable spot on the road; then a pistol presented—all this is matter of course. The pistol being fired, it is next used as a bludgeon; and the surprised traveler being knocked from his horse, is assaulted again on the ground to make assurance doubly sure, and his senseless, perhaps lifeless body, dragged to the roadside for the greater convenience of hiding and rifling it. The dreamer would know the road well, and select in imagination that spot as the scene of the deed, which, perhaps, he had already remarked long ago as a suitable locality for a murder and robbery. If the murderers had been known to him as bad characters, or suggested to him in any way by any antecedents, he might even have fixed upon the identical individuals. The only point to be noticed is, that the pistol was snapped twice; but this is just one of the most common of occurrences. The chances, it is well known, are at least equal, that a pistol so presented will miss fire, and be snapped again: probably Mr. E. Norway knew this quite well. That he should *dream* of the murder of his brother on the very night on which it took place, is, in fact, no more remarkable than that he should *write* to his brother on the same night; it was the writing, no doubt, which led on to the dream.

There are two other points to be noticed: one, that the dreamer believed he had been dreaming all night, when it was far more probable the dream began only a few moments before he was called; the other, that he reversed the situation of the house. This reversal, however, is not uncommon in dreams, and is probably due to the crossed action of the encephalon. So much for this wonderful dream, the coincidences of which, Mr. Owen thinks, "have all the force of a demonstration of Euclid" in favor of his ultra-mundane hypothesis.

It may be well to notice here, however, the important circumstance that these coincidences, remarkable as they are, are

by no means so numerous as they might easily be expected to be, when we remember the mode of their occurrence. It is often nothing more than the anticipation in dream-thought of an event which may probably occur. Possibly, if amongst the myriads of myriads of dreams that happen, every coincidence, however trivial, were noted, we should find them to occur much more frequently.

Amongst the causes of dreams of a distressing character, the most common are morbid states of the viscera, as the heart, lungs, liver. Now, there is a class of dream-coincidences and concurring hallucinations which may be explained through this fact. We have seen that the gentleman who suffered from an abiding spectral illusion of his brother was sick at the same time his brother was; and thus, while he in his sickness thought of home and his brother, his brother in his sickness thought of him. The coincidence of sickness has been not unfrequently noticed in members of the same family, even although in widely distant localities. It has been most particularly observed, however, in the cases of twins. There are several histories on record, in which it is stated that twins (most commonly of the same sex) have gone through the successive infantile diseases at the same time, cut their several teeth at the same time, and had acute diseases at the same time, although inhabiting different and even distant localities. In such cases, it would be simply a matter of course that the nervous system should be similarly affected, and the mental states connected therewith be, if not alike, at least somewhat similar.

Nor is the explanation of these physiological and morbid coincidences difficult. From the moment of conception to old age, there occur in the individual a regular succession of vital changes, circumscribed within periods of time. For example, life in the egg and the uterus terminates at the end of a period varying in length in different orders and genera of animals, but the duration of which is fixed for each. Then, again, various structures, as teeth, hair, feathers, appear subsequently to birth at regular periods, perhaps not equally definite as that of uterine or egg life, but still so decidedly regular as to afford proofs of age. Now, if two persons commence life at the same hour, and under the same conditions, constitu-

tional and otherwise, (as is often the case with twins,) their wheels of life will run on parallel lines, and they will undergo these periodic changes at the same time; and as the condition of the body under which they take place is one which predisposes to disease, they will also be liable to attacks of fever or inflammation at the same dates, or to diseases of the same constitutional character, or to be influenced by the same kind of atmospheric or seasonal changes. Such a law serves to explain the following dream, of which Dr. Macnish was the subject, who relates it in his "Philosophy of Sleep:"

"I was in Caithness, when I dreamed that a near relative of my own, residing three hundred miles off, had suddenly died; and immediately thereafter awoke in a state of inconceivable terror, similar to that produced by a paroxysm of nightmare. The same day, happening to be writing home, I mentioned the circumstance in a half-jesting, half earnest way. To tell the truth, I was afraid to be serious, lest I should be laughed at for putting any faith in dreams. However, in the interval between writing and receiving an answer, I remained in a state of most unpleasant suspense. I felt a presentiment that something dreadful had happened or would happen. . . . Three days after sending away the letter, what was my astonishment when I received one written the day subsequent to mine, and stating that the relative of whom I had dreamed had been struck with a fatal shock of palsy the day before—that is, the very day on the morning of which I had beheld the appearance in my dream! I may state that my relative was in perfect health before the fatal event took place. It came upon him like a thunderbolt, at a period when no one could have the slightest anticipation of danger."

The fundamental coincidence here is, that the two relatives were indisposed in their nervous system at the same time: in the one, it resulted in a nightmare dream; in the other, probably, in a rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain;—we say probably, for this seems to have been the kind of apoplexy. Now, in a case of this kind, we should want to know whether the two relatives were alike in constitution, so far at least as to be equally predisposed to disease of the vascular system? whether there was not heart disease in both? whether Dr. Macnish, at the time of his dream, had not disturbance of the heart's action?—for to that his dream points;—whether there was not something in the weather, or the season, or the barometric conditions, such as would affect the circulation

in the two relatives alike? whether it had not occurred to Dr. Macnish, as a passing suspicion, that his relative had such a constitution as predisposed to sudden death at some time by apoplexy or palsy? This is the line of inquiry that a coincidence of this kind would indicate, and we venture to think that an explanation would thus be reached. It may be alleged that this is wholly hypothetical. Allowed; but it is hypothetical because the relations of these interesting coincidences afford no solid data for an explanation; or rather, men like Mr. Owen prefer to wonder, and to suppress all facts which will help to elucidate the question in a simple and natural way. To do otherwise, would be to offend that love of the marvelous which is at the root of these ghost-stories and of strange coincidences.

Mr. Owen has some wonderful histories of knockings and other disturbances of houses. These he evidently classes with the "ultra-mundane" phenomena known as spirit-rappings and table-tippings. Here we have the famous story of the "Drummer of Tedworth," which has delighted so many young folk. We confess to an early liking for this rollicking drummer. Never was trick more cleverly played. Mr. Mompesson, a magistrate, had caused a vagrant drummer to be arrested; and the bailiff having taken away the fellow's drum, sent it to Mr. Mompesson's house. Henceforth there was no peace there. Drumming was heard in the room where the drum was, knockings here, knockings there, knockings every where—not constantly, but intermittingly, at intervals for the space of two years. For an hour together this drumming devil would impudently "beat 'Roundheads and Cuck-olds,' the 'Tat-too,' and several other points of war, as well as any drummer." This story is one of Mr. Owen's *pieces de resistance*. He evidently believes every word of it.

The "spirit manifestations" of knocking, making noises, moving furniture, and playing mischievous tricks, such as pinning people together, may be attributed to fraud and hallucinations, or to supernatural agency, according to the taste or bias of the inquirer. It is for us to determine which is the more probable, for at least the sounds and movements of things may be hallucinations. To this explanation Mr. Owen objects, that we must believe the evidence of our senses, even although

it contradicts our reason and the results of all our knowledge and experience.

"Suppose, for example, (as occurred in my apartments at Naples,) that sitting in one's own well-lighted apartment, where no concealed machinery or other trickery is possible, in company with three or four friends, all curious observers like oneself, around a large center-table, weighing eighty or a hundred pounds, the hands of all present resting upon it, one should see and feel this table, the top maintaining its horizontal, rise suddenly and unexpectedly to the height of eight or ten inches from the floor, remain suspended in the air while one might count six or seven, then gently settle down again; and suppose that all the spectators concurred in their testimony as to this occurrence, with only slight variations of opinion as to the exact number of inches to which the table rose, and the precise number of seconds during which it remained suspended—ought the witnesses of such a seeming temporary suspension of the law of gravitation to believe that their senses are playing them false?"

Mr. Owen gives as the answer, "All they would be justified in saying is, that they placed their hands on the table, *and the table rose.*" No!—not that—it *seemed to rise*; for the natural conclusion one would draw from this statement of the facts would be, either that Mr. Owen would doubt whether the table did rise at all, or else examine experimentally into the facts. He would measure the height of rise and length of time occupied, and seek for the source of the motive power. But this does not suit the object in view, which is to prove that the table did—not apparently, but actually—rise in virtue of a motive power which is like nothing known to engineers or other terrestrial people. Hence neither measure nor chronometer was appealed to.

"I make no assertion [!] that the tables are raised by spiritual agency. But suppose Mr. Faraday, by disproving every other hypothesis, should drive me to this, it would be much more philosophical to adopt it than to reject the clear and palpable evidence of sense. For, if we assume any other principle, all received rules of evidence must be set at naught; nay, our very lives would be made up of uncertainty and conjecture," etc., etc.

This, as the laws of hallucination prove, is sheer nonsense. Mr. Owen may speak for his imaginative self and his credulous friends in this strain with much truth; but does he imagine that the common sense of mankind would not come to the prompt

conclusion on the question, if nothing was said of spiritual agency, either that their eyes deceived them, or by some one, or by mechanical means, to them unknown, the table was raised? Tables, as every footman and housemaid knows, never move without being lifted by ordinary terrestrial means. If no trick was played upon Mr. Owen and his curious friends, then they undoubtedly labored under an hallucination;—no wonderful thing, surely, when we remember how easily illusions take place.

Mr. Owen acknowledges the *possibility* of this; but then he insists "that, according to the doctrine in the most accredited works on the subject, if two or more persons, using their senses independently, perceive, at the same time and place, the same appearance, it is not hallucination; that is to say, there is *some* actual foundation in fact." This is a poor foundation—this "doctrine in the most accredited works"—upon which to build an "ultra-mundane" theory. The "doctrine" is all wrong, however accredited. In truth, to excite the same hallucinations in a number of persons is an old practical joke. Two wits station themselves in a crowded street in London, and gaze intently into the sky. First one passer, his curiosity excited, stops to gaze, then another; and thus a crowd assembles, anxious to know what is to be seen in the sky. The answer at last is, A flock of wild geese—there being nothing but a fleecy cloud or two; yet half the victims of the trick at once profess to see the aerial travelers and their varying evolutions.

But the fact is not as Mr. Owen states, in even accredited works. Brierre de Boismont, in his elaborate work on Hallucinations, gives all particulars of an instance in which a whole battalion of soldiers, eight hundred strong, were affected with the same hallucination. It was that of the devil, in the form of a huge dog with long black hair, who rushed upon them while sleeping, and flew over their breasts (nightmare.) Twice the soldiers were affected by this spectral illusion, and fled from their sleeping-place, uttering the most alarming cries of terror. And it is hardly necessary to say, that if several persons be placed under precisely similar conditions as the one person who has an hallucination in consequence of being placed in those conditions, they will have the hallucination too. That the art of in-

ducing them in multitudes has been practised from time immemorial, might indeed be established by the most conclusive evidence, if that were necessary. Mr. Owen is evidently wholly ignorant of these things; but that is only another proof how little pains he and his co-believers take to ascertain the true causes of the phenomena they profess to investigate.

As to the physical manifestations of a character such that considerable force must have been used to cause them, so much has been printed already that the subject hardly needs further discussion. There is not the slightest proof that the force thus manifested is from an ultra-mundane source; its origin has simply escaped detection. And this is likely to continue the state of things; for the believers make no experimental researches whatever, while the unbelievers are excluded from instituting them simply in virtue of their unbelief. So soon as this is manifested, and preparations are made for an investigation which accepts no mere assertions and takes nothing on trust, the manifestations cease; for the "spirit" is offended, and the "medium" becomes powerless. Fraud has been repeatedly detected in some of the best authenticated examples of rapping and clairvoyance; indeed, the whole thing has become an avowed and practised juggle. Under these circumstances, it is hardly reasonable to expect a scientific man to spend his time and ingenuity in examining phenomena which are mere impositions on the senses; it is only as aberrant phenomena, the seat of which is in the nervous system, that a certain class do really merit the notice of the physiologist.

Further, if we examine the results of spiritualism, in any form, nothing whatever is revealed of all that man desires to know. Should he inquire into the past, the results are mere figments of the imagination, or well-known facts done into pretentious language. Nor as to the present is any thing of the least importance revealed. The clairvoyante, with exalted perceptive powers and practised eye, can often read

in his countenance the thoughts of the credulous inquirer, or cunningly guess at particulars of his history; but this amounts to nothing more than a species of conjuring by means of a morbidly exalted nervous system. Such divination amongst ancient nations was part of the routine of everyday life, and was far more extensively practised and honored than the modern practices of mesmerism and spiritualism—being, in fact, a large portion of religious duty.

It is this class of phenomena, indeed, to which the inquirer in mental science should exclusively direct his attention. In these exaltations of the faculties by various processes, whether mesmeric, electro-biological, or hypnotic, or by intense thought operating on supersensitive brains, we have a series of experiments of the highest value to mental science. To ignore the reality of them, and to class them with ordinary frauds, however fraudulent their uses may be, can lead to no good results. If, on the contrary, they be examined as manifestations of peculiar mental and vital states, the inquiry can only result in a far more deeply grounded knowledge of the human mind, and its relations to the laws of vital action, than has hitherto been attained. Nor is it easy to predict to what large results such knowledge may bring us. Hitherto, the entire class of physiological mental phenomena with which these credulous necromancers deal exclusively, have been wholly neglected by the metaphysician, and but lately inquired into by the physiologist. Mental science, in so far as it enables us to explain them, is almost as defective as was geology a century ago, when it dealt with fossil remains, and looked upon ammonites as petrified snakes, and the fossil bones of the mastodon as the bones of extinct giants; but let it be established on sound general principles, themselves the result of a true scientific method of research, and we may then reach depths of life and thought of which our forefathers have not even dreamt.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.\*

THE love of adventure characteristic of Englishmen has well-nigh exhausted the mysteries of the globe. It is hard to light on any "*lusus naturæ*" that our countrymen have not explored. Not content with gratifying their own appetite for the marvelous, they have written, painted, and photographed to good purpose. Our Cockney friend, who has not tempted Neptune beyond Greenwich, will talk as fluently about Niagara or Mount Blanc, the Pyramids or Behring's Straits, as his grandfather might have done about Snowdon or Glencoe. If the modern traveler would be original, he must accompany Livingstone through the African desert, or get accredited to the court of the Tycoon. Strange that when the laboratory of Nature has been so thoroughly ransacked, so little is known in this country of the greatest natural curiosity in the Western Continent—the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The very name will be new to the ears of most Englishmen, and if it awakes any ideas at all, they are hardly less mythical than the ancients entertained of the cave of Trophœnus, or the labyrinth of Dædalus. Yet this extraordinary cavern, which might serve as a counterpart to the Hades of antiquity, is perfectly accessible, and visited annually by thousands of Americans. It only requires to be generally known, in order to become at some future day a Mecca of the tourist world.

In the course of a recent ramble through North America we paid a visit to this remarkable place. In attempting to describe it, you feel like a waking man who tries to recall the sensations of nightmare; he finds that the impressions which have flitted through his sensorium are so vague and shadowy that they defy analysis; his brain has been the theater of a strange phantasmagoria, which language is not adequate to express; and so the

unearthly scenes which are witnessed in this cave sometimes baffle the power of words to describe, and you discover that our vocabulary would require copious additions, before it could become the vernacular of shades.

The town of Louisville, on the banks of the Ohio, is the favorite point of starting for the Mammoth Cave, and a railway has been recently constructed which brings you within a few miles of the spot. One lovely morning during the past summer we left Louisville and traveled by this road through the heart of Kentucky. It would be hard to find any where a more picturesque combination of sylvan and pastoral scenery than this route affords. A few miles further ride by coach, along roads that would dislocate an English vehicle, brought us to the Cave Hotel—a primitive-looking building, with rather a tumble-down aspect, and very different from most of those palatial structures which astonish European travelers on their first visit to the States.

The mouth of the cave is situated within two hundred yards of the hotel, and is a dark ugly hole, from which issues a current of cool air, producing at times a mist or fog by contact with the warm atmosphere outside. Our party, which comprised several ladies, attired themselves in suitable costume, the ladies being equipped in Bloomer fashion, with scarlet cloaks and turbans, which acted as a foil to the darkness of the cave, and produced a highly picturesque effect. Each of us was provided with a lamp, and early in the morning we bade adieu to the realms above, and, preceded by our guide, marched in single file into the mouth of the cave.

Our course lay for about half a mile along a natural tunnel, styled in the nomenclature under ground, "the narrows," when a large circular space was reached called the "Rotunda," with a flat ceiling about one hundred feet high. The floor of this apartment has been cut up by miners, who, in the last war with Great

\* Those of our readers who may visit this renowned Cave during the coming summer, will be glad of this description.—ED. ECLECTIC.



Britain, manufactured saltpeter in the mouth of this extraordinary cavern. Fragments of vats and other materials are strewed about, and the wood remains as sound as when it was left there fifty years ago. The prints of the feet of the oxen employed in the work are also distinctly visible, the soft clay on which they were impressed having hardened almost to the degree of petrification. Our guide illuminated the "Rotunda" by means of Bengal lights, and the effect was strikingly grand, when this vast space, equal to the area of St. Paul's, was clearly lighted up, the blue sulphurous flame casting a lurid glare on the rocky walls like that produced by vivid flashes of lightning. This scene, however, was soon dwarfed by others of greater sublimity and lost in the retrospect much of the influence it then exerted on our minds.

On leaving the Rotunda we enter a rocky chamber, called the "Methodist Church," having a shelving ledge, from which, we are told, preachers of that persuasion held forth to their audience in former times, though why they should have sought this unearthly oratory is not easy to imagine.

On the right we now pass a huge mass of rock, forty feet in length, named the "Giant's Coffin," bearing a striking resemblance to that last receptacle of mortality. It is not hard to suppose that some Cyclops unknown to fame—some Columbian Polypheme or Cacus—lies here entombed. Indeed the entire cave, with its vaulted chambers, corridors, and galleries interlacing each other in endless labyrinthine folds, and reposing in sepulchral silence and gloom, irresistibly reminds one of a huge catacomb.

The darkness and stillness of this city of the dead is such as cannot be imagined by those who have not experienced it. For miles not the faintest sound is heard. When you sit still and listen, the pulsations of your heart are distinctly audible, and the throbbing of your head becomes painfully distinct. To a person of a nervous temperament, the din and tumult that reveal themselves *within* become deafening, and he is glad to break the silence without to quell this internal uproar.

These effects, however, are but seldom realized by visitors; for the excitement and novelty of the scene usually provoke a flow of animal spirits, and bawling, re-

partee and boisterous merriment expel all sense of preternatural awe. It may be added that the atmosphere of the cave is said to produce an exhilarating effect; it is certain that the power of physical endurance is largely increased, and exertions that above ground would cause exhaustion, are made without the least fatigue. This may partly arise from the uniform cool temperature that prevails, for the thermometer stands at fifty-nine degrees all the year round, and is the same in every part of the cavern.

Our path now turns abruptly round the "Giant's Coffin," and enters a tortuous passage, sometimes so contracted that a Newfoundland dog could hardly walk through erect. Along this we scramble, stooping and twisting ourselves in every conceivable shape, sometimes groping up a steep tunnel, then sliding down a rapid decline, with bodies curved to a semicircle, ever and anon stumbling and knocking our heads, backs, and knees against projecting angles, till at last we slide obliquely on to the upper step of a ladder, and so drop down into a broader pathway beneath. This intricate pass is termed the "Steeps of Time," and well it merits the name.

The archway now rapidly rises till the roof attains a height of fifty or sixty feet, and our road conducts us to the brink of a deep chasm, termed the "Bottomless Pit," though, if truth must be told, soundings have been obtained at a depth of 175 feet. Over an angle of this pit is cast a wooden bridge, entitled the "Bridge of Sighs," and the view from hence is one of the most sublime in the whole cave. Our guide dropped a Bengal light on a ledge of the chasm, which illuminated its gloomy recesses, sent a flickering glare over the lofty arch that spanned it, and brought out in bold relief the jagged cliffs that walled it in. The scene was one of exceeding wildness, and even in its physical elements could hardly be matched above ground; but when the death-like stillness is added, the preternatural glimmer of the light, and the long retreating vistas of darkness beyond, the realms of light must yield the palm, and resign to Erebus and Nox the dominion of horrors. If it were possible to add to the strangeness of the scene, the long line of human beings fantastically attired, each with lamp in hand, and face painted blue, by the sulphurous light, gave it a still more weird aspect;

and when stones were plunged into the chasm, they bounded from side to side, crashing and pounding, till, as they approached the bottom, their utterance subsided into a sighing murmur, as though fiends imprisoned below groaned and writhed in their fetters.

This scene is but a type of what occurs repeatedly in this subterranean kingdom. All the elements of sublimity existing here, are combined again and again in forms equally wild, fantastic, and ghostly. Leaving the Bridge of Sighs, we defile through a low archway, four feet in height, with a ceiling white as though it had been plastered, termed the "Valley of Humility," and reach a singular pass, called the "Scotchman's Trap," where huge pendulous rocks overhang, and seem to be supported against each other by a narrow wedge between. Why this treacherous contrivance should be charged on Caledonia does not sufficiently appear. We next enter a singularly narrow, tortuous passage, 'yclept "Fat Man's Misery," which, as the name implies, it must be torture to an obese biped to get through. This pass extends one hundred and fifty yards, varying from three to four feet in height, and in some parts is not more than eighteen inches in width. The opening has evidently been worn through the rock by the mechanical action of water, the sides, being fluted where the softer material had been eaten out faster by the current. Through this pigmy avenue we thread our way with much physical contortion and mental anguish, and emerge with gratitude into a roomy chamber, very aptly styled "Great Relief." There we cautiously straighten ourselves, feeling whether our spines are sound, and our heads neither scalped nor contused; and if the inspection prove satisfactory, which we have good grounds for thinking is usually the case, we resume our journey and soon reach the shores of the "Dead Sea." This ominous title is applied to a deep pool of water of small extent, but extremely gloomy in appearance, over which lofty jagged rocks impend. Our road lies along a narrow ledge overhanging it thirty feet; and, dropping a stone into this dark pool, the plash reverberates along the aisles, deepening the gloom by its mournful sound.

Hardly have we passed the horrors of the "Dead Sea," till the melancholy

"Styx" looms in view—a lane of deep water one hundred and fifty yards long, having a subterranean connection with the other rivers of the cave. The rocks which hem in the river are piled up in chaotic confusion, and support far up in the dimness above, a black unsightly roof. You might suppose that the giants of the cave had met here in deadly conflict, torn down the rafters of their hall, cracked the ceiling, wrenched out the buttresses that support the roof, and scattered the fragments of rock in wild confusion.

A natural bridge leads over the river Styx, enabling us to dispense with Charon and his boat, a contrivance, we presume, exclusively set apart for disembodied spirits.

A short walk takes us to the shores of "Lake Lethe," where we sigh at the thought that sweet oblivion is no longer to be found in its still waters. This pool, or sluggish stream, fills up the avenue through which we pass for one hundred and fifty yards, and compels us to resort to navigation. Two flat-bottomed boats, destitute of benches, and more nearly allied to rafts than any other specimen of naval architecture, receive the company.

We disposed ourselves along the sides or gunwales, balancing ourselves nicely, as the boats are loaded within two inches of the water, and our guide paddles us along its smooth surface.

The ceiling over our heads rises one hundred feet high, and vertical cliffs drop from it sheer into the water, and along this magnificent natural tunnel we take our first subterranean voyage. The still gliding motion of the boat, the vast archway above, the solemn silence that reigns around, recall the day-dreams of childhood. You ask yourself, is not this the subterranean avenue fashioned by the hand of the Genii that leads to the Valley of Diamonds? or is it not that peaceful stream that meanders through the blessed plains of Elysium? But the bark touches the nether shore, and the illusion vanishes. We disembark and enter a fine avenue, termed the "Great Walk," five hundred yards long, running from "Lake Lethe," to "Echo River." The bottom is covered with sand, and forms the water-course of a stream when the rivers are high; and here we may explain the economy of these underground streams. In close vicinity to the Mammoth Cave

flows the Green river, a considerable tributary to the Ohio, and having an underground communication with the waters in the cave. When this stream is swollen, its water surges back into the cave and floods the streams inside, causing them to run with a turbulent muddy current; but when the Green river is low, the connection ceases, the waters in the cave became pure and limpid, and are recruited only by small springs within, so that, strictly speaking, they are ponds rather than streams. At the period of our visit to the cave, they were in the last-named state, and the current was scarcely perceptible. A little stream ran along "Great Walk," from Lake Lethe to Echo River, intersecting our path several times, and affording the gentlemen an opportunity of displaying their gallantry to the ladies. At last we reached the shore of Echo River, and again embarked in our flat-bottomed boats, expecting to renew the delightful sensations of our previous voyage; but scarcely had we pushed from the bank, when the lofty vault suddenly shelved down almost to the water's edge, apparently obstructing our progress. The guide, however, pushed the boat onwards toward the low archway, which was now dimly visible, and before we had time to reason or explain, he dropped on his knees and shouted to us to crouch in the boat, which already was entering the dark narrow passage. Lower and lower grew the archway, till at last there was but eighteen inches from the water to the roof; and as we lay squelched, like flounders, in the bottom of the boat, pasted with mud and sand, and our backs grinding against the rock, our feelings were novel in the extreme.

Here was a veritable counterpart to the story of that unfortunate in the Arabian Nights, who drifted down a black stream, that lost itself in a tunnel under the mountain; but human nature is trustful, and our spirits were less depressed than might have been expected. Soon the ceiling began to rise, and after a few moments we resumed our natural posture.

The roof now continued to range from ten to fifteen feet in height, the river spreading out to a breadth of fifty to a hundred feet, and continuing in that state for nearly three quarters of a mile. Here we enjoyed, perhaps, the richest treat reserved for visitors to the cave. The

river derives its name from the number and fullness of its echoes, and we tested it by singing in chorus, with hearty emphasis, some of our finest melodies. The extent to which the human voice was deepened and enriched by the acoustic properties of the place was perfectly astounding. Each voice seemed endowed with the compass and power of a full-toned organ, and a perfect torrent of harmony rolled along the river, swaying from side to side and reverberating far in the distance. Later in the summer, when visitors are numerous, and enter the cave in parties of forty and fifty, a band of music occasionally performs on the river, and the effect must be as entrancing as when Orpheus lulled the janitors of Hades and played his way harmless through the realms of Pluto.

But our voyage is over, and we pass along "Silliman's-avenue," a walk extending a mile and a-half in length, rugged and broken, and presenting most of the features we have already described. Numerous galleries branch off on either side, leading to some of the most remarkable sights in the cave. One of these conducts to "Lucy's Dome," the loftiest apartment under ground, being over three hundred feet in height. This, however, we were not able to visit. At the entrance of Silliman's-avenue we cross a deep depression, lined on each side with soft clay, and styled facetiously, "the Infernal Regions." The footing is so slippery that few cross it without an act of obeisance to mother earth; and here we may remark that the cave, in general, is remarkably dry. There are very few spots where dripping comes from the roof, and the bottom is generally lined with an adhesive powder or fine sand, which renders the footing secure, and enables passengers to traverse break-neck routes that, under other conditions, would be highly perilous.

Silliman's-avenue communicates with the pass of "El Ghor," so named on account of its savage wildness. If possible, it exceeds in stern solitary grandeur any of the routes we have described. This avenue terminates in "Washington's Hall," a spacious chamber where travelers usually stop to lunch, as the débris of broken bottles which line the floor in all directions testify. Some ancient writer speaks of a "banquet of horrors," but our party, in common with their predecessors,

did not find that fare very satisfying. In fact it seemed only to have whetted our appetite for coarser diet, and champagne and sandwiches were discussed with uncommon gusto.

After resting here awhile, we entered the last great avenue, termed "Cleveland's Cabinet," from the extraordinary collection of natural curiosities which it contains. In profuse ornamentation this part of the cave far surpasses all the rest, the roof being lined with white gypsum, pure as alabaster, sometimes of a rich cream color, sometimes of snowy whiteness, and fashioned into all manner of graceful and elegant devices. The prevailing type of ornament is a net-work of flowers, dovetailed into one another, and for hundreds of yards the ceiling and sides of the avenue are literally hidden by a snowy efflorescence. The prevailing form of flower is of the polyanthus type, consisting of a circular cluster of leaves, about six inches in diameter, with pendulous flower-stalks, bearing blossoms at the end, and the imitation is sometimes so perfect that one can scarce help thinking that the chisel of the sculptor has been busy here. This portion of the avenue has been fitly termed "Flora's Garden." At another place the ceiling is covered with white balls about the size of a man's fist, bearing a striking resemblance to snow-balls plastered against the roof; hence the name of "Snow-ball Gallery." At another point the white gypsum of the roof is studded with minute crystals, which sparkle in the light like sunbeams, and the place is called the "Diamond Grotto." Nature, in this spot, seems to have exhausted her powers in the production of the beautiful, and, as in the grander portions of the cave, she dwells, by comparison, the mightiest achievements of the architect, so here she eclipses the choicest efforts of the sculptor.

But it is not here alone that specimens of her curious handiwork are found. All through the cave occur fanciful formations and grotesque resemblances to terrestrial objects. One small chamber, called "Martha's Vineyard," is crowded with immense clusters of little nodules, bearing a marked resemblance of grapes. In another grotto, diverging from the main route, the roof is divided into rectangular segments of the size and shape of bacon hams, whence it is termed "Bacon Chamber." Near "Martha's Vineyard" occurs a singular formation, called "Vulcan's Forge."

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Large heaps of what appear, at first sight, to be charred cinders, are piled on each other; the masses, however, are firmly cemented, and the indentations are probably confined to the surface, for the cave, generally, shows no traces of volcanic origin, and these formations must be solely attributable to the action of water. Another fantastic freak of nature is displayed in what is termed the "Fly Chamber," where the ceiling is dotted with innumerable black specks, as though a swarm of flies were roosting on it. Lower down, the white gypsum of the roof is fluted with black serpentine grooves, and looks as though a host of snakes were trailing themselves along it.

The foregoing comprise most of the prevailing types of curious formations, but numerous isolated devices prevail, bearing comical likenesses to men and beasts, and often provoking sallies of wit and bursts of laughter.

Cleveland's Cabinet is now past, and we reach a chaotic pile of rocks one hundred and fifty feet high, called the "Rocky Mountains," over which we scramble and look down into "the dismal hollow" beyond. This hollow, or abyss, which lies at the end of the cave, is of great extent, and has a singularly dreary and mournful aspect; you feel as if you had reached the very outposts of the nether world, and were cut off, by insurmountable barriers, from the cheerful realms of light. The bottom of the hollow is strewn with huge fragments of rock, and large masses encumber the shelving sides, sometimes arrested by obstacles so trifling that it seems

"—— As though  
An infant's touch could urge  
Their headlong passage down the verge."

A narrow gallery branches off from the dismal hollow, which penetrates a little further, and conducts to the extreme known limit of the Mammoth Cave. A very ugly pit, called the "Maelstrom," said to be nearly two hundred feet deep, lies at the end, and is so narrow at the orifice that a man can step across it. The sides of the gallery are encrusted with limestone stalactites, some of which are very beautiful, and emit a sonorous sound when struck. Very few formations of this character, however, are found in this cave, probably on account of the dryness of the ceiling, for stalactites are only formed through the dropping of water.

The end of the cave is computed to be nine miles from the mouth, reckoning the sinuosities of the route; and considering the extreme roughness of the road, the exertion undergone was very great, but no one thought of fatigue, and the ladies of the party accomplished that and the whole distance back without being much exhausted.

Our route homeward lay along the track already described; but as we visited, on other occasions, some remarkable scenes not alluded to here, it may be as well to notice them in passing.

One of the most striking of these is what is called "Gorin's Dome." The visitor here looks through a natural window, half way between the ceiling and floor, and when illuminated by a Bengal light, the view is awfully sublime; the height of the dome is about two hundred feet, the walls rising vertically on either side, with somewhat of the appearance of basaltic formation. The "Gothic Chapel" more nearly resembles a specimen of human workmanship than any other apartment in the cave. It is an oval room, about fifty feet long, with a ceiling fifteen feet high, resting on eight or ten huge stalactites, of columnar form. From each of these we suspended a lamp, shedding on the chamber a dim religious light, and the resemblance to an ancient Gothic chapel was complete. The effect proved so solemnizing that merriment seemed profane, and you half expected to see some venerable monk emerge from his cell and begin to repeat his vespers.

Beyond this chamber runs a gallery with a low ceiling, covered with singular protuberances resembling humps, and extending half way to the ground. These are, doubtless, of the stalactite order, but want their tapering form, and look as if they had swollen out from some tumors in the system.

In some respects, however, the most striking spectacle in the whole cave is witnessed in what is called the "Star Chamber." This is a vast hall about five hundred feet long and sixty feet in breadth and height. The walls are vertical, and the ceiling is perfectly flat and encrusted with black gypsum, covered with innumerable white dots. Viewed by a faint light, your first impression is that you are gazing at the dark vault of heaven studded with countless stars; the sharp outline of the cliffs stands out in bold relief against

the dark blue firmament, and the milky-way spans the section of the sky which is disclosed through the aperture. While we stand lost in astonishment at this strange mirage, the guide collects our lamps and retires with them to a cavity on the opposite side; forthwith clouds begin to sweep over the heavens, the stars are obscured, and a tempest seems to be approaching. But the clouds soon part asunder and the moon shines out with a feeble light. Again the sky is overcast, and this time the darkness thickens and grows in intensity till it may almost be felt. Not a glimmer of light is to be seen on the horizon; a death-like silence reigns, and you hold your breath in momentary expectancy of some preternatural event. But, hark! far away in the distance a cheering sound is heard; you catch the faint echo of a cock-crow, and again the sound is heard, and comes nearer and nearer till at last a glimmer appears on the eastern horizon—it is the beautiful Aurora heralding the dawn. Now the light waxes stronger, and the eastern crags reflect the radiance, and—blessed sight—the sun himself rises full-orbed, chases the darkness away, and restores us to the land of the living.

The explanation of this phantasmagoria is simple: An under-ground tunnel conducts from the Star Chamber to a distant part of the cave. Our guide gradually withdrew the lights from view, producing the illusion of driving clouds, and letting them shine through a little aperture, formed the image of the moon on the roof, then disappearing in the tunnel he left us in utter darkness, and, after a while, reappearing in the distance, heralded the dawn, and bringing the lamps arranged in a circular form into view, produced a striking resemblance to the rising sun.

We have given a faint outline of the most striking scenes witnessed in this subterranean realm, but the reader must not conclude that he has got any thing like a complete account of its wonders. In the course of several visits we did not cover nearly a fourth of the ground that has been explored, and many of the objects we did see have left such confused impressions that we do not venture to transcribe them. We believe, however, that what we have depicted is fairly typical of all the scenery in the cave; and enlarging the picture would only distract the attention, by calling it away from the more

prominent figures in the foreground. It is also possible that we have occasionally transposed the locality of the points, and appropriated to one scene some of the features belonging to another; but as we are not writing a guide-book, but only photographing the impressions made upon our mind, absolute correctness in detail is not essential.

We may add, that the total length of avenue explored is supposed to exceed considerably one hundred miles, though most of that distance is seldom or never visited by tourists. The routes we have delineated are arranged so as to include the most striking objects; and as the guides are usually employed in conducting parties over them, it is difficult to get access to the remoter parts. It is needless to remark, that none but those intimately acquainted with the cave can venture in without guidance, the net-work of galleries is so intricate, that a stranger would infallibly lose himself and would soon perish, if assistance did not reach him. Almost every year cases occur of persons who wander from their party, and though the guides have usually recovered them, so terrible is the effect of being left alone in the dark that, in several cases, reason had departed for ever. Many openings in this cave have not yet been investigated, and it is thought probable that the part unexplored may nearly equal in extent the portion that is known.

Scarcely any animals except bats exist, but of these immense numbers congregate in some of the galleries; traces of rats are also found, and a peculiar species of cricket, without eyes. There is also found in "Echo" river a fish similarly constituted: but we believe eyeless fish are found in various parts of the world.

At one time a notion prevailed that the atmosphere of the cave was favorable to consumptive persons, and several cottages were built for the reception of such, and about a dozen individuals were induced to make the experiment. The effect, however, was disastrous; for nearly all the patients died either in the cave or soon after leaving it; some of them having resided four or five months there. The appearance of these persons, on coming into the light, is said to have been ghastly in the extreme; the pupil of the eye had dilated till the iris was not visible, and their faces were bloodless and almost transparent. These effects, how-

ever, do not indicate any unhealthiness in the atmosphere; but are such as would naturally follow from the total privation of light. In fact, the air of the cave, being wholly free from animal and vegetable matter, is remarkably pure, and occasional trips are rather beneficial than otherwise; the guides, who have been from ten to fifteen years in the service, and generally spend most of the day under ground, enjoy excellent health.

As we are neither able nor desirous to give a scientific account of the formation of the cave, we have scarcely glanced at the geological view of the subject; we may add, however, that the rock out of which it is hollowed consists of limestone, and that chemists consider the excavation to have been effected by water holding carbonic acid in solution, while the curious formations have been produced by the combinations, in different degrees, of the chemical ingredients of this water with the limestone.

Since the cave has been discovered no perceptible change has been detected in it, and no rocks are known to have been detached from the roof. At the same time the avenues are covered with huge fragments which, some time, must have dropped from above; while other masses are partially detached, and seem ready to drop with the slightest concussion.

In passing beneath these pendulous masses, sometimes without visible means of support, the tourist is apt to shrug his shoulders and wish himself through.

The only real danger to which visitors are liable springs from the sudden rising of the rivers. It is just possible that, in this case, communication with the mouth might be cut off.

Such an accident very nearly happened to a party of ladies and gentlemen, two summers ago. The water of Echo river rose in their absence and filled up the low archway we have already described. Even in that case, however, another opening, much higher, called "Purgatory," is available, and to this they attempted to steer the boat, but the strength of the current was so great that they were repeatedly swept past the opening and, on one occasion, were within a hair's-breadth of being sucked under the low archway and swallowed up. The first party, however, made good their landing, (the company being divided into two detachments,) and owing to the gallantry of

some gentlemen, who volunteered to return with the boat and lend their assistance, the second party was also safely landed. No casualty, however, has yet occurred in the cave, under the auspices of the guides, nor is it likely to do so, as long as their instructions are followed.

The number of tourists who now resort to this place is considerable, amounting to four thousand or five thousand each summer; but, in all probability, the number will be vastly augmented in time.

It is well, however, that the public should know that this is not the only specimen of the kind to be found in this district. The largest portion of Kentucky is cavernous and penetrated by subterranean passages in all directions, and it is only by its grandeur and vast proportions that the Mammoth Cave has acquired its prominence.

Some of the smaller caverns are much richer in natural formations, especially in stalactites. The most beautiful of these, entitled the "Diamond Cave," we also visited, and, though an hour was sufficient to explore it, the remembrance will not readily be effaced. It consisted of a deep winding pathway, running back about two hundred yards and descending about one hundred feet into the ground. The entire passage was almost choked up by enormous clusters of stalactites depending from the roof and immense stalagmites raised from the floor. The two often met and formed fluted pillars of great length. The stalactites hanging from the roof are of every conceivable form, but the pre-

vailing type resembles the tap-root of a plant; in fact, the first impression made upon the mind by the sight of these clusters is, that the roots of a tropical forest have penetrated the roof, or that, by some process, they have been suddenly laid bare. Many of these masses bear a marked resemblance to large cactus plants growing downwards, and the character of the formations is much more in keeping with the vegetable than the mineral kingdom. Some of these stalactites also possess the property of being, in a high degree, musical, and when struck by the hand emit the most melodious sounds. In some instances every note in the scale could be elicited as distinctly as from a musical instrument, and with a little practice, a good instrumentalist might easily learn to perform on them.

Our story is now told, and we will not deem the labor thrown away, if it tend to make our country more familiar with the subterranean wonders of Kentucky.

A great writer of last century paid the highest compliment to the work of a rival when he ascribed to it the merit of producing a *new sensation*. In these days of triteness it is difficult to light on so piquant a pleasure, whether in the sphere of literature or travel; but if the property exists at all, we know not where it is more apt to be found than in this modern Hades, and the most blasé tourist may still look forward to one fresh thrill of wonder and delight so long as he has yet to visit the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

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**THE REGION OF PERPETUAL FIRE.**—The rate of increase of heat in the earth, as its interior is penetrated, is equal to one degree of Fahrenheit for every forty-five feet of descent. Looking to the result of such a rate of increase, it is easy to see that at seven thousand two hundred and ninety feet from the surface the heat will reach two hundred and twelve degrees, the boiling-point of water. At twenty thousand five hundred feet it will melt lead; at seven miles it will maintain a glowing red heat; at twenty-one miles it will melt gold; at seventy-four miles it will melt cast-iron; and at one hundred miles from the surface all will be fluid as water—a mass of seething and boiling rock in a perpetually molten state, destined perhaps never to be cooled or crystalized. The heat thus indicated will exceed any with which man is acquainted; it will exceed

the heat of the electric spark, or the effect of a continued voltaic current. The heat which melts platina as if it were wax is as ice to it. There would be no means of measuring its intensity, even could the eye observe its effects. It is the region of perpetual fire.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by frank good-humor. If indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

## VISIT OF THE AMERICAN EMBASSY TO PEKING.\*

BY S. WELLS WILLIAMS, SECRETARY TO THE EMBASSY.

KWEILIANG opened the conversation by a full expression of his feelings at the occurrences at Taku, and at having been refused an interview by the English and French ministers at Shanghai, after waiting there so long at Lord Elgin's request. He was not interrupted in his remarks, but judging from his energetic manner of expression as he laid the failure of exchanging the treaties upon Mr. Bruce's determination to force his way past the forts, it seemed as if he saw that the occasion required him to vindicate his own policy and that of Hwashana, during the nine months they had been absent from their posts. They were now in the presence of their fellow-courtiers, many of whom were opposed to their policy and watching for their mistakes, and whose suspicions of the real designs of foreigners had been greatly strengthened by recent events. Some of those present were probably members of the imperial family, and it is not surprising that motives of curiosity, fear, and interest, should draw as many spectators to the interview as could obtain admittance. We ourselves had no doubt, from what we had learned, that the emperor had decided to admit the three legations to his capital, but at the same time to take all the precautions his fears of the conduct of a large body of foreign troops there naturally suggested. He did not intend, probably, that the English minister should come to Peking with an army while calling it an escort.

It was some time before Kweiliang was ready to enter upon the principal object of the interview. He said that the Emperor wished to do honor to the American minister now that he had reached his capital, not alone to exhibit his friendly feeling to him personally, but to prove the respect he felt for the President; and therefore they had now only to discuss the time and manner of the audience. In speaking of our chief magistrate, both he

and Hwashana used the terms *Tu Hwang-ti*, or August Emperor, and *Kiun-chu*, or Princely Ruler; they sometimes also called him *Pi-li-si-tien-tih* for President, but this name is an awkward combination of unmeaning syllables in Chinese, and was not often used.

These are great changes from former usages, and in order to explain them, it is necessary to refer briefly to the views entertained by the Chinese respecting the position of their sovereign. They suppose that all mankind have been placed under the authority of one head by the divine powers. These powers, included under the comprehensive names of *Tien* and *Ti*, or Heaven and Earth, have delegated the direct control of mankind to the One Man, who was and always has been the Emperor of China; it is he alone who sits upon the Divine Utensil (the throne,) and makes with the other two the trinity of powers, *Tien*, *Ti*, *Jin*, that is, Heaven, Earth, and Man. He has the position, therefore, of the vicegerent or coördinate of heaven, and it is a solecism in the mind of every true subject of his throne to suppose or admit a second *Hwang-ti* — even more so than it would be in the mind of a Roman Catholic to admit of a second Vicar of Christ. The claim to this title has in fact been waived since the earliest times by nearly all other Asiatic sovereigns in favor of the Chinese; and the use of it this day for the chief ruler of a friendly and independent power indicated a change which perhaps grated harshly in the ears of some of the assembly.

Still, whatever terms the commissioners might use to denote the entire equality of their Emperor with the President, his representative only was now in Peking, and they held an audience to be necessary as a preliminary to the exchange of ratifications. They agreed that the United States was totally unlike Annam, Corea, Lewchew, or Siam, whose envoys brought tribute, and made the same prostrations as natives; but the American ambassador

\* Concluded from page 537, Vol. li.



had brought no tribute and would not be asked to perform the usual rite. Here Judge Sieh interposed and said, "Once kneeling and thrice knocking will do for a friendly power." This feeler was not taken up by his superiors, however; nor was the proper *ko-tau*, a ceremony which implies knocking the head on the ground once at least, ever required of Mr. Ward as a condition of his audience. An understanding of this point enables us to see more clearly how much the Chinese really conceded in their own view.

Before they went on to describe what mode of approach would be admissible, Mr. Ward deemed it better to state explicitly what his own views were on this subject, which now began to assume some importance; for the commissioners had not hinted at it in Shanghai, regarding it probably as a sequence of the visit, rather than as a stipulation on which that visit depended. He assured them of the great respect he felt for his Majesty, in which he knew he likewise expressed the sincere sentiments of the President, who had made them known in the letter of which he was the bearer. He had now come to Peking to deliver that letter, and to exchange the ratifications; and he should regard an audience with the emperor as a mark of high favor to himself and respect to his country. But important at the present juncture as a reception at court would be to China herself, as indicating her desire to treat foreign nations with equality and courtesy, he could not kneel when he came before the throne, for he never saluted his own ruler in that manner, nor did the representatives of the United States kneel when they came into the presence of any sovereign on earth. To kneel was, in his view, entirely a religious act, and he did so only in the presence of God. The treaty itself made no mention of an audience, nor had he asked it; but as they had spoken of it now, he wished to state what his views on the matter were; adding, in conclusion, that in other particulars he was ready to conform to the etiquette of the Chinese court.

Hwashana here observed, "Our rulers are equal, and so are we all as their ministers; now, as we kneel before the emperor, if you do not, we become unequal, for you are then raised above us." At this clever turn, Mr. Ward endeavored more fully to explain to them how their positions differed from his. Hwa-

shana was a subject of the emperor and must obey his orders, and observe the ritual of his court; but Mr. Ward was the representative of another country, whose dignity he could not compromise by such a compliance. Besides, in the treaty made with Lord Elgin, it was stipulated that the "ambassador of Great Britain shall not be called upon to perform any ceremony derogatory to him as representing the sovereign of an independent nation on a footing of an equality with that of China. On the other hand, he shall use the same forms of ceremony and respect to his Majesty, the Emperor, as are employed by the ambassadors, ministers, or diplomatic agents of her Majesty towards the sovereigns of independent and equal European nations." This article at least expressed the sentiments of the Chinese plenipotentiaries last year, even if the English treaty was now, as Kweiliang had said, rendered null by the recent hostilities. Furthermore, they themselves must acknowledge, that if the respect paid to a person was not voluntary, it was hypocritical; and in performing the salutation of bowing, the American envoy exhibited all the respect he felt for his own ruler; which they themselves would admit, was fully as great as he could possibly feel for their sovereign.

The inquiry was made, whether they would willingly degrade their country abroad by doing any thing derogatory to its honor, or in violation of their consciences. This contingency was easy to answer, for with them conscience resolved itself into expediency, and the probabilities of their going abroad were uncertain; but we were hardly prepared to hear Kweiliang say, that if he himself was sent to Washington as envoy, he would perform the *ko-tau*, and do whatever was required of him at an audience;—yea, he would even burn incense before the President if asked to do so. A stronger testimony to the religious character of the homage rendered to the Emperor of China by his subjects could hardly be required; but it was further strengthened by the judge adding, "If we do not kneel before the Emperor, we do not show him any respect; it is that or nothing, and is the same reverence which we pay to the gods."

They then went on to observe that his Majesty would regard it as an indignity for an embassy from a friendly nation to

visit his capital, and the envoy not see him; when he required so much less of him, too, than he did of his own courtiers; and what was more serious, the President would be offended with him for not showing his ambassador due respect. They quoted the usages of European courts, alleging that even in England persons knelt before the monarch when presented to him, and it would be no more derogatory to do so here than there. "You are a plenipotentiary," again interposed Hwashana, turning to Mr. Ward; "you have full powers, and can certainly do such an act."

"I am not invested with powers sufficient to enable me to change the laws and usages of my country, and can do nothing which will degrade it," was the reply. The full force of this argument will be better understood, however, when the reader learns that the term used in Chinese for *plenipotentiary*, may also be rendered *all-mighty*, or *completely powerful*.

The crowd of officials had gradually closed in nearer and nearer during this discussion, and several were occupied in taking notes. Kweiliang desired to postpone the matter till the next interview, so that both parties could reflect on the subject; and, what was of more consequence to him, it would give him time to consult with the Cabinet. He led the way into the next room, where a repast had been spread; and the exhibition of table-cloths and napkins, silver forks, knives and wine-glasses, none of which the Chinese themselves use, afforded an incidental evidence of the preparations which had been made to entertain the foreigners in Peking. While at table, Mr. Ward requested that horses might be sent to the Legation, for members of his suite to take exercise; to which Kweiliang replied, that as soon as the audience had taken place, every object of interest in the city and suburbs would be visited. Every one conversant with the usages of the Chinese in relation to ambassadors, is aware that their first duties are with the court; and this practice of not publicly honoring them till afterwards, was referred to in a letter from the Russian minister.

The return to our lodgings was through the same streets, which were apparently lined with the same crowd that had filled them three hours before. The whole aspect of the streets, houses, shops and yards, indicated poverty, neglect, and

shiftlessness, just what one might expect of the Manchus, from what is seen of them in Canton. The brick wall surrounding the Hwang-ching is in good condition, and the glance obtained through one of the large gateways of its interior, indicated better care of that part of the capital. We knew that the best streets and buildings exist in the southern and Chinese division, and were not disposed to judge of the whole from this dilapidated portion. The people are fairer in complexion, and larger in person than their countrymen at the south, and the women whom we saw were generally bedaubed with cosmetics.

The Imperial Commissioners returned this call at the Legation, riding in the same sort of carriages which had been furnished us on the journey. There was no military escort, and no parade in their attendants, though this may have been because we had no means of returning such ceremony, as had been the case at Shanghai. They were received by the gentlemen of the embassy in uniform, and conducted by the minister to the divan in the principal room, over which the American flag had been hung. Having learned that some soldiers were quartered about the Legation, Mr. Ward anticipated the remarks of his visitors, by asking them what it meant, as he wished to find out whether or no he was a prisoner. They disclaimed entirely any such idea; on the contrary, the men had been placed there to preserve order and keep off the natives, who would annoy the foreigners on going out, which they were free to do; though it was their desire that the gentlemen would not go out much until after the public business had been transacted. It was also agreed that this should be brought to a conclusion as soon as possible; and Kweiliang, after a little hesitation, assured Mr. Ward that his escort should be ready on the 10th to return to the ship. This gave nine days for the completion of our affairs; though for many reasons, it would have been better if we had remained in Peking until the Chinese intimated the day of departure.

After these points had been settled, the subject of the audience was brought forward, and much of the same ground again discussed. The principal thing insisted on to-day was that kneeling was practiced at some European courts—certainly it was at the English; and therefore, as Mr.

Ward had agreed to do at Peking whatever he would do at any of those courts, he was bound to kneel at the Chinese. The usage observed at Rome when persons visited the Pope, was also brought up to fortify their position, and led to some explanations respecting the similarity in the religious idea connected with kneeling before the Emperor and before the Pope, which the commissioners were told was only rendered to the latter by persons of the same faith. Their mistake, both in facts and inferences, was shown; for, at the English court, even subjects did not always kneel when they came into the presence of their sovereign, but only when they received the honor of knighthood, or on other special occasions; and further, no foreign ministers, American, French, or any other, ever kneeled to the Queen of England or to the Pope. Those two rulers did not demand it, no envoy had accorded it, and the American minister could not perform it at Peking.

In order to bring the debate to a point, they requested to have the ceremony which the latter was willing to perform described in a dispatch to be sent to them; but the draft submitted was declined as being too explicit. In it Mr. Ward agreed to bow very low before the Emperor, more than once if he wished; to stand uncovered, and not to turn his back towards the throne while in the presence; but he would not kneel or make the *kotau*. Instead of the word *bow* used in the draft, they wished to insert the phrase, "bend the right knee slightly, and still stand;" but after what they had said respecting the religious nature of the ceremony, and the equivocal meaning of such an expression, this was inadmissible. They concluded this conference, after it had continued five hours, by saying that they must report to his Majesty that the customs of the two countries were so unlike, it was better that no audience took place, much as he wished to honor the United States in its representative.

They had conducted their argument with tact and patience, and exhausted every fact and reason they had for its support; but to the last they were evidently unsatisfied in respect to the real usages of the West. One who has lived among the Chinese, and knows how much the prestige of the Emperor's sacred character adds to his power among his subjects, can see how important this debate was,

and that the precedent now set would hereafter rule. He was ready to give up all claims to supremacy over foreign nations, but not to concede an audience to their envoys with less than was required by European sovereigns.

In the evening, the answers sent by the Russian Minister were received, and were found to be six days old, showing that the Chinese were interfering with our correspondence. In his note, General Ignatieff referred to the exasperation felt by the court at the tidings of what had occurred at Taku, and its intention at one time not to receive any of the embassies or exchange ratifications; he also intimated that he had waived his intention of paying a visit to the minister until after that ceremony had been performed, in order to spare him annoyances. It had been evident to us, from the very first, that the Chinese officers, especially our evil genius, Judge Sieh, were apprehensive of a collusion which somehow or other might be detrimental to them. The facts regarding this point are still unknown; but in relation to our going about the city, the case is more satisfactorily explained by a reference to the ideas entertained by the Chinese respecting the dignity of an embassy, whose members should not concern themselves about the trivialities of trade, at least until their public business is over; and also by remembering the peculiar circumstances of our visit after the battle. The municipal officers might well apprehend some untoward results from the crowds.

It was now supposed that nothing more remained to be done than exchange the treaty. The commissioners were obliged to go twelve miles to the summer-palace of Yuen-ming Yuen to report to their master, who was sojourning there during the hot weather, and no answer was expected till the 4th; but the next morning, the judge unexpectedly appeared. He had just come into the city with a plan of compromise which the commissioners thought would succeed. This was that they should address Mr. Ward a letter, stating that as the Emperor had decided to grant him an audience, it was necessary to state beforehand what form of obeisance he would observe in approaching the throne, that they might then make the necessary arrangements. He need only reply to this in general terms, that when he delivered the letter, he would render to him every mark of homage which he did to the Pre-

sident, without addition or diminution. To show his conviction that the audience would take place, and to give us an idea of what was to be done at it, the judge stated that it would probably take place on Monday, the 8th, and went through the details of the ceremony of presentation. The particular compromise which had been contrived between the requirements of Chinese etiquette and the obduracy of republican independence, consisted in placing the table, on which the minister was to lay the letter, before the throne in such a manner that its embroidered cover would conceal most of his person. As he approached it, he should then bow as he had agreed, while chamberlains would hastily come up to him on either side, crying out, "Don't kneel!" Those of his suite presented with him would go through the same ceremony; and then he would present the letter by placing it on the table, from whence it would be taken by a courtier, who on his knees would hand it to the Emperor.

In this way was the character of the sovereign to be saved, and the ambassador to be restrained, as it were, from making a prostration which was not intended to take place. It seems like very child's play to us, who are conversant with the plain forms of Western courts, but it disclosed, at the time, the sort of discussion going on among the Emperor's counselors. We guessed that this unexpected concession of the whole point was owing chiefly to his Majesty's desire to see the foreigners, for the judge had frequently spoken of his conversations with him respecting proceedings and people at Shanghai, and said he had that morning come from the palace.

How much soever he may have wished it, the next morning destroyed all our expectations of seeing the *lung-wei*, or Dragon's Seat. The judge came back early, bringing the information that his proposition had been submitted to the privy council, and rejected. His Majesty's decision now was, that unless Mr. Ward would either actually touch one knee, or the end of his fingers on the ground, he would not admit him to the palace. This was refused, as he had been told it would be, and the question of an audience finally decided in the negative.

It is not worth while to speculate upon the reasons for this refusal; but it should be mentioned to the credit of the Chinese

officials, that they never, during the discussion of five days, trespassed the bounds of politeness and courtesy; much more, they never referred to the helpless condition of twenty foreigners in the capital as a reason for compliance with their demands. The ceremony proposed by them was so liberal—and they even asserted that Lord Elgin had agreed to do it at an audience—that they no doubt believed it would be easily arranged; it was one which they could not themselves perform at court, but might be called on a dozen times a day to make when saluting their friends. If the English and French ministers had been present with the American, the three would doubtless have been presented at the Chinese court in the same manner as at their own.

The Chinese had several reasons for desiring an audience, one of which was their fear lest the rudeness of not receiving the American representative might make his nation their enemy. The Russian envoys, in days long gone by, had made the *kotau* before the Emperor; and more recently Dutch ambassadors had even fallen on their knees before his name written on a yellow screen, as well as knocked their heads on the ground in his presence. One English minister, Lord Macartney, had kneeled on one knee in the same presence when Kweiliang was a lad about ten years old; and another, Lord Amherst, had offered to do so of his own accord when the same Kweiliang was about thirty-two years old. Perhaps he remembered the three last events, at any rate their record was in history. No doubt it was puzzling to the old statesman, shut up as he had been in his seclusion of office and intrigue, to conceive what changes had come over the nations outside of China, that they had so greatly altered. It was in this mood of doubt and despondency that he wrote the following note to Mr. Ward on the sixth:

"Your excellency has now been in the capital several days, and though we have had a number of interviews, when we have consulted together upon the ceremonies to be observed at the audience with his Majesty, the Emperor of China, we have not been able to come to any arrangement, owing to your firmly maintaining your own opinion; and we are quite at a loss to understand, therefore, for what purpose your excellency has come to Peking. You now say that it is needless further to discuss this matter; and as the treaty of Tientsin must be exchanged somewhere, where is it to be? We

therefore request your excellency most carefully to think over all these points, and send a reply in order that we may know what action to take."

Such a letter was easily answered by a brief recapitulation of past events. Mr. Ward mentioned the reasons why he could not comply with the ceremonies required at an audience, and quoted the invitation he had received from Hangfuh, in his first communication, to proceed to Peking, "and on the arrival of the Imperial Commissioners, to exchange the ratifications of the treaty with them." Mr. Ward closed his reply by offering to deliver them the President's letter for transmission to the emperor, as a preliminary to the exchange.

The commissioners saw that they had placed themselves in a dilemma. In dealing with such people one must take them a good deal with reference to their own ideas of things, and in this particular case the question was singularly complicated; for, if it was regarded by them as indecorous to the Emperor for a foreign envoy to refuse to see him, it was also deemed to be discourteous to the nation which sent that envoy, not to grant him an audience. Kweiliang therefore briefly answered, declining to receive the President's letter at all, but informed Mr. Ward that a place for exchanging ratifications would soon be selected and made known to him. His idea was that Peking was not the proper place, because the act would, to a certain degree, acknowledge the presence of an ambassador who had declined to see the Emperor.

However, there were two cards in the game. If the Chinese commissioners refused to take the letter, Mr. Ward could also refuse to let them have the treaty. Their communication came on Saturday evening, and as it did not require an immediate acknowledgment, the reply was just ready to go on Monday, when the judge came in to learn the reason for the silence. He had a number of propositions to make, plainly showing a fear that matters had been pressed a little too far. He wished Mr. Ward to ask that Kweiliang might be appointed to receive the letter, and if he would mention any city in the north of China where the ratifications might conveniently be exchanged, the suggestion would be considered. He informed us that the Emperor was displeased at the disrespect exhibited in the refusal

to see him, and had thus far declined to affix his seal to the treaty, and answer the memorial appointing a place to exchange it. Sieh finally desired, in the name of his superiors, that Mr. Ward would insert in his reply a disclaimer of want of respect to the Emperor, and an expression of regret that he found himself unable to comply with the formalities of an audience; for if he should fail of rendering him every mark of homage, not wholly inconsistent with the laws and usages of his own country, he would be rebuked by the President. This was done, and the knot untied to the release of these quiddling diplomatists, who had made it apparently merely to hamper themselves.

The next day they inclosed the imperial rescript, and concluded their own note to the ambassador, informing him of their readiness to receive him at the Kia-hing temple, with the following happily turned sentence:—"Hereafter, we will cherish the same feelings of respectful regard towards the President of the United States, which you have now made known towards our own Emperor; and these sentiments will be the expression of the friendly relations which should hereafter exist between our respective nations."

The emperor's rescript is quoted entire to complete this narrative:—

"Last year several English ships came to the mouth of the Pei-ho, where they commenced a battle and wounded our officers and troops; in consequence, we gave the strictest orders to Prince Sangkolinsin of the Ghorchin tribe, to oversee the construction of defenses at Taku and the mouth of the river.

"The envoys of several nations having arrived to exchange their treaties, Kweiliang and Hwashana informed them at Shanghai that, as defenses had been constructed at Taku, they must proceed on their journey by way of Peh-tang. But in the month of June, the English minister, Mr. Bruce, came to the mouth of the Pei-ho, and utterly disregarding his agreement with Kweiliang and Hwashana, wished to force his way up into the Pei-ho, even if he destroyed all the defenses placed there. On the twenty-fourth of June, the English vessels went up as far as the Ki-sin reach, and blew up the iron chains placed there, but our men did not then join battle. The next day more than ten steamers pulled up perhaps a score of iron piles in the river; they also hoisted red flags as a challenge of battle.

"The Governor-general of the province of Chihli, and others, whose duty it was, had already sent the intendant of Tientsin to inform

the English, and officers had proceeded to their ships to do so, but they were not received, for the English had already presumed to commence a cannonade on the forts. It was then that our forts began to use their artillery to repel them. Several of their vessels were much injured and sunk, and many hundreds of the foot companies which landed were killed. It is incontestable that the English brought this defeat on themselves. China did not break her faith.

"At this juncture, John E. Ward, the American envoy, in compliance with his engagements made with Kweiliang, came to Pehatang in his ship, requesting that he might go to Peking, as he was the bearer of a letter from the President of the United States. Our permission was accordingly given for him to bring the letter up to the capital, where he arrived with it. This day, the ministers Kweiliang and Hwashana, have handed up the various dispatches received from him for our examination, and from them it is clearly to be seen that his sentiments are exceedingly respectful, and indicative of the utmost sincerity and truthfulness. Let the letter which the American envoy has brought be taken, and let Kweiliang and Hwashana be specially appointed to receive it for transmission to ourself.

"In regard to the exchange of the treaty, it would be proper, doubtless, to return to Shanghai to perform it; but when we reflect that the envoy has already come over the seas so far for this purpose, we now specially direct that the great Seal be affixed to the treaty, and it be delivered to Hang-fuh, the Governor-general, who is then to exchange the ratifications with the American minister at Pehatang.

"After this has been done, let lasting friendship and commerce continue between the two nations. This will show forth our great regard and kindness to people from afar, and clearly exhibit the deep respect we entertain for truth and justice. Respect this."

This document was published in the Peking Gazette, and was perhaps the first one in that paper in which foreign nations were not called by the term *i*, the word which has usually been translated *barbarian*. Considering all the points referred to, it is a moderate statement, but contains, in the last paragraph, one great ground of difficulty in maintaining friendly relations with China — the patronizing supremacy she exhibits towards other nations.

In accordance with this proposition, Mr. Ward repaired to the same place he had before met the commissioners. Kweiliang was in waiting amidst a crowd of officers, and respectfully received the box containing the letter, elevating it above his eyes, and then handing it to an attendant to place on a table, under a guard of honor,

till it could be transmitted to the Emperor. He then informed Mr. Ward that the functions of himself and Hwashana as plenipotentiaries ceased with that interview. The escort would be ready in the morning as he had requested, and Tsung-hau himself was present at this interview. After some desultory conversation respecting the treaty, and partaking of a collation, we parted with our friends apparently in good feeling, and returned to the Legation.\*

This narrative has been chiefly taken up by the details of official business, and little room is left to describe other points. During our stay of a fortnight, we were abundantly supplied with every thing for our personal wants, at the expense of the two district magistrates, whose underlings were constantly in waiting. The weather was charming during the whole time; the thermometer seldom rose to eighty-eight degrees, and showers and sunshine pleasantly relieved each other. Some of the gentlemen went out every day, but that part of the city near Thirteenth street is miserably built; no native was allowed to conduct us to other more distant parts, and it was hard to find one's way through the streets, ignorant of the language. Divine service was regularly performed on Sundays by Rev. Henry Wood, and no officials interrupted us on those days. The city is regarded by the Russians as containing about two millions and a half of people — the native estimate of its size. It is built on a plain, and owes its extent and wealth entirely to its political importance, having no trade or manufactures aside from the supply of its own wants. "Nothing is made in Peking but edicts and mandarins," say the natives of other cities. Much of the traffic is carried on with paper money, which had become so depreciated that one hundred and seventy real copper cash could buy a thousand paper ones.

Letters were received from General Ignatieff in the evening, now that there was no reason for detaining them any longer, with copies of the *Times* newspaper to May sixteenth. These letters showed how earnestly his excellency had endeavored to communicate with us; he had even sent a protest to the Cabinet on the im-

\* A picture of this presentation was published in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated News*; the only correct part of which was the number of Americans, every other particular being more or less inaccurate.

policy and uselessness of its restrictive proceedings. One evening some persons of that nation came to the street door, but were refused admittance by the doorkeepers, and left the place before we could satisfactorily learn who they were. Annoying as was this restraint on our intercourse with the Russians, we did not wonder at it when we learned the exaggerated report of the aid we had given to the English at the battle.

Preparations were made for departure in the morning. Dr. Sandford and Rev. Mr. Aitchison were too ill to ride in carriages, and convenient mule litters were provided to carry them to the boats at Tung-chau, which we reached in the evening of August eleventh. The water had fallen a foot, and the descent of the river was somewhat impeded by the shallow banks now laid bare. The Pei-ho (*i. e.*, White River) is more than a thousand miles in length, but not a very deep river, and in its lower portion resembles the Nile, as it cuts its tortuous channels through the soft alluvial. The navigation is obstructed about five months of the year by ice and low water, and the rapid current is at all times troublesome to sailing craft.

On reaching Peh-tsang, it was found that the kindhearted escort had sent forward the litters all the way from Tung-chau, so as to be ready in case the invalids needed them. Dr. Sandford had improved on the passage down, but Mr. Aitchison had become much weaker, and on Monday morning, August 15th, he was placed in his litter with the faint hope that he would survive to reach the ship; he died a few hours after leaving the boat. This excellent man had been a student and zealous missionary during the five years of his residence in China, and had endeared himself to all his acquaintances by his Christian virtues; the natives who knew him mourned his loss as that of a dear friend. His body was carried to Peh-tsang, and buried at the anchorage.

The roads beyond Peh-tsang had become dry and smooth during our absence, and the carriages were consequently less irksome. A violent rain flooded the plain the night after, and the last fifteen miles of the way presented a dismal contrast to the first. We were able however to reach Peh-tsang in time for the appointment made with Hangfuh and Wan-hiuh, with whom the treaties were to be exchanged.

Files of spearmen and musketeers were drawn up on the roadside leading to the temple, in which many officials were assembled to receive the embassy. As all were present, the Chinese proposed to exchange the treaties without further delay; this was done after comparing their texts, and certificates to this effect were passed between the respective parties in the evening.

After the exchange was accomplished, Hangfuh said that the Emperor had ordered him, as a mark of consideration to the American minister, to deliver over an American prisoner, captured at the battle. Mr. Ward replied, that there could be no American prisoners in the hands of the Chinese, for none of his nation had landed on that occasion; and he should make no demand even for American citizens in their power. A young man was then introduced; and inquiries, made through a Chinese present who could talk English, disclosed the grounds the officers at Peking had for their belief in our aid on the 25th of June. This man, named John Powers, had informed the Chinese that he was an American who had landed with two hundred men; but he now acknowledged that he had said so to save his life. Up to this time, too, the imperial government had given credence to his tale, but his own denial now confirmed the counter-statements made at Peking.

The Governor-general having learned that the man was a Canadian by birth, and that the American minister could not accept him in his official capacity, asked what could be done, for the Emperor desired to liberate him. He was told that if they were willing to deliver the prisoner into the hands of the Americans on the grounds of humanity, knowing him to be a British subject, he should be received and kindly treated, and taken back to his countrymen at Shanghai; but they must first admit that he was not given up as an American citizen. After a short consultation, they agreed to hand him over, and he went aboard the Toeywan that evening. It was ascertained some months after, that this act had more than any thing else convinced the high Chinese officials in this part of China, that the Americans were not in some way connected with the English, but were an independent nation; though the impression was doubtless strengthened by its coming at the end of their visit. The ignorance of

the Chinese generally of the resources, power, and position of foreign nations is both their misfortune and their fault, and they are all suffering the sad consequences.

They were anxious about the consequences of the late engagement, and desirous to know what probable course of action the Allies would take next year. One of the inferior officers, on one occasion, wished to learn what was the value of the three men-of-war destroyed at Taku, as he supposed the Emperor must pay for them.

The Commodore and his officers hailed our return to the frigate as a pleasant relief to the monotony of an anchorage in the open sea. Supplies were brought from shore, but the Chinese government would receive nothing for them, or for the expenses it had incurred. The care and courtesy of Tsunghau, Chang and Li, the escort appointed to await on us, proved their fitness for the place. They all came off to the tender on the evening of the 18th, and we parted in the best of humor.

On the return of the Powhatan to Shanghai, it was ascertained that Ho, the Governor-general, was so much engaged in his military operations against the Nanking insurgents, that it would not be easy to obtain an interview with him to arrange the details of the new treaty. It was agreed at Peking that the new tariff and commercial regulations, which formed a part of all the new treaties, and were identical in each, should remain in abeyance until the English and French difficulties were settled, when all the new arrangements should go into effect. After some delay, an interview was obtained with Ho, who had then received instructions from Court, and he and Mr. Ward soon came to an understanding respecting the time and manner of opening the two ports of Swatau and Tai-wan in Formosa, and reducing the rate of tonnage-duty on ships—the two principal improvements upon the old treaties. There had been some misgivings on the part of our citizens in China that the Chinese had deceived us; and newspaper editors there and here, in England and in France, issued their leaders to prove that the American nation had been uncivilly treated in the person of its envoy during the visit to Peking, and its treaty had been exchanged only to be suspended in ridicule in sight of the world until those of England and France had gone into operation.

Since this visit of the Americans to the Chinese capital, there has been another of the Allies, and their treaties have likewise now been ratified. Hwashana destroyed himself on seeing the storm that was coming. The ultimatum of the English and French was rejected, Pehtang was occupied, the forts at Taku captured, Kweiliang sent again to Tientsin to treat, and rejected their demands, and finally Peking has capitulated to their arms, and the summer palace left a heap of ruins. Every one acquainted with the condition of the Chinese army, and character of the Chinese officials, believed it would be so; yet there is no great glory in destroying such soldiers, or compelling such officials, however necessary the discipline may be to the Chinese nation. One object of this narrative is to show the evidence which exists of their intention to have ratified all the treaties; for even if they have been ultimately compelled to accept the terms of their conquerors, a character is worth something, even to the Chinese.

In the struggle of races which has now commenced in Eastern Asia, the philanthropist anxiously asks what is to be the result of the conflict upon the millions of our fellow-men who have quietly dwelt by themselves during the greater part of their own and the world's history, and who are now so harshly dealt with. The isolation which has been the safeguard of the Ultra-Gangetic nations has now been rudely broken over; and perhaps it could not have been removed otherwise than violently, for it interposed a barrier, especially in China, to the introduction of all those enlightening influences which would gradually have taught the evil and folly of it. The proceedings of ambassadors and the ravages of armies, are however less permanent in their influences, than the daily intercourse of trade and education, except as the results of the latter are directed in their course by the power of the former. We hear much of the negotiations and the treaties of Pottinger, Elgin, Gros, Reed, and others in the east; and the assaults, the defeats, the victories and promotions of Gough, Seymour, Hope, Grant, and others. But how weak is the influence of treaties upon the Chinese people in comparison to the insidious destruction flowing from their use of opium; or the ravages of war when weighed with the horrors of the coolie trade. It is melancholy to see, too, what a class of



desperadoes of all nations range along the coasts of China, and how powerless the rulers are to restrain their own subjects, if they can borrow the protection of a foreign flag to shield them in their piracy and smuggling. The case of the Arrow in 1856, which brought on the present war with England, was only one of many instances in China where reckless foreigners have led on more reckless natives in a course of lawless outrage.

The opium war of 1842 convinced the Chinese government of the danger of meddling with the opium trade, at least in their own way of restraining the evil, lest they provoked the wrath of England; and the present one will do much to convince them that whatever protestations of observing treaty stipulations may be made by her ambassadors, a pretext for a rupture can always easily be found. Though the ultimate good results of both these wars will outweigh, probably, their evils, yet it is much to be regretted that these erroneous impressions should remain, for it concerns all nations. England owes it to them, to herself, and above all to the Chinese, to do all she can to remove them. Her position gives her many advantages to do it, and other nations would join their influence.

What is now wanted in China is support to the government in executing its own laws over its own subjects, and the coöperation of foreign powers in shielding them against the villainy of their subjects, exercising patience at the same time with the ignorance and conceit of the Chinese, and not resorting to force at every untoward act of their officials.

If the Western powers think it worth their while to make treaties with China, their superiority in knowledge, equity, and power, imposes higher obligations to do her good, and guard the inlets of evil. The mere promulgation of a treaty will not bring the people or their officers to appreciate their obligations to observe its stipulations; this must be the work of time. The progress of disorder and misrule has been rapid throughout the empire since the opium war of 1842, and is likely to be accelerated by the recent events. The consequences will be disastrous to trade, and the advent of a new dynasty would not affect these results; for prosperity and trade depend upon security and peace, and these are almost impossible when an impoverished govern-

ment, an irritated monarch, and a turbulent people, are all working together to greater oppression and anarchy. Tea and silk are products of China necessary to England, while opium is the only necessity of China—a sad and ruinous exchange in the course of years, and likely to diminish the ability of the people to produce the former or buy the latter.

We feel, however, that the struggle will be ruinous to China unless the power of Christianity interposes by its missionaries, to teach her subjects their rights and the way to maintain them, by teaching them the only sufficient rule and motive of action. See how the Chinese are treated by our own citizens in California, and we learn how little hope for good there is to a heathen people in its intercourse with a Christian, until the latter systematically begin to instruct them in the principles and practice of their own faith. As a means of opening up to the millions of Eastern Asia the highest truths and hopes of that Revelation, by whose effects we have gradually reached our present attainments in civilization, these troubles may be regarded as not unmixed evils: but will the people of God in England and America fully enter upon the vast field before them?

The progress of the insurrection headed by Hung Siu-tsiuen, at Nanking, has been so slow at times as to lead to the expectation of its extinction, but it has recently shown renewed energy. Late visitors at Suchau and Nanking have been able to learn more of the character of its leaders, and the degree of knowledge of Christianity existing among their adherents. They have found that the latter are so far behind the former, that it is very doubtful whether they are fair representatives of the movement, or can even carry the body with them in the radical changes they propose. It has always been far more a political than a religious or Christian movement, and the adoption of Christianity by the leaders has been apparently owing to the connection which they supposed to exist between the Shangti of the Confucian classics, whom the Emperor alone worships, and the Shangti of Gutzlaff's translation of the Bible. The inculcation of the tenets of the New Testament upon all their followers seems not to have formed any part of their plan; but they have every where destroyed idols, observed a Sabbath for

worship, and distributed part or all of the Scriptures; in doing which they have prepared the way by attracting attention to these writings. Let us not expect too much from the leaders, or infer that their followers fully understand even their manifestoes, much less could away the

empire on those principles. Foreign teachers coming among them may find them more prepared for a hearty reception of the truths of the Gospel, and ready to throw away their polygamy, fanaticism, and superstition, gradually becoming the real reformers of their race.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## G E M S      A N D      J E W E L S . \*

THERE is nothing in all "the world's furniture" at once so costly and so worthless as a precious stone. The satisfaction which the contemplation of it produces is more superficial than that which is afforded by the meanest flower; for the meanest flower, we are told on high authority, may awake thoughts too deep for tears, and the finest diamond or pearl can not accomplish that. The only value they possess beyond that conferred upon them by fashion, arises from their rarity and durability; and even fashion, has first to be certified that it is the real thing, and not a counterfeit, upon which she bestows her favor, for pearls have dazzled her, before now, which had never lain in oyster-bed, and a bit of rock-crystal has more than once eclipsed the treasures of Golconda.

Not long ago, in Brazil, at Villa Rica, a free negro became possessed of a diamond so enormous, that he begged permission to present it himself to the prince-regent. "A carriage and an escort were forthwith dispatched to take him to court. Blackey threw himself at the regent's feet, and exhibited his diamond. The prince uttered an exclamation of surprise—the lords present were astounded; the stone weighed nearly a pound! The courtiers immediately set to work to find out the number of millions this monstrous jewel was worth. The great stone of Villa Rica, valued at troy weight, made a total of 2560 carats.

Deducting the sixty carats for what little the stone lacked of a pound, there yet remained 2500 carats. In order to ascertain the commercial value of the stone, the carat must be multiplied by the square. The square of 2500 is 6,250,000, and estimating the carat at only 150 francs, the common price, we have the sum of 937,500,000 francs; and, as large diamonds are no longer submitted to the tariff, and as their nominal price increases in proportion as they exceed the ordinary dimensions, the Portuguese noblemen probably estimated the stone at two milliards, or, like thorough courtiers, at four. "However this may be, the inestimable jewel was sent to the treasury, with a strong escort, and deposited in the hall of gems. As Mr. Mawe was at Rio Janeiro when this wonderful discovery was made, the minister sent for him, and communicated to him all the particulars regarding the phenomenon; but at the same time expressed his private doubts of its reality. The English mineralogist was invited to examine the incomparable brilliant, and fix its value. Furnished with a letter from each minister—without which formality he could not be admitted—Mr. Mawe went through several rooms, and crossed a great hall hung with crimson and gold, in which was a statue of natural size representing Justice with her scales. Finally, he reached a room in which were several chests; three officers, each having a key, opened one of these chests, and the treasurer with much solemnity exhibited the supposed diamond. Before touching the stone, Mr. Mawe had already seen

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\* *Gems and Jewels. From the Earliest Ages down to the Present Time.* By MADAME DE BARBERA. Bentley.

that it was nothing but a piece of rounded crystal; he proved this on the instant by *scratching* it with a real diamond, and this luckless scratch at once annihilated all the millions supposed to have been added to the treasury. The prince-regent received the news very philosophically; but poor Blackey, who had come in a carriage, was left to travel back on foot."

The largest real diamond in the world, belonging to the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo, is still uncut, and weighs 367 carats; it has no rival nearer than the Orloff diamond, of 193 carats. It has never been brought to Europe, though the governor of Batavia once offered to the rajah 150,000 dollars for it, as well as two large war-brigs, with their guns and ammunition, and a considerable quantity of powder and shot. The number of diamonds in the world above 100 carats' weight, including the two already mentioned, is only six; but the history of each of these—which are called *paragons*—is a romance in itself.

The *Orloff*, according to some accounts, formed one of the eyes of the idol Scheringham, in the temple of Brahma. The fame of these bright eyes having reached a certain French grenadier of Pondicherry, he deserted, adopted the religion and manners of the Brahmins, and subsequently succeeded in escaping with one of the coveted orbs. He sold the jewel to a sea-captain for 50,000 francs; the sea-captain sold it to a Jew for 300,000; and an Armenian, named Shafrass, bought it for a much larger sum, and disposed of it to Count Orloff, for the Empress Catherine, for 450,000 roubles, and a grant of Russian nobility.

The Regent Diamond is the most perfect, and the finest water of the *paragons*. It originally weighed 400 carats; but the cutting of it as a brilliant, which took two years' labor, and cost £3000, reduced its size to 137 carats. This diamond, which is also called the *Pitt*, was stolen from Golconda, and sold to the grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, when governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies, for £20,000, although Pope suggests that that gentleman purloined it from the original thief—

"Asleep and naked, as an Indian lay,  
An honest factor stole the gem away."

The French king purchased it for £92,000,

Mr. Pitt reserving the fragments taken off in the cutting; but its value is now estimated at double the price paid for it. This jewel was pawned by Napoleon, made a political bait by Talleyrand to seduce Prussia, and stolen by robbers, who only returned it because of the impossibility of disposing of it without detection. A certain convict in the French galleys for some time enjoyed a high preëminence among his fellows as "the man who had stolen the Regent."

The Star of the South, the largest diamond ever brought from Brazil, was discovered by three wretched men, condemned to perpetual banishment in the wildest part of the interior, but who of course obtained the revocation of their sentence.

Sixth and last of the *paragon* diamonds is the Koh-i-noor, now weighing but one hundred and two carats, but supposed to have once been the largest ever known, and the same seen by Tavernier among the jewels of the Great Mogul. It is confidently asserted that this famous gem belonged to Karna, king of Anga, three thousand years ago. "According to Tavernier, this gem was presented to Chahman, the father of Aurungzebe, by Mirzimola, when that Indian general, having betrayed his master, the king of Golconda, took refuge at the court of the Great Mogul. Since it was admired by the French traveler, this diamond has passed through the hands of several Indian princes, and always by violence or fraud. The last Eastern possessor was the famous Runjeet Singh, king of Lahore and Cashmere, from whom it passed into the hands of the English on the annexation of the Punjab: it was brought to London in 1850. "The king of Lahore had obtained this jewel in the following manner: having heard that the king of Cabul possessed a diamond that had belonged to the Great Mogul, the largest and purest known, he invited the fortunate owner to his court, and there, having him in his power, demanded his diamond. The guest, however, had provided himself against such a contingency, with a perfect imitation of the coveted jewel. After some show of resistance, he reluctantly acceded to the wishes of his powerful host. The delight of Runjeet was extreme, but of short duration, the lapidary to whom he gave orders to mount his new acquisition pronouncing it to be merely a bit of crystal. The mortification and rage of the despot

were unbounded; he immediately caused the palace of the king of Cabul to be invested, and ransacked from top to bottom. But for a long while all search was in vain: at last, a slave betrayed the secret; the diamond was found concealed beneath a heap of ashes. Runjeet Singh had it set in an armlet, between two diamonds, each the size of a sparrow-egg."

According to Mr. Tennant, the great Russian diamond singularly corresponds with the Koh-i-noor, so as to suggest that the two once formed a single crystal; and when united, they would, allowing for the detaching of several smaller pieces in the process of cleaving, make up the weight described by Tavernier.

What bloodshed, what heart-burnings, what tedious and expensive negotiations have each of these shining pebbles cost its various possessors, and how exceedingly small the gratification of having obtained them at last, independently of the soothing thought that nobody else has got them! If it were not useless to lift up our single voice against an almost universal custom, we would ask what more barbarous and outlandish usage can be imagined, than that which obtains even amongst our king's daughters and most honorable women, of drilling a hole in the lobes of their ears for the reception of a jewel? and why are they so ready to exclaim "savage" against a maiden who may similarly adorn her nose? Let us, however, be thankful that in these days, if not cared of our lunacy, there is at least some measure to our madness in connection with precious stones; that no monarch of a starving people would now offer three millions of crowns for the possession of a useless diamond, as Louis XV. did; and that no living Englishman would so mistake the meaning of loyalty to his queen, as to grind a pearl worth £15,000 into a cup of wine, in order to fitly drink her health, as did Sir Thomas Gresham. This plagiarist from Cleopatra has had many a rival in more modern times. The courtiers of Louis XV. were wont, in their insane extravagance, to pulverize their diamonds. "A lady having expressed a desire to have the portrait of her canary in a ring, the last Prince de Conti requested she would allow him to give it her; she accepted, on condition that no precious gems should be set in it. When the ring was brought to her, however, a diamond covered the painting. The lady had the

brilliant taken out of the setting, and sent it back to the giver. The prince, determined not to be gainsaid, caused the stone to be ground to dust, which he used to dry the ink of the letter he wrote to her on the subject."

As to the association of gems with dress, the accounts of past extravagance which Madame de Barrera gives us in this volume, are of a nature to make paterfamilias shudder, inured to crinoline though he be. Nor were the ladies by any means the only spendthrifts. One court suit of King James' "Sweete Gosseppe," the Duke of Buckingham, cost no less than £80,000. Nay, to come quite close to our own times, when Murat took refuge in Corsica after the fall of the empire, although he had in money but 10,000 francs, which he carried in his belt, the band around his hat was worth 90,000; one of his epaulets, 50,000; while he carried about with him two diamonds valued at 200,000 francs. In all ages, in short, and in all countries, this passionate admiration for precious stones has been exceedingly remarkable; and they have been used in Holy Writ itself, for the most solemn comparisons, and to denote the highest degree of perfection—the New Jerusalem, even, being revealed to St. John under the figure of an edifice with a wall of jasper, while each of its twelve doors was a single pearl.

In the Talmud it is asserted that the ark was lit only by precious stones—so that the famous question "Where was Noah when his candle went out?" would seem to be to the last degree unauthorized and extravagant. From the same venerable pages we learn that one object in nature is alone to be esteemed of higher value than pearls—namely, a pretty woman. "On approaching Egypt, Abraham locked Sarah in a chest, that none might behold her dangerous beauty. But when he was come to the place of paying custom, the collector said: 'Pay us the custom.' And he said: 'I will pay the custom.' They said to him: 'Thou carriest clothes,' and he said: 'I will pay for clothes.' Then they said to him: 'Thou carriest gold,' and he answered them: 'I will pay for my gold.' On this they further said to him: 'Surely thou bearest the finest silk;' he replied: 'I will pay custom for the finest silk.' Then said they: 'Surely it must be pearls that thou takest with thee,' and he only answered: 'I will pay for

pearls.' Seeing that they could name nothing of value for which the patriarch was not willing to pay custom, they said: 'It can not be but thou open the box, and let us see what is within.' So they opened the box, and the whole land of Egypt was illumined by the luster of Sarah's

beauty — far exceeding even that of pearls.'"

And this pretty story in connection with "gems and jewels" is the only piece of sentiment or poetry which we remember to have been shed upon the custom-house authorities of any nation.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF ASTRONOMY.

THE precedence which astronomy has long claimed among the sciences has been very generally accorded to her without hesitation. No tract, indeed, of the domain of intellect is so dull and rugged and dreary as to be without its admirers. Among the almost infinite diversities of taste and capacity in the great family of mankind, there is room for every pursuit, and some that appear to common apprehension sufficiently barren of interest have found zealous votaries. To many minds the study of abstract arithmetic would offer no great attraction, yet Legendre has observed that it almost always becomes a species of passion with those who give themselves to it at all; and such must have been the case with Baron Maseres, of whom it is said that "his leading idea seems to have been to calculate more decimal places than any one would want, and to reprint the works of all who had done the same thing." Others again, leaving on the surface the ordinary pleasures of music, delight to plunge into the depths of counterpoint, to enumerate the "commas" that separate the "extreme sharp sixths," from the "diminished sevenths;" to puzzle over the alleged fact (a very curious one, by the way,) that on an organ with an enharmonic key-board the wrong note, in certain passages, produces a better effect than the right; and, with Dr. Pepusch, "readily jump to any conclusion that would involve a musical question in mysterious and artificial difficulty;" while others there are to whom the sublimity of Homer or the dignity of

Sophocles would appear to be less attractive than some dialectical peculiarity in their diction; who care more for orthography than for thought and feeling, and wrangle over an illegible contraction in a musty old copy with a vehemence which to the uninitiated seems very amusing.

We do not deny that these, and such as these, are all legitimate objects of pursuit. We would not insinuate the slightest disparagement to any species of research whose object is consistent with our duty to God and our neighbor. So far from it, we are perfectly of George Herbert's opinion, that "there is no knowledge but, in a skillful hand, serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge." We rejoice that in the wide circumference of nature and art there is a mind for every thing, and room for every mind; and we have no doubt that it has been so ordered in perfect wisdom by the great Creator of mind and matter. Still, there is room for choice also; all subjects are not alike; some will ever be the delight of a small minority; others embrace a broader range of sympathies: and at the head of all we shall be justified in placing astronomy. Men of most various tastes and feelings in other respects, have concurred in doing homage to this glorious science: the astronomical lecturer is pretty sure of a full and attentive audience; and astronomical publications are continually swelling the torrent that flows from the modern press. It is worthy of remark, too, that this direction of the public taste

seems to be progressive. The demand for telescopes has wonderfully increased of late years; and the instruments which are called for, if not of great magnitude, are by no means contemptible in their performance. Whatever may be the cause of this,—whether the diffusion of liberal education among the middle class, or the diminished cost of optical means—for in our own recollection the purchase of a good achromatic was a serious undertaking, and not unlikely to lead to “second thoughts”—the fact is evident, and we regard it with great pleasure. Nothing can be more calculated to expand the mind and elevate the thoughts; nothing provides a more interesting source of study for “retired leisure,” or relaxation for the spare hours of a busy life. In one respect alone the microscope has a manifest advantage in its exemption from those atmospheric disturbances which so often muddle and confound telescopic vision, and grievously reduce the number of hours available for its employment; but even this serious and undeniable drawback has not interfered, and we venture to predict will not interfere, with the popularity of this sublime science—this *ὕπερθευος ἐπιστήμη*, as Synesius happily called it, with much less reason for his expressive epithet than has been apparent to succeeding generations.

Fortunately, too, for astronomy, the aspect of the heavens has of late years brought her pretensions prominently forward. The expectation of the celebrated comet which drew, as is said, from the Emperor Charles V. the exclamation—

“His ergo indicis me mea fata vocant,”

though hitherto frustrated, has kept the subject alive; and the disappointment has probably been more than compensated by the beautiful “Donati,” so universally admired in its splendor, so generally regretted in its departure; and the expedition to Spain on the occasion of the late solar eclipse has also been a theme of public observation, though the effect of the distant report was trifling, compared with what would have been the result had that eclipse been total in our own country. All who have eyes to see and feelings to be affected, have concurred as to the astonishing impression of a total eclipse of the sun; an impression not diminished by our perfect acquaintance with its cause,

nor weakened by the unerring anticipation of the moment. Together with the mystery, science has at length removed the apprehension of evil consequences, but it has by no means dissipated the strange and peculiar awe which attends this “darkening of the earth in the clear day:” the peasant and the philosopher alike own the solemnity of the scene; and the astounding shout of nearly twenty thousand spectators at Perpignan in 1842, at the extinction and return of the solar beam, attested magnificently the universal feeling of mankind. Stukeley, on Salisbury Plain, in 1715, and Airy, at Turin, in 1842, have given us fine descriptions of the scene; and Mr. Perowne, on the recent occasion in Spain, has well expressed its character:

“The wind came to us cold and chilly, as from some sepulchral vault. And now, three or four minutes only before the total obscuration, we see the great shadow come sweeping along down the mountains and over the plains. I know not whether to call it shadow, it seemed so to fill the air, as well as to pass over the ground. It is commonly spoken of as ‘the shadow,’ but the word is inadequate. It is neither shadow nor vapor, nor can any one word describe it. . . . I have seen no darkness like the darkness of this eclipse. It has no resemblance whatever to the darkness of twilight or of night. Not so deep as that of night, (for at no time was it too dark to read,) it was far more solemn. It is impossible to describe the awe which came over us all, in spite of the unwonted excitement which we had felt. I do not hesitate to say that the whole scene was by far the most wonderful I have ever beheld. There is no phenomenon in nature that can compare with it in interest. The only regret we felt was that we had not more eyes, or that the totality could not last longer.”

Short, however, of complete obscuration, the spectacle loses nearly all its grandeur. A very small portion of the sun’s disc left uncovered gives light enough to deprive it of its peculiar awe; and from this circumstance our own country has for a very long period been altogether unfortunate in this respect. We have had no total solar eclipse, at least in London, since 1715, when Halley thought it expedient to publish a map of its course beforehand, lest the darkness should be thought ominous as to the fortunes of the Hanoverian dynasty; nor will its recurrence take place till the year 1887. In the lapse of ages it is evident that every part of the earth’s surface must receive

successively an equal amount of obscurity from the shadow of our satellite; but as so much of our globe is covered with water or with sand and rock, this glorious scene has oftentimes been reserved for the wandering and terrified savage, or for "them that remain in the broad sea;" while in the circumscribed districts inhabited by intelligent and observant races of men, its recurrence at any given spot is infrequent and in appearance irregular, though governed in reality by laws of the strictest precision; and thus it has happened that England, for so many a long year, has never witnessed the event. France, Italy, South Germany, and Russia in 1842, Sweden and Norway in 1851, and Brazil in 1858, were more fortunate; and to Spain her own opportunity was granted during the past summer. Of late years the scenic phenomena, of which the naked eye takes cognizance as effectually as the telescope, have received a new and more exciting interest from the detection of the marvelous prominences or so-called flames, usually though not invariably described as of a rosy hue, which are found to encompass the black mass of the moon when the sun is wholly concealed, but which are demonstrated, and more clearly so than ever on the recent occasion, to belong, not to it, but to the luminary over which it is passing. These glimpses so rarely attainable, of the fiery region condensed around the central globe of our system, have opened out veins of inquiry and speculation till of late quite unsuspected; and it is not surprising that the occurrence of a great eclipse in a country so comparatively near and accessible as Spain should have attracted to its arid heights a host of accomplished and eager observers, not wholly of the stronger sex, undeterred by the inconveniences of the Bay of Biscay or the habits of peninsular life. It is matter of public congratulation that this expedition has proved entirely successful, and that its result has justified the liberal encouragement it received from the governments on either side of the water. And after all, the infrequency in later times of total solar eclipses in England is somewhat the less to be regretted, when we bear in mind the peculiar disqualification of our climate. None, perhaps, but they who have enjoyed the advantage of foreign travel, can fully appreciate the superiority of other regions in this respect, if in this

alone. And if we are proud, as every Englishman ought to be proud, of our country; if we are justly proud of her liberty and her laws, her resources and her spirit, her homes, and above all, her altars, yet no such preference can be extended to her skies; no amount of national feeling can uphold the character of our vapor-loaded, turbulent, and uncertain atmosphere.

And yet it is in England—in rainy, cloudy, misty, damp, boisterous, somber England—that the science of astronomy is of late receiving a strong development, at any rate in the direction of popular attention and general interest. We are not speaking of theoretical astronomy, long since pushed to so great an extent by the French analysts, and subsequently cultivated in Germany and America with most honorable degrees of ardor and success; but of that very delightful and far more accessible branch of the study known in observatory language as mere "star-gazing," which, after all, is able to grasp so much of the sublimity, so much of the beauty of the pursuit, and which alone is conveniently within the reach of those whose principal aim in life is of another nature. It is on this more familiar department of the science that we now propose to offer a few remarks, leaving wholly on one side, or rather above us, the discussion of those wonderful trains of thought, and reasoning, and computation, by which astronomy takes its high standing among mathematical investigations, but in which general readers would find little that would be intelligible, and still less that would be attractive.

Much indeed might be said of the extraordinary increase of accuracy in those micrometrical measurements which are the means at once of testing the correctness, and urging on the progress of theory; and of the marvelous ingenuity, delicacy, and refinement of the minute contrivances which are now employed for this purpose, and which lead modern observers to talk familiarly of *hundredth* and even *thousandth* parts of seconds. Something, too, might be added on the danger, it is to be hoped more apparent than actual, of a kind of pedantry or ostentation in these extreme subtleties, as well as on the curious sources of error which occasionally mortify the observer, and detract from the value of the computer's labor. The whole business of tele-

scope-making in its present advanced state would also furnish materials for an extended essay, which, including its connected ramifications and anecdotes, would we believe, prove more curious and interesting than might be commonly imagined. But, fond as we are of the workshop, and well pleased from old associations with the mere look of putty and colcothar, and the smell of pitch and *aqua mirabilis*, we shall not take our readers among those mysteries so seldom penetrated by the uninitiated eye; but introduce them in the prosecution of our subject, to the results of the optician's practical skill, and ensconce them in the private observatory of some kind-hearted and public-spirited astronomer, who does not mind being bored by the curiosity of strangers; or, if they are not afraid of "night-air," which the acknowledged longevity of observers would alone prove to have been most unjustly calumniated, we will introduce them to our garden—for we do not boast of an observatory—and get our own "great gun" in position for their amusement; not indeed one of the largest, but of no small brilliancy and power; and in order that they may judge for themselves whether we have unduly magnified our favorite science, they shall see what Alvan Clark can show them.

And who, some of our readers may ask, is Alvan Clark? He is a man of whom we do not know much, but what we do know is a little out of the common way. Educated as a portrait-painter, and capable of painting a clever likeness from a photograph of a person whom he has never seen, he took to optical work, and so distinguished himself in a pursuit requiring the combination of peculiar delicacy of manipulation with ingenuity, and tact, and judgment, that his object-glasses have rivalled those of the celebrated "Optical Institute" at Munich, which has long, under the names of Fraunhofer and his successor Merz, enjoyed almost a monopoly of European reputation. Not content with these

no disparagement to the achievements of Dallmeyer (late Ross,) Cooke, Merz, Steinheil, Fitz, or Secrétan, that those who possess them may feel perfectly satisfied with their acquisition.

The sun is yet above the horizon. Shall we ship our screen glasses—not the odious old red, with all its heat and glare, but the beautiful cool deep blue-gray—and commence our study with those fearful-looking gulfs which deface his splendor? We had better not. Too near the horizon no celestial body is a good telescopic object. The greatly increased extent and density of atmosphere which the rays have then to traverse, though found but little prejudicial by Lassell when he wielded his superb twenty-four-inch mirror in the pure Maltese heavens, in our northern climes is an entire bar to accuracy of observation, or indeed comfort; for no one would wish to see the smooth circular limb of the sun all boiling and fluttering with undulations innumerable. Dawes and Secchi can tell us of its wonders; of the amazing extent through which those yawning cavities open or draw together in the space of a few days—frequently becoming visible to the naked eye (notwithstanding the singular blunder of the Czar's observer, W. Struve, in asserting the contrary,) if people would but look for them; changing in form and varying in aspect literally from hour to hour, and giving the impression of a surface in a state of continual fermentation and disturbance. They would tell us how those comparatively black openings, or *nuclei*, are often again pierced, as it were, with spots of a more intense and absolute blackness as well as encompassed with *umbræ*, or *penumbræ*, clouds of fainter shade; and how, in rare instances, symptoms of spiral arrangement or circular motion seem to indicate—as the sagacity of Sir J. F. W. Herschel had anticipated in his memorable Cape observations—the existence of immense equatorial tornadoes and whirlwinds, in a fiercely agitated atmosphere resting upon an ocean of flame. We shall hear, too, of the *faculæ*, or brilliant streaks, which are congregated towards those dark gulfs, and one of which Dawes has traced as an actual prominence on the profile of the limb, thus establishing the fact intimated by their general aspect, that they are ridges or elevations, resulting from widely-felt displacement, and proving that the unknown material

. . . "arts that wait on wealth's increase,  
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace,"

- he has united to them the perfection of American rifle-making, and rifle-practice too, without discontinuing his optical labors, and without ceasing to produce object-glasses, of which it may be said, with



of the luminous envelope of the sun does not instantly or readily recover its state of equilibrium. These are surprising disclosures; but we should be still more astonished to hear of that temporary outburst of light which two separate observers, Carrington and Hodgson, using two different modes of observation, witnessed in front of the sun's disc on September 1st, 1859; giving to the inhabitants of the earth the first recorded intimation, since the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, of a light far more vivid than even the solar blaze. Was it a huge meteor—could it have been a comet—that then fell into an atmosphere of oxygen, and perished? or, more probably, according to Newton's suggestion, refreshed the material of our central fire?

But it is time for us to proceed to other objects, in the hope, whether reasonable or not, that our knowledge of these marvelous phenomena has not yet reached its bound. We may pass by, with little notice, the very problematical discovery said to be made by M. Lescarbault, and wait for more evidence before we recognize the existence of a celestial "Vulcan." (How much, by the way, it is to be regretted, even if it possesses some convenience, and has been thought inevitable by high authority, that the memorial of a debasing and corrupting mythology should not have perished with it; at any rate, that it should have been thus perpetuated amidst the sublimity and glory of the heavens!) We need not now stay to discuss the unknown nature of those opaque bodies which unquestionably have, from time to time, traversed the face of the sun: the evidence, though abundantly sufficient, throws very little light upon their constitution. Nor, indeed need we wait long in attendance upon the planet Mercury; for though he possesses probably his full share of wonders, nobody has ever known any thing about him in comparison except Schröter, and his assistant, Harding: the mountainous prominences and dark atmospheric bands (or more probably openings in his atmosphere) of which they tell us, remain unverified; still it is but fair to express the opinion, that this may be only, or chiefly, for want of pains in the verification. It has been the fashion, both in Germany and England, to overlook the unquestionable merit of Schröter, and, to a considerable extent, to ignore his dis-

coveries; we notice with pleasure that more justice has of late been done to him by no light authority—the leader of Transatlantic observers, Bond; and though mistakes may be here and there fastened upon him, his painstaking industry and self-evident truthfulness should not pass without due acknowledgment on the part of his successors; some of whom, we fully believe, would have found the advantage of paying more attention to his announcements. His twenty-seven (twenty-six English) feet reflector, with an eighteen-inch mirror, the work of Professor Schrader, seems to have been superior to any instrument of its day—those of his cotemporary, Sir. W. Herschel, alone expected; and his observatory of Lillienthal (not far from Hamburg) continued for many years at the head of all similar establishments on the Continent, till it was dismantled, as he pathetically laments, and his own income greatly curtailed, by the barbarian irruption of the French troops in Hanover, an event which he survived, partly in enfeebled health, only a few years, dying in 1816. Which of our observers will take up the planet Mercury where he has left it, and make known to us what may probably be known without any great difficulty as to its physical constitution?

At present we will proceed to interrogate the next in order,

"Yonder Venus in her glittering sphere."

Can there be a lovelier object in the purple sky of evening, or a more brilliant instance of reflected light? We have repeatedly noticed the shadow cast by the vivid little crescent, whose actual form, we are told by Lieutenant Gilliss, one of the members of an American scientific expedition, may be distinguished in the sky of Chile by the naked eye; and we can well recollect how we used to astonish our fellow undergraduates of Oxford, many a long year ago, by pointing out to them the minute speck of purest white which marked her position in the light of broad day; nor is it long since we saw a lady pounce upon it under similar circumstances, with great facility. Nevertheless, Venus is not the most favorable of telescopic objects; with her, the achromatic is untrue to its appellation, and the colored fringe that spreads around her brings out in full strength the "secondary spec-

trum" which results from the imperfect balance of its opposite errors. For the achromatic object-glass is composed, as some of our readers may possibly not be aware, of two lenses of different kinds of glass and opposite curvatures, which in theory are supposed to neutralize each other's prismatic action, (every lens partaking of the form and properties of a prism,) but which in practice accomplish this purpose only to a certain extent, leaving a residuum of colored light; and no object is found more disagreeably competent to exhibit that residuum than this glorious planet. Nor will the pure and colorless image of the reflector, free as it is from any such defect, give us much more information; few are the cases where brilliancy is disadvantageous, but it is so here; we find old Herschel complaining that with Venus the light of his forty-feet reflector was an inconvenience; and a very much smaller aperture will collect enough to dazzle and perplex the eye. An easy remedy, however, is open to us in daylight observations, such as we may now be supposed to have before us. There, ladies and gentlemen, is a lovely object—a half moon, of exquisite delicacy and pearly hue, differing, however, from our satellite in the much fainter aspect of the inner part of the semi-disc, towards the rectilinear edge. And that half-illuminated planet, as you now see it in the telescope, appears to you four times as large as the moon to the naked eye. Impossible, Mr. Astronomer! you tell us some strange things that we are willing to believe; but this is really going rather beyond the mark. Just so. We did not imagine you were likely to believe it at first. Few people, till they are accustomed to telescopic visions, have any idea of the size which objects appear. They always look too small for the supposed power. Yet our statement is not assertion, but demonstration. We are using an eye-piece magnifying three hundred times; Venus is now about twenty-four seconds in diameter; the moon is nearly thirty minutes; by a little easy arithmetic you may fully satisfy yourselves of the fact. But how are we to know that your eye-piece does magnify three hundred times? That, indeed, you must take upon trust; it requires a little mathematical knowledge to understand the demonstration, but the demonstration itself is as unquestionable as that five times sixty are

three hundred. But, if the moon were now in a suitable position, we would give you a very easy proof indeed—a strictly ocular demonstration; for you should look at the same time with one eye at Venus in the telescope, and with the other eye at the moon out of the telescope—no difficult matter when they are near together; and then, if you do not find that the planet's image would cover the moon four times over, we have nothing to say. But why it is that these telescopic images appear so much too small is rather a puzzle. The explanation probably lies in the opposite circumstances of vision; in one case, a free open sky; in the other, a narrow limited field; natural *seeing* against artificial *peeping*; the perfect sharpness of the real object against the comparative definition of the optical image—some, or all of these may help the difficulty—but if they do not, we must refer you to Herschel or Lassell, or some one who can explain it better; but the fact is certain. Now look again at that beautiful planet; you think you can make out spots and mottlings and wavering uncertain shades, and perhaps you do; and you may look upon twenty evenings and have the same impression, and yet never be able to fix on any certain form or outline; and you would have many of the first astronomers to bear you company; such is the testimony of the present Herschel in his admirable *Outlines of Astronomy*; "the intense luster of its illuminated part dazzles the sight, and exaggerates every imperfection of the telescope; yet we see clearly that its surface is not mottled over with permanent spots like the moon; we notice in it neither mountains nor shadows, but a uniform brightness, in which sometimes we may indeed fancy, or perhaps more than fancy, brighter or obscurer portions, but can seldom or never rest fully satisfied of the fact." But old Bianchini the Roman ecclesiastic, who seems, by the way, to have been a very respectable, estimable kind of man, was more fortunate in 1728. The telescopic apparatus of that day was alarming in its cumbrousness, and one of its arrangements reminds us somewhat of the mainmast of a schooner entangled in a gigantic pair of lazy-tongs; yet he thought so highly of it as to have it engraved for the benefit of posterity—and in some respects it deserved it, not only for its ingenuity, but as a specimen of the age, and of the brave

"pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." It was, however, by the simpler contrivance of Huygens, who tied the object and eye-glasses together with a long line, that Bianchini was enabled to detect and map out a series of continents and oceans, as he thought them, of which Cassini had previously made out some traces, but which—at least in their connection and completeness—have escaped every subsequent observer, till De Vico and other astronomers of the Jesuit fraternity, re-discovered them in 1839 with a six and one-third-inch achromatic by Cauchoix, the property of their society, harbored in the the observatory of the Università Gregorina of the late pope. That instrument certainly showed them some queer things before the Roman insurrection in 1848 sent it, with some of the brethren, on a Transatlantic journey; and the observers paraded them before the astronomical world in a fashion which showed that their scientific must have been very inferior to their theological astuteness. But still it seems to have been a good glass, though under-polished; and they made it sometimes bear a power (a reputed power at least, which is often a very different matter) of eleven hundred and twenty-eight even upon Venus; and the consent of several observers seems to confirm in full the accuracy of Bianchini's drawings. They claim no less than eleven thousand eight hundred micrometrical measures, and certainly appear to have taken a great deal of pains. If Schröter, half a century earlier, had, like most other people, made out little of these shadows, he established a mountainous and irregular "terminator," or boundary line of light and darkness, an atmosphere denser than our own, and a day and night of similar length to what we know. Sir W. Herschel, less successful, attacked him with an asperity which (*pace tanti viri*) seems to betray a slight tinge of personal feeling; Schröter replied in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1795, with much courtesy and firmness. We examined this controversy pretty carefully some years ago, and the result was entirely in favor of the astronomer of Lilienthal. Some of his discoveries, especially the differing aspect of the horns of the crescent, and their rapid variation in thickness and sharpness, have since been verified by Mädler. May we not look to Dawes, armed with Alvan Clark's eight-and-a-

quarter-inch beautiful object-glass and clock-work movement, for the rest—and more? But we fear that no one will give us any very good explanation—for Arago's "negative visibility" can not be called an explanation—of the curious but undoubted fact, that the unilluminated part of this planet is sometimes visible, and has been seen even in broad daylight. We can readily account for this appearance, this "ash-light," on the moon, which has the earth's broad face shining upon it; but that light must be quite inconsiderable at the distance of Venus; and there is nothing else to shine upon her. She may, perhaps, be phosphorescent—a quality possessed but in a faint degree by terrestrial materials, though more generally so than might be supposed, as Mr. Wilson long ago proved by his experiments in a thoroughly darkened chamber—but there this quality must be supposed to be developed in a much fuller degree. But what of the satellite of Venus? That is a very curious story, pretty nearly as mysterious in its way as the tale of Casper Hauser, and it deserves bringing into notice; but we have no room for it now—

"fugit irreparabile tempus  
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore."

We must return homewards. How happy should we deem ourselves if, in so doing, we could only get one fair view of the back of the moon, and test Hansen's ingenious conjecture, built on a deep refinement of mathematical theory, that, in consequence of a slight but appreciable difference between its center of figure and its center of gravity, somewhat displaced by the neighborhood of the earth, its other side may be destitute of neither water nor air, and not incapable of sustaining inhabitants like ourselves. But this we shall never be permitted to know, at least in this life. We must content ourselves with what we can see, and that truly is enough to excite a lifelong wonder. No need either in order to appreciate it, of the colossal fifteen inch object glasses of Merz at Poulkova under the autocratic eagle, or at Harvard University under "the stars and stripes," or of Lassell's exquisite two-feet specula, so wonderfully finished, with a previous certainty of success, by means of a polish-er of nothing but deal coated with pitch;

or of the four-foot mirror he is finishing, or perhaps has finished; or of De la Rue's of thirteen inches in diameter, smaller indeed, but, as we can testify, admirably perfect. Bad indeed must be the instrument that fails us here, and worse than Galileo's early effort—the little seed from which such a countless harvest of optic tubes has sprung. The one we are supposed to be using will astonish us by its revelations; and indeed its amount of light will be wearisome to a feeble eye. What a chaos of explosive action lies before us!—a surface blown up in literally many thousands of places, from the smallest pits which just dot the surface in our great telescopes, to the broad volcanic lakes, whose flattened interiors are as big as whole English counties, and are encompassed by stupendous girdles of ridges and peaks which might stand in proud rivalry among the Apennines or Pyrenees, nay, which sometimes overpass the loftiest Alpine summits. In point of dimensions, nothing on earth is to be named with these wonderful cavities, though their analogy with some of our own volcanic districts has been repeatedly pointed out, and of late beautifully exhibited by Professor Piazzi Smyth in his most interesting publication on the Peak of Teyde, more commonly known as *Teneriffe*. Others, again, of the lunar elevations, though possibly due to a similar eruptive or extrusive agency, are equally astonishing in their rectilinear extent. It is a glorious thing to wander in the mountain solitudes of our own planet; nevertheless, he who has stood in the pine forest at the edge of the Plateau des Bioux Artigues and looked up to the cloven crest of the mighty Pic du Midi d'Ossau, or has traversed the great Scheidegg and the Wengern Alp beneath the shadow of the almost vertical steepes of the Wetterhorn and the Eiger, can form but a very feeble idea, either as to height or extent, of the precipices of the Lunar Apennines. Nor is the cleft of Lauterbrunnen, wonderful as is its aspect, especially in the descent from the Wengern Alp, more than a miniature of that wedge-shaped valley of the Lunar Alps, which was first figured by Bianchini, and which every observer of our satellite has seen, or ought to have seen—a very different thing by the way—the old apologue “eyes and no eyes” being not limited in its application to the days of youth. In fact, with a few re-

sembling features, the general arrangement of the lunar surface is much contrasted with that of the earth. Though our steppes and prairies are well represented by the broad gray plains, we have but little that corresponds either in character or extent with the wonderful circular configuration into which so large a portion of the moon is thrown; and the cracks or furrows which intersect such extensive regions are still more dissimilar to any thing except the artificial features of our globe; on the other hand, all the beautiful variety introduced by water in its different forms and positions seems there to be wholly unknown. What a pity it was that the keen eye of Gruithuisen was so ill-matched with a wild imagination! More of his lunar discoveries were verified by other observers even at the time than might have been supposed from the subsequent evanescence of his fame; and more, we suspect, may still be recovered by those who will take the necessary pains. His predecessor Schröter, less lynx-eyed, was far more trustworthy; and his pains-taking and honest labors, exhibited in two thick quarto volumes half made up of very ill-engraved designs, may still be consulted, we are of opinion, with more advantage than has been admitted by the highest lunar authorities, Beer and Mädler. Nevertheless, though their work may be a little biassed by the desire of originality, it is a wonderful instance, together with the splendid three-foot map of which it is the counterpart, of diligence, perseverance, and accuracy. Lohrmann's plates, published somewhat earlier, seem patterns of unsightly fidelity in a conventional style. His undertaking, unfortunately left incomplete from his failing vision, has, it is said, been recently completed by Schmidt, the well-known observer of the solar spots. But though very much has been accomplished, a separate and detailed examination of insulated regions recorded in large and often-repeated drawings—a “Selenotopography” in short, as laborious as that of Schröter, but far more delicate and minute—is required before we can be said to know thoroughly the surface of the moon, or can be in a position to draw secure conclusions. The “Moon Committee” of the British Association are understood to have something of this kind in hand; and Nasmyth, the inventor of the celebrated steam-hammer, is said to be medi-

tating great things with a reflector which collects as much light as the eye is well able to endure. Whoever undertakes any portion of this task ought self-evidently to be possessed of a certain amount of artistic talent, such as has been displayed for instance, in the drawings of the "Mare Crisium" by the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, Piazzi Smyth, published in the *Edinburgh Transactions*, or the designs will never prove very satisfactory. In the exceedingly curious department of Lunar Photography, Warren De la Rue stands altogether preëminent, and some of his inferences begin to be very fascinating. His hints as to the possibility of vegetation, and an atmosphere enveloping merely the lower regions of the moon, are original reproductions, if we may be allowed the expression, of Schröter's ideas derived through an entirely different channel, and deduced from actinic instead of optical appearances. Our own impression is—and it is not one deduced from investigations of yesterday—that though the luminous eruptions of Sir W. Herschel, Captain Kater, and others, were mere illusions arising from reflected earth-light, (about the varying intensity of which, however, some mystery hangs,) another generation will admit the continuance of the same explosive action which has so extensively modified the lunar globe as an unquestioned fact; its diminished manifestation, as compared with the

terrific energy of earlier epochs, corresponding significantly with a similar decrease of volcanic activity on the earth. We have already referred to the researches of Piazzi Smyth at Teneriffe, so interesting in this point of view, and we must do so again, for that worthy son of a worthy father has produced one of the pleasantest books of modern days, as well as one of great scientific importance; nor should Mrs. P. Smyth's share of so adventurous an enterprise be passed by without the expression of due honor. In fact, the gentler sex have taken their part, if not extensively, yet uncommonly well, in astronomical labor. In early days "honest (*brav*) Kirch," as Olbers calls him, had his Maria Margareta to help him. The fame of Caroline Herschel deserves to be coëxtensive with that of her illustrious brother;

"Gloria, sideribus quam convenit esse comam,  
Et tantum cœlo commoriente mori;"

and the aid that poor, weary, and worn-out Fallows received from his wife at the Cape of Good Hope ought never to be forgotten. But to return to Piazzi Smyth. While cordially advising the perusal of his *Teneriffe*, let us hope that the spirited author may yet have other opportunities of recording the results of his "astronomer's experiment" above the clouds, and of again and again affording similar pleasure and interest to his readers.

**THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS.**—The works which have been some time in hand at the Cathedral of St. Denis are approaching completion. The most curious portion of the building is the crypt of the Carolingian kings, which formed a part of the third church raised on the same spot, the first having been erected over the tomb of St. Denis before the invasion of the Franks; the second by Dagobert I., about the year 608; the third by Charlemagne, in 775; and the present structure in the twelfth century. This ancient crypt was found tolerably preserved, and has been repaired with great care. It contains at present the remains of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the aunts of the former, with those of the Duc de Berri and one of his children, the Prince de Condé and Louis XVIII. The new crypt, which has been constructed to receive the ashes of the members of the Bonaparte family, is

placed beneath the transept and a small portion of the chancel, and immediately west of the Carolingian tomb, thus bringing the two extremes into contact. It is very large, and consists of a central space and two side aisles. At the east end of the former is a small altar, lighted by means of a window or skylight behind the altar of the church.

**HOW TO GET A GOOD FRAME CHEAP.**—Live temperately, be abstemious, cultivate early hours, rise with the lark instead of going to bed after one, take plenty of exercise, don't be afraid of lots of cold water, make a practice of always being cheerful, avoid debt, draughts, bad company, bills, and wet feet, and you will soon get a good frame cheap; and it shall be a frame, moreover, worth more than its weight in gold, such as shall inclose the very picture of health.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## A MÆDIEVAL PATRIOT: PRINCE SCANDERBEG.

SCANDERBEG, PRINCE OF EPIRUS.

"Land of Albania! where Iskander rose  
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise;  
And he, his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes  
Shrank from his deeds of chivalrous emprise."  
LORD BYRON: *Childe Harold, Canto II.*

THIS remarkable warrior of the middle ages has furnished materials for no less than three English tragedies and a novel in French. The records of Scanderbeg's life and actions approaches Eastern fable. As we turn to it, we are tempted to say with Gibbon, when writing of Richard Cœur de Lion in Palestine, "Am I relating the deeds of Arthur or of Amadis?"

The historian of the Roman Empire, who bore no great affection to Scanderbeg for resuming Christianity in mature life, nevertheless thought so highly of his great qualities, that he included him, with several others, in a list he had selected as subjects for biography. Why he laid this intention aside he has not told us.

Avoiding exaggeration as much as the materials will allow, the true history of Scanderbeg, a name synonymous with that of Alexander the Bey or Lord, appears to be as follows:

George Castriot (such was his proper designation) was born at Croia, the capital of Albania, in the year 1405. His father, John Castriot, hereditary sovereign of the country, and Voisava, his mother, were celebrated by the historians of the age for their mental endowments and personal beauty. They had three other sons and five daughters. The untimely fate of George's elder brothers will be mentioned hereafter. Of his sisters little is known, except that they were married to Christian princes and noblemen suited to their rank.

After the conquest of Greece by the Romans, Albania, not then recognized by that name, became incorporated with some adjacent provinces in the govern-

ment of the Prætorian Prefect of Illyricum. At the division of the empire it was allotted to the Eastern monarchs, and so remained till the decline of their power, when the government fell to the family of the Castriots, who were generally called kings of Epirus, as a country of more antiquity and fame; but Albania was certainly the most important part of their dominions, and Croia, its metropolis, the seat of their residence.

The overthrow of Bajazet by Tamerlane checked for a time the spreading empire of the Ottomans; but after the death of that victorious prince, Mahomet, the son of Bajazet, recovered his father's kingdom, which was vastly increased by the conquests of his own son and successor, Amurah II., both in Asia and Europe. Amurah was brave and ambitious, but fretful and impatient on the slightest cross, particularly in his old age. He was as prudent in politics as able in war; sincere in his religion, and, in general, an observer of his word; but his perfidious conduct to the Castriots supplies a memorable exception to the latter rule. He meant well, but he possessed absolute power. The bigot and the tyrant, under such a temptation, will sometimes get the better of the man. The consistent rectitude of Marcus Aurelius was not to be expected from an Eastern despot, without the light of letters or philosophy.

After extensive conquests in Caramania, Amurath, upon slight pretences, carried his arms into Greece, and subdued Achaia, Thessaly, and Macedon. Athens yielded to his yoke, and Thessalonica, after a brave defence, endured the horrors

of an assault. John Castriot, King of Epirus and Albania, who saw with bitter anguish the supineness of the Greek Emperor, resolved to anticipate attack, and hastened to meet the approaching invader on the frontiers of Macedon. Amurath soon found the mountain warfare tedious, expensive, and interfering with his career of victory. He, therefore, listened readily to terms of accommodation, and consented to leave Castriot undisturbed possession of his crown and kingdom; conditions not to be refused by a comparatively weak opponent, and which the haughty Sultan would have peremptorily denied to the Cæsar of Constantinople. But Amurath insisted, as a *sine quâ non*, on the delivery of the four sons of Castriot as hostages. The feelings of the father, though deeply wounded, gave way to the imperative duty of the monarch. His subjects were his children, and exposed to inevitable ruin. Trusting to Amurath's reputation for keeping plighted faith, the afflicted parent yielded up his boys, Amurath received the royal pledges, and ending the war, carried them with him to Adrianople, his European capital. Four centuries later, a reverse of a similar compact between Christian and Infidel occurred in India, by the surrender of the sons of Tippoo to Lord Cornwallis. John Castriot appears to have remained on friendly terms with the Sultan for the remainder of his life, during which the captive princes were treated with the respect due to their rank and character.

George Castriot, though only eight years of age, was speedily distinguished and admired by the Sultan and the whole seraglio. His extraordinary beauty, manly deportment, vivacity, and genius, charmed all who came in contact with him. Amurath treated him as his own son; had him carefully instructed in the religion of Mahomet, and in such branches of science as were known in the Turkish Court. Hoping to extinguish in his young mind all memory of the Christian faith, he forced him to subscribe to the ceremonial rites of Islamism, and gave him the high-sounding name of Scanderbeg, or Lord Alexander. His rapid improvement in martial exercises induced the Sultan to take him to the wars in Anatolia, where he evinced such courage and ability, that at nineteen he obtained the command of five thousand horse and

the title *Bassa* or *Pasha*. The Sultan's presence being required in Europe, he left his young general to conduct all the armies in Asia Minor, which he did with so much success that Amurath frequently called him his right eye, his right hand, his bulwark, and the extender of his dominions. Returning to Adrianople, full of fame and youthful ardor, Scanderbeg killed a gigantic Tartar, esteemed invincible, in single combat; and not long after, in Bithynia, encountered two Persian champions, who had publicly challenged any two men in the Sultan's army, and slew them both.

Scanderbeg loved glory, but his heart was more devoted to the truth. When in the field, he was constantly attended by some Christian officers and soldiers, countrymen of his own, by whom he was secretly instructed and confirmed in his original faith. To maintain this, and to secure the civil liberty of his native land, soon became the governing principle and guiding star of his active and valuable life. With this secret bias, which he dared not yet disclose, he abstained from utterly crushing the Hungarians, against whom he was dispatched with a numerous army; but such was his prudence that he lost no credit, and escaped all suspicion on the part of his cunning and mistrustful master.

Soon after the close of the Hungarian war, John Castriot died, upon which Amurath dispatched Sebalia, a Bassa of great military experience, with a powerful force, into Albania. He at once obtained possession of the kingdom. The people, surprised and without a leader, were told that he came as a friend, by the Sultan's order, to secure the throne for the hostage-prince, who would shortly arrive and assume his rights. In the meantime, Amurath caused the three elder brothers of Scanderbeg to be secretly destroyed by poison, and reduced this Christian kingdom to the miserable condition of a Turkish satrapy. The churches were turned into mosques, the laws subverted, and the property and persons of a brave, independent nation, placed at the mercy of a barbarous and foreign tyrant. The grief and indignation of Scanderbeg were excessive, but he knew he was in Amurath's power; he subdued his feelings, and resolved to "bide his time." The crafty Sultan, who really loved him, was unwilling to murder him

with his brothers, and vainly imagined, that by present honors, and promises for the future, he might reconcile him to the wrongs of his family and country. He was not, however, quite free from suspicion. Sometimes he would hint to Scanderbeg an intention of restoring him to his father's kingdom, merely to discover whether he encouraged any such hopes; but the Greek was too wily for the Turk, and preserved an impenetrable mystery.

When the Hungarian war broke out anew, Amurath distinctly evinced his doubts of Scanderbeg by placing the Bassa of Romania above him in command of the army. A great battle was fought near the river Moravia, in which the Christians, under the celebrated John Corvinus Hunniades, one of the first generals of the day, obtained a decisive victory. The Turks lost forty thousand men. At the commencement of this action, Scanderbeg, with the Epirots who were in his confidence, fled. This so astonished and discomfited the Turks, that the rout soon became universal. In the confusion Scanderbeg seized the Turkish Secretary, and compelled him, under threat of immediate death, to write an order, as from the Sultan, to the governor of Croia, to deliver up the city to him, Scanderbeg, now appointed governor. The wretched Secretary was then disposed of, to secure their own safety. The commandant of Croia fell into the snare, and resigned his post to Scanderbeg. But the garrison still remained. Small detachments of Scanderbeg's own faithful followers entered the city without suspicion, and in the dead of night, surprised the Turks, with the aid of the inhabitants, and put them to the sword, sparing only a few, who submitted, to save their lives, and embraced the Christian faith. Scanderbeg being in possession of the capital, all Epirus declared for him; and in a few days, not a Turk was left in the land, except in a few garrisons, which were soon reduced. Amurath, foaming with rage, was too much embarrassed with the Hungarian war, to think of wreaking vengeance on his revolted lieutenant. Thus, by a deeply planned and well-executed stratagem, the hero of Epirus liberated his country and revenged his brothers. If ever double dealing was justifiable, it was in this case. Let those who doubt, imagine themselves for a moment in the position of Scanderbeg, and say, would they have re-

sisted the temptation of circumstances to escape from such a perfidious master as Amurath had proved himself? Let it be remembered, again, that Scanderbeg was a Greek, and that since the days of the Trojan war and the wooden horse, the Greeks were renowned for subtle contrivances; such schemes were in their blood and essence. *Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret.*

"Strive to expel strong nature, 'tis in vain,  
With double force she will return again."

Scanderbeg found time to restore the civil government of his kingdom, and soon resolved to retort upon the Turks, which he effected by a predatory inroad into Macedon. Amurath, upon this, dispatched a chosen general, the Bassa Ali Bey, to invade Epirus with forty thousand men, and with orders to bring Scanderbeg before him, either alive or dead. The Epirots flocked round their prince, who treated the coming storm with indifference approaching to levity. They were even more astonished when he dismissed many, who offered to serve him, and took only eight thousand horse and seven thousand foot, when he might have trebled the number. With this small army he took post in a narrow defile on the borders of Macedon, and about eighty miles from Croia, defended by mountains on one side, and a wood on the other. Here he awaited the onset of the Turkish army. On its approach, he ordered Amasie, his kinsman, with three thousand men, to lie hid in the wood till the battle should be fairly engaged, and then, as opportunity might offer, to attack the Turks in the rear. The onset of the enemy, furious as usual, was checked by the personal prowess of Scanderbeg, who slew many with his own hand; but pressed by numbers, he feigned a retreat, which drew Ali Bey into the defile, as he had expected, where, being assailed in front and rear, his men fell into confusion and panic, and trampled each other to death. The Bassa and his staff escaped with difficulty; but he left behind him twenty-two thousand slain, two thousand prisoners, and twenty-four standards, with all his matériel of war, tents, and baggage.

The tactics of Scanderbeg in this battle were exactly similar to those of Belisarius in his last campaign at Chettos, when the Bulgarians, under Zabergan, threatened Constantinople.



Scanderbeg, having mounted his seven thousand foot with horses taken from the Turks, entered the sultan's dominions, with the plunder of which he enriched his followers, and returned in triumph to Croia. The losses of Amurath so reduced his power, that he was compelled to sue to the Hungarians for a peace. This they granted, upon terms too advantageous to refuse, but they lost an opportunity that never returned. Had they continued the war in hearty alliance with Scanderbeg, the Turks would, in all probability, have been driven back into Asia, the miseries they subsequently brought upon the Christian world might have been prevented, and the annals of Europe written without many lamentable passages.

A peace was made, and solemnly sworn to by Wladislas, king of Hungary, on the Evangelists, and by Amurath on the Koran. But before long, Julian, the Pope's legate at the court of Hungary, being informed that the Turkish affairs had fallen into confusion under the government of Mahomet, the young sultan, to whom Amurath, his father, had in disgust resigned the crown, persuaded Wladislas to break the peace, and absolved him from his oath; or, in other words, gave him a dispensation for perjury. Scanderbeg, who was under no obligation to the contrary, resolved to assist the Hungarians, but was prevented from arriving in time by the interference of the despot of Servia. The battle of Verna was fought without his aid. Amurath, though old and weary with many toils, resumed the government on the approach of danger; and, passing over from Asia, joined his Bassa, and marched to encounter the enemy. The battle, long doubtful, terminated in a complete victory on the part of the Turks. The result looked like a judgment on the Christians for their breach of faith. Wladislas fell, with two-thirds of his army, and the flower of his nobility. Hunniades escaped with difficulty, and the papal legate, the promoter of the uncalled-for war, after being stripped, wounded, and reviled by the victims he had seduced, perished in the storm of his own raising.

Knolles, in his account of this battle, relates the following remarkable circumstance. Amurath, seeing his men, at a particular crisis, ready to give way, took the treaty from his bosom, and, holding it in his hand, with his eyes raised towards heaven, cried aloud, "Behold, thou cruci-

fied Christ, this is the league thy fathers have, in thy name, made with us which, without cause, they have violated. Now, if thou art God, as they say, art, revenge the wrong done to thyself and me; show thy power upon the injured people, who worship thee with their mouths, but in their deed despise thee!" Amurath, after this day, was more gloomy and discontented than before, and, being asked the cause, answered he desired no more victories at so dear a price. He thought, with Pyrrhus, of the repetition of such success, which would ruin the fourth part of his army, would bring about his total ruin.

Again he returned to Magnesia, to indulge his thirst of revenge on Scanderbeg, and to enjoy his repose. A second time, to the mortification of his ambitious subjects, he assumed the direction of affairs. This was his first weapon. He sent an accomplished diplomatist, a man of address, as ambassador to Croia, armed with eloquence, overflowing alternately with reproaches, flattery, promises, and insinuations. He assured Scanderbeg that if he would return to his allegiance, and reëmbbrace the Mahometan faith, his power and wealth should be trebled, and utter extirpation would follow his if he refused. Scanderbeg, who was the ambassador with an answer, came his own courage and the justice of his cause. The Sultan, when he began to stroke his white beard, and his hair went when angry, and said, "Vain wretch! Thou desirest an honorable death. Take thy wish. I will give thee the obsequies of my foster son. Though unbidden, I will make one of the funeral pomp of the great prince of Epirus!"

To keep Scanderbeg employed, Amurath sent Ferises, with nine thousand men as an advanced column, while he himself prepared to follow with his whole army. The Prince of Epirus had dismissed his army, raised for the Hungarian war, and had with him only his usual guard of one thousand five hundred foot and five hundred horse. Ferises attacked him suddenly, and, hoping to gain immortal credit and end the contest at once by the death of Scanderbeg, with more courage than prudence, sought for him, where he was ever to be found, in the front of the battle. Scanderbeg met and dispatched Ferises by a single blow with his sabre, in

the full sight of both armies; whereupon the Turks fled incontinently, but were so closely pursued by the Epirots, that few of them escaped to carry the news to Adrianople.

The Sultan, who imputed the failure of Ferises to his own rashness, replaced him by Mustapha, a more prudent commander, with instructions to ravage the country on all sides, but on no account to risk a battle, and to retire on the approach of Scanderbeg. Mustapha observed his orders to the letter. His devastations were equal to those of Massena and Loison in Portugal, in 1809-10,—worse they could not be. But Scanderbeg watched his opportunity, and, taking the Turks by surprise, in one of their predatory excursions, drove them to their trenches, entered with them, and stormed the camp. Mustapha escaped by the nearest road to Macedon; five thousand Turks fell on the spot, and many of the fugitives were afterwards either killed or made prisoners. Mustapha was beaten, but not destroyed. He returned to Epirus, and hazarded a battle with worse success than before. He now lost ten thousand men, with his own liberty, and that of twelve principal officers, whose ransom cost Amurath two thousand five hundred ducats, and presents of nearly the same value. These, with the plunder of the Turkish camp, and the contributions raised in Macedon, greatly enriched the Epirots. This last victory only cost Scanderbeg three hundred men.

Amurath having again defeated Huniades in a battle of three days duration (a mediæval Leipsig,) on the plains of Cassova, resolved now to proceed against Scanderbeg in person, and consummate the vengeance he had so long threatened. For this final effort, he assembled an army at Adrianople of one hundred and sixty thousand men. Scanderbeg, who had early information of his movements, prepared for the coming storm. He ordered those who lived in the open country, in farms, and villages, to quit their habitations, and take with them every thing that was movable. The rest he destroyed, that the enemy, on their arrival, might find no resources in the assailed country. This was precisely the plan adopted by the Duke of Wellington, when Massena invaded Portugal, in 1810; and, by the Russians, when Napoleon marched on Moscow, in 1812. The women and children, and all such

as infirmities and old age had rendered useless, were sent into fortified places in the most remote parts of the kingdom, or into the Venetian or some other neighboring Christian dominions, where they remained till the danger was over. It was a moving scene to see aged parents taking leave of their children, and affectionate wives of their husbands, almost despairing ever to see them again, so deadly were their apprehensions of the Sultan's power. War has many terrible phases, but none more heart-rending than such as these. The Epirots had long enjoyed under their fortunate king, liberty, safety, and prosperity. His wars had been numerous, but they were more advantageous to his people than peace itself. Many grieved for themselves, but there was patriotism in their hearts, and all trembled for their king and country.

Amidst the general alarm, Scanderbeg alone retained his self-possession. He labored for the safety of the public without partaking of their fear. He relied on his plans, and felt confident of the result. The fortifications of Croia were repaired and improved; all the burdensome inhabitants were removed to the sea coast; provisions were laid in for twelve months, one thousand three hundred men added to the garrison, and Uranaconites appointed governor,—a man every way equal to the important trust. Of all the Epirots capable of bearing arms, Scanderbeg selected only ten thousand, with which small, manageable army, he held the open field, and sent the rest to defend the cities and other unprotected places in his dominions.

Amurath, who, from age and physical infirmity, was obliged to travel slowly, sent on forty thousand horse in advance to besiege Setigrade, on the borders of Macedon, the second city in Epirus, whilst he himself followed with the bulk of his army. The Turks were no sooner encamped before this place than Scanderbeg, by a dashing surprise, cut off two thousand of them, to give them a foretaste of the entertainment they were to expect in Epirus. A few days after, Amurath arrived, and besieged the city with his whole force; but his success appeared to be very doubtful, and his attacks were invariably repulsed with heavy loss. At length, a villain poisoned the fountain that supplied the whole city with water, and obliged the garrison to surrender. Amu-

rath bountifully rewarded the traitor, according to promise, but had him privately made away with a short time after.

The Sultan now prepared for the siege of Croia, fully expecting that the reduction of the capital would be followed by the conquest of the whole kingdom. Croia was situated on an eminence in the plain of Tyranna, accessible only at two points, being every where else defended by impregnable rocks. The numerous hosts of Amurath completely invested the city, and covered the surrounding plains. Scanderbeg lay hidden in the mountains, watching the enemy with the eye of a lynx and the prepared spring of a tiger-cat. The Sultan carefully fortified his camp, and then summoned the place. The governor replied by a defiant refusal. Cannon then opened on the walls and a breach was effected. The assault was given and repulsed, with a loss to the Turks of eight thousand of their bravest Janissaries. During this, Scanderbeg descended from his mountain fastness, entered the trenches, fired the camp in several places, and with dreadful havoc and confusion drove all before him. Amurath and his generals began to despond. His son, Mahomet, alone, who gave early proofs of his savage disposition, drove back the unwilling soldiers to the breach, where they were helplessly slaughtered, and not a few received death from the hand of their cruel prince, for flying to avoid it.

Scanderbeg, who never slept above two hours at a time during the siege, and always armed, with his horse and weapons beside him, gave the Turks no rest by night nor day; but assailing them, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, kept them in continual alarm.

Mahomet, burning with rage, left the trenches with a chosen and numerous body of troops, resolving to force the mountains and engage his enemy there. Scanderbeg, whose intelligence never failed, being informed of this, left five hundred men under an able officer to guard the passage, which they did so effectually, that Mahomet was completely foiled. Scanderbeg, in the meanwhile, marched round to the opposite side of the Turkish camp, where he was least expected, and forcing the trenches, made such a slaughter of the enemy, that their former losses seemed as nothing in comparison. Mahomet, who had no reason to boast of his

trip to the hills, hearing this, returned to oppose Scanderbeg, and save the rest of the camp, being closely pursued by the five hundred Epirots to the very entrance of the trenches. Scanderbeg then retired, having defeated Mahomet's designs, destroyed a vast number of the Turks, and plundered their camp, without the loss of a man on his own side. His name alone, which the Epirots made use of in their attacks to terrify their opponents, as French nurses silenced squalling children by calling out "*Malbrook*," was even sufficient to strike a general panic, and to throw the whole Ottoman army into confusion. Instead of continuing to batter the city, they turned their cannon round on the lines that encompassed their camp to defend themselves. To add to their difficulties, provisions began to fail them. Amurath obtained, by means of profuse payment, supplies from Desia, a city of the Venetians; but Scanderbeg intercepted their convoy, and carried it in triumph to his own camp. Amurath next attempted to undermine the rock upon which Croia was founded, but the effort proved futile. He then tried to corrupt the Governor, and to raise a mutiny in the city by lavish bribes; but being disappointed, finally offered peace, on condition of receiving only a small yearly tribute, to save his honor. Scanderbeg resolutely refused. Then the Sultan gave way to despair, tore his white beard, and cursed his destiny, that had reserved for his old age this shameful discomfiture. He boasted of his former glory, counted over the battles he had fought, the victories he had won, and aggravated his present miseries by the memory of his past triumphs. Finding his end approach, he summoned his son and chief officers, to whom he complained bitterly, and with many tears, of his hard fortune, in being compelled to die thus in an obscure country, and in the sight of his enemies. He conjured Mahomet to revenge his death, became speechless, struggled for some time in extreme agony, and so expired. The siege of Croia, which had lasted for six months, was raised at once. Mahomet, with his dejected army, took the shortest road out of Epirus; but Scanderbeg hung on their rear, and reduced them to a grievous plight before they entered their new master's dominions. Then the Epirots, with swelling hearts, poured forth thanksgiving to the bestower of victory, sang their king's

praises with loud hosannas, and exchanged mutual congratulations, more easily conceived than described.

Scanderbeg now, for the first time, found leisure to think of domestic enjoyments. To the great delight of his subjects, he married the daughter of Arantes Conino, Prince of Durazzo, a beautiful and accomplished lady. Then, with his queen, he visited every part of his kingdom, to comfort and gladden the hearts of his people, who hailed him with enthusiasm almost approaching to idolatry. In their progress, as at all other times, he administered justice with mercy. Dr. Johnson has said of England under her great Saxon monarch:

"A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,  
Could half the nation's criminals contain;  
Fair justice then, without restraint ador'd,  
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword.

So it might have been said of Epirus under the paternal rule of Scanderbeg. Except when foreign enemies vexed the country, persons loaded with gold might have traveled from one end to the other without being molested. Try the mountains of Albania now without an escort, and the difference will be painfully apparent. So far was this great sovereign from levying oppressive taxes or imposts on his subjects, that it became a proverb amongst the neighboring princes, that "the Turk's dominions are Scanderbeg's revenues."

Mahomet the Second, who succeeded his father, sometimes called the Great, (so is Herod,) was a very victorious, but a very impious prince. His mother, the daughter of the despot of Servia, was a Christian, which made some think he would favor her religion; but he professed Mahometanism, and in his heart contemned both. Ambition was his god, and he indicated his faith by his practice. He overthrew the two empires of Constantinople and Trebizond, twelve kingdoms, and five hundred cities. But this mighty conqueror, during the life of Scanderbeg, could never subdue Epirus, nor any portion of it. He was even unable to retain Setigrade, which was rescued from the Turks soon after the death of Amurath. And yet his efforts and his power were continually directed to the destruction of Scanderbeg. He made war on him without ceasing. He tried flattery as well as

force; invited him to his court under pretense of love and personal admiration, and a desire to renew their former acquaintance. He twice invaded Epirus at the head of twenty thousand men, and both times sustained ignominious defeats. He even descended to the meanness of hiring traitors to assassinate the man he could not subdue; and to the eternal infamy of their employer, these miscreants were discovered and justly punished.

If any thing can be more wonderful than the actions of Scanderbeg, it is that he should be preserved amidst the endless dangers to which his own courage and the machinations of his enemies exposed him, to die peacefully in his bed. The fee-simple of his life for forty years was scarcely worth a minute's purchase, as a commercial speculation. Being with his wife and son at Lyssa, he was attacked by a violent fever, and apprehending it to be mortal, he recommended to the princess, his confidants, and the Venetian ambassador, unanimity, and the care of his son, who was then in his minority; and to whom he gave much excellent advice. Above all things, he charged him so to rule as to be loved rather than feared by his subjects, whose fidelity to himself he praised, and for whom he expressed the greatest affection.

While Scanderbeg was thus setting his house in order, and preparing for death with the piety of a Christian, and the resolution of a hero, news was brought that the Turks had invaded the dominions of Venice. Upon which, dying as he was, he rose, and called for his horse and his armor; but the strength of his body not answering the vigor of his mind, he fainted, and was, by his weeping attendants carried again to his bed. Recovering his speech, he bade his officers hasten to the assistance of his allies, and tell the Turks, "he was detained for the present at Lyssa, but that he would be with them tomorrow." These words, spoken in his weakness, before he recovered the perfect use of his reason, being reported by his officers, reached the Turkish camp that evening, and spread such terror, that expecting every moment to be attacked, the whole army remained all night under arms, and at the approach of day fled to the mountains of Scutari, as if Scanderbeg had been indeed at their heels, where the greater part of them perished miserably from want of food.

While the Turks were flying, and none pursued, Scanderbeg died. This irreparable loss to his kingdom and Christian confederates occurred on the seventeenth of January, 1467, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was interred with much magnificence in the cathedral church of St. Nicholas at Lyssa. Nine years after the city was taken by the Turks, who though they hated and feared him living, with much reverence took up his bones, and divided them in small pieces. After each had set his portion in silver or gold, and adorned these relics with jewels according to their fancy or ability, they wore them as amulets, or sacred charms, against cowardice or ill-fortune.

Scanderbeg had a fair complexion, regular features, and a majestic countenance. His face was perfectly handsome, without softness or effeminacy, as was sometimes remarked of the beauty of Edward IV. His stature was lofty, he was proportionably large and exquisitely well made. His constitution, naturally good, was so hardened by temperance and exercise, that he could bear extreme vicissitudes of heat and cold without inconvenience. His strength was wonderful. Of this several authors have recorded surprising instances; such as his cutting two men asunder with a single stroke of his cimeter, his cleaving another at one blow from head to chine, his piercing through head-pieces of iron, his dispatching a wild boar at one thrust, and decapitating a wild and fierce buffalo at another. Mahomet II. hearing of these and other achievements, desired to see Scanderbeg's sword, imagining there must be something very extraordinary in it; but finding it like others, complained that the Prince of Epirus had deceived him in sending him word that "he was ready at any time to convince him of the superiority of his weapon, but then it must be in his own hand, which he could not yet spare from the defence of himself and his country."

Scanderbeg's mind was so pure, his genius and virtue so visible, not only in the general course, but in almost every minute action of his life, that it is merely repetition to say he was pious, wise, liberal, just, and clement, courteous, not soon offended, and easily appeased. A striking instance of his forgiving temper is contained in the following fact. His kinsman, Amasie, who had betrayed his counsels, and joined the

public enemy, returned after some time, with a halter round his neck, and threw himself at his feet. Scanderbeg not only raised him from the ground, and embraced him affectionately, but restored him to his former command and confidence. That his judgment was mature in youth, without practical experience, we gather from his conduct under Amurath, and his skillful recovery of his native dominions. And that time did not abate the ardor of his courage, we have unanswerable proofs from his demeanor in his last moments.

It is asserted by the evidence of many who served under him, that in his various wars three thousand Turks fell by his own hand; and it is certain, that his troops were never defeated in any battle where he commanded in person. His word to his soldiers was not *go on*, but *follow me*. In battle, his physical exertions were so great, that blood sometimes was seen to ooze from his mouth and other parts of his face. He was never known to retreat from a single adversary but once, and that in the following manner: Giving some orders to his army, a private soldier, with more petulance than premeditated insubordination, contradicted him. Scanderbeg drew his sabre to cut him down; upon which the mutineer clapped spurs to his horse, and rode away at full speed, and the king after him, till they came to the brink of a river. Then the soldier turned round, and drawing in his reins, told Scanderbeg "he was deeply grieved to oppose his prince, but nature bade him defend his life." This respectful but resolute demeanor, so charmed Scanderbeg, that he sheathed his own sword, and told the soldier, "he had much rather have such a man for his friend than enemy."

This model for sovereigns was neither rendered vain by good fortune, nor dispirited by adversity. He had no personal ambition, no avarice, no luxurious appetites. His passions and propensities were held in systematic control. He fought not for power, but for liberty. He spoiled his enemies to humble them, and to procure subsistence for his own people, not to enrich himself. When circumstances permitted he kept a sumptuous table for his officers and friends; but on all occasions he himself ate but once a day, and that sparingly. He never slept more than five hours in the twenty-four, and when in the field would satisfy himself with two. His soldiers were richly habited,

but their king generally very plain in attire. His horses and arms, however, were of the first quality; and on occasions of ceremony he would appear dressed and attended with the utmost magnificence. In fine, as a king, a soldier, and a Christ-

ian man, living in an age and country when the hand alone could keep the head, his character commands equal admiration and esteem, and approaches as nearly to perfection as the weakness of humanity allows us to suppose possible.

From the British Review.

## ON THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.\*

FROM the monad to man, the transition is easy and natural, according to the summary developmental hypotheses so popular in the present day; but "Whence comes the monad?" is a question liable to prove a stumbling-block to the theorists. Given your elementary organic atoms or globules—and what is more easy than to "select" and sort these, until you get the biggest and strongest—from which to make mollusca? Having got thus far, you need only by degrees introduce vertebræ, and sundry organs and appendages, varying strictly according to the habits and requirements of the creature, and you naturally and inevitably arrive at the higher animals, and *lastly* (so far as we are *yet* taught) at man himself! The process, although long, is simple in the extreme, judging from the recent revelations; and has this great merit, that it requires no officious interference of a First Cause; all these wonderful results being due to the unalterable operations of the "laws of nature." These *laws* being manifestly sufficient, how unscientific it is to ask for, or introduce, a Creator! *Nec Deus interit*; and so complete and self-sustained is the whole system, (to believe its expounders,) that he would

almost appear unnecessarily captious who, albeit quite unconvinced by the arguments, should yet for once concede the whole theory of development by law from one primary organic atom, and merely ask who gave the law, and who made this wonderful atom, with its receptivity, its varied adaptability, and its unlimited capacity for development? Yet, until these questions are satisfactorily answered, no "natural selection," no "struggle for existence," will enable us to exclude the Creator from His works.

It is evident that a question of this urgency, whether considered as bearing upon abstract science or upon natural theology, cannot be allowed by the developmentarians to rest there. The monad, the primary organic germ, must be accounted for; and it must be shown to be evolved from brute inorganic matter by the operation of natural laws, which laws are positive and invariable, or his carefully constructed pantheistic system will tumble to pieces, like a child's tower of cards, when the foundation is touched. Hence have arisen the various attempts that have been from time to time made, to show that an organic cell might originate from the ordinary juxtaposition of its elements, in the same manner as a crystal is formed; and under the influence of forces, only differing from those that preside over the latter process, chemical attraction, galvanism, etc., in complexity of operation, but not at all in nature; and that the lowest forms of animal and vegetable life were nothing more than

\* *Hétérogénie : ou, Traité de la Génération Spontanée.* Par F. A. POUCHET, Correspondant de l'Institut, etc., etc. Paris. 1859.

*Spontaneous Generation:* From the "Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology." By ALLEN THOMSON, M.D.

*Organisation, Systematische und Geographische Verhältnisse der Infusionsthierehen.* By M. ECKENBERG. Berlin. 1836.

primary organic cells. The first work, the title of which is placed at the head of this paper, is by far the most complete and scientific exposition of this opinion that has yet appeared. The author is a savant of great eminence, and if we may trust the accuracy of his investigations, he appears to have pushed his analysis of phenomena to the uttermost, and also to have proved his case. It is true that the position with which he sets out does not involve all the consequences above mentioned. He does not formally state that organic matter and life can be directly produced from inorganic matter; on the contrary, he distinctly avers, that although living beings may and do constantly appear in certain places, without the pre-existence of any germ or any similar organism—as a new creation, in fact, under definite natural laws—yet organic matter in some form is presupposed or postulated. But in the course of the argument, as we shall see, facts are adduced which show that this is by no means necessary; and so we are compelled to conclude either that the theory is more comprehensive than its first formal enunciation, or that it is overproved, and its postulates utterly nugatory.\* But facts first, and their consequences afterwards.

Wherever in nature, air, earth and water meet, there is a development of life; wherever nutriment is to be got, there is or will be in very brief space of time, abundance of creatures to be nourished thereby; there is nothing so intrusive as life. Countless myriads of minute creatures, for the most part far too small to be detected without powerful microscopes, are observed to swarm in every locality where, whether by nature or artificial means, the appropriate pabulum for their sustenance is provided, and fit conditions for their development afforded. If we examine a drop of water from a stagnant pool, by the aid of the microscope, we find it teeming with forms of life, all wonderful, many strikingly beautiful, and abounding with interest as to their habits and general phenomena. In like manner, a drop of water in which any animal or vegetable matter has been infused, or has decayed, is found to be similarly tenanted; and these may be

produced at will; hence they have been called infusoria. As to the almost infinitely small size of the simplest of these first-born of Fauna, and their countless multitudes, we may accumulate figure upon figure, without the mind being thereby enabled to form any adequate conception of either. Professor Owen calculates that of the *Monas Crepusculus* (Ehr.) one drop of water may contain five hundred millions of individuals. We may say that in some localities there are miles of strata, each cubic inch of which contains the remains of forty-one thousand millions of individuals of the *Gaillonella Distans*; but the mind grasps nothing of such sums as these; they are simply incomprehensible.

Minute as are these creatures, it may be questioned whether we have as yet more than a very dim and dawning appreciation of their aggregate importance in the economy of nature. Their distribution and diffusion, both in time and in space, speak loudly of a vast and perpetual purpose and function to be fulfilled, of whatever nature these may be. From pole to pole, and around the entire circumference of the globe, they are found in numberless swarms; and every geological record tells that there has never been a period in the history of our planet since life appeared, when these organisms were not present. Probably in this form it was that organic life first appeared; and whilst the larger tribes of animals have many times been swept away, it can not be without interest to remark that amongst the Infusoria which now exist, many "had their specific or their generic types at the very dawn of organization."\* The wonders of their works, and the incalculable vastness of their catacombs, may be found related in all modern geological works. As to their general functions, let us hear Professor Owen:

"And now you may be disposed to ask:—To what end is this discourse on the anatomy of beings too minute for ordinary vision, and of whose very existence we should be ignorant, unless it were revealed to us by a powerful microscope? What part in nature can such apparently insignificant animalcules play, that can in any way interest us in their organization, or repay us for the pains of acquiring a knowledge of it? I shall endeavor briefly to answer these questions.

"The Polygastric Infusoria, notwithstanding their minuteness, take a great share in import-

\* We allude to such facts as related to proto-organisms being developed in distilled water, to which no air has had access, and many others to be more particularly mentioned afterwards.

\* Pritchard's *Infusorial Animalcules*, p. 68.

ant offices of the economy of nature, on which our own well-being more or less immediately depends.

"Consider their incredible numbers, their universal distribution, their insatiable voracity; and that it is the particles of decaying vegetable and animal bodies which they are appointed to devour and assimilate. Surely we must in some degree be indebted to those ever-active invisible scavengers for the salubrity of our atmosphere. Nor is this all; they perform a still more important office, in preventing the gradual diminution of the present amount of organized matter upon the earth. For when this matter is dissolved or suspended in water, in that state of comminution and decay which immediately precedes its final decomposition into the elementary gases, and its consequent return from the organic to the inorganic world, these wakeful members of nature's invisible police are every where ready to arrest the fugitive organized particles, and turn them back into the ascending stream of animal life. Having converted the dead and decomposing particles into their own living tissues, they themselves become the food of larger Infusoria, as the Rotifera, and of numerous other small animals, which in their turn are devoured by larger animals, as fishes; and thus a pabulum, fit for the nourishment of the highest organized beings, is brought back by a short route, from the extremity of the realms of organic matter." \*

But it is not with the universal history of these creatures that we are now concerned, interesting as this is from their minute individual, but mighty aggregate power; but with their original production and re-production. Here has to be fought the great physiological battle of life—here has to be decided the question, Are the protozoa the first feeble tentative efforts of brute matter to form life; or, are they the marks of a creative hand, of a First Cause, as opposed to the ordinary operations of secondary causation? And here, if ever the mystery can be demonstratively solved,† must it be ascertained whether life is a great and special gift, or merely a somewhat complex arrangement of forces, chemical, galvanic, and other.

Whilst the ordinary mode of re-production involves a regular affiliation from parent to offspring, some circumstances connected with the production of these protozoa have induced many physiologists

to believe that they were exempt from this necessity, and that they were developed almost in the same manner as minerals, from the aggregation of their component particles, independently of the previous existence of any similar body; with this only difference, that in this case the particles are organic; some going so far as to assert that the organic matter itself was formed by the action of the same chemical laws as an inorganic crystal. In support of this view, it is alleged that proto-organisms appear in immense multitudes wherever food is provided for them, even when the greatest care is taken to destroy and exclude every possible germ or egg. Their rapid appearance, and that where it would appear almost impossible that ova or germs should penetrate, and certain phenomena connected with the entozoa, certainly afford some ground for suspicion that organic matter in a dissolved or minutely divided state may assume forms of life different from that which it originally represented; hence the term "Hétérogénie." The counter-allegations are, that in all cases a living being pre-supposes a parent like itself; that organic matter is invariably due to the pre-existence of an organism; that once disintegrated, it is incapable of life again, except through the instrumentality of another organism; that all the phenomena connected with the development of infusoria, mould, fungi, and entozoa, are explicable on the hypothesis of pre-existing germs; which germs or ova are known to exist sometimes in countless myriads in the atmosphere; and, finally, that wherever experiments have appeared to prove the spontaneous production of organisms or organic matter, it has depended upon the imperfection of the means used to destroy and exclude these germs.

The history of opinion on this point is not without interest. Spontaneous generation of animal and vegetable life was almost a dogma for the ancients. *Corruptio unius est generatio alterius* was almost considered a fundamental truth.\* All those animals whose generation was not apparent, were popularly supposed to be formed from the elements of the bodies amid which they appeared, by heat, air, and moisture. Some attributed to the earth the formation of serpents,

\* Prof. Owen's *Lectures on the Invertebrata*, p. 27.

† If it be ever permitted to man to penetrate the mystery which enshrouds the origin of organic force in the wide-spread mud-beds of fresh and salt waters, it will be most probably by experiment and observation on the atoms which manifest the simplest conditions of life.—Owen's *Palæontology*, p. 17.

\* Pouchet, *Hétérogénie*, p. 11.



rats, and moles; to marshes that of frogs, eels, etc.; whilst almost all agreed in considering that the innumerable legions of insects which prey upon decaying animal and vegetable matters, were formed by the process of putrefaction itself; and this belief was held by most writers up to the sixteenth century.\* Aristotle thought that in the beginning all things were created by the Divine will, but that some animals sprung up spontaneously, nevertheless. According to this philosopher, "every dry substance which becomes moist, and every moist substance which becomes dry, produces animals, provided it be capable of nourishing them."†

The ancient poets probably expressed as much the vague convictions of the age as their own belief, when they treated of the earth and seas bringing forth life spontaneously. Lucretius thus alludes to the subject:—

"Nonne vides quæcumque morâ, fluidoque  
liquore  
Corpora tabuerient, in parva animalia verti?"‡

And Virgil,—

"Cætera diversis tellus animalia formis  
Sponte sua peperit . . . §

In short, none of the ancient or mediæval writers appear to have entertained any doubt on the matter; but we know now how unfounded were most of their speculations on science.

The discovery of the microscope marked an important epoch as regards this doctrine. The first observers, astonished by the legions of animated atoms that appeared to them like a new world, and seeing in them only moving points of jelly, could only account for it by supposing that the very elements of matter had become animated, and so they became warm supporters of the theory of spontaneous generation. By degrees, however, as the instruments employed became more and more perfect, complicated structure and advanced organization seemed loudly to appeal against this primitive view; and from this time it has been to the microscope that both parties have applied for proofs and refutations of the adverse doctrines.

An Italian writer and experimentalist, Redi, may lay claim to having been the first to institute a serious practical opposition to the views in question. He first showed that those insects which had hitherto been believed to be generated spontaneously in or upon putrefying flesh, were produced in a manner in no wise different from other creatures. Having covered the meat with gauze, he found that no maggots appeared on the surface, but that their parents, the flies, hovered perpetually around, and deposited their eggs on the surface of the gauze, at those points nearest to the meat. An experiment simple enough, yet one well worthy of notice, as it for the time reversed the notions of almost the entire scientific world. It shows, also, how completely experimental philosophy was in its infancy, and how its place was supplied by conjecture and dialecticism. Since the days of Redi numberless investigations have been made, and rewarded by the discovery of the regular laws which govern apparently (till then) lawless or exceptional phenomena; and although many instances of development are still obscure and uncomprehended, yet we almost daily receive so many proofs of the possibility of natural propagation in unexpected and almost incredible ways, that we can no longer feel justified in concluding that any given organism has had no parent, simply from the fact that none is evident at the first view.

The compound microscope of the eighteenth century increased greatly the facilities for these investigations; and it was during this epoch that Spallanzani dealt such fatal blows to the hypothesis of heterogenesis. Nothing daunted, however, the supporters of the theory adduced ever-fresh arguments and proofs; and we by-and-by find O. F. Müller, without doubt the first microscopist of his age, giving in his adhesion, and stating that the infusoria are unquestionably produced by spontaneous generation, and also "*ex moleculis brutis, et quoad sensum nostrum inorganicis.*" He conceived that "animals and vegetables decompose into organic particles endowed with a certain degree of vitality, and constituting animalculæ of a simple kind, which are susceptible of development by the addition of other particles, or of themselves aiding the development of some other animal, to become again free afterwards, and recommence this endless cycle of transmutations;" a

\* Pouchet, *Hétérogenie*, p. 11.

† *History of Animals.* ‡ *De Rerum Naturâ.*  
§ *Metamorphoses.*

theory not very dissimilar to that which we shall find to be held by M. Pouchet.

Lamarck, Cuvier, Cabanis, and Bory St. Vincent appear all, more or less, to have been supporters of spontaneous generation; Oken also, whose views we shall notice in his own words, as indicating the results and tendencies of these development theories:

"884.\* Galvanism is the principle of life. There is no other vital force than the galvanic polarity.

"885. Organism is galvanism residing in a thoroughly homogeneous mass. . . . A galvanic pile, pounded into atoms, must become alive. In this manner nature brings forth organic bodies."

"897. The fundamental matter of the organic world is the carbon.

"898. Now, carbon mixed identically with water and air is *mucus*."

"900. Every organic has issued out of mucus, is naught but mucus under different forms.

"901. The primary mucus out of which every thing organic has been created is the sea-mucus.

"902. Mucus belongs originally and essentially to the sea, and has not been mixed with the latter through the dissolution in it of putrefying substances."

"904. The sea-mucus was originally generated through the influence of light.

"905. Light shines upon the water, and it is salted. Light shines upon the salted sea, and it lives.

"906. All life is from the sea, none from the continent."

"912. The first organic forms, whether plants or animals, emerged from the shallow parts of the sea.

"913. Man also is a child of the warm and shallow parts of the sea, in the neighborhood of the land."

"936. Every where, where the three elements (air, earth, and water) coöperate, are infusoria present."

"939. Plants and animals can only be metamorphoses of infusoria.

"940. Every plant, every animal is converted by maceration into a mucus mass; this putrefies, and the moisture is stocked with infusoria.

"941. Putrefaction is nothing else than a division of organisms into infusoria, a reduction of the higher to the primary life."

Perhaps some of our readers may be surprised to learn that these are not the ravings of a distempered brain, but the lucubrations of one of the most profoundly learned leaders of the modern German

transcendental school of philosophy. We quote the passages, as affording a fair exposition of what creation would be on the theory of the developmentarians and heterogenists; and also as giving a reason why such theories should be opposed at every step. It might appear to be a matter of no moment whether an infinitely minute animalcule came into being by the casual juxtaposition of its elements, or otherwise; but when the consequences of so apparently trifling an admission are investigated, they are serious enough to warrant us in well examining every fact that can bear upon it.

To return:—no more serious blow was ever struck at this doctrine of spontaneous gemmation than by Ehrenberg, who discovered the true mode of propagation of the infusoria by *ova* proper, by buds or gemmation, and by spontaneous fission. He discovered also the real germs of fungi and mould, and proved that from these new mould and fungi could be raised; rendering it probable that all that unexpectedly appeared were due to germs afloat in the atmosphere. For it was shown that thousands of millions of these germs may float about, and even when closely aggregated, look only like a puff of thin smoke, so minute are they. The ova of the infusoria and rotifera also may dry by countless millions, and be floated about amongst the fine dust from the bed of dried-up ponds or pools; and considering their inconceivable numbers, it is difficult to suppose that the atmosphere can ever be free from them. But, notwithstanding all this, there are still physiologists of great eminence—amongst others our countryman Dr. Allen Thomson—who believe that, although the ordinary mode of propagation and origin of the infusoria is by ova, yet that they, as well as some of the Entozoa, occasionally appear by spontaneous generation.

By way of more systematically examining this doctrine, we propose to give an abstract of M. Pouchet's views, arguments, and experiments, as concisely as the nature of the subject will admit, and afterwards test the credibility of the testimony. In the outset, he announces that his doctrine has no analogy with that of the atomistic philosophers of antiquity; for, whilst they supposed that the entire animal was the result of the fortuitous concourse of atoms, he believes that the plastic force only produces ovules, which

\* The figures refer to the sections as numbered in the translation of Oken's *Physio-philosophy*, published by the Ray Society.

afterwards undergo all the stages of development observed in normal generation. He then proceeds:

\* Heterogenesis is only manifested *ordinarily* when three elements meet—air, water, and a decomposing or decomposable substance. Heat, light, and electricity have an influence over this remarkable phenomenon. The decomposing substance plays the most important part in the production of spontaneous organisms; it may, however, though rarely, be wanting. Air is indispensable for the production of heterogenesis; if the quantity is too small, no organism appears, or they are of the most elementary order, and soon die. Oxygen has, however, been substituted with success for atmospheric air.

Water is the most indispensable agent in the process; if it be wanting, there is no production of life.

The same substances, exposed to diverse influences, produce animals and plants absolutely different. Substances absolutely analogous often produce different organisms, although placed in identical conditions. Thus, pieces of human crania, of different historic epochs, have produced animalcules and plants quite different.

The existence of spontaneous generation is demonstrated by proving in succession that no one of the three elements contains, or can contain, organic germs.

"The solid body is so little likely to be the vehicle of germs (or ova,) that it may be heated to a high temperature, or even carbonized, without the production of organisms being thereby prevented. Water is not the medium whereby the germs are introduced, since our experiments have shown that various plants and animals have been produced in artificial water, and other experimenters have proved the same fact. Neither can atmospheric air be considered as containing these germs, for in our experiments we have seen organisms produced in other gases."

Since, then, by way of exclusion, it appears that these germs or ova reside neither in the air, the water, or the solid body, in follows that the organisms appear spontaneously under the simultaneous influence of all the three. We pause here for a moment in our abstract to notice, that our author appears, singularly enough, to have overlooked what is, at all

events, a logical possibility—namely, that there may be germs in all three elements; and that whilst his efforts are in each individual case directed to the proof of their non-existence in one, those in the other two may perhaps be developed. Thus, supposing him to have carbonized A, there may have been germs in B and C, which are not destroyed nor excluded. Supposing him to have boiled, distilled, or artificially formed B, still A and C are to be accounted for; and so on for all the possible combinations. There is no one of his experiments that would answer this allegation fully, even supposing them all to be as practically accurate as they profess to be theoretically complete.

The air (continues M. Pouchet) has been the last refuge of the panspermists.\* Not being able rationally to confide the part of disseminator-general to the water or the solid body, the atmosphere, which will better bend to the caprices of the imagination, has been considered by them as the universal receptacle of the germs. Reason and experience alike overturn this supposition.

"If the air contained all the spores and eggs indispensable to explain the organisms which we see incessantly appearing every where and in every thing, it would be absolutely and uselessly encumbered thereby. By direct experiment we have also proved that such germs only exist in the air accidentally, and in insignificant quantity."

We would again point out a palpable error here. Considering the amazing numbers of spores or cells at least which are known to be continually entering the atmosphere in the form of impalpable dust, as from some of the fungi, it is evident that, if some considerable number of organic germs be not found, the means of investigation are insufficient. It is, however, further stated that the amount of organisms produced is by no means in any proportion to the volume of air which is in contact with, or is forced through the liquid; and that artificial air, or even oxygen gas, will suffice to produce animalcules.

So far M. Pouchet considers it proved how these beings are *not* formed. We will for the present defer his account of their positive production, as observed by

\* Those who believe in a universal distribution of germs or ova throughout the atmosphere, only waiting to meet with a proper medium for development.

\* In abstract only

himself and others, to examine the validity of the argument so far as it has gone.

The question stands thus:—Suppose it to be an animal or a vegetable infusion that is exposed to the atmosphere; in a few hours, or perhaps days, the liquid is found to be swarming with life; at first with forms of an extremely minute and elementary order, as the *Monads*; but afterwards with creatures of larger size and and comparatively complex organization.

*Whence do they come?* M. Pouchet and the heterogenists say that they are formed directly from the disintegrated organic matter; and that, when the first generations die, their corpses form a sort of ovarian stroma, in which are formed ova, which are developed into animalculæ of higher type; a true "development" theory, which is more extensively applied in the sequel. The majority of physiologists of eminence answer the question in a manner more in accordance with the known and recognized order of nature. They say that myriads of organic germs are every where diffused throughout the atmosphere in a desiccated state ready for development, wherever the appropriate medium is found;\* that these fall into the fluid, are expanded, and vivified, and fed, and produce animalculæ, which multiply so rapidly by various processes, that from one or two germs countless multitudes may appear in a few days.

The point of contest is evidently the existence of these germs and their sufficiency to account for all the phenomena, both which are denied by M. Pouchet. He has examined microscopically the air, and accumulations of ancient dust, which he considers to be the natural analysis of

the solid parts of the atmosphere, and he has only very rarely found ova amongst it, by no means sufficient to account for the great numbers of organisms which are met with in all macerations; for he totally discredits the rapid multiplication by spontaneous fission mentioned by authors. He, therefore, ingeniously calculates that were the atmosphere the source of the germs, each cubic millimeter (*i. e.*, about one twenty-fifth of an inch) must contain six billion two hundred and fifty million ova; and then, he adds, the air in which we live would have almost the density of iron. Upon one point all observers are agreed, and as it is almost the only point of the kind, it is satisfactory to notice it, that when air is strictly excluded, no life appears. A film of oil spread over the fluid completely prevents the development of any organism. But this proves nothing, except that air is necessary, not only for the preservation, but for the development of life in any form; its absence also prevents that putrefactive or catalytic action which is essential as an initial measure.

After this we have argument and counter-argument, the weight of which must be altogether estimated by the authority of the investigator. M. Schultze performed a series of experiments which have long been thought to set the question of spontaneous generation at rest, and to prove that where due precautions were adopted to destroy any preëxisting ova in the materials used, and to prevent the access of any germs by means of the air supplied, no organisms were ever produced. He filled a flask half full of distilled water, in which he mixed various animal and vegetable substances. The whole apparatus was then boiled for some time, so as completely to destroy any remains of actual life, and a contrivance was adapted to the neck, by means of which air could be supplied to the infusion freely, the air having previously passed through concentrated sulphuric acid. This whole apparatus was exposed to summer light and heat, and the air renewed several times a day, from the 28th of May to the beginning of August, without any evidence of life appearing, although observations were constantly made on the edge of the liquid. And when, finally, the different parts of the apparatus were separated, there was not to be found in the whole liquid the slightest trace of in-

\* Of this dormant vitality we have innumerable instances on a large scale; we can but quote one or two. "There is a lycopodium inhabiting Peru, which, when dried up for want of moisture, folds its leaves and contracts into a ball, and in this state, apparently quite devoid of animation, it is blown hither and thither along the ground by the wind. As soon, however, as it reaches a moist situation, it sends down its roots into the soil, and unfolds to the atmosphere its leaves, which, from a dingy brown, speedily change to the bright green of active vegetation. The *Anastatica* (Rose of Jericho) is the subject of similar transformations; contracting into a ball when dried up by the burning sun and parching air; being detached by the wind from the spot where its slender roots had fixed it, and rolled over the plain to indefinite distances; and then, when exposed to moisture, unfolding its leaves, and opening its rose-like flower, as if roused from sleep."—Carpenter's *General and Comparative Physiology*, 3d edit. p. 41.

fusoria, of confervæ, or of mould. But all three presented themselves in great abundance a few days after the flask was left open. A vessel containing the same boiled infusion, left open to the air by the side of the former, was found on the following day to contain vibriones and monads, to which were soon added some larger polygastric infusoria, and afterwards rotifera. M. Schwann varied this experiment by supplying to the infusion only air that had passed through tubes heated to redness, with the same negative result.

M. Pouchet has a double answer to these apparently conclusive researches; he denies the facts, and discredits their significance if true. He denies the facts, stating that he has repeated both experiments with fourfold precautions against error, and in no instance has failed to perceive the formation of animalculæ. He also states that, if these oft-quoted experiments of MM. Schultz and Schwann prove any thing, it is only that air that has been calcined or has passed through concentrated sulphuric acid is not adapted to produce that fermentative or catalytic action and decomposition without which no formation of life can be initiated. His proceedings, as described, certainly appear theoretically to be very near perfection, and to promise unimpeachable accuracy of result, but the possible sources of error are innumerable. "Although (says Müller\*) some experimenters should have employed organic substances, long boiled, with distilled water and artificially prepared air at the same time, still the accuracy necessary for a sure result is neither probable nor generally possible, since every instrument used for changing the water ought to be absolutely free from particles of organic matter, and every cleansing is a source of errors. Even the use of perfectly pure distilled water can scarcely be presupposed, for water distilled five times may still contain organic particles."

Another point, in reference to which there is complete opposition of opinion between M. Pouchet and the panspermists, is that of the rapid multiplication of these protozoa. Observers generally, and M. Ehrenberg in particular, have described the infusoria as increasing in three ways—(1) by ordinary ova, in great numbers;

(2) by gemmation, the formation and detachment of buds; and (3) by spontaneous fission, or division of a parent animal into two or more others, each perfect. By means of these varied modes of multiplication, the progeny from one or two parents becomes, in a very few days, quite uncountable. Perhaps the increase by spontaneous fission deserves most of our attention, so rapid is it. "A single wheel-animalcule which was watched for eighteen days, and which lives still longer, is capable of a fourfold increase in twenty-four or thirty hours. This rate of increase affords, in ten days, a million of beings. This, in some measure, explains the extraordinary number of infusoria in a drop of water."\* Professor Owen remarks that, "to the first great law imposed on created beings, 'increase and multiply,' none pay more active obedience than the infusorial animalcules."† He then proceeds:—

"Attempts have been made to calculate approximately this rate of increase.

"On the 14th of November, Ehrenberg divided a *Paramacium aurelia*, a polygastric animalcule measuring one-twelfth of a line in length, into four parts, which he placed in four separate glasses.

"On the 17th, the glasses numbered 1 and 4, each contained an isolated *Paramacium*, swimming actively about. The pieces in numbers 2 and 3 had disappeared. On the 18th there was no change.

"On the 19th, each animalcule presented a constriction across the middle of the body.

"On the 20th, No. 1 had propagated five individuals by transverse spontaneous division; in No. 4, eight individuals had in like manner been generated. On the 21st, no change had taken place.

"On the 22d, there were six nearly equal-sized individuals in No. 1, and eighteen individuals in No. 4.

"On the 23d, the individuals were too numerous to be counted.

"A similar experiment on a *Stylonichia mytilus*, an animalcule one-tenth of a line in length, was attended with nearly the same results; it was supplied with the green nutrient matter, consisting of the *Monas pulvisculus*, and on the 5th day the individuals generated by successive divisions were too numerous to be counted."

Some writers give much more wonderful accounts of the prodigious fertility of these creatures. Thus Pritchard states that "a creature, invisible to the naked eye, can, in the space of four days, give

\* *Elements of Physiology*, vol. i. p. 14. Dr. Baly's translation.

\* *Müller's Physiology*, vol. i. p. 15.

† *Lectures on the Invertebrata*, p. 26.

origin to no less than one hundred and forty billions of beings."\* As no authority is added, nor any calculations given upon which the statement is based, it must be taken with a grain of discount probably.

It might seem strange that these minute creatures should be provided with so many forms of the reproductive energy, any one of which would appear amply sufficient to more than stock the world in brief space. Why, it may be asked, if millions can be developed by spontaneous fission from one individual in a few days, should there be an elaborate provision, as is manifest in many instances, for the more ordinary, and still rapid, mode of propagation by ova? This fact would appear to afford an additional proof, were any required, of the importance of the functions which these elementary atoms are destined to exercise in nature's economy, and the varied precautions that have been adopted to prevent the extinction of the different species. The fissiparous mode of increase is amply and more than sufficient to keep stocked any locality in which they may exist. But their favorite habitat is in pools and collections of stagnant water, which are very liable to be dried up by the summer heats; and it is extremely probable that the development of fertile ova is a provision for the continuance of the species under these apparently inauspicious conditions. The animalcules themselves may be dried up, and afterwards revived by moisture; in this dried state they may also be blown about by the wind; but the ova, much smaller, and naturally of a lower vitality than the adult, are much more adapted for preservation under such circumstances, and are more freely blown about and conveyed as impalpable and invisible dust to other, even the most (apparently) unlikely situations; where, meeting—like the rose of Jericho already mentioned—with moisture to expand them, and the appropriate food for their nourishment, they are individually developed, and rapidly become the parents each of a countless progeny.

"The act of oviparous generation,' the sending forth of countless ova through the fatal laceration † or dissolution of the parent's body, is most commonly observed in the well-fed *Po-*

*lygastria*, which crowd together as their little ocean evaporates; and thus each leaves, by the last act of its life, the means of perpetuating and diffusing its species by thousands of fertile germs. When the once thickly-tenanted pool is dried up, and its bottom converted into a layer of dust, these inconceivably minute and light ova will be raised with the dust by the first puff of wind, diffused through the atmosphere, and may there remain long suspended; forming, perhaps, their share of the particles which we see flickering in the sunbeam, ready to fall into any collection of water, beaten down by every summer shower into the streams or pools which receive, or may be formed by such showers; and, by virtue of their tenacity of life, ready to develop themselves whenever they may find the requisite conditions for their existence."\*

But it is clear that this rapid multiplication, especially by spontaneous fission, will not suit the details of Mr. Pouchet's views; neither will the desiccation and general diffusion of the ova. He, consequently, denies both, almost absolutely and unconditionally. On the first occasion in which the phenomenon of spontaneous fission is alluded to in his work, he quotes Gleichen as saying that, in fifteen years' observations, he had only observed this three times; and adds:—"Après cela que des physiologistes qui n'ont peut-être jamais observé ce phénomène viennent avec assurance parler de scission comme d'un fait normal! Vraiment il y a plus que de la presumption."† In several places, afterwards, he acknowledges ‡ having seen it take place a few times, but considers it entirely exceptional, and very rare. Apparently warming with the denial and the necessity for it, we find him, in a subsequent passage, speaking of spontaneous fission as a "charming romance" only, and doubting that it ever takes place at all—"la génération par scissiparité; ce n'est qu'un charmant roman. Si ella a lieu, *ce dont je doute beaucoup*, ella est si rare, qu'elle constitue plutôt une exception qu'une règle."§ As we advance in the work, the non-existence of this well-known phenomenon is totally discredited; by the time we reach page 399, it is altogether a "romance," without the doubt; at page 402, he has *never* seen it—"n'ayant jamais vu," and finally, at page 455, it is pronounced to be "only an

\* *History of Infusorial Animalcules*, p. 49.

† In most instances the ova escape by the bursting and death of the parent.

\* Owen, *Opus cit.* pp. 81, 82.

† *Hétérogénie*. p. 57. ‡ See pp. 69, 88, 92.

§ *Ibid.* p. 303.

hypothesis without foundation, proposed to explain easily an embarrassing phenomenon, (*i. e.*, the rapid appearance and increase of the protozoa in fluids,) and which has been accepted with enthusiasm because of its strangeness."

Although there is much internal evidence in this work that both the observations and the reasonings must be accepted with much misgiving, there is nothing much more conclusive on the point than this reiterated denial of a phenomenon which can scarcely fail to be observed by any one paying the most ordinary attention to the subject;—a fact undisputed by nearly all writers of modern times. Ehrenberg's account of the minute anatomy of the infusoria has certainly been doubted by some later observers, but we have not heard that his definite observations on their division have been disputed. If our own testimony could be supposed to lend any additional support to a doctrine backed by such authority, we should not hesitate to say that we have not only very frequently observed, from beginning to end, the entire phenomenon; but further, that we have rarely examined any water at all rich in Kolpoda or Paramœcia, or the allied genera of Infusoria, without seeing the process in progress in one, two, or more individuals in the field of view.\*

\* The writer trusts no apology is necessary for introducing in a note some observations of his own which bear upon this contested point, and which have before appeared in another form:—

"It is said that all animals sleep during some part of their existence; it may be so; but in these active creatures I have never seen any indications of rest of any sort. Perpetual, ceaseless motion appears to be their characteristic—generally in pursuit of something to eat; for the organic processes go on very rapidly here. But how is this? Amidst all this life and motion a *leucophrys* suddenly stops short, as though struck by an unseen hand, and remains apparently fastened to the spot: it gives a few half-turns on its axis from one side to the other,—a few convulsive starts as if to escape from the spell—and then quietly submits to its fate. Its time is come—for what? Not for death, as we generally understand it; nor is it this time to be swallowed alive. Observe it carefully for a few minutes, and you will see something eminently suggestive of thought. This animal has an anterior and a posterior extremity, rounded though they both be; it has also what may by courtesy be called a waist, half way between the two, though it is the thickest part of the body. In the position of this waist a constriction appears, as if a fine thread had been cast around the body and gradually tightened. The animal gives a rebellious kick or two during the process; but this constriction goes on until the

But M. Pouchet is singularly incapable of seeing any thing that militates against his pet theory. In accordance with this, the generation by ova, though not entirely denied, is pronounced to be very slow, very unprolific, and totally inadequate to explain the great numbers of animalculæ found after a few hours or days in putrid or decaying matters.\* As might be expected, however, his greatest aversion is manifested against the doctrine of the revival of desiccated organisms; as this, if fully proved, would indicate the extreme probability of the air being amply charged with dried germs, which would be sufficient to explain most of the phenomena in question, without the necessity of any appeal to spontaneous generation. Consequently, he has never seen such a thing take place,† and although in criticising the before-mentioned experiments of M. Schultze, he remarks that his own results must necessarily be more valuable, because they are *positive*, whilst those of M. Schultze are only *negative*; yet in the present instance, and in many others, he considers that what he fails to see is more trustworthy than that which others assert positively they have seen. Dr. Carpenter, speaking of the *Rotifera*, says that "their entire bodies may be waited in a dry state by the air from place to place; and their

animal is nearly nipped in two. There appears at what was the tail end the semblance of a mouth; the whole body struggles violently once more, and lo! two young creatures are the result; arising not by way of ordinary generation, but by spontaneous division into two of the old animal. On their release, they seem to give their tails a triumphant wriggle, and part in opposite directions without further leave-taking. Mr. Gosse speaks of having once seen this process in a *trachelius*, which lasted two hours. I have frequently seen the entire process completed in less than half an hour from the first appearance of constriction.

This mode of increase is very general amongst the infusoria, and a very anti-malthusian process it is. Professor Rymer Jones calculates that a single *paramacium* will produce in a month the inconceivable number of 268,435,456 new beings. There are some species, however, very much more prolific than this, of which I do not see any specimen in our present water. Thus the *Gonium Pectorale* consists apparently of four larger globules and twelve smaller ones; when it is mature in splits in four symmetrical parts, which very soon supply their full complement of globules, and divide again in like manner. The *G. Pulvinatum* is still more remarkable, being marked out in a similar manner into sixteen squares, and thus at each division it produces sixteen new animals."

\* *Hétérogénie*, p. 456.

† *Hétérogénie*, pp. 453, 546, and 624.

return to a state of active life, after a desiccation of unlimited duration, may take place whenever they meet with the requisite conditions—moisture, warmth and food.”\*

And again, “Experiments have been carried still further with the allied tribe of *Tardigrades*, individuals of which have been kept in a vacuum for thirty days, with sulphuric acid and chloride of calcium, (thus suffering the most complete desiccation the chemist can effect,) and yet have not lost their vitality. It is singular that in this desiccated condition they may be heated to a temperature of 250° without the destruction of their vitality; although, when in full activity, they will not sustain a temperature of more than 112° to 115.”† Müller,‡ a most cautious authority, speaks of these revivifications as “well-known and attested facts.” Leeuwenhoek and Spallanzani performed very numerous experiments corroborative of the truth of the facts. Professor Owen observes:—

“Both Oken and Rudolphi deny the revival of desiccated animals; but later observers have succeeded in producing the wonderful phenomena described by Spallanzani, especially Professor Schultze; and I myself witnessed at Freiburg, in 1838, the revival of an *Arctiscon* which had been preserved in dry sand by the Professor upwards of four years.”§

M. Pouchet, against all this weight of authority, contents himself with asserting that he has never seen the phenomenon; and afterwards argues upon this negative experience as proving the fallacy of all these numerous positive observations. His mode of accounting for the difference of opinion is, that no one of these investigators has dried his animals completely, or has known how to perform the experiments with accuracy. For our own part, we have so frequently witnessed this resuscitation, that we find it difficult to understand how it can be overlooked by any one investigating it with a desire to know the truth.¶

\* *General and Comparative Physiology*, § 310.

† *Ibid.* § 65.

‡ *Opus cit.* p. 14.

§ *Lectures on the Invertebrata*, p. 40.

¶ The writer subjoins another extract from the same source as the former, bearing upon this question:

“What becomes of the countless billions of animalcules in a small pond, when it is dried up by the heat of summer? Do they perish? or what is their condition? This is not a superfluous question; for in a very short time, after a rain, the pond is found

We dwell upon this point at length, because upon it will ever be found to hinge the whole question. If organisms and ova, once dried, can not be resuscitated, there is an entire end of the panspermic theory, and the strongest presumptive proof that the infusoria *originate where they appear*, and from the matter, inorganic or other, amid which they appear; and *that* by the natural operation of secondary causes. Admitting this, we shall on the same evidence be compelled to recognize that by the operation of the same

to teem as before with life. Their dust appears to be susceptible of life again, after a complete drying—a phenomenon which might appear incredible, but that we have a direct method of proving its possibility.

“Here are three or four slips of glass, on each of which a few days ago I placed a small fresh-water crustacean—the *daphnia*, or water-flea; the water has dried up, and the little creature is dry too and dead: touch one of them with the point of a needle, and you will find it splinter like a bit of burnt paper. Now, here is a living specimen, and a very beautiful object it is for the lower powers of a microscope, with its elaborate eyes, its long branched and bearded tentacles, and its whole internal economy plainly visible through its delicately transparent coverings. You see its heart beating there near the dorsal surface, and the blood, the motion of which is marked by granules, circulating through every part of the body, and especially towards that beautiful apparatus of branchiæ, or lungs, which are attached to the legs; so providing that the energy of respiration is always proportionate to the amount of bodily action. A most vivacious and interesting little creature it is; and we may find that its death is not less instructive than its life.

“Now take one of these slips, on which there is a dry and dead *daphnia*; *dead* we must call it, for, on putting it under the glass, all is still. The heart can be detected even yet, but is perfectly motionless; the eye is dull and shriveled, and the legs and antennæ are crumpled together like the limbs of a dead fly; in short, look where you will, you see nothing like life. But now, add to it a drop of water, and observe the change; very soon, when the tissues have got completely moistened, you will notice a slight action, first in the legs, then in the tentacles, which resume their living appearance; and then, by degrees, the life will diffuse itself through the whole body, and you will see heart, lungs, and intestine in action, as vigorous as ever. I do not know any phenomenon of life more suggestive of curious thought and speculation than this, that a portion of dried and brittle tissue, from which all evidence of life has departed for days, should be able to resume its complicated functions under the stimulus of water. I am not aware that it has been observed before, in animals of so high an organization as these crustaceans. Long ago, Ehrenberg had observed it with regard to the *rotifera*, and stated that he had kept them in a dry state for, I believe, three years, and afterwards revived them by water. I can readily believe this, for I have so frequently repeated the experiments for shorter periods, that I feel no doubt whatever of their essential accuracy.”



laws, and without the necessity for any direct act of creation, successive species arise, each one higher than the former in organization, until the power of their production is finally lost. But as size is only comparative, if these minute creatures can be formed (and some of them nearly one-twelfth of an inch in length) by nature without a Creator; why not larger animals, and man himself? And so they are, as we shall shortly see, according to this theory. If, on the other hand, the air can be shown to be pre-*pared* by germs ready for development when the proper conditions are provided, then we have no need of the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, and it becomes simply a question to be determined by observation, whether any animalculæ are formed when due and effective precautions are adopted to prevent any germs reaching the fluid under test. As M. Pouchet positively asserts the affirmative as the result of a series of experiments, which in the relation seem perfect and conclusive; and as he therein differs *toto cælo* from the conclusions of all other careful experimenters, it becomes necessary to inquire whether there is any in-

ternal evidence in this work that the observations may not be quite so trustworthy in practice as they are complete and beautiful in theory.

This evidence we think we find in a hasty and sometimes unwarranted reception of authority; in the production of contradictory experiments, according to the exigencies of the argument; in overproving or disproving one part of the theory at the expense of another; but most especially in the inability to see, or unwillingness to admit, the most glaring and well-authenticated facts, if they threaten to be troublesome. Of the first of these, the reception of authority, we could adduce numerous instances, but one will suffice. He represents J. Müller, whom we have already quoted as a most cautious authority, as being vanquished by the evidence in favor of heterogenesis, "*vaincu par l'évidence des preuves*,"\* and quotes a passage in proof of this, which we find on reference to be merely the statement of the question and introduction to the argument, which is ultimately pronounced insufficient to decide the point!

\* P. 140.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THINGS NEW AND OLD.

THE Germans are the only people who pay honor to *passive genius*. By this name they distinguish a class which we meet with every day, consisting of earnest-minded men, devoted to goodness and truth, and also largely gifted; but with hesitating speech, and such a want of fluency that they can not explain their own ideas. They have conception without expression. Their minds are like black glass, absorbing all the rays of light, but able to give none out for the benefit of others. Jean Paul calls them the "dumb ones of heaven," for, like Zachariah, they see visions of high import, and are speechless when they would tell them.

That is an extraordinary expression, "learning by heart." Might it not more correctly be called learning by mind, or impressing upon the memory? Nay, our ancestors were better philologists than ourselves, and they knew that all knowledge was useless which was not stamped upon the tablets of the heart.

Goëthe wrote his celebrated "Theory of Colors" in opposition to the Newtonian system, denying that light could be a compound of darkness. But here he overlooked that mystery of creation, which adduces brightness from gloom, and happiness from pain. The rainbow

can not appear without the cloud; but while the drops yet fall, the light shines in the darkness, and shows us every variety of color. Hereafter all darkness will disappear in light, and yet there will be "a rainbow round about the throne"—fit emblem of the Gospel which shone in our vale of tears.

It is very easy to flatter; but very difficult to praise. Women are seldom pleased with flattery, for they have acute perceptions of the ridiculous, and are more likely to be piqued than gratified by those exaggerated compliments which overstep the bounds of common sense, but she must be more than human who is insensible to praise.

Language should be a mean, but never an end. Some orators speak because they have something to say; and others find something to say because they wish to speak. Even they whose compositions are redundant with meaning, often countenance a false system by tacking on useless words to form rounded periods. "*Multum in parvo*" should be the maxim of all who paint, whether with pen or pencil. *He* shows most power who produces the greatest effect with the least expenditure of means—who spares every stroke that is not wanted, and never adds a line that does not tell. Writing is like water-color drawing. It is easy to densify what is clear, but never to make what is dense lucid. Double washes only spoil the transparencies of your shadows, weaken the brilliancies of your lights, and ruin the neutral effect of your mezzotints. If your subject be once confused, it is useless to over-lay with body-color, or to modify by toning, for you can never regain what you have lost.

Every false figure in rhetoric, and every turgid outburst of passion, spring from the supposition that truth does not contain the intrinsic elements of success among mankind. A bare truism sounds so prosaic and austere, we are apt to fancy it can not fight its road with the ignorant and the skeptical.

There are some minds whose faculties of imaginary and description resemble that beautiful little instrument—the stereoscope; bringing out plain facts into bas-relief, and giving them apparent substance. What we want is *vivid* truth; so that the

homeliest household virtue, and the simplest Christian doctrine, shall appeal to us ever and anon with new force and reality.

Patience is oftentimes courage in repose; and he is the greatest hero who can suffer most silently. Calm endurance is better than hot daring; for the former is spiritual and human, whilst the latter is merely physical, and is shared with inferior animals. Regulus and Arnold Von Winkelried were nobler than even Scipio and Tell. Self-control may exist without enthusiastic excitement, but the "angel of martyrdom is brother to the angel of victory."

Recreation is necessary for the development of human nature. There is too little tendency in many of our modern amusements to encourage those lightsome processes of thought which may at once refresh without emasculating the mind. Artificial barriers of fanciful demarcation are drawn here and there in a narrow and unsympathizing spirit; whilst thoughtful persons are perplexed in the attempt to reduce these crooked boundaries under any fixed and well-defined principle. We create numerous fictitious offences, abstinence from which is accounted a creditable thing. These minor sins form a sort of supplementary decalogue; as though there were not enough crimes in the world already; without busying our intellects in inventing new ones.

The secret of beauty is rest, and calmness is an alchemy whose touch turneth all to gold. When we are over-wearied by violent emotion, we feel the soothing effect of the ministry of nature, and recognize the full significance of the deepest of her tones. Who does not love soft low music, which falls upon the ear like warm rain into the thirsty ground—little delicate flowers which do us good to look upon—and that quiet grace in women (that gentle blending of thoughts and feelings) which has often a greater fascination than physical beauty? There are certain states of mind when we prefer the adagios of nature to the diapasons of her grandest chords.

Some hold that excitement is necessary to poetry; but they should remember Hamlet's advice, "in the very tempest of

their passion to beget a *temperance* that may give it smoothness."

In the modern application of this word "temperance" to signify the moderate use of a certain dietetic substance, let us beware that it does not dwindle altogether into a narrow and limited signification. In the age of the Greek philosophers it was the representative of a cardinal virtue. In the ethics of Aristotle, Socrates, and Pythagoras, it assumes a marked prominence; whilst Plato devotes a dialogue to the right investigation of the word. And by the Apostle it was chosen to represent the truest adornment of women, and used to signify the habitual restraint of all unchristian and unlawful passions.

Love founded on duty, *i. e.*, on the natural obligations arising out of the ties of blood and nature, is not for that reason less necessary to be based on real sympathy and regard. For it is a mockery to wear a fair outside show to meet the claims of a social ritual, whilst the inner harmony of the affections is wanting.

The conceptions conveyed by the same scene are essentially different according to the souls that receive.

Men of genius are gifted with a sort of second sight. Science tells us that beyond the ordinary Newtonian spectrum, there are outer rays and more delicate varieties of color, which are only appreciable to the eyes of peculiar creatures; and so in this "universal frame" there are wonders and beauties, where the generality of men see only darkness.

A man of æsthetic tastes actually sees differently from others, for we carry our minds into every thing, and life "within us and abroad is one." The clown who gapes in blank astonishment at the statues of antiquity, physically beholds the same objects as the lover of art, who finds in them the full development of manly beauty. The American who, gazing at Niagara, calculated in his dull brain how many water-mills it would turn; and the poet who finds "sermons in stones," and "books in running brooks," have, strictly speaking, the same powers of vision. There is a certain truth in the exaggerated affirmation of Emerson, that few adults are otherwise than blind, and that only children can see nature as it is.

Yet a large company read the same poem, and see the same picture, and the

chances are that certain parts will come home to the consciousness of one among the number, whilst they are a strange language to the rest. For the old Platonic theory is correct, that a man sees himself in every thing, and recognizes that which is without as a part of his inner being; for matter must be subservient to mind. Just as before a good photograph can be taken the paper must be chemically prepared, or the light will have no effect; so without an inner chamber be ready to receive them, the impressions of the eye will never be daguerreotyped on the heart.

"Give me," said a preacher, "the stone walls against which I may direct my artillery, and not the turf banks which receive and bury my shot!"

There is no task so difficult as that of startling men from their conventional dullness and uniform complaisance of indifference. One is tempted to utter paradoxes sometimes upon subjects that have been stretched and worn threadbare by repeated usings—those usings having all been in one fashion and one way. Every time an ordinary idea, or a commonplace image is associated with a great but familiar thought, the vividness and force of that thought are diminished to an infinite ratio. It is the remark of one of our profoundest critics upon Shakespeare, that he has long lost past recovery the full meaning of that celebrated passage, "To be or not to be;" nor can he tell whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, it has been so handled and pawed about by declamatory boys and men, and torn so inhumanly from its living place and principle of continuity in the play, that it has become to him a perfect dead member.

Let our pulpit orators seek for sincerity and naturalness of expression. Let them drink deeply from the old catholic language, those stores of piety inexhaustible and undefiled. Let them bring up pure and holy water from those sacred wells of antiquity!

Many good people condemn fiction, because they think it leads to false views of life, and engenders morbid sentimentality. But they overlook the strong sympathy which Providence has implanted in the human heart; so strong that nothing is so much an object of curiosity to man as man himself. Most people's minds are stored with observations on the varieties of character. Children begin the study betimes,

while the philanthropists, the slanderer, and the satirist alike continue it. Tattling arises from the same propensity, and that morbid curiosity so often evinced with regard to murders and executions, may be attributed (not so much to cruelty) as to the interest occasioned by beholding another in extraordinary circumstances of difficulty and distress. Deprived of fiction, we make it for ourselves. Indeed every man is, more or less, his own novelist, in which novel self not unfrequently figures as the hero, while friends and acquaintances are allowed to occupy subordinate positions. Absolute reservation of judgment is often an utter impossibility. We must form some opinions on the conduct of others, and often (trusting to our previous discoveries and experiences,) we pass rash and hasty judgments on insufficient evidence; and if a stranger be detected in giving way to some humor or impulse of the moment, it is immediately set down to be expressive in his peculiar character, while we consign him at random to occupy a certain place among the "*dramatis personæ*" of our private fiction.

For these fictions (which day-dreamers write) have the same fault which characterizes the generality of popular novels, *i. e.*, they do not take into account the inconsistency of men. The characters in most stories are consistent throughout, and are representatives of certain ideal virtues. But those of nature are masses of contradiction. "In the great world," naively remarks a German essayist, "men are compounded of truth and lies." Who can "fulfill himself," for who knows himself? Our thoughts, feelings, and actions are like the varied colors in a kaleidoscope, doomed to endless confusion, till a foreign power shall focus them into order. For what is character but the will coloring

the actions? and the unguided human will is ever variable, having no optimist to depend upon. The characters of Holy Writ bear internal evidence of truth because of that very inconsistency of which infidels have complained. But the characters of most fiction writers are represented as the author would have them, and not as they are. They are conventional repetitions of favorite types, or so many manifestations of the same idea. There are of course noble exceptions, such as Homer and Shakespeare, or, in our days, Joanna Bailie, Thackeray, and Miss Evans.

All men, it has been remarked, have something of the Nimrod in their dispositions. They like no prize which stands still, and will have no game which has not first to be hunted down.

We can see the sunlight and the stars, but we can only pluck the flowers beneath our feet. Perfection is unattainable on earth, being not merely a negation of evil, but the possession of all positive excellence. The holiest man can only be compared to the high palm, whose leaves appear to touch the sky, whilst its roots are bound to earth. Yet the highest natural proof of man's immortality consists in his aspiration and strong desire after a permanent satisfying good. Our greatest pleasures are in anticipation. Hope leads us on and on. We could not enjoy half the happiness we do, if the enjoyment of the moment were limited to the moment. Be sure that our highest yearnings will at last be satisfied, for a merciful Wisdom would not have created beings with faculties and desires never to be realized. We are exiles from our native skies, and our longing hopes are the "*mal de pays*," for our Fatherland.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

# THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

## THE LORD PROTECTOR.

### L.

NOW THE EARL OF HERTFORD AND SIR ANTHONY BROWN ANNOUNCED HIS FATHER'S DEATH TO PRINCE EDWARD.

FOR two days Henry's demise was kept profoundly secret. On Monday, the last day of January, 1547, the Commons were sent for to the lords, and the important intelligence was communicated to them by the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, who, at that same time, acquainted them with such portions of the late king's will as it was deemed expedient to make public. The interval between the monarch's death and this public announcement of it had been employed by Hertford and his partizans in organizing their plans, and debating the measures to be adopted during the new reign. Most of the upper council, in whom the administrative authority was lodged, had been won over by Hertford's promises, and it was not thought that any serious opposition would be offered by such as could not be corrupted—amongst whom were Cranmer and Tunstal. The only real obstacle in the way of the aspiring earl appeared to be the Lord Chancellor; but even he might be brought over, or, if troublesome, could be put out. Thus Hertford felt secure, and determined upon the immediate realization of his schemes of aggrandizement.

As regarded the Duke of Norfolk, Henry's death, occurring when it did, at a moment of such extraordinary peril to that illustrious nobleman, was a piece of great good fortune, and was regarded by many who adhered to the old belief as nothing less than providential. Had Hertford, however, been allowed his own way, the duke would infallibly have been executed in accordance with Henry's warrant; but Sir John Gage resolutely re-

fused to obey it, threatening, if the matter were persisted in, to publish abroad the king's death. By these means Norfolk was saved, though he was still detained a prisoner in the Tower.

The young Prince Edward himself was kept in ignorance of the loss he had sustained until the Sunday, when it was announced to him by his elder uncle in person, attended by Sir Anthony Brown, master of the horse, and devoted to the earl. The young prince was staying at Hertford with the Princess Elizabeth, whither they had been sent after their last interview with their royal father. The earl and his companion found the prince engaged in reading Ludovicus Vives's *Instruction of a Christian Woman* to his sister. Closing the book, and quitting the reading-desk near which he was stationed, Edward immediately advanced to meet them. He was greatly affected by the intelligence which they brought him, though not unprepared for it, and though it was conveyed in terms and in a manner calculated to rob it of much of its distressing effect.

Kneeling down before him, the earl and Sir Anthony saluted him as king, and tendered him their homage. Edward was too much affected to make any suitable reply. He turned away, and flinging himself into the arms of his sister, who was standing beside him, and equally grieved with himself, he mingled his tears with hers. "Never," says Sir John Hayward, describing the occurrence, "was sorrow more sweetly set forth; their faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow, than their sorrow to cloud their faces. Their young years, their excellent beauties, their lovely and lively interchange of complaints in such sort graced their grief, as the most iron eyes at that time present were drawn thereby into society of their tears."

Deeming it best to let his royal nephew's grief have free course, Hertford did not offer him any consolation at first, but arising from his kneeling posture, he withdrew to a little distance with Sir Anthony.

"We have lost the best of fathers, Elizabeth," said Edward, at last, looking up at her face through his tears. "But he is in heaven, and therefore we need not mourn for him. Yet I can not help it." And he wept afresh.

"Be comforted, gentle brother," said the princess, tenderly. "Our father is happily released from suffering. I did not think we should ever see him again on earth. You must be a man now, since you are king."

"Alas!" exclaimed Edward, sobbing. "My heart sinks at the thought of it."

"And mine swells at the bare idea," rejoined the princess. "Cheer up, dear brother—or I ought rather to say, my gracious lord and master, for you are so now. How strange that sounds, Edward! Marry! it must be mighty fine to be king—to wear the diadem, and sit in state, to swear great oaths, and have all tremble at your frown—as they used to do at our father's."

"Elizabeth!" said Edward, with something of reproach. "Is this a season for jesting?"

"Nay, I do not jest," she replied, seriously. "I but gave utterance to thoughts that arose unbidden in my breast. I have ever spoken without restraint to you, dearest brother."

"And I trust you ever will do so," he rejoined, affectionately. "I love you, sweet Bess. You shall be my chief counsellor. I will confide all my secrets to you."

"Your uncle Hertford will not let you," she returned. "He is watching us narrowly now—trying to make out what you are saying to me. Have a care of him, Edward."

"I would my uncle, Sir Thomas Seymour, were here," said the young king; "but I am told he has been denied access to me."

"By whom? by my lord of Hertford?" demanded Elizabeth.

"Very likely," returned Edward. "But I *will* see him now I am king. Sir Thomas is a great favorite of yours, Bess? ha!"

"Sir Thomas discourses pleasantly,

and hath an excellent ear for music," she replied.

"And is very handsome withal—own you think so, Bess?"

"Nay, I have never bestowed enough consideration upon him to declare if he be handsome or otherwise," she replied, blushing slightly.

"Out on my unruly tongue for leading me thus astray!" exclaimed Edward, suddenly checking himself. "A moment ago I chided you for unseasonable levity, dear Bess, and I now am indulging in it myself. Come with me to my uncle Hertford."

With this he took her hand, and the young pair slowly, and with much dignity, directed their steps towards the earl, who instantly advanced with Sir Anthony to meet them.

"I am glad to see your grace look somewhat lighter of heart," said Hertford, bowing profoundly; for though grief at so great a loss is natural, and indeed commendable, you have many necessary duties to fulfill which can not be delayed, and the discharge whereof will serve to distract you from the thoughts of your bereavement. I am come, with Sir Anthony Brown, your master of the horse, to escort your majesty to Enfield, where you will sleep to-night. To-morrow you will be conducted to the Tower, there to meet all the lords, spiritual and temporal, who will assemble to tend their allegiance. Have you much preparation to make ere setting out?"

"Not much, my lord—not any, indeed," replied Edward. "I am ready to attend you now. But I would fain bid farewell to my preceptors—unless they are to go with me, which I should much prefer."

"They shall follow anon," returned Hertford. "But you will have so much to do at first, that you must, perforce, discontinue your studies for awhile. Your grace will be pleased to say nothing to your preceptors as to what takes you hence, for the proclamation will not be made before to-morrow, and till then, for reasons I will presently explain, the utmost secrecy as to the demise of your royal father must be observed. This premised, I will cause them to be summoned. Ho, there!" he added to an attendant. "Let Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox be called. His highness is about to set forth for Enfield."

"Nay, I will go to them," cried Edward.

"Your majesty's pardon," rejoined Hertford, in a low tone; "they must now wait on you."

Presently afterwards two ancient personages, of very thoughtful and studious aspect, clad alike in long black gowns bordered with fur, and having velvet caps on their bald heads, entered the hall. The foremost of them, the learned Sir John Cheke, carried a ponderous folio under his arm; the other was the no less erudite Doctor Cox. Being afflicted with gout, and requiring the support of a staff, Doctor Cox came on rather more slowly than his fellow-tutor.

Sprung from an ancient family, a ripe scholar, a proficient in oratory, and remarkably well versed in the Platonic philosophy, Sir John Cheke was the author of several learned treatises, and is described by Doctor Thomas Wilson, secretary of state to Queen Elizabeth, who knew him well, as "that rare, learned man, and singular ornament of the land." His sister was wedded to Cecil, afterwards the great Lord Burleigh. To philosophy, Cheke's fellow-preceptor, Doctor Cox, added a profound knowledge of divinity. Both Edward's tutors were extremely zealous Reformers, and it was no doubt owing to their judicious training that the young king became one of the brightest ornaments and most effectual supporters of the Protestant cause.

Edward flew to meet his preceptors, and, running up to Doctor Cox, cried, "Lean on me, good doctor—lean on me!"

Cox respectfully declined his aid, but suffered him to take his hand, and so lead him towards the Earl of Hertford, who was in the act of courteously saluting Sir John Cheke.

"My royal pupil tells me your lordship is about to take him hence," said Doctor Cox, bowing to the earl. "I am sorry his studies will be interrupted."

"They will only be interrupted for a time, doctor," replied Hertford. "Most like he will not return here," he added, with a certain significance, "but you and Sir John Cheke will rejoin him. His highness derives too much benefit from able tuition of ye both to be longer deprived of it than is absolutely needful. Ye spare no pains with him, learned sirs, of that I am well satisfied."

"Few pains are needed, my lord," replied Cheke. "More credit is due to his highness than to us for the rapid progress he hath made. Trouble or difficulty with him we have none, for he hath a rare capacity for learning, and zeal and industry equal to his ability; and that is saying no light thing. He never tires of reading, but turns from profane history to philosophy, and from philosophy to the Holy Scriptures and theology. He is mastering all the liberal sciences. Logic he hath studied, as your lordship knows, and at this present he is learning Aristotle's Ethics in Greek, and, having finished with it, he will take up the Rhetoric."

"I can corroborate all Sir John hath advanced," observed Doctor Cox. "His highness needs no spur to study—nay, his application is so great that he rather requires to be checked than stimulated. He hath recently read Cato, the *Satellitum* of Vives, and the fables of *Æsopus*. As to Latin, he knows it better than many an English boy of his age knows his mother tongue. Peradventure, your lordship hath seen his letters in that language to the king, his father?"

"I pray you speak not of them, dear doctor," cried Edward bursting into tears.

"I crave your highness's pardon!" exclaimed the worthy man, who was most tenderly attached to his royal pupil. "I would not pain you for the world."

"I know it," replied Edward, regarding him through his streaming eyes with almost filial affection; "but my heart is too full just now, and will overflow."

"Your accounts of my royal nephew's progress are most gratifying, learned sirs," observed Hertford, anxious to turn the discourse. "That you have avouched nothing more than the truth, I am sure; yet ye almost make him out a prodigy."

"And a prodigy he is," cried Sir John Cheke, with enthusiasm. "Few there be like him."

"Nay, my good uncle, you must distrust what my kind preceptors are pleased to say of me," remarked Edward. "They view me with too partial eyes."

At this juncture an interruption, anything but agreeable to Hertford, was offered by the unexpected entrance of Sir Thomas Seymour, evidently, from his looks and the state of his apparel, fresh from a rapid journey. Disregarding the angry glances directed against him by

his brother, Sir Thomas doffed his cap, flung himself on his knee before Edward, and, taking the youthful monarch's hand, exclaimed, "God save your grace! I hoped to be first to tell you that the sovereignty of this realm hath devolved upon you, but I find I have been anticipated."

"I thank you heartily, gentle uncle," replied Edward, "not for your news," he added, sadly, "for I had liefer you had brought me any other, but for your display of loyalty and attachment."

"Have I and my fellow-preceptor been standing all this while in the presence of our gracious sovereign without knowing it?" exclaimed Sir John Cheke, as Seymour arose. "I pray you pardon us, and accept our homage."

So saying, he and Doctor Cox knelt down before the young king, who gave them each a hand.

"I now see my inadvertence," said Cox, "and I again pray your majesty to pardon it."

"Think of it no more," replied Edward. "Arise, my beloved monitors and preceptors. It is true I am your sovereign lord, but you must still only regard me as a pupil."

"You have done wrong in coming here, sir, without authority," said the Earl of Hertford, in a stern tone to his brother, "and will incur the displeasure of the council."

"So I incur not his majesty's displeasure, I shall rest perfectly easy as to the council's anger," rejoined Seymour, in a tone of haughty indifference.

"Having discharged an errand which you have most officiously and unwarrantably taken upon yourself," pursued the earl with increasing wrath, "you will be pleased to depart. How! do you loiter?"

"His majesty has not commanded me to withdraw, and I only obey him," returned Seymour, carelessly.

"Nay, my good lord," said Edward to the earl, "my uncle Sir Thomas seems to have ridden hard, and must need some refreshment after his hasty journey. That obtained, he can accompany us to Enfield."

"He can not go with us," cried Hertford, forgetting himself in the heat of the moment.

"How?" exclaimed Edward, a frown crossing over his face, and giving him a slight look of his father. Without another

word he then turned to Sir Thomas, and said, "Make haste, gentle uncle. Get what you lack, and then prepare to ride with us to Enfield."

"All thanks to your majesty, but I want nothing," rejoined Seymour. "I am ready to set forth with you at once."

The Princess Elizabeth, who had been standing a little apart with Sir Anthony Brown, and who appeared highly pleased with her royal brother's assumption of authority, here clapped her hands for an attendant, and commanded a cup of wine for Sir Thomas Seymour.

"I will not refuse this," said Seymour, when the wine was brought. "May your majesty reign long and prosperously!" he added, raising the goblet to his lips.

Having bidden adieu to his preceptors, and taken a tender leave of his sister, telling her to be of good cheer, and assuring her that their separation should not be long, Edward then informed the Earl of Hertford that he was ready to set forth, who thereupon ceremoniously conducted him to the door. They were followed by Sir Anthony Brown and Sir Thomas Seymour, the latter of whom lingered for a moment to whisper a few words to the Princess Elizabeth.

Horses and an escort were in readiness outside; and thus the youthful king, accompanied by both his uncles, rode to Enfield, where he rested that night.

## II.

HOW KING EDWARD THE SIXTH WAS PROCLAIMED AT WESTMINSTER; HOW HE RODE FROM ENFIELD TO THE TOWER OF LONDON; AND HOW THE KEYS OF THE TOWER WERE DELIVERED TO HIM BY THE CONSTABLE.

Next morning, Henry's demise was published abroad, and as soon as the news, which spread like wildfire, became generally known, an immense crowd collected before the palace of Westminster, where barriers were erected, and other preparations made, for proclaiming his youthful successor.

A hard frost prevailed, and the day was clear and bright, though extremely cold. The general aspect of the crowd was any thing but sorrowful, and few regrets were expressed for the departed monarch, though Henry had been by no means unpopular with the middle and lower ranks of his subjects, who approved of his severity so long as it did not touch themselves, but was merely exercised against the no-



bility. They did not, however, like his "Whip with Six Lashes," as the terrible statute of the Six Articles was commonly designated, for it cut right and left, and might hit any of them. All were glad he was gone, and many a remark was boldly uttered which would have caused the speaker to become acquainted with the Marshalsea or the Fleet in the king's lifetime. Most of the women—and there were plenty of them amongst the throng—loaded his memory with opprobrium on account of his treatment of his spouses; but their husbands jestingly retorted that he therein showed his wisdom, since the readiest way of getting rid of a troublesome wife was to cut off her head.

But by far the most audacious speech was uttered by a tall gaunt monk in the habit of a Franciscan friar, who, mounting a flight of steps, thus harangued the crowd in a loud voice: "Know ye me not, good folk?" he said. "I am that priest who preached before the king, now lying dead in yonder palace. I am that Father Peto who preached before King Henry in his chapel at Greenwich, and who told him to his face that heavy judgments would come upon him for his sinful doings—I am he who fearlessly told the king that many lying prophets had deceived him, but that I, as a true Micaiah, warned him that the dogs should lick his blood, even as they had licked the blood of Ahab. For the which prophetic words I was condemned as a rebel, a slanderer, a dog, and a traitor. Nevertheless, my words shall come to pass. Henry, the Ahab of England, is dead, and dogs will lick his blood."

Awe-stricken and astounded at the boldness of the Franciscan, many of the crowd looked round, expecting a pursuivant to ride up and arrest him. But the officers chanced to be otherwise engaged at the moment, and Father Peto, slowly descending from the steps, mingled with the throng, and was soon lost to view. The incident, however, produced a deep impression upon the assemblage, and the monk's words were long afterwards remembered.

Meanwhile, a lofty stage had been reared within the barriers in front of the palace. The throng was kept back, and order preserved, by porters of the royal household, who made good use of their staves upon the costards of such who pressed forward too rudely, by tall yeomen of the guard, having the king's cognizance

worked in gold on their breasts, and halberds in their hands, and by mounted pursuivants of arms, who rode constantly from point to point. Around the stage, upon the ground, was drawn up a bevy of trumpeters in embroidered coats, and with silken banners on their trumpets. All being, at last, in readiness, five heralds in coats of arms mounted the platform, and stationed themselves upon it, awaiting the Lords coming forth from the Parliament House; and when this occurred, one of the trumpets blew thrice, making the palace walls echo with the shrill blasts. Then there was a deep silence throughout the hitherto noisy multitude, in the midst of which Somerset herald stepped forward, and in a loud voice made proclamation in the following terms: "Edward the Sixth, by the grace of God King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England, and also Ireland, in earth Supreme Head, greeting,—Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God on Friday last to call to his infinite mercy the most excellent high and mighty Prince Henry, of most noble and famous memory, our most dear and entirely beloved father, whose soul God pardon!—"

Thereupon the herald stopped, and immediately the whole band of trumpets blew a loud and courageous blast, stirring up every bosom. When this ceased, Garter advanced, and, at the top of his voice, cried out, "God save our noble King Edward!" upon which a tremendous shout rent the air. Many a fervent ejaculation was uttered for the young king's prosperity; but some old folk who had the reputation of wisdom shook their heads, and said, bodingly, in the language of Scripture, "Wo to the country whose king is a child!"

In the midst of these various expressions of sentiment, while some were full of joyful anticipations, and others, though very few in comparison with the rest, indulged in gloomy forebodings, while the lords, who had tarried for the proclamation, were moving away, and the heralds descending from the stage, a distant roar of ordnance was heard from the east, and a cry arose that the young king was going to the Tower; upon which the assemblage began to disperse, and a large portion moved off in the direction of the old fortress, such as could afford it taking boat at Westminster and going down the

river to London-bridge, but the majority marching past the fair cross of Charing, erected by Edward I. to his queen, Eleanor, and along the Strand, to the city. Many of the lords entered the barges at the privy-stairs, near the palace, while others, anxious to make greater display, rode through the streets to the Tower, attended by large retinues of servants. The river was alive with craft of all sorts and sizes, from the stately and gilded barge, propelled by two ranks of rowers, to the small but crowded wherry. But it was below bridge, and near the Tower, that the greatest stir and excitement prevailed. Here the river was thronged, and much difficulty was experienced by the smaller barks either in remaining stationary or in approaching the landing-places. All the barges, balingers, pinnaces, caravels, and great ships moored off the Tower, many of which had painted and gilded masts, were decorated with flags and streamers. Amongst the larger vessels were the *Mary Rose* and the famous *Harry Grace à Dieu*, the latter standing out of the water like a castle, with two towers at the stern. No sooner did the ordnance of the fortress announce the approach of the young king, than all of these ships replied with their heavy guns, which they then carried on the upper deck only, the sides of the vessels not being pierced. By these discharges the tall ships, Traitors' Gate and the dominant White Tower itself, above which floated the royal standard, were shrouded in smoke.

Simultaneously with the proclamation of the new king at Westminster, a like announcement had been made by sound of trumpet in the city of London, under the authority of a sealed commission, by four heralds in their coats of arms—namely, Clarencieux, Carlisle, Windzor, and Chester—assisted by the lord mayor, the aldermen, and the sheriffs in their scarlet robes. Not a single dissentient voice was heard, but, on the contrary, the proclamation was received with immense cheering.

On the same day, about noon, the youthful prince on whom the crown had devolved set forth from the palace of Enfield for the Tower, accompanied by his two uncles, by his master of horse, and a large party of noblemen, knights-pensioners, esquires, and others, all very richly attired, and making an extremely gallant show. From his youth and beauty, Ed-

ward excited the admiration of all who beheld him. He was arrayed in a gown of cloth of silver, embroidered with damask gold, and wore a doublet of white velvet, wrought with Venice silver, garnished with rubies and diamonds. His velvet cap, with a white feather in it, was ornamented with a brooch of diamonds; his girdle was worked with Venice silver, and decked with precious stones and knots of pearls, and his buskins were of white velvet. His milk-white charger, a noble-looking but easy-paced animal, was caparisoned in crimson satin, embroidered with pearls and damask gold, and the bridle had wide reins of red leather. For his years, Edward rode remarkably well, maintaining his seat with much grace, and promising in time to become a consummate horseman, like his uncle Sir Thomas Seymour. By the young king's express command in contravention of the Earl of Hertford's arrangement, his favorite uncle rode close behind him, and was not unfrequently called forward to his royal nephew's side. Mounted on a fiery Arabian courser, black as jet, but whose movements he controlled apparently by his will, magnificently attired, as his wont, in embroidered velvet cassock and silken doublet, by the stateliness of his person, and the haughtiness of his bearing, Seymour threw into shade all the other nobles composing the king's train, and drew all eyes upon himself, after Edward had been gazed upon. Elated by his royal nephew's notice, his breast swelled with secret aspirations, and he listened to the promptings of his towering and insane ambition. Whenever he encountered the stern looks of his brother, he replied by a glance of fierce defiance.

In this way the royal cavalcade passed through Tottenham, where a large assemblage was collected, and where numerous clerks and priests were stationed near the High Cross, bearing censers, with which they censured the young king as he rode by. Other villages succeeded and brought fresh crowds, fresh greetings, more priests, and more censuring. Fortunately, as we have already mentioned, the day was extremely fine, so the procession lost none of its effect.

Ere long, the ancient, and at that time most picturesque city of London came fully in view, protected by its gray walls, only to be entered through its gates, and remarkable for its many churches, amidst

which the lofty spire of old Saint Paul's was proudly conspicuous, joyously were the bells ringing in all these churches; but deepest and loudest in tone, and plainly distinguished above the rest, were the great bells of the cathedral. Bombards, falconets, and sakers were likewise discharged from the city walls and gates. Greatly pleased by these sounds, the youthful monarch smiled graciously, as Sir Thomas Seymour told him it was evident that his loyal subjects, the good citizens of London, meant to give him a hearty welcome.

Crossing Finsbury fields, the cavalcade entered the city by Bishopsgate. There a short pause occurred, the young king being met by the lord mayor—high Henry Hubblethorne—and the civic authorities, and being obliged to listen to an oration, to which he replied. Acclamations greeted him on all hands as he rode slowly through Bishopsgate-street Within, and blessings were showered upon his head. Not, perhaps, expecting so much enthusiasm, or at all events unaccustomed to such a display of it towards himself, the young sovereign was much moved; but he nevertheless acknowledged the hearty reception given him with infinite grace, bowing repeatedly right and left. His youth and gentle deportment won every heart, and all hoped that a prince so gracious and full of promise might meet with good counsellors. Time had not allowed much preparation to be made for the young king's passage through the city, but several of the houses were gaily hung with pieces of tapestry and cloths of gold and silver, while embroidered cushions were set in the windows, from which comely citizens' wives and their blooming daughters looked down upon the fair young king, and on his handsome uncle.

Near the church at the top of Gracechurch street, Edward was met by a solemn procession from Saint Paul's, consisting of a number of persons carrying silver crosses, the priests and choir of the cathedral in their vestments and robes, followed by several of the city companies in their liveries.

As the royal cavalcade proceeded along Fenchurch street, the popular enthusiasm increased, until the clamor became almost deafening, and the crowd pressed so much upon the young monarch, that it was with difficulty he could move on. However, the kindly tone in which he besought

those nearest him to stand back, opened a way for him almost as readily as the halberds of the yeomen of the guard could clear it. The Earl of Hertford, who ever courted popular applause, smiled upon the crowd in vain. Attention was exclusively directed to the new king, and to the splendid-looking personage who immediately followed him; and it would be difficult to say which of the two was most admired, though doubtless for the greater amount of interest attached to Edward. But Hertford had the mortification of finding himself completely overlooked at a moment when he especially desired to be an object of attention.

Amid these manifestations of general enthusiasm and delight, which could not fail to be gratifying to him, Edward reached Tower Hill, where the populace was kept within due limits by a strong detachment of the mounted city guard. Here the ancient palace fortress of his predecessors, wherein his august father had commenced his reign, and wherein he himself was about to keep his court for a while, and hold his councils, burst upon his youthful gaze. No sooner was the young king discerned by those upon the watch for his coming, than from the summit of the White Tower burst forth a thundering welcome. The ordnance on the wharf before the fortress, on Traitor's Gate, on the By-ward Tower, on the bar-bican and the bastions, followed, and the roar was prolonged by the guns of the ships moored close at hand in the river.

"There spoke old *Harry Grace à Dieu*," cried Seymour. "I know his tremendous tones well enough."

"'Tis the first time I have heard those guns," observed Edward. "In sooth, they have a terrible sound."

"Your enemies think so, sire," rejoined Sir Thomas, with a laugh. "Few who withstood the shot of those guns would care to hear them again. But you will have more of it presently. The cannoniers, I see, are once more ready on the White Tower. Heaven grant your highness be not deafened by the din!"

"Nay, I like it, gentle uncle," replied the young king, with boyish delight.

As he spoke, the ordnance from the Tower belched forth again; the roar being continued by the guns of the various ships, and closed by the deep-voiced cannon of the great *Harry*.

"'Tis a grand sound!" exclaimed Edward, with a glowing countenance. "I should like to witness a siege, uncle."

"Perchance your highness may have your wish," replied Seymour. "The French are like to give us somewhat to do at Calais and Bouloign, ere long; and if they fail, the Scots are certain to find us employment. Your grace must visit Berwick. But here comes the Constable of the Tower to conduct you to the fortress."

As the second roar of ordnance died away, Sir John Gage, mounted upon a powerful sorrel charger, very richly caparisoned, issued forth from the Bulwark Gate. He was closely followed by the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Markham, two esquires, likewise on horseback, and by a long train on foot, headed by the chaplain of the Tower in his surplice, attended by the verger bearing the cross, and consisting of the chief porter, the gentleman-jailer, and other officers, with forty yeomen of the guard, armed with halberds, and clad in their scarlet liveries, with the Rose and Crown embroidered upon the back—the latter walking two and two.

When within a short distance of the youthful sovereign, Sir John dismounted, and committing his charger to an esquire, bent the knee before Edward, and welcomed him to the Tower. The Lieutenant followed the example of his superior, after which the chaplain pronounced a solemn benediction. This done, the Constable and Lieutenant re-mounted their steeds; the yeomen of the guard and the others wheeled round, and returned as they had come, while Sir John Gage preceded the young monarch to the fortress.

On the stone bridge, built across the moat between the barbican and the Byward Tower, were collected all the illustrious persons constituting the upper and lower councils appointed by the late king's will, except such as were actually in attendance at the moment. Chief amongst them were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, and the Lord Chancellor; the two former being in full ecclesiastical costume, and the latter in his robes of office, with the collar of the Garter round his shoulders. Instead of sharing in the general animation, Wriothesley looked on with lowering brows, and to judge from the sternness of his visage and the coldness of his man-

ner towards his companions, he meditated some hostile course against them. In the next rank were the Earl of Arundel, the venerable Lord Russel, the Earl of Essex, brother to Queen Catherine Parr, and Lords St. John and Lisle. Most of these wore the Garter, and Lord Lisle was attired with extraordinary splendor. Behind them were the three judges in their robes, Montague, North, and Bromley. The rest of the brilliant assemblage consisted of Sir William Paget, chief secretary of state; Sir Anthony Denny and Sir William Herbert, chief gentlemen of the privy-chamber; the vice-chamberlain, the treasurer, and several others. Yeomen of the guard bearing halberds, trumpeters sounding loud flourishes, bearers of standards, banners, guidons, pennons, pensils, and bandrols, heralds in coats of arms, pursuivants of arms and marshals of arms with maces, came first, and the members of the council drew back on either side to allow them passage. Next came the Constable of the Tower, compelling his charger to move backwards along the whole length of the bridge, until he brought him under the vaulted archway of the Byward Tower, where horse and rider remained motionless as an equestrian statue. While this feat was performed with so much address that no disturbance was caused to the by-standers, amid loud cheers from the beholders gathered on the walls and towers of the fortress, the king rode upon the bridge, and had got about half way across it, when the lords of the council, headed by Cranmer, advanced to pay him homage. A short address, concluding with a benediction, was pronounced by the primate, during which all the others, except Tunstal, knelt down. The blessing over, the kneeling lords arose, and exclaimed with one voice, "*Vive le noble roi Edouard!*" And the same cry was repeated with the utmost enthusiasm by Sir Thomas Seymour, who was close behind his royal nephew, by the Earl of Hertford, Sir Anthony Brown, and all upon the bridge.

Edward thanked them, in his clear musical voice, for these demonstrations of their loyalty and attachment. Then followed the ceremonial of the delivery of the keys of the Tower, which was thus accomplished. Attended by the chief porter, bearing the keys on an embroidered cushion, the Constable of the Tower rode forth

from beneath the gateway, and approached the king—the lords of the council drawing back on either side. The bearer of the keys then knelt down and proffered them to his majesty, who graciously thanked him, but desired they might remain in the custody of his right trusty and well-beloved cousin and councillor, Sir John Gage, seeing they be in no better hands. Thereupon, the Constable bowed to the saddle-bow, and, without more ado, backed his charger through the Tower gates, which were flung wide open, and so into the lower ward; the lords of the council forming themselves into a procession, and following as Gage retreated, and the king and his retinue slowly advancing, amid the reiterated acclamations of the beholders, so that, after a while, all had entered the fortress.

A striking sight greeted the young monarch as he passed through the gates. From the By-ward Tower to the Bloody Tower the whole of the lower ward was filled with archers and arquebusiers of the royal guard in their full accoutrements, drawn up in two lines—the archers on the right, and the arquebusiers on the left.

All these were picked men, of very tall stature, and their morions, breastplates, and tassettes were well burnished. Captains and other officers of the guard, distinguishable from their splendid equipments, were stationed at intervals. The sight of these stalwart fellows, who had been his father's guard in ordinary, and had attended the late king to France, as Sir Thomas Seymour informed Edward, delighted the youthful sovereign. He had much military ardor in his composition, and might have displayed it in action, if circumstances had permitted. As it was the veterans upon whom he now admiringly smiled as he rode past them, occasionally expressing a word of commendation that sank deep into the heart of him to whom it was addressed, predicted that he would become a hero.

Thus making his way, he passed through the gloomy gateway of the Bloody Tower, glancing at the iron teeth of the huge portcullis by which it was defended, and, mounting the hill, turned off on the right and entered a court, at that time existing between the White Tower and the palace, and which was now densely filled by the various personages composing the procession. Here alighting, he was ceremoniously ushered into the palace.

### III.

HOW THE EARL OF HERTFORD WAS MADE LORD PROTECTOR OF THE REALM, AND GOVERNOR OF THE KING'S PERSON DURING HIS MINORAGE.

Shortly after Edward's arrival at the Tower, and while the young monarch was preparing to receive all the lords, spiritual and temporal, who had flocked thither to swear allegiance to him, a conference took place in the lesser council-chamber of the White Tower, (now used as a depository for state papers and records,) to which none but members of the upper and lower councils were admitted. The lower council could not vote, but they were allowed to assist at the deliberation. At the opening of the meeting, a resolution was moved by the Lord Chancellor, who had his own motives for making the proposition, that they should all solemnly swear to maintain inviolate every part and article of the last will and testament of their late sovereign lord and master. This motion, though displeasing to some, could not be opposed, and the oath was administered accordingly.

"The oath has been taken," muttered Wroithesley, glancing at Hertford. "We shall now see who will attempt to break it."

He had not to wait long, for Sir William Paget, chief secretary of state, and Hertford's principal associate, rose from his seat, and craving their attention, said:

"Before we proceed further, my lords and gentlemen, I may remark that it will be highly embarrassing to the people, and especially to foreign ambassadors, if they are compelled to address themselves on every occasion to sixteen persons, all of them clothed with the same authority. I therefore propose to you, as a preliminary measure, that we select from our number the worthiest and fittest amongst us to be chief and president, conferring upon him the title of Lord Protector of the Realm. By such means there will be infinitely speedier dispatch of business, while no change whatever can take place in the established form of government, inasmuch as an express condition shall be annexed to the dignity, that the Lord Protector shall do no act without the concurrence of the entire body of the council."

"Your motion can not be entertained, good master secretary," cried the Lord Chancellor, rising, and speaking with much warmth. "It is in direct contradic-

tion of the late king's will, which you have just sworn to uphold, and which you can not infringe in any particular without unfaithfulness to your trust. We will have no chief, president, or Lord Protector. No such appointment was contemplated by our late royal master. I defy you to show it. Equal authority was given by him to us all, and I refuse to transfer any portion of mine to another *executor*, be he whom he may." And he glanced menacingly at Hertford, who, however, seemed perfectly easy as to the result.

"But if our choice should fall on you, my lord, would your objections to the step be equally strong," said Sir Richard Rich, another of Hertford's partizans, rising.

"Ay, marry would they!" rejoined Wriothesley. "I wot well you have no thought of choosing me, Sir Richard; but if you had, you could not lawfully do it, neither would I accept the office of Lord Protector if offered me, knowing it to be contrary to the intentions of our late sovereign lord and master that any one of us should have higher power than his fellows. You must take the will as it is—not as you would have it."

"Far be it from me to propose aught contrary to the true intent and meaning of our lamented master's testamentary injunctions," said Paget; "but dispatch of business and the convenience of the government generally, require that we should have a head. Otherwise, there will be nothing but perplexity and confusion. Moreover, since the Lord Protector will in reality have no power except such as is derived from us all, I can see no harm in the appointment—but much good. I therefore claim your voices for his majesty's elder uncle, the Earl of Hertford, whom I look upon as the fittest person to be our chief. If you consult your own dignity, you will grace him with the title of Lord Protector, and as he is nearest in relationship to the king that now is, and must have his majesty's interest at heart more than any other, you can not do better than appoint him governor of the king's person during his nonage."

"It can not be done, I say," cried Wriothesley, stamping furiously on the ground. "I will never agree to it—and, at least, the election must be unanimous."

"Not so, my lord. A plurality of voices will suffice," rejoined Paget.

"Be calm, I entreat you, my lord," said Sir Anthony Brown, in a low voice,

to the Lord Chancellor. "Your opposition will avail nothing, but your adhesion will make you Earl of Southampton."

"Ha! say you so?" exclaimed Wriothesley, becoming suddenly appeased, and sitting down.

"Proceed without fear," whispered Sir Anthony to Paget. "I have stopped the Lord Chancellor's mouth with an earldom."

"It is well," returned the other, in the same tone. Then looking round the assemblage, he added, "If I understand aright, my lords and gentlemen, you all agree with me that it is meet my Lord of Hertford be appointed President of the Council, with the title of Lord Protector of the Realm, and Governor of the King's Person during his minority. Be pleased to signify your assent by your voices."

"Hold yet a moment!" interposed the Lord Chancellor, again rising. "Couple with your proposal the condition that the Lord Protector shall do nothing save with the assent of all the other councillors. On that understanding I am content to withdraw my opposition."

"It is distinctly so understood, my lord, and I thank you for your adhesion," replied Paget, bowing. "Are all the rest agreed?" he added.

Upon which, the others arose, exclaiming with one accord, "that no one was so fit to be Lord Protector as the Earl of Hertford, and that they were all content with the appointment."

"I meddle not with secular matters," observed Cranmer, "for the conduct whereof I am little fitted. But feeling well assured that the affairs of the government will be managed with wisdom and ability by my Lord of Hertford; and feeling also certain that no efforts on his part will be spared to purge and purify the Church, and establish the pure doctrines of Christianity, I have given my voice for him."

"I have concurred in my Lord of Hertford's appointment," said Tunstal, "in the belief that it is essential there should be a head to the government; and in the firm belief also that no better person than his lordship can be found for the office. But still adhering, as I do, to the old religion, though I have been content, for the sake of peace, to conform to many changes wrought in it by our late sovereign lord and master, I am strongly averse to any further Reformation, as it

is called, and I shall deeply regret the vote I have given if I find the Lord Protector take advantage of the power just conferred upon him to push for further separation from the See of Rome, and to widen and deepen the breaches already unhappily made in the Church.

"No fear of that, my lord of Durham," said Wriothlesley; "the cause of Rome is too ably supported in the upper council by yourself, by my lords of Arundel and St. John, by Sir Edward Wotton, Sir Anthony Brown, and Doctor Nicholas Wotton; and in the lower council by Sir John Gage, Sir William Petre, Sir John Baker, and Sir Thomas Cheyney. I say nothing of myself—but you may count on all my zeal. We will resist—strenuously resist—any further interference with our religion."

"You have spoken our sentiments, my lord," said Sir Anthony Brown, and other friends of the old belief. "We are disposed to make up the breach with the See of Rome, not to widen it."

"Nay, my good lords and gentlemen, let there be no disagreement amongst us," said Hertford, in a bland and conciliatory voice. Then bowing around, he added, "Accept, I pray you all, my hearty thanks for the high and important offices just conferred upon me. My best endeavors shall be used to satisfy you all. I shall strive to reconcile differences, not to heighten them; I shall be moderate and tolerant, rather than over-zealous; and I can not far err, seeing I must be guided and controlled by your collective opinions and wisdom." This speech producing the effect desired by the new Lord Protector, he went on. "And now, my lords and gentlemen, there is a matter wherein many of ye are concerned to which I would direct your present attention, though the full accomplishment thereof must necessarily be deferred to another time. As you are all doubtless aware, there is a clause in the late king's will requiring us, his executors, to make good all his promises of any sort or kind. What these promises were it will be needful to ascertain without delay. As a means hitherto, I will call upon one who, being greatly trusted, had the best opportunities of knowing his majesty's intentions, to declare. I address myself to you, Sir William Paget, and require you to state explicitly as much as you know of the late king's designs."

"I can answer your inquiries without difficulty, my lord," replied the chief secretary, "for I have a book wherein the king's wishes were set down by myself, under his majesty's direction, by whom, as ye will see, the memoranda are signed. Here it is," he added, exhibiting the book. "From this ye will learn the honors and rewards meant to be conferred by him upon his faithful servants. Herein ye will find it written, that the Earl of Hertford shall be created Lord High Treasurer and Earl Marshal, with the title of Duke of Somerset, and his son Earl of Hertford; in support of which titles, yearly revenues are to arise to the duke and his son out of the next bishop's land that shall fall due."

"That may be, Durham," observed Tinstal. "His majesty hath shown as little scruple towards us of the superior clergy, as he did towards the monasteries."

"Nay, I trust my revenues will not arise from your diocese, my lord," said Hertford, "though it be the richest and most considerable in the kingdom. What more, good master secretary?"

"The Earl of Essex is set down to be Marquis of Northampton," pursued Paget; "the Lord Lisle to be Earl of Warwick, the Lord Wriothlesley"—and he paused to glance at the Lord Chancellor—"to be Earl of Southampton; Sir Richard Rich to be Baron Rich; and Sir Thomas Seymour to be Baron Seymour of Sudley, and Lord High Admiral."

The latter announcement was received with considerable applause, especially from those of the lower council, and the subject of it was warmly congratulated by his companions. Seymour, however, looked discontented, and evidently thought he had been inadequately rewarded. One person only in the upper council took umbrage at the appointment. This was the existing Lord High Admiral, Lord Lisle.

"How is this?" he cried, angrily. "Am I to be deprived of my office?"

"Only to have something better," replied the Lord Protector. "Resign your patent in my brother's favor, and I will indemnify you with the post of Grand Chamberlain, which I now hold."

"I am quite content with the exchange, my lord," replied Lisle, his angry looks giving way to smiles.

"What of Sir John Gage?" demanded the Lord Protector. "Is he not to be exalted?"

"No mention is made of him," replied Paget, shaking his head.

"I rejoice to hear it," resounded the deep voice of the Constable of the Tower, from the lower part of the chamber.

"Is there no title bestowed on yourself, good master secretary?" inquired the Lord Protector.

"Your lordship will see when you look over the book," replied Paget.

"Being in waiting when these memoranda were made," observed Sir Anthony Denny, "I told his majesty that master secretary had remembered all but himself; whereupon the king desired me to write him down for a yearly revenue as appeareth in the book."

"Revenues were granted to all whom the king designed to honor," said Paget, "and were destined to spring from the forfeit estates of the Duke of Norfolk; but this plan has been defeated by the duke, who, as ye know, prevailed upon his majesty to settle the estates on his son, our present sovereign. Consequently, the revenues must be derived from other sources."

"All shall be ordered in due time," rejoined the Lord Protector. "After the coronation of his present majesty, all the creations appointed by the late king shall be made. Until then, those who are most interested must be content to wait. And now, my lords and gentlemen, let us to the king, who by this time must have entered the presence-chamber. I pray your grace to come with me."

This he addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, however, held back to let him pass forth first. The rest of the council, of both degrees, followed them out of the chamber.

#### IV.

NOW THE YOUTHFUL KING WAS KNIGHTED BY THE LORD PROTECTOR; AND NOW THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON WAS KNIGHTED BY THE KING.

Young Edward's first reception was held in the council-chamber of the White Tower—a vast apartment still existing, and which, if its height were only proportionate to its length and width, would almost be without equal. As it is, the chamber is very noble, with a massive timber roof, flat, and of immense weight, supported by double ranges of stout oak pillars. Around this chamber run narrow

stone galleries, arched and vaulted, constructed within the thickness of the walls, and having large semicircular openings for the admission of light.

Fitted up as it was for the grand ceremonial about to take in it, the presence-chamber, for so it was then styled, looked really magnificent; neither was it at all too large for the accommodation of the numerous ecclesiastics of the highest order, nobles, knights, city authorities—the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs to wit—pensioners, esquires, henchmen, pages, yeomen of the guard, marshals of arms, pursuivants, trumpeters, and others, by whom it was thronged. So overcrowded was it, in fact, that the stone galleries previously mentioned were filled.

The walls were hung with costly tapestry, and the pillars garnished with cloth of gold, the sides of the chamber and the roof being thickly set with banners of arms and descents, together with banners of the king's dominions, while the floor was deeply strewn with rushes.

At the upper end there was a cloth of estate, beneath which, upon a dais with three steps, sat the youthful monarch; a wide open space, covered with a carpet, being kept in front of the throne by silken cords drawn from side to side, at the entrance to which space stood the vice-chamberlain and other court officials, while the exit was guarded by gentlemen-ushers.

Within these privileged precincts only two persons had as yet been admitted—the Archbishop of Canterbury and the newly-made Lord Protector. In his quality of grand chamberlain, Hertford stood on the right of the king, bearing the wand of office, while the primate occupied a place on the left.

It was a moment of intense excitement to the young king, whose breast was filled with emotions such as he had never before experienced; but though much agitated internally, he maintained an outward appearance of composure, and performed the new and difficult part he was required to enact in a manner that won him universal admiration. Once or twice he glanced at his uncle, the Lord Protector, somewhat timidly, wishing Sir Thomas Seymour were in his place, but Hertford's bland and courtier-like manner quickly reassured him. Edward's face was flushed, and his eyes unusually brilliant, for his pulse beat fast; and though his deport-



ment might want the majesty that years alone can impart, it had something infinitely more charming in the almost childlike grace of the young monarch, and in the sweetness and simplicity of his looks.

The queen-dowager, who, surrounded by her ladies of honor—the Marchioness of Dorset, the Countess of Hertford, Lady Herbert, Lady Tyrwhitt, and others—sat beneath a lesser canopy on the right side of the room, regarded him with almost maternal pride and affection. The widowed queen had been summoned from the privacy to which she had retired on the demise of her royal husband, and was now lodged within the Tower.

All needful preliminaries having been gone through, the whole of the council, headed by the Lord Chancellor, entered the reserved space, and passing one by one before Edward, who arose to receive them, knelt down, kissed the youthful sovereign's hand, and vowed allegiance to him. Such a ceremony must be always interesting, but it was never, perhaps, more interesting than on the present occasion, when the extreme youth and beauty of the monarch lent it a peculiar charm.

As Sir Thomas Seymour approached, Edward, who had not hitherto spoken, observed, with a smile,

"You have already vowed fidelity to me, gentle uncle."

"Gracery for the reminder, my gracious liege," replied Seymour. "Yet shall not that vow, which I will most religiously keep, prevent me from taking the oath of allegiance from subject to sovereign." And kneeling down, he went through the ceremony like the others, but with even more fervor.

The whole of the council having thus sworn fidelity to the king, the Lord Chancellor advanced, and making a profound obeisance to Edward, informed him, in a voice distinctly audible throughout the whole of the vast and crowded chamber, that they had unanimously elected the Earl of Hertford to be Lord Protector.

"You have done well," replied Edward. "I approve the council's choice. But you have more to say. Proceed, my lord."

"Considering the tender years of your highness," rejoined Wriothesley, "we have deemed it expedient to appoint a governor of your royal person during your nonage."

"I am right glad of it," said Edward, fixing his eye upon Sir Thomas Seymour. "And you have chosen——"

"As your majesty will naturally anticipate, we have chosen the Earl of Hertford for your governor," replied Wriothesley.

"How?" exclaimed Edward, unable to conceal his disappointment. "Marry, this is not what I expected!"

"Does not our choice give your highness satisfaction?" inquired the Lord Chancellor, with secret malice. "The Earl of Hertford is your uncle."

"But I have another uncle," cried Edward, with much vivacity. "Marry, you should have chosen him."

"By my life, the boy is his father's true son," whispered Sir John Gage to Seymour; "he *will* have you for governor."

"He will, if they will let him have his way," replied Sir Thomas, doubtfully.

"And he will have it, if he holds firm," rejoined the constable.

Several of the upper council had exchanged looks at the vivacious expression of the young king's sentiments and inclinations, and seemed shaken in their resolve. Seymour began to think his grand point was gained. The Lord Protector looked uneasy, but Craumer came to the rescue.

"I can easily understand your highness's preference of your younger uncle," observed the primate to the young king; "but age, experience, and I may add high station, render the Earl of Hertford the more suitable of the two to be your governor."

"The last defect might be easily amended, your grace," rejoined Edward, in a tone of pique, "though I can not so readily give my uncle Sir Thomas, my lord of Hertford's years and experience. But be it as ye will. Ye are the best judges of what is fittest for me. I heartily thank your grace and the lords and gentlemen of the council for the care taken of me."

Thus were Seymour's hopes rudely dashed to the ground. But he was somewhat cheered by a significant look directed towards him by his royal nephew—a look that did not escape the vigilance of the Lord Protector.

"If I can not be governor of his person, at all events I shall have unlimited influence over him in secret," mentally ejaculated Seymour.

Their business over, the Lord Chancel-

lor and the rest of the council retired. They were succeeded by the lords spiritual, headed by Gardiner, who, as chief prelate, walked first. Tunstal having departed with the council, the Bishop of Winchester was followed by Doctor Bonner, Bishop of London, and the long list of church dignitaries was closed by Doctor Bush, Bishop of Bristol.

Then came the lords temporal, foremost of whom was the Marquis of Dorset. The Earls of Oxford, Shrewsbury, Derby, and Sussex, succeeded. Each noble, as he arose from paying homage, exclaimed with a loud and earnest voice, "God save your grace!" Then came Lord Morley, Lord Daere of the North, and the Lords Ferrers, Clinton, Gray, and Scrope. These were succeeded by the Lords Abergavenny, Conyers, Latimer, Fitzwalter, and Bray, with a multitude of others whom it would be tedious to particularize; neither can we call over the long roll of knights and esquires who subsequently vowed allegiance to their youthful sovereign.

Suffice it to mention that among those who thus swore fidelity to the new king were the Lord Mayor of London, and the aldermen and sheriffs in their scarlet robes.

It was while the civic authorities were yet in Edward's presence, that he prayed them to tarry a moment, and descending from the throne besought his elder uncle to knight him.

Whereupon, the Lord Protector immediately drew his sword and dubbed the king; after which, the youthful monarch took his uncle's sword, and commanding the lord mayor to kneel, struck him on

the shoulder with the blade with right good will, bidding him arise Sir Henry Hubblethorne.

Being a very portly personage, the lord mayor had much ado to get up again, but having accomplished the feat, with considerable embarrassment he proffered his thanks to the youthful king, who could scarce forbear from laughing at his confusion.

Then the young monarch again gracefully ascended the throne. As soon as he faced the assemblage, they all cried out together, "God save the noble King Edward!"

The trumpets were then sounded.

Then the young king took off his cap with much majesty of action, and stood erect before them all.

Silence immediately ensued—a tag might have been heard to fall. Amidst this deep hush, in tones that vibrated through every breast, and stirred up the strongest feelings of loyalty and devotion, the young king said,

"We heartily thank you, my lords all. Hereafter, in all that ye shall have to do with us for any suit or causes, ye shall be heartily welcome."

Once more the trumpets were sounded. Cannon replied from without. And so the ceremony ended.

A grand banquet followed, at which all the lords assisted—the queen dowager sitting on the king's right, and the Lord Protector on the left.

That night, and for some time afterwards, the whole of the council, upper and lower, with many of the nobles and knights and their attendants, were lodged within the Tower.

#### A WONDERFUL FLEET OF THE WIND-BOUND.—

The fleet of merchant vessels of all nations arrested for two months in their exit from the Mediterranean by the combined operation of the westerly current and the west wind, has at length been liberated by a strong Levanter. The long and unremitting prevalence of the late westerly gales rendered the accumulation of wind bound vessels in the bay at anchor behind the Rock, or cruising on the side of Cape de Gatt, almost unprecedented. The journals of the eastern coast of Spain estimated at 1500 the number between Cape de Gatt and Fuengirola. About 800 more in the bay or behind the Rock are in sight

from the signal station, making altogether 2300 which have found a fair wind in the steady easterly breeze now blowing. The straits had, up to yesterday, been sealed to outward bound sailing vessels for two months, and it is feared that some loss and injury to property will have been occasioned by so long a detention of the more perishable cargoes.—*Gibraltar Chronicle, January 11.*

THE "golden everlasting chain," described by Homer as reaching from heaven to earth, and embracing the whole moral world, was no fable. That chain is love.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA.\*

It was not until very recent times that physical geography assumed a form capable of being appreciated by the ordinary reading public. In our school days, a mass of dry geographical facts were laid before us; the areas of lands and waters, their products, peoples, and climates, were classed without any attempt at generalization, without any effort to attract our attention, and explain, in simple yet engrossing language, the beautiful laws which govern sea and land. The scholar was alone supposed to be capable of appreciating the wonderful mechanism of land and water, and, consequently, to him alone was unfolded the origin of the manifold phenomena of God's earth.

In this respect, however, a vast change has been wrought within the last few years, and geography, in its widest and most catholic sense, is now placed before us in forms as palatable as they are instructive. To no one are we more indebted for this pleasing improvement than to Alexander von Humboldt. With a prodigious knowledge and grasp of intellect, Humboldt was able to reassure ordinary mortals of the possibility of their understanding and enjoying the contemplation of the universe as a whole; and he it was who, breaking away from the old tram-road of physics, first showed us that it was time to generalize upon the knowledge which has been stored up for ages; and his charming writings convinced men of science, and especially geographers, that if they desired all mankind for disciples, and not mere scholastic *coteries*, they should take care to combine philosophical research and breadth of argument with the charms of eloquence and enthusiasm for the subject under discussion. The lesson has not been lost; and it appears to be now very generally ac-

knowledgeed that the writer who can clothe his information in language intelligible to the majority of educated people, popularizes, and at the same time utilizes, science, attracts fresh votaries, and enlists a host of allies, whose labors, humble or trivial as they may appear, will still promote science and enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge.

But the order of intellect which is merely capable of collecting scientific data, placing them under their respective heads, and serving them up a cold, inanimate, though possibly a very learned mass, is far more common than that genius which, having arranged those facts, is able to abstract from them general principles, and, striking at some great law therein involved, places before the brain-wearied student or desultory reader, draughts of knowledge so refreshing, that both are encouraged to dive deeper towards the sources of a science whose waters reach them at the outset so clear and sparkling—such, for instance, as we have before us in the beautiful Physical Atlas of Alexander Keith Johnston, an able embodiment of a suggestion made by the illustrious Von Humboldt. There the philosopher may at a glance refresh his memory, or add to his store from maps and diagrams, embodying far more concisely than type can ever do, the latest additions to our knowledge of the phenomena of earth, air, and water, as well as that of the animal and vegetable kingdoms; and there the professional overworked lover of science may, with a facility our forefathers knew not of, cull information of true practical value without any great tax upon his time or memory. Geography in such form does not alarm the humblest capacity; and we turn again and again to such a work, because it instructs, enlightens, but never wearies or frightens us. Another excellent exemplification of the old and the new modes of treating scientific subjects, is to be found in two other works of recent publication.

\* *The Physical Geography and Meteorology of the Sea.* By Captain MAURY, LL.D., Superintendent of the National Observatory, Washington. Sampson Low, Son, & Co. London.

Both are especially intended for the enlightenment of the world in general, and sailors in particular. One comes from the Admiralty of the United States, the other from that of Great Britain. One is called Maury's *Sailing Directions*, and out of it has sprung a work\* which has already gone through several editions; the other is a *Manual for Naval Officers*. Both are lures to sailor-students. Let any one compare them, and say which is the most useful and interesting, which the most likely to lead a sailor to note and observe all the phenomena with which he is ever surrounded, or to induce landsmen and navigators to investigate the mechanism of our globe.

In the British work, correct as it unquestionably is, fair Science unfolds her store in the most unpalatable form; she is highly orthodox, but appears almost to defy you to master her difficulties. Each learned contributor sits, Minerva-like, on the summit of a lofty height, points to all the difficulties of the ascent, assures you that on the summit of that Mount Delectable there are pastures pleasant; but never holds out a cheering hope to the student that his labors can be of the slightest value to her great cause, until he actually sits crowned in the Walhalla of the Royal Society; and, above all, she appears to deprecate any ambitious efforts to scale the cliffs of learning by short or pleasant paths. How different it is in the American work before us! Here is a subject, in the abstract hopelessly dry, treated in a manner that, from the opening of the book to its close, never tires; and we shut it with a determination to know more of the many interesting features of the ocean. The American hydrographer, in nervously-eloquent language, has summed up the evidence of man upon the laws governing the great watery element called ocean, and of the atmosphere which envelops it, and well describes the close affinity between the two. He dwells upon the temperature of each, and its life and death-creating consequences — of the winds which blow over the surface of the waters, and of the climates through which they together roll. Not only does he treat of the animate and inanimate products of the sea, and of the currents which circulate through its wastes, and impart life and action to the uttermost depths, but

to Lieutenant Maury we are indebted for much information—indeed, for all that mankind possesses—of the crust of the earth beneath the blue waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Hopelessly scientific would all these subjects be in the hands of most men; yet upon each and all of them Captain Maury enlists our attention, or charms us with explanations and theories replete with originality and genius. It is, indeed, a nautical manual, a hand-book of the sea, investing with fresh interest every wave that beats upon our shores; and it can not fail to awaken in both sailors and landsmen a craving to know more intimately the secrets of that wonderful element. The good that Maury has done, in awakening the powers of observation of the officers of the royal and mercantile navies of England and America, is incalculable. His corps of voluntary assistants may be numbered by thousands: every ship that floats in which the English language is spoken carries some one who is recording information, according to uniform system suggested by the gallant American at the Brussels Conference, and the consequent, a rapid yearly increase of information, has taken a practical shape in the construction a series of Wind and Current Charts. By these charts the mariner, wherever he may be, sees at a glance what are the prevailing winds and currents over the space he proposes to traverse, and shapes the course of his ship accordingly; indeed they are now found to be as useful out on the wide ocean, as the charts of soundings, dangers, and coast, are necessary when the land is approached. How cheerfully all these data are furnished, is well attested by one honest sailor, who, writing to the man who laboriously collates this information, and gives them its useful practical result: "It is with pleasure," he says to Maury, "that I contribute my mite towards furnishing you with material to work out still further towards perfection your great and glorious task, not only of pointing out the most speedy routes for ships to follow over the ocean, but also of teaching us sailors to look about us. I am free to confess that for many years I commanded a ship, and although never insensible to the beauties of nature upon sea and land, I yet feel that until I took up your work I had been traversing the ocean blindfolded. I did not think—I did not know the amazing and beautiful combination of

\* *The Physical Geography of the Sea: MAURY.*  
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him whom you so rightly term, 'The Great First Thought.' Apart from any pecuniary profit to myself, from your labors you have done me good as a man. You have taught me to look above, around, and beneath me. I am deeply grateful for this personal benefit."

And this, let the reader remember, was written by a horny-fisted sailor, master of the good ship *Gertrude*, bound to the Chincha Islands for guano; and if the genius of the American hydrographer can thus touch and illumine one who honestly acknowledges that his "capacity to comprehend all those beautiful theories is but small"—if, as Admiral Fitzroy justly believes, these researches are exercising the most beneficial effect in improving and elevating the minds of our seamen in general—who can doubt the charms such a subject, so treated, must possess for the educated, intelligent officers of the war navies of England and America?

A knowledge of the physical geography of the sea, it should be remembered, only dates from the fifteenth century—from the voyage of Columbus, and the penetrating of those watery deserts dividing the old world from the new. Then it was that its shape, limits, and character were first appreciated, and that the accumulated errors of past ages touching the relative proportions of earth and water, were dispelled. Men commenced to form thoroughly correct ideas of our globe as a whole; and, awe-struck as those first great explorers of the unknown were with the wonders of the new worlds and nations unrolled to their ken, still they acknowledged that the grandeur of that blue ocean, whether it washed the sunny shores of Mexico and Ind, or lashed itself in majesty and wrath around the Cape of Torments or *Terra del Fuego*, was a thousand-fold more sublime. Since then, the enterprising and adventurous of all nations have sought to rob the ocean of its secrets—some by seeking the lands and isles hid in its wide skirts, others by penetrating beyond those limits where its congealed surface seems to say to man, that there are solitudes on the globe which he must not enter; and when it appeared as if our sailor-forefathers had left us nothing fresh to discover, the physical geographer comes forward and shows us how rich is the sea in half-explored wonders, and urges on the ardent and energetic to dive into mysteries of which our ancestors never dreamed in

their most imaginative moments. The first chapter of Mr. Maury's book brings this vividly home to us. We are at once carried, not to the surface of the sea, but down into its bosom—nay more, down to the crust of the earth, the hills and plains beneath that blue Atlantic. In terse and graphic language, we learn that all sea is not an inert mass of brine, but that it is, with the exception of a thin substratum, as constantly in motion, changing its position and component parts, as the atmosphere which surrounds us. Immediately connected with the atmosphere by a constant reciprocating action, there appears to be motion down—down into the darkest depths of the sea. Here, acted upon by heat, the particles are ascending until formed into vapor—pure water sucked up in an invisible form—to be carried away to do its office, and then again return to the ocean; there, the particles, increasing in density, are sinking, whilst nature, abhorring a void, strives to fill up the vacuum. A current is created, motion is imparted, and then we observe the horizontal action of currents of water, arising from exactly similar causes to those of the currents of the winds. We mark all the wealth of those waters, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. Earth, dry earth, is not more peopled: take up a pinch of the soil over which lie two thousand five hundred fathoms of sea water, submit it to a microscope, and behold! though it looks and feels like fine clay, it does not contain a particle of sand, earth, or gravel. Every atom under the lens tells of life and living things; the bed of the Atlantic is strewn with the bones and shells of the myriads of creatures inhabiting its waters—creatures so numerous, that figures fail to convey an idea, or the mind to embrace their vast profusion. The navigator traversing the blue sea, sails for days in a fleet ship, through waters so thickly covered with small, pulpy sea-nettles, or medusæ, that it looks to him like "a boundless meadow in yellow leaf." The savant,\* following on his trail, places a single one of these sea-blubbers under a lens, and in one of its nine stomachs finds seven hundred thousand flinty shells of microscopic diatomaceæ, one of the many animalcula of the sea. Thus each creature in this thousand square leagues of medusæ

\* See the voyage of *Piazzi Smyth*, the *Astronomer Royal of Edinburgh*, to *Teneriffe*, in 1856.

were sucking from the sea millions of these diminutive creatures, and ejecting their shells, to fall, in a gentle yet perpetual shower, down to the bed of the ocean, and there in time form strata of siliceous or chalky matter for future geologists to ponder over. And, remember, that upon all these medusæ prey legions of bigger creatures, and that into these helpless colonies sails the huge whale with cavernous mouth, and gulps down as many of them at every feast as they do of the minute diatomaceæ.

The sea has its forests as well as its barren grounds. We see the sargassos, or seas of weed, in huge prairies spreading over areas as large as our continents—that of the Atlantic tropic covers a space, according to Von Humboldt, of seven times the area of the French empire; and we know that every leaf in all that “oceanic meadow” is the home of a host of living creatures. In other places, and over regions as wide as the tropics, the palm of the sea, the kelp, throws up its graceful stem and beautiful leaf; whilst about the equator, as well as in those glacial regions around our northern pole, on the rich vegetation of the bed of the ocean, graze the walrus and the dugong, and endless colonies of creatures dwell amidst watery forests. All this, and much more, is shown in the nervous language of one who writes of an element which he loves with a sailor’s pride; and then, ever keeping in view the necessity for a matter-of-fact application of the knowledge he possesses, he tells us how, across those waters and down upon what he believes to be the *silent* bed of the Atlantic, man may stretch those telegraphic cables by which in time all mankind shall become united into one family. How eager America and Britain are that this result should be achieved, is best attested by the haste with which a cable was run across in one great stretch from Ireland to Newfoundland. Half a million sterling sunk beneath two and a half miles of water, with the very best intention! Mr. Maury, with that enthusiasm for expenditure characteristic of his countrymen, calls the attempt “a splendid failure.” We think so, too, and trust it may not be repeated. Now that sailors and engineers have satisfied themselves they can run a line or rope across any depth, it is high time that the electricians satisfied us that submarine cables will work over a distance of a thousand miles,

before we proceed to send more capital to the same limbo as the Atlantic and Red Sea telegraph cables. Lieutenant Maury shows a telegraphic route which will run from France *via* Portugal, the Azores, and Newfoundland, with the merit of breaking the distance across the Atlantic into two stages. It must be a source of congratulation to our countrymen that the Emperor Louis Napoleon “has given his sanction, with the most liberal encouragement, to this project,” and, considering that the cod-fishing establishment of St. Pierre is at the one end of this proposed line, and Cape Finisterre at the other, nothing could serve better, unless it be Mr. Cobden’s assurances, to convince us of the genial disinterestedness of the French potentate, than such liberality upon a point in which French commercial interests are so very trivial. We wish our Gallic friends, and especially the Credit Mobilier, every success; but would advise British capitalists to wait until the north-about route through Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador, be thoroughly explored, and submarine telegraphy be more assured. The researches of Captain Sir Leopold M’Clintock and Captain Allen Young in that direction have been most satisfactory, in spite of a singularly severe and tempestuous season.

#### RIVER OF THE SEA.

It is time to return from the bottom of the Atlantic to the surface of the waters generally, and to contemplate some of those phenomena of the sea which must strike the most superficial observer; and no where does the freshness, combined with sound argument, of the American sailor shine more than in that portion of the work which treats of the Atlantic gulf-stream, and its influences upon climates and commerce. Here, striking out an original view, and accepting only in part the explanations hitherto given by philosophers of the physical forces which support and feed that wonderful current, the author places before us, in a very clear light, the causes of that constant and copious flow and reflow of water between the tropic and frigid zones in the Atlantic Ocean, without, of course, pretending to show why it should have pleased Providence to constitute a certain spot in that ocean a caldron, out of which hot water is flowing from the surface,

whilst cold water is running in below; a fact well assured in the Caribbean Sea, where the surface water has been found to raise the thermometer to eighty-three and eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit, whilst the same thermometer, lowered to a depth of four hundred fathoms, indicated a temperature of only forty-eight or forty-three degrees. The old theory of this gulf-stream originating in the rush of water into the Gulf of Mexico from the mighty Mississippi, has been long dispelled; and then the one attributing the velocity of the gulf-stream to the movement of the sun in the ecliptic shared a similar fate. Dr. Franklin imputed this stream to the escape of a mass of water forced into the Caribbean Sea by the north-east trade-wind, forming a sort of "head-water," which sought a natural level by flowing north-east into the Atlantic again. Indeed, a distinguished English geographer spoke of the gulf-stream "as an immense river descending from a higher level into the plain." Recent investigation has likewise destroyed this ingenious but unsound theory. For, touching the pressure of the trade-wind in forming such a head-water in the Caribbean Sea, it has been discovered, by the discussion of three hundred and eighty thousand observations made in the North Atlantic upon positions between the equator and twenty-five degrees north latitude, that the north-east winds are not in excess of those from the opposite direction—indeed, Maury shows that over that area the south-west wind is really the major atmospheric current. Yet the trade-wind theorists would have had us suppose that the piling up of the waters in the Caribbean Sea by this minor current of air was so prodigious as to create a power capable of discharging across the Atlantic a stream fully one thousand times the volume of the Mississippi. In the next place, so far from the hot waters of the gulf-stream at their source being at a higher level than in other parts of the current, the observations made by officers of the United States navy, during their coast survey, go to show that the gulf-stream, in its passage through the Straits of Florida, as far as Cape Hatteras, far from descending is actually forced up an ascent of about a foot in the mile; and the descending current theory is fully confuted. That the action of the trade-winds causes what sailors term a surface-drift of water, and

therefore in some degree *assists* the initial velocity of this Atlantic stream, is generally allowed; but most men practically acquainted with the action of winds upon oceanic surfaces will agree with Maury, that that force is quite insufficient of itself to force such a body of water into the Caribbean Sea as to occasion a recoil which would project a volume of heated water in a great arc from the Straits of Florida as far as Cape North, in Lapland. We are, however, bound to say that a great authority, Sir John Herschell, appears to think that the trade-winds are sufficient for the purpose—not, indeed, by causing a great head of water in the seas engirt by the West Indies, but that, by a sort of billiard-ball process, the particles of water roll along before the winds, until they "cushion off" the shores of Mexico, "cannon" here and there between Cuba and Hatteras, and eventually make "a pocket" upon the coast of Western Europe. Indeed, our Goliath of science appears somewhat irritated that inquisitive sailors should dare to question theories which are so utterly at variance with their knowledge and observation; for we find, in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a complaint that the "dynamics of the gulf-stream have of late, in the work of Lieutenant Mary, been made the subject of much, we can not but think, misplaced wonder, as if there could be any possible ground for doubting that it owes its origin *entirely* to the trade-winds." Maury, however, like another David, in no wise daunted by a reproof which, had it been applied to an ordinary man, would have caused him, like the sons of Israel, "to be dismayed and sore afraid," chooses his smooth stones from the brook, and calls the sea and sailors to witness that not one of the constant currents of the ocean either sets with the winds or makes such a rebound as some theorists are anxious to establish. The gulf-stream actually drives, as even landmen know, to windward for hundreds of miles in the teeth of the trade-wind. The Mozambique current, which is as wide as the gulf-stream is long, cuts across the path of the south-east trade; the arctic currents of both poles drift the iceberg athwart the brave west winds of the temperate regions; and the Japanese gulf-stream carries the stout ship up at a railroad pace, in spite of the furious north-east monsoons and gales of China and

Tartary. The bottles which have been thrown into the sea to test currents have floated across and against prevailing winds; and they, too, vindicate Maury's assertion that, although winds do to a certain extent create surface currents and sea-drifts, they are ephemeral in their existence, limited in their effect, and have no connection with those great currents, the real arteries of the ocean. He then proceeds to show that the general circulation of the sea is dependent upon its specific gravity, and the constant and successful efforts of that element to preserve a uniform condition, illustrating his idea in the following ingenious manner:

"Let us suppose a globe of the earth's size, and with a solid nucleus, to be covered all over with water two hundred fathoms deep, and that every source of heat and of radiation be removed, so that its fluid temperature becomes constant and uniform throughout. On such a globe, the equilibrium remaining undisturbed, there would be neither wind nor current. Let us now suppose that all the waters within the tropics to the depth of one hundred fathoms suddenly became oil. The aqueous equilibrium of the planet would thereby be disturbed, and a general system of currents and counter-currents would immediately commence—the oil, in an unbroken sheet on the surface, running towards the poles, and the water, in an under-current, towards the equator. The oil is supposed, as it reaches the polar basin, to be converted into water, and the water to become oil as it crosses the tropic, rising to the surface, in the hot region, and returning as before. Thus, *without wind*, we should have a perpetual and uniform system of tropical and polar currents, though *without wind* Sir John Herschell maintains we should have no 'considerable currents whatever in the sea.'"

Mr. Maury then proceeds to show how, by the rotary movement of our planet, these currents, instead of flowing due north and south, are thrown to the right; and that if, in addition to this cause for deflection, you introduce a series of obstacles in the shape of continents, islands, and shallows, you would easily create those cross-currents, those variations in volume and velocity, which are met with in the circulation of the ocean of our planet; and he concludes by asking whether the cold waters of our northern regions, and the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, made specifically lighter by tropical heat, do not, in their present system of currents, represent in a great degree the relation of the imaginary oil and water?

We dare not follow the writer into all the ingenious proofs adduced in support of his views, but agree with him that the grand currents of the ocean are occasioned by the endless variations in temperature, specific gravity, and saltness of its waters, as well as a multitude of other agencies which extend from the poles to the equator; and that, of those causes, the winds represent merely a unit, and act solely on the surface of the sea, or to the extent of a few fathoms below it. The rain and the snow which fall upon its surface serve equally to disturb the equilibrium, as well as evaporation in one quarter, congelation in another; and although the sea has its deserts as well as the land, yet its waters are far more densely filled with animal and vegetable life than either the air or *terra firma*; and every creature, every coral, every phosphorescent molecule and weed, is ever abstracting or adding to the component parts of the waters in which they exist; their action is as ceaseless as the variations of heat and cold which cause our atmosphere to be ever in motion, thus calling for perpetual oceanic currents to undo their perpetual work.

As the best known and longest studied of oceanic currents, the gulf-stream affords us a perfect picture of the other, perhaps greater, but less appreciated rivers of warm and cold water which traverse our seas. Heated in a tropical furnace to about eighty-six degrees Fahr., a current of hot water, with a sharply-defined edge on either side, and flowing over a cushion of cold water running down from the arctic zone, rushes with a force equal to that of the Amazon, but with many times its volume, out of the Gulf of Mexico along the shores of Florida. There curving upon a great arc to the north-eastward, it flows three thousand miles, into the fortieth degree of north latitude; yet such is the volume of that heated water, that its temperature through so long a journey only falls to eighty-three or eighty-four degrees. In that latitude the gulf-stream overflows its banks, and, flaring out over many thousand square leagues, diminishes much in heat and velocity, yet reaches our shores, retaining enough of the former to rescue us from the horrors of a Labrador climate—to keep our seas open up to the sixtieth degree of latitude, when, on the opposite side of the Atlantic, the American con-



continent is sealed up with ice, nine hundred and sixty miles south of the Orkneys; and that warm current of water causes the vapor-laden atmosphere of Britain, which, although much abused, is still, we believe, preferable to the six months of frost to which Canada and Russia are subjected in similar latitudes. Such a torrent of hot water traversing the Atlantic wastes naturally occasions great perturbations of the atmosphere, and the gulf-stream may justly be called "a foul-weather breeder." The English trader knows this well, but it must come much more home to the American navigator, because, on either quitting or sailing towards his shores, he has invariably to traverse the gulf-stream, and stretch across a belt of cold water, the arctic current, which intervenes between it and his home. There, and especially in the winter season, the storm, cyclone, and cross-currents raise such a sea as shatters the best found bark, and tests the skill and hardihood of the seamen. From New York to the Bay of Chesapeake, snow-storms and gales are encountered which mock all human skill and nerve. The trader from the Pacific or China finds herself in a few hours an ice-encumbered wreck, with the crew paralyzed by cold, and, but for the beneficent gulf-stream, would assuredly be lost. Then the cunning master-mariner, undismayed by the battle of the elements, occasioned by the contact of the gulf-stream with the arctic current, turns his ship's prow again towards the former, and confidently steers towards its well-defined limits.

"His bark reaches its edge, and almost at a bound, passes from the midst of winter into a sea at summer-heat. Now the ice disappears from her apparel; the sailor bathes his stiffened limbs in tepid water. Feeling himself invigorated and refreshed with the genial warmth about him, he realizes, out there at sea, the fable of Antæus and mother Earth. He rises up and attempts to make his port again, and is again perhaps as rudely met and beat back to the north-west; but each time that he is driven off he comes forth from this stream, like the ancient son of Neptune, stronger and stronger, until, after many days, he at last triumphs and enters his haven in safety, though in this contest he sometimes falls to rise no more, for it is terrible."

Such, in brief, is the cause, the purpose, and some of the phases of this river of the sea. We must pass on to other features as wonderful and strange—although, before doing so, we can not help remarking,

that if these currents which flow through the surface of the waters are awe-inspiring, how much more so are the still more mysterious "under-currents," some of which, rolling over the rugged surface of the earth's crust beneath, tear up the surface-waters which are superimposed, and occasion those strange "overfalls" or "ripps," whose waves, even in the calm weather, will throw their crests upon the decks of tall ships; and the force and direction of which the inquiring mariner may occasionally ascertain by lowering objects down through the ocean until they are griped and swept away in the submarine river. Capitally do the officers of the United States brig *Dolphin* describe such a recent experiment. They sent a log of wood five hundred fathoms down in the Atlantic, and attached a cask as a float to the upper end of the line. Down sinks the loaded log of wood through the still depths of the upper waters, until it strikes a seam of under-current. It is then at once grasped by mysterious hands, and, to the astonishment of the sitters in the boat, the float moves off at the rate of a mile, and sometimes at two miles an hour, up in the eye of the wind, and in spite of the wash of the sea! Well might the blue-jackets rub their eyes, and wonder what monster of the deep had swallowed the tough bait, and doubt the explanation given by their officers; for even we, who may daily witness two currents of air overheard carrying the clouds in opposite directions, or observe the mountain-tops lashed by a storm, whilst the valley rejoices in calm, can not help expressing admiration and wonder at a system of circulation in the ocean, more grand because more mysterious than "the circuits of the winds." The perfection of the circulation of the sea is best attested by the fact that, as a general law, the component parts of the water in one part of the ocean and another are as like as those of the air. Currents of air and currents of water each so well do their work, that what is abstracted from either sea or atmosphere by all the million agencies ever at work is rapidly and beneficently replaced by the ceaseless machinery of nature, all working harmoniously to make the earth beautiful, and to fit it for the dwelling-place of man. They who desire to appreciate some of those wonderful laws will do well to read the chapters in Maury's work upon the

atmosphere, rains, rivers, trade-winds, monsoons, and hurricanes. They are too intimately connected with the physics of the sea to be neglected by the intelligent student, and the sailor who would comprehend the character of the shoreless ocean below which he creeps upon the surface of the sea. But we must back to the ocean, and again ask our reader to descend into its blue waters, and take a survey of the floor of the North Atlantic as spread before us, thanks to the deep-sea sounding explorations carried out since 1854. How beautifully the foundations of Europe, Africa, and America are there laid bare. Mark that on our side of the Atlantic, a long valley of about a mean depth of two and a quarter geographical miles, separates us from a great submerged area, on which there is a mile less depth of water; and in the center of this shoal region rises the volcanic group known as the Western Isles, or Azores; and then again, beyond this middle ground, another valley runs down the American shore—a valley which, in the course of the swiftest portion of the gulf-stream, attains to the remarkable depth of four miles; so that, if we stood on the bottom of that depression, the grand banks of Newfoundland and the shores of America would bound our western and northern horizon at an altitude equal to the mighty Himalayas, and we would see rising sharp and precipitous in the south, a lofty group of mountains, the Bermudas, whose summits now only rise above the tempest-tossed waters of the gulf-stream. Such is the general aspect of the bed of the ocean between the Old and New World in what we call the temperate zone; but it remains yet a question to be solved whether the gradations from the "middle ground" are gradual, or whether the depths of the sea have their cliffs and ravines, such as we observe on the earth we inhabit. We incline to think that the latter will be found to be the case; because, on passing down into that portion of the Atlantic bed between the northern tropic and the equator, we are struck with the prodigious elevations and abrupt depressions, such, indeed, as the earth above water never presents. Maury has given a graphic plate exhibiting a section of that ocean between the Cape de Verd Islands and Central America—a most ghastly valley were it laid bare of water. We see the summits of the West India

Isles rising like needle-points ten thousand feet, or a mile and a half high, out of the bed of the Caribbean Sea; and then, from the heights of the Windward Group, a sheer precipice runs down nineteen thousand feet to form a hideous and yawning gulf, with here and there a sharp peak thrown up, until we reach the western base of the Cape de Verdes, where another series of needles rear themselves from the crust to the awful height of twenty-two thousand feet—thin sections, as it were, of "Aconcagua's tremendous peak." This strange region beneath the sea may fitly be called the Passes of the Atlantic Ocean.

Other still more startling phenomena, the researches and industry of hydrographers will, no doubt, before long wring from the secrets of the sea; for as yet we know nothing of the bed of the Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, or navigable portions of the arctic and antarctic seas. The field is great, but the laborers are many; and whilst we are writing, the British expeditions sent forth by our Admiralty and private enterprise to explore the depths between England, Iceland, and Greenland, have returned with a fresh store of facts and information.

It is impossible, however, in treating of our present knowledge of the physical geography of the sea, as developed in Mr. Maury's work, to avoid pointing to one very prominent feature in his writings, and that is, his earnest advocacy for farther arctic and antarctic explorations. To those two unknown regions he cleverly leads us, whether we be discussing sea, air, or sunbeam, for the especial purpose of proving that, inasmuch as they are the focus of his inquiring mind, so are they deserving of every sacrifice, rather than that we should leave them unexplored. We can not object to this craving after the unknown; it is begotten of energy and genius; but let it be stated frankly by those who desire to devote themselves to a task which has baffled a James Ross and Edward Parry, that enterprise is their motive, the hope of honor their guerdon. We shall esteem them not a jot the less whether they be successful or not in our day, but we protest against theories of open water at the north, and heated continents at the South Pole, supported by such testimony as poor Dr. Kane's sea of open water in a narrow arctic strait, or an ingenious use of the drifts

of arctic navigators out of Baffin's Bay Arctic polynias have been the will-o'-wisp of the north ever since Admiral Wrangel fancied he saw one. Parry went in search of it, and could not even find, in a polar midsummer, a polynia big enough to float a boat, although he was degrees to the north of where Dr. Kane's second-mate and servant ever reached in their remarkable trip. The sea of water which so astonished Captain Penny and De Haven in 1850-51, up Wellington Channel, was found to be a mere hole in the ice occasioned by strong currents; and Lieutenant Maury should remember, that a hundred and odd English sailors, in 1852-53-54, were trudging about with their sledges over a frozen sea far to the north of and beyond that very polynia. Then, touching the drifting out of the Resolute, the Rescue, and the Fox, surely candor must acknowledge that there is no difficulty in accounting for that current, without supposing that there is a body of hot water or clear water from which that stream of pack and iceberg flows south. The glacier travels down into the plain, yet nature is ever filling up the void at the source with fresh snow and ice; so it is with the polar current. To all that great region of ice, that floe-encumbered sea between Behring's Straits and Baffin's Bay, there is only one free vent into the Atlantic. Let Maury and the polynia advocates read the voyage of H. M. S. Investigator, think of that vast area of ice-choked waters, skirted by Captain Collinson and Sir Robert McClure, and then say whether there is not material enough there to furnish half-a-dozen instead of one, such arctic current as that of Baffin's Bay. Arctic polynias! had there been one, Parry would have found it when he was in eighty-two and a half degrees north, within four hundred and fifty miles of the pole. The Erebus and Terror would not have turned back, as their record tells us they did, had one existed in seventy-seven degrees north, nor

should we have to mourn to-day a gallant leader and two noble crews, whose bones lie beneath the snows of King William's Land, if open water at our northern pole was not the dream of theorists. It is not with a view of deprecating further arctic research that we say this much; for we know too well that it were as wise to attempt to check the flow of the Thames from its source as to restrain the love of adventure inherent in sailors; nor do we desire to damp that enterprise, which is the soul of such professions as the navies of England and America. We can well understand how, on perusing that terribly interesting voyage of Sir James Ross in antarctic seas, all its perils, all its hardships, are lost sight of, and that, if Maury call for volunteers to open up that Victoria continent, where the volcano belches forth its fires amidst the ices of eternal winter, there will many brave men step forth to execute, if it please God, their self-imposed task. But, we say, let the question rest on its own merits, as one of geographical discovery and adventure, and do not throw out mere traps for the credulous in promises of open water at one end of our globe, and warm continents worth exploration at the other. It is with regret that we dissent on any point from one whose heart is so thoroughly in the advancement of geographical science as the American hydrographer; but we can not help thinking that, apart from the vast labors which he points out as being necessary in the explorations of navigable seas—when we look at a map of the world, and see that all Central Asia, China, Japan, and three-fourths of Polynesia and Australia, as well as broad regions of the Americas, are still a sealed book to us, and unexplored by the European traveler and geographer—there is at present an extensive field lying fallow for all the enterprise and hardihood of our inquiring race, without sending them to the poles.

From Chambers's Journal.

## CURIOSITIES OF COLD.

MEN anticipate a coming winter with various feelings; one dreads the Christmas bills; another, the boys home for the holidays; another, a new year anxious as the last; but all men dread the cold. I know they do, for I am a surgeon, and see much of its effects among my poorer patients; and for that reason I have to consider how we ought to treat cold. Treat it! you will say—shut the door, poke up the fire, put your soul in slippers, and your body in an easy-chair. Treat it like any other unbidden guest, and shut it out. I was thinking, however, of a great class of our fellow-countrymen who go down to the sea in ships after seals and whales, or up mountains to gather in the black-faced sheep, or wander about the streets of our cities, and are picked up stiff, senseless bundles of rags by the night-police.

To such it matters but little that our natural philosophers deny the existence of cold—that it is merely the abstraction of a certain quantity of the heat which is indispensable to animal life—that warmth stimulates to vitality—and that if the temperature is lowered, it may at last reach a point when it ceases to have any effect; but, nevertheless, these facts are interesting.

The atmosphere is always robbing us of our animal heat, which has an average temperature of ninety-eight degrees. If it did not do so, if the atmosphere were itself ninety-eight degrees, we should feel it disagreeably warm, and prefer one much lower—say sixty or sixty-five degrees. How low the temperature of the body may be allowed to sink with impunity, is doubtful, and seems to vary with the individual; the robust and lively man, evolving plenty of heat, enjoys a degree of cold which makes a lean, pink-nosed, blue-lipped woman truly a miserable spectacle. Tooke, in his view of the Russian empire, says that drivers and horses suffer no inconvenience with the thermometer at twenty to twenty-four degrees below zero, and women stand for four or five hours

with their draggled petticoats stiff with ice. There have been noticed, however, some circumstances which would go to show that national hardihood could not be always relied upon; for instance, in the greatest experiment of the effects of cold on man—the French retreat from Russia—the Dutch soldiers of the Third Regiment of the Grenadiers of the Guard, consisting of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven men, officers and soldiers, nearly all perished, as two years after, only forty-one of them, including their colonel, General Tindal, who was wounded, had returned to France; while of the two other regiments of Grenadiers, composed of men nearly all of whom were born in the south of France, a considerable number were saved. The Germans lost, in proportion, a much larger number of men than the French. Though many of the latter were reduced almost to nudity by the Cossacks having stolen their clothes, they did not die from the effects of cold in the same numbers as the Northerners, whom one would have expected to brave out that dreadful campaign with greater impunity. There is a singular mystery about the effects of cold—mysterious as these countries round which it consolidates its impenetrable barrier. When your great natural philosopher calculates with extraordinary nicety the laws of heat, we can not follow his calculations; how much more difficult, then, must it be for us surgeons to determine how much, not a whole body, but perhaps some patch of tissue, may be reduced in temperature with hope of its recovery.

Take as an example now, Napoleon's army as it returns from Russia, and let me quote from the great surgeon, Baron Larrey, no less soldier than surgeon:

"The death of the men struck by cold was preceded by pallor of the face, by a sort of idiocy, by hesitation of speech, weakness of sight, and even complete loss of sensation; and in this condition some

were marched for a shorter or longer period, conducted by their comrades or their friends. Muscular action was visibly weakened; they reeled on their legs as if intoxicated; weakness progressed gradually till they fell down, which was a certain sign of the complete extinction of vitality. The continuous and rapid march of the soldiers collected into a mass obliged those who could not keep up to leave the center of the column, and keep to the sides of the road. Once separated from the compact body, and left to their own resources, they soon lost their equilibrium, and fell into the ditches filled with snow, from whence it was difficult to remove them; they were struck suddenly with a painful choking, passed into a lethargy, and in a few seconds ended their existence. When on the heights of Mienedski, one of the points of Russia which seemed to me most elevated, many had bleeding from the nose. . . . The external air had undoubtedly become more rarefied, and no longer offering resistance to the action of the fluids, of which the movement is constrained by the internal vital forces and the expansion of the animal heat, these fluids passed off by the points of least resistance, which are generally the mucous surfaces, especially the mucous lining of the nose. This death (from cold) did not seem to me a painful one; as the vital forces were gradually extinguished, they drew after them the general sensibility to external agencies, and with them disappeared the faculties of special sensation. We found almost all the persons frozen to death lying on their stomachs, and with no sign of decomposition."

How did any escape? One would think that what was cold to one must have been equally so to the others. We see in a garden, after some severe frost, particular species of plants affected by it, but we say the others were more hardy; but here is one species of animal suffering so unequally, as regards its individual members, as to strike the most ordinary observer with surprise.

Now, it would seem that cold affects in only two ways—it predisposes to the death of tissues, and it *kills*. In the first case, the part is not more affected than that it is very cold; its temperature is greatly lowered; the contracted blood-vessels allow but little of the vital fluid to pass. At this moment, it seems that but a small increase in the temperature may endanger

the life of the part, or even of the whole body. Let us quote again from Baron Larrey: "Towards the end of the winter of 1795-96, when I was with the army of the Eastern Pyrenees, we passed suddenly from an extremely intense cold to an elevated temperature. A great number of the soldiers, especially those who were at the siege of Rosas, then had their feet frozen; some advanced sentinels were even found dead at their post in the first hours of the thaw; and although we had passed fifteen or twenty days under the influence of the severe cold, none of the soldiers of the advanced posts of the siege presented themselves at the ambulances of the intrenchment, of which I was director-in-chief, *until the date of the thaw*. So in Holland, the soldiers who for the sake of *le petit caporal* stood patiently in the snow, did so with impunity till the first thaw, when they were attacked by gangrene. And what is this frost-bite? It is a part in which the power of evolving heat and the circulation of the blood has been entirely destroyed; and this most easily occurs in situations at a distance from the seat of circulation—the toes, fingers, nose, ears, etc. The part, if thin, like the ear, may be crisp and hard, ready to break off; but still these frost-bitten parts are not actually irrecoverable; they may be thawed, but, strange as it may seem, the cold man's greatest enemy is the heat he so earnestly prays for. After the battle of Eylau, the thermometer had fallen to fourteen and fifteen degrees below zero, but not a single soldier complained of any accident from the effect of cold, though, till the 9th of February, they had passed the nights in snow, and exposed to the hardest frost." General F  vrier, finding his enemies unaffected by his usual weapons, changed his tactics. In the night of the 9th, up went the temperature to three, four, and five degrees above zero, and the ever-active French soldiers felt themselves heavy and their feet numb, troubled with pins and needles; and on pulling off their shoes and stockings behold the toes were black and dried, and a red blush on the instep told them that the increased temperature had been too much for their chilled extremities, and that their feet were mortifying—rotting off them! They were suffering in large what we do in small, when we stick our cold toes to the bars of the grate in this cold wintry weather. We get some small patch of

skin inflamed by the heat, which, in its cold condition, it can not stand, and we call the patch a chilblain.

John Hunter froze the ears of rabbits, then thawed them rapidly, and they inflamed. Wo, says Larrey, wo to the man benumbed with cold, if he enter too suddenly a warm room, or come too near the fire of a bivouac! We lately saw a fine-looking Scotch girl with her feet gangrenous from cold; she had been tramping linen in a tub, and feeling them cold and numb, she stepped from it into another tub which held warm but not by any means hot water.

With regard to the treatment of frost-bitten persons, the part affected should be rubbed with cold water or snow, and then with fluids of a medium temperature, in a cold room; cautiously bring the patient into a warmer atmosphere, and administer small quantities of cordials or warm tea, then cover him up in bed, and encourage perspiration. Even where the patient seems quite dead, or has lain as if dead for days, you must give a fair trial to these remedies. When poor Boutillat, the French peasant, who awoke crying out for drink after his four days' sleep in the snow, was brought to his friends, they wrapped him in warm linen dipped in aromatic water, and this was but too probably the cause of the poor fellow's feet mortifying.

Now, we have said that cold may not only *predispose* to the death of animals or portions of animal tissues, but it may kill them. How it slaughters its victims, we do not exactly know; some say it paralyzes the heart; others think that the cold, to use a popular expression, drives the blood inwards, and kills by apoplexy. The irresistible sleepiness that creeps over a person "lost in the snow" is well known, and has been often described; if once it is yielded to, death, under the forlorn circumstances usually present, is sure to result. But, undoubtedly, it may kill at once. Persons have been found stone-dead standing upright at their posts, all the machinery of life having stopped at once—the mouth half open, as it was when the last groan was uttered; the limbs still in the position they assumed during life, and having undergone, through the peculiar antiseptic nature of the cold, none of the changes we find after other forms of death.

Captain Warems reports to the Admi-

ralty thus: "In the month of August, 1775, I was sailing about seventy-seven degrees north latitude, when one morning, about a mile from my vessel, I saw the sea entirely blocked up by ice. Nothing could be seen, far as the eye could reach, but mountains and peaks covered with snow. The wind soon fell to a calm, and I remained for two days in the constant expectation of being crushed by that frightful mass of ice, which the slightest wind could force upon us. We had passed the second day in such anxieties, when about midnight the wind got up, and we immediately heard horrible crackling of ice, which broke and tossed about with a noise resembling thunder. That was a terrible night for us; but by morning, the wind having become by degrees less violent, we saw the barrier of ice which was before us entirely broken up, and a large channel extending out of sight between its two sides. The sun now shone out, and we sailed away from the northward before a light breeze. Suddenly, when looking at the sides of the icy channel, we saw the masts of a ship; but what was still more surprising to us, was the singular manner in which its sails were placed, and the dismantled appearance of its spars and maneuvers.

"It continued to sail on for some time, then stopping by a block of ice, it remained motionless. I could not then resist my feelings of curiosity; I got into my gig with some of my sailors, and went towards this strange vessel.

"We saw, as we drew near, that it was very much damaged by the ice. Not a man was to be seen on the deck, which was covered with snow. We shouted, but no one replied. Before getting up the side, I looked through a port-hole which was open, and saw a man seated before a table, upon which were all the necessary materials for writing. Arrived on the deck, we opened the hatchway, and went down into the cabin; there we found the ship's clerk seated as we had before seen him through the port-hole. But what were our terror and astonishment when we saw that it was a corpse, and that a green damp mould covered his cheeks and forehead, and hung over his eyes, which were open!

"He had a pen in his hand, and the ship's log lay before him. The last lines he had written were as follows:

"11TH NOVEMBER, 1862.

"It is now seventeen days since we were shut up in the ice. The fire went out yesterday, and our captain has since tried to light it again, but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no more hope'—

"My sailors kept aloof in alarm from this dead body, which seemed still living. We entered together the state-room, and the first object which attracted us was the body of a woman laid on a bed, in an attitude of great and perplexed attention. One would have said, from the freshness of her features, that she was still in life, had not the contraction of her limbs told us that she was dead. Before her a young man was seated on the floor, holding a steel in one hand, and a flint in the other, and having before him several pieces of German tinder. We passed on to the fore cabin, and found there several sailors laid in their hammocks, and a dog stretched out at the foot of the ladder. It was in vain that we sought for provisions and firewood; we discovered nothing. Then my sailors began to say that it was an enchanted ship; and they declared their intentions of remaining but a very short time longer on board. We then, after

having taken the ship's log, set out for our vessel, stricken with terror at the thought of the fatal instance we had just seen of the peril of polar navigation, in so high a degree of north latitude. On my return, I found, by comparing the documents which I had in my possession, that the vessel had been missing for *thirteen* years."

Now, although these are extreme cases, and but seldom heard of, don't think that will excuse you, my good reader, if you see any even in this comparatively temperate country, for instance, cold or likely to be cold, and you do not your best to warm them. Think, while you sit over the fire, or turn in the warm blankets, or button up your over-coat—think, when you have a warm grasp of a friend's hand, or feel your child's warm cheek nestle against yours—think of the heat-abstracting powers of door-steps, and common stairs, and east winds, and parish-officers, and cold shoulders, and, if you will take my advice, let the cold of winter exhibit one of its characteristic powers on you—let it drive the blood inwards to your heart. Do what you can to diffuse warmth and comfort among your less fortunate neighbors.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## C O N C E R N I N G   T E E T H .

An elderly gentleman once observed: "I wonder why my whiskers grow gray before my hair." "Don't you know?" replied a rude fellow. "It is because you work your jaws more than your brain." The remark was more wise than witty, though it was both; for, after all, what are more worked than jaws? Do not eating and talking divide the result of many people's lives? Are not our words our spiritual judges? Are not our bodies prepared food? Somebody—Abernethy, I suppose—says that all our diseases come from fretting or stuffing. Now, as the fretting is often more outward than in-

ward, it wears the jaw as well as the heart; and as to stuffing, the members don't complain of the stomach, but the stomach and the members make common cause against the jaw.

This, to the million, means Teeth.

Teeth are the great blessings, curses, and characteristics of humanity. A year or two ago, there was a capital picture in the Royal Academy, the title of which was, "Toothache in the Middle Ages." A monk was sitting on a bench, on which he had laid his untasted meal—and no wonder. Eat, sir! He was past the howling stage; the skin of his cheek was tight

and stiff; you could read, in the anguish of his eyes, the red-hot throbs which stabbed his jaw; he had tied it up, and was nursing it withal, dolefully in his hand. The picture was truly catholic. Yes, at all ages, to all men, there has been, at one time or another of their lives, strong common sympathy; Sardanapalus might feel for a lazar, Aristides the Just for Sir John Dean Paul—when he had a toothache.

Is not the progress of the teeth a sign? Whether they be coming or going, whether at the first or last end of life, in the day or the night nursery—do they not supply the liveliest illustrations of our changing moods? Does not impatience *bite* her lips? Does not rage make men grind their teeth, and desperation set, and condemnation gnash them? Does not the dog show his before he bites? Does not cold make them chatter in men, and excitement in monkeys? By the way, I'm afraid to think how much of the difference between those two animals rests upon the conformation of their respective teeth. I remember hearing a lecture by Professor Owen, in which he explained the dental distinction between his audience and apes. I really forget what it was. People clapped their hands, and friends nodded triumphantly to one another, as much as to say, "Now the great man has settled the question;" but it was, I thought, a wonderfully close shave.

Do you know, reader—my stumps all stir themselves as I write!—do you know that there are three hundred and forty-one dentists in London?—professed dentists, besides all those who belong to the medical profession, and draw teeth incidentally—three hundred and forty-one, which, according to recent regulations at the War-office, is only a few short of a battalion. Allowing a month's holiday, you might have a new London dentist every day for a year, and even then leave some out: all principals, too, and no assistants, but men with smiling confidence, supple wrists, immaculate linen—don't you always notice the shirt-front of your tormentor?—and easy-chairs. Oh, that half hour of anticipation in the waiting-room, when you turn over medical books, and look at the prints and pictures on the walls, and feel a sort of savage sympathy for each victim as he is carried away from the flock and swallowed up in the inner den, where you may sometimes hear him shriek, but whence you never see him return! The outer

door shuts after a quarter of an hour—those were his remains going out!

Then your own summons— But why recall the vision of that ghastly chamber? Only, I must say that I think the process to be gone through before you have a single tooth replaced, is more extensive than need be. Why should he have the model of your whole jaw! I see him now, making at me with a little shovel full of warm wax—I hope it is new for the occasion, but it looks rather mottled—a little shovel, with a pat of wax about the shape and size of a penny bun, with a mouthful bitten out.

"Impossible! my good sir!"

But he pops it in, and squeezes it against the palate with such choking adherence that every gustatory nerve goes into fits. We must forgive his consternation, when the subtle judge of sauce and wine finds himself suddenly encountered by a pound of soft second-hand candlewax.

I really think some other preparatory plan might be devised. Couldn't they do it by photography? or under chloroform? or, better still, with something nice? As it is, hours must pass after the operation before you can get rid of the peculiar cosmetic taste it leaves—something like that you might expect if you dined with the Lord Mayor of Greenland, and sat between a tallow-chandler and a soap-merchant. Three hundred and forty-one dentists in the London Post-office Directory alone, besides those more or less instructed about teeth, discoverable in the same volume—namely, one thousand eight hundred and ninety surgeons!

Just consider what an amount of caries, inarticulation, toothache, and ill-humor this represents. The preponderance of the profession is measured by comparing it with another—take hairdressers. You want your hair cut whether you be well or ill—for every tooth drawn or replaced you have your hair cut scores of times; for every dentist there ought to be fifty of the others, but there are barely three.

It is true that much, probably most of the dentists' work, is to supply, not to withdraw. Take up the *Times*, and climb a ladder of dentists' advertisements; the extraction of teeth bears a small proportion to their replacement. The operation is so graphically attractive, so painless, so ingenious, that I wonder people don't have it done for pleasure. It would seem to be a luxurious gratification. Those who go



to be shampooed, and have their joints cracked, will presently have all their teeth drawn and put in again, once a week—say on Saturday, when they are tired.

Seriously, however, the improvements in dental mechanism are perhaps the most appreciable signs of modern surgical progress that we possess. Comparatively few enjoy the latest discoveries in cutting off legs and the like, while almost all are worried about their teeth, at one time or another; but now "sans teeth" will be no sign of age to those who can afford to buy a new set. Health, comfort, appearance are alike improved. It is no small matter to be able to procure a useful ornament and a wholesome luxury at one purchase. The demand for teeth is rapidly increasing. Immense numbers are made of a mineral compound. One wholesale dentist I know of employs more than ninety persons in manufacturing either them or things pertaining to them. The daily tale of teeth there produced is more than a thousand. Teeth made of this material, however, are liable to break, under some circumstances. Having myself twice smashed some mineral grinders, my dentist said, looking at the fracture: "Ah, I see; you must have some hippopotamus teeth!" Retaining a vivid recollection of the effect when that gentleman in the tank at the Zoological Gardens looks out of the water, and smiles, I said, "Ah!" rather dubiously. But he was right. Many teeth are supplied by the hippopotamus; mine are excellent. I am given to understand that those which have done service already in some native human skull are less used than they were; but one would think they must be the best, after all, if it were not for the idea of imperfect cannibalism which they suggest.

One great objection to the present operations in dental surgery is their expense—at least where teeth have to be replaced. Young dentists, who want practice, are happy to draw teeth *in forma pauperis*. By an inverse application of the law, "you must not look a gift-horse in the mouth," the unhappy gratis patient who has had a molar broken off short half-way in the process of abstraction, may be expected, if not to thank his executioner, at least to abstain from a personal assault. You may get your teeth *drawn*, every one, for next to nothing, if not for nothing itself; but when gaps in the series have to be filled up, it is quite another

thing. At present, gold is required. Thus, the poor man can not avail himself of the advance in dental mechanism. Lately, however, a new material has been discovered, called vulcanite—a preparation of India-rubber, which is so successful as probably to supersede gold. At present it is expensive, but before long, must necessarily afford much cheaper relief than the material now employed. It is very possible, however, to replace, for all practical purposes, very considerable chasms in the grinders with gutta-percha; and the best of it is, if the dentists will permit me to say so, that it is capable of application by the patient himself. Front-teeth can not be thus replaced; but suppose a man has lost two or three of his back ones, and can not afford to have them supplied by a dentist, I would advise him to act thus: Let him take a lump of gutta-percha (white is the best, because it is sweeter than the brown) about as big as a walnut. Warm it thoroughly in boiling water till it is soft as putty; then, putting it into his mouth, let him bite it well into the gap, and keep his teeth closed till the gutta-percha cools; this will oblige him to shut his mouth for two or three minutes; then let him open it carefully, and take the lump out; he has only to trim it down with his penknife, and he will be fitted with an excellent substitute for regular artificial teeth, which will serve him well for years. This is no theory, but a proved fact; and I can only account for its not being more generally known and realized, by its interference with the regular business of the profession. Forgive, dear reader, my entering into details; but the presence of jagged stumps rather assists this operation than otherwise, for they steady the gutta-percha superstructure. Already this material is recognized as capable of a popular self-application in the matter of stopping teeth, for it is sold in small lumps about the size used for this purpose. The white, I repeat, is the best and purest; though cheap, it is much dearer than the dark material used for piping and the soles of shoes.

Eventually, however, I have no doubt but that the new stuff, vulcanite, will enable the poor man to recover so necessary an assistance to health as teeth are admitted to be. I remember the time when lucifers were a great curiosity. Once, distinctly, I recollect, when I was a little boy, seeing a gentleman, who was inquisitive

about the latest discoveries in science, take two or three lucifers out of a case. After his showing and explaining them, it appeared that at the end of each match there was a small glass tube filled with some phosphoric compound, which on being crushed, produced a flame. This process was effected by nipping the end with a pair of pliers, carried in the pocket for the purpose. Altogether, it was a novel but very circuitous business, and seemed little likely to supersede the old tinder-

box and brimstone-match. Its chief drawback, however, was its expense. I forget what this gentleman said he had given for the matches he exhibited, but now you can get two boxes for a half-penny.

Probably, before very long, dental hospitals will be able to afford relief to the poor by means of the material lately discovered, and replace, at a cheap rate, those necessary stones of the mill through which our food must be passed before it can replenish the wasting fabric of our frames.

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From Once a Week.

## WHAT IS ELECTRICITY?

THE perplexities of an inquiring mind seeking to enter upon the vast fields of scientific research, included under the name of Electricity, are not a little increased by finding that the first question it naturally asks—What is electricity? What definitely am I to think of when I say that word?—will be the last to get satisfactorily answered. Yet this mighty something pervades and penetrates the whole depth and breadth of the solid earth, the water, and the viewless air, with modes of action complex and various, that blend subtly with the other forces of nature, sometimes over-mastering, sometimes subservient to them.

Not much more than a hundred years ago physical science began the enterprise of unraveling these intricacies, almost without a clue. The first hint which called men's observation to the existence of electricity was, that certain substances, when rubbed, attract light bodies, bits of paper, feathers, etc. But this fact, known to the ancients, lay isolated and barren for centuries; and it was not till after the accidental discovery, in 1746, of the Leyden jar—of an apparatus that is, which, when put in communication with a fractional machine, could accumulate in great quantity and intensity the electricity produced—that this unknown power began

to be identified as one of Nature's mightiest agents—one that, in its terrible moods, could deal death and devastation.

Has the reader a clear idea of what is meant by producing, or, more properly, liberating electricity? All bodies, whether solid, fluid, or gaseous, contain electricity in a natural or neutral state, in which, that is, the two opposing principles or forces known as negative and positive electricity, exactly balance each other, and consequently give no evidence of their existence. But friction, pressure, percussion, heat, chemical action—whatever, in fact, disturbs the relative position of the particles or molecules of a body—disturbs this balance, destroys this union; and the two opposing principles, no longer neutralizing each other, are free to act on other particles, and disturb their electric equilibrium. When thus liberated, the negative manifests itself upon one surface, and the positive on a neighboring surface. This decomposed condition is called static electricity, or electric *tension*. The reünion of the two kinds, which takes place in virtue of their mutual attraction, may be either instantaneous, as in the discharge; or continuous; or “a series, in fact, of decompositions and recompositions,” as in the current. This is dynamic electricity. Bodies in which a current

can thus transmit itself freely are called conductors; those that oppose a resistance insulators. It was once thought that this constituted an absolute distinction, but it is now known to be merely a difference of degree. All bodies conduct electricity to some extent—all oppose some degree of resistance.

It is a familiar fact that electricity in motion, when of sufficient intensity, gives rise during its transmission to light and heat. One condition is necessary—that it should meet with some considerable degree of resistance to its progress; and, where the resistance is greatest, there the light and heat are most intense. Very soon after the invention of the Leyden jar, Franklin succeeded in melting thin leaves of metal by means of discharges; Beccaria and Priestley also in making wires incandescent, in melting, and even in burning them, if the experiment took place in the air, and the metal was an oxidizable one. The discovery of voltaic electricity (electricity liberated by chemical action, that is) furnished a means of establishing constant currents, and showed that similar effects resulted from these as from discharges, only that the latter, when very powerful, produce an explosion that disperses the wires to powder, which is not the case with a current. Sir Humphrey Davy placed thin leaves of metal in the circuit of a voltaic pile, and found they gave flames of different colors in burning. Zinc gives a beautiful blue flame; tin a purple; lead, yellow with violet border; copper, green, accompanied with very vivid sparks. Silver gives a flame white in the center, green at the edges; gold a brilliant yellow. A crackling sound and a kind of hissing accompany the burning.

The most remarkable manifestation of electric light, both for intensity and continuity, is the voltaic arc discovered by Davy. It is produced between the conductors that terminate the two poles of a voltaic battery (the electrodes, as they are called.) Dipped in this arc of brilliant light, "all the most refractory substances, platinum, sapphire, magnesia, melt like wax in a candle; fragments of diamond, carbon, plumbago, seem to evaporate without undergoing previous fusion." The voltaic arc "may be formed in vacuum as well as in air, a proof that the combination with which it is attended in air is not the cause of the heat and light there de-

veloped." Only in this case a current of great intensity is required—sufficient, in fact, to tear off minute particles from the surface of the electrodes; and these incandescent, scintillating particles form the arc. When the arc is produced in air, or any gaseous medium, the particles of this medium become incandescent, just as a wire becomes so when traversed by a discharge or powerful current; "and all the phenomena of electric light," says De la Rive, "confirm us in the opinion that it arises from the incandescence of the particles of the medium which is traversed by the discharge or current, and from that of the particles which are detached from the electrodes." M. Silliman, having protected his eyes with green glass, saw the particles pass from the positive to the negative pole, and collect there like dust driven before the wind. On one electrode is found a little cone of the accumulated particles, in the other a slight hollow. Sometimes, however, the transport takes place in both directions.

Electric light approaches more nearly to solar light than that produced from any other source. It presents no trace of polarization; its spectrum contains the same colors as the solar spectrum, with the addition of several very clear rays of great brilliancy, which differ in number and position according to the nature of the electrodes employed. As to intensity, the light of the arc produced by a powerful battery, is to solar light as 1 to 2.5; while the light produced by the combustion of gaseous mixtures is to the electric light as 1 to 56. A daguerreotype impression may be obtained of an object illuminated by it.

Chemical action was spoken of above, as the source of voltaic electricity. This, however, was long a disputed point; MM. Becquerel, Karsten, and others, regarding the mere contact of the two heterogeneous metals forming part of two consecutive pairs of a pile, as the exciting cause. A few exceptional facts appeared stubbornly to support this view. But M. De la Rive, who has made the theory of the voltaic pile a special subject of investigation, holds they may be otherwise interpreted, and on the whole considers it well established that chemical action, not contact, is the source.

Viewed as an effect, chemical action produced by electricity has yielded results which, both in scientific and in practical importance, transcend all others. It

has unlocked recesses of which the very existence was previously hidden. Substances that had baffled all other means of chemical analysis, and were regarded as elementary, electricity has resolved. When its decomposing power was first discovered, it was thought new elements, and in particular a new kind of acid, were produced by it. But a lynx-eyed investigation of the question enabled Davy fully to establish, that it only *liberates* the pre-existing elements of bodies exposed to its action, and thus facilitates their combination with other elements that may be present. In this manner entirely new *compounds* have been formed. It not only liberates the elements—it transports them; a characteristic that belongs to decomposition by electricity alone. Bodies that submit to its action (for all do not) are called electrolytes.

To conclude, Electro-Chemistry seems likely to prove also the quarter whence most light will come on the great question alluded to at the outset—What is Electricity? It has, at all events, effectually exploded the old notion of a fluid, or two fluids; and has led to its being universally regarded as a force. But, What kind of force? is still the question. Its power over the atoms of matter, to alter their relative position, and constrain or accelerate their movements in a solid body, may be proved, but can not be seen, except in those more violent manifestations that shatter and destroy. In electrolysis, on the contrary, we partly *see* into the very mode of working. We see the firmest unions dissolved, the elements in definite proportions carried this way and that, and forced into new combinations. More than one electro-chemical theory (involving of course the nature of electricity itself) has arisen. The subject, though obscure, is so interesting, that perhaps the reader may be tempted to follow a very brief statement of M. De la Rive's view of it, which is based on that of Berzelius. He sets out from the principle, that every atom has two electric poles, contrary, but of the same force. Whether caused by a movement of rotation in the atom or not, he regards as a question that can not at present be decisively answered. One atom differs from another in its polarity, only in as much as one may have a more powerful polarity than another, but in the same atom the two electric poles are always of the same force. When two insulated

atoms are brought near to each other, if they have an equal force of polarity, it is by their bulk they attract one another, and unite; which is molecular attraction, or *cohesion*. But if one have a stronger polarity than another, they attract each other by their opposite poles, and a new or compound atom is formed, also having two equal and contrary electric poles; and this is *chemical affinity*.

It is to be borne in mind these are not the fanciful speculations of men eager for the goal yet impatient of labor, who suffer a lively imagination to outrun knowledge. Neither do they pretend to claim acceptance as established truth, but simply as an hypothesis which, in the judgment of some of those standing foremost in the ranks of discovery, seems best to harmonize and bind together a great body of anomalous facts; an hypothesis that will stand or fall according as increased knowledge shall strengthen or undermine its foundations; but by no means to be rejected on the ground that it contradicts the evidence of the senses, or handles a subject beyond our reach. Unless a man is prepared to say, "The earth stands still, the sun moves, because *I see them do so*," he has no right to regard the evidence of his senses as impregnable ground. It was a very singular lesson Astronomy taught us on this head, though we are now so familiar with it as to have ceased to perceive its meaning. Think what a slumbrous stillness rests upon the face of nature; how endlessly broad and deep seem to spread out the foundations of the earth. Then think again what is the truth: a little rounded star in rapid, ceaseless, threefold motion; not slumbering on its broad foundations, but hung baseless mid infinity, it "taketh no rest." Perhaps we have been equally deceived at the opposite end of the scale; perhaps the fundamental idea we have of solid matter—that its particles are relatively at rest, may be overthrown, and ceaseless motion proved the condition of existence for atoms as for worlds. What then? We can not afford to despise our senses, since through them alone comes our report of the world without. Science deals with them as an able lawyer deals with a pack of stupid or roguish witnesses; cross-questions them, sets one against the other, sifts and balances the conflicting evidence, marshals it, puts sense into it—and in the end triumphantly draws truth out of it.

It is but shallow philosophy to sneer at the senses, for without them man's reason would be a king without a kingdom. Dwell rather on the ingenuity with which—when once he has got a hint of new fields to be explored—man provides himself with supplementary senses, as it were: with the telescope, makes his eyes as the

eyes of a giant; with the microscope, sees into the mysteries of the smallest flower, like King Oberon himself; with electroscope, galvanometer, and other dainty devices, achieves a delicacy of perception which can detect the feeblest trace or lightest movement of Nature's stealthiest agent.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## TISCHENDORF AND THE CODEX SINAITICUS.

THE name of Tischendorf does not now appear for the first time in connection with Biblical literature. The course of authorship of this distinguished savant began as long ago as 1838, when an edition of the Greek New Testament proclaimed his qualifications for the task of textual criticism, and decided his career. The patronage of his own sovereign furnished him with the means of visiting Paris for the purpose of exploring its manuscript treasures, especially its *Codex Ephremi Rescriptus*, one of the most valuable palimpsests in the world. Since then Great Britain, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Constantinople, have been traversed in the prosecution of his researches, and have borne witness to his combined learning and zeal. To sum up his publications were to fill a paragraph; suffice it to say, that his "Codex Friderico-Augustanus," his "Monumenta Sacra Inedita," his "Evangelium Palatinum," his "Codex Amiatinus," his "Codex Claromontanus," his "Palimpsest Fragments," his "Apocryphal Acts," "Apocryphal Gospels," "Apocryphal Apocalypses," and his successive editions of the Greek New Testament, have established his reputation as the largest contributor to textual criticism of his day, and made the name of Tischendorf celebrated far beyond the bounds of his quiet university.

In the volume before us\* we have re-

cord made of one of his latest journeys, and of certainly his greatest acquisition—a very ancient manuscript, containing the most important parts of the Old Testament in Greek, and the entire New Testament, without omission or erasure, *ne minimā quidem lacunā deformatum*. Any manuscript of the Holy Scriptures, in any language, with a credible date reaching above the tenth century, would be considered a valuable addition to our stores of critical matter for settling the sacred text, for even these are comparatively few; but to meet with one whose date is assigned, unhesitatingly, by its finder to the earlier half of the *fourth century*, was enough to turn Tischendorf crazy with joy. His record of his emotions at the moment of discovery is quiet, but the exultation of his feelings could not be disguised:—"Quae res quantam in admirationem me conjecerit, dissimulare nequibam."

It appears that in his two previous journeys to the East, of the earlier of which he makes interesting report in his *Reise in dem Orient, 1845-48*, he had been, beyond expectation, successful in the acquisition of materials for publication, of one sort or another. The second journey—that of 1853, nine years after the first—bears more the character of a great disappointment than the preceding, as a narrative of the circumstances will explain.

In the year 1844 the King of Saxony furnished Professor Tischendorf with funds, to enable him to prosecute his inquiries after parchments and old books in the

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\* *Notitia Editionis Codicis Bibliorum Sinaitici*. Edidit Ainoth. Frid. Const. Tischendorf. Lipsiæ: F. A. Brockhaus. 1860.

East. Amongst the acquisitions of that strip was a fragment of a Greek Septuagint, rescued by Tischendorf from the destruction awaiting it, and other unvalued scraps and loose leaves in a basket, where they were carelessly tossed to rot in the damp, or be consumed by ants. A larger fragment of that MS., containing Isaiah and Maccabees, he begged for in vain, because the importunity of the stranger taught the ignorant monks to set a value on their relic which they had not had independent knowledge of their own to appreciate. He obtained, however, enough of the disjointed leaves and smaller portions to constitute a satisfactory specimen of the whole. These fragments Tischendorf published in 1846, under the title of the *Friderico-Augustan Codex*, in compliment to his royal patron. But the lengthened period of nine years from his first journey did not abate his longing for the remainder of the precious manuscript (*ipsa membranis pretiosissimis*) which he had left in such unsafe custody, and which his own publications had made so widely known. He expected that, during the interval, the MS. would have found its way into a European library, through the care of some appreciative traveler; but no tidings came of such a destination. This prompted the journey of 1853, undertaken with a determination to transcribe all that remained of the document, and to publish it on his return. But, on his presenting himself at the Convent of Mount Sinai, to his dismay, the document could nowhere be found. Describing his disappointment, in his *Mon. Sac. Ined.* of 1855, he expresses his belief that it must have come to Europe, and that it lay somewhere concealed. Should it, however, be irrecoverably lost, he very fairly declares himself innocent of neglect of the manuscript, for he had frankly informed its custodians of its value, and urged upon them its more careful preservation.

Matters remained in this position for six years longer—Tischendorf engaged with his professorial duties, and editing his laborious volumes of antiquarian research, together with his Critical Greek Testaments—when, by the intervention of the Prince Von Falkenstein, Prime Minister of the King of Saxony, and the successive Russian Ambassadors at Dresden, the Baron Von Schroeder, Prince Wolkonsky, and Baron Von Kotzebue, aided by the intercession of Von Noroff,

and Theodore Von Grimm, the eager professor's wish was gratified with the injunction to return to his former scene of action, and secure for the Emperor of Russia what spoil he might of ancient Greek and Oriental literature. On the last day of January, 1859, Tischendorf reached his old quarters in the Convent of St. Catherine, and opened his campaign, or rather foray, with so little success, that four days afterwards he completed his arrangements, by hiring horses and camels, for returning to Cairo on the 7th of February. But an unexpected and most delightful event occurred, mean while, that rendered this last journey memorable above all others undertaken by the professor; for, conversing with the sub-prior, on the Septuagint translation, of which Tischendorf had brought with him printed copies, along with his Greek New Testaments, the conventual brother turned out of a piece of cloth, for his inspection, the very document of which he had come in search.

This revelation was a light rising upon his darkness—the flashing of an instantaneous dawn. Turning over the coveted folios, he found them to contain a considerable part of the Old Testament, the whole of the New, and the Epistle of Barnabas, along with the first part of the Shepherd of Hermas. Xenophon's returning ten thousand never hailed the waters of the Black Sea with more glad-some *θαλαττα*, *thalatta*, after their wearisome march and perilous adventure, than Tischendorf the resurrection of his buried love. Unable to sleep through excess of joy, he bore the treasured parchments to his cell, and spent the night in copying the recovered Barnabas. Starting, nevertheless, on the appointed day, he obtained the promise of the superior that the mutilated Codex would be forwarded after him to Cairo, to be copied, as soon as the license to do so should reach the convent from their ecclesiastical head in Egypt. A very few days sufficed to obtain the required permission, and Tischendorf rejoiced in his prize, retaining it in his possession till, with the aid of two friends, he had copied its every word, letter, sign, and variation. Two months sufficed for this Herculean task, which comprised the transcription of upwards of one hundred thousand lines of Greek. This done, his joy was complete.

The original MS., it was suggested,

might very appropriately be presented to the Emperor of Russia, a distinguished professor and protector of the Christian faith; and the hint met with unanimous compliance. As no one, however, had, at the time, the right of making the presentation, in consequence of Archbishop Constantine's death and the non-consecration of his successor, it was concluded to lend the MS. for the purpose of completing an accurate impression of its contents, leaving the question of its final ownership for future determination.

From May to September Tischendorf was free to traverse Palestine in search of hidden MSS., and was at Jerusalem at the same time with the Duke Constantine, who lent his royal countenance to his labors. In Constantinople the Russian ambassador, Prince Lobanow, received him as his guest in his palace, a circumstance we feel pleasure in recording, the priesthood of letters receiving due homage at the hands of the princes of the people. From this enlightened nobleman, Tischendorf learned of the existence of another notice since his own of the Sinaitic Codex, namely, one from the pen of the Archimandrite Porphyry, who, in 1846, had examined its peculiarities, when he visited the monastery in the desert. These he describes in his publication of 1856 at St. Petersburg, but makes such mistakes as would naturally occur in the case of a person not conversant with textual criticism. The Greek divine, for instance, supposes the MS. to follow the Euthalian prescript in its stichometry; and, as this arrangement of the text dates about four hundred and forty-six, that the MS. may be of the fifth century. From this surmise he conjectured that its corrections belong to the same age, and that, by means of these, a peculiar text—call it the Alexandrian—was brought into harmony with that of the universal Church. These suppositions are gratuitous and incorrect. The arrangement is not Euthalian; nor if it were, would its age be decided thereby—its upward limit would, indeed, be fixed, but not its downward. Its corrections are made by many distinct hands, the two most important being of a date several centuries after the original writing of the MS.; and the corrections, though often concurrent with the orthodox and received text, more frequently diverge from it. The learned priest, moreover, though duly impressed with the ar-

chaic aspect of the document, adopted no measures for transcribing it, or making it available for critical purposes. He knew nothing of the fact that the shepherd of Hermas in Greek was a desideratum of scholars, as well as the earlier part of the epistle of Barnabas, or he would probably have had these, at least, transcribed for the satisfaction of the Christian world. The venerable Archimandrite was evidently more of the amateur than the connoisseur. No man is great in every line. *Non omnes omnia possumus.*

On his return to St. Petersburg, in October, 1859, Tischendorf was graciously received by the Emperor and Empress, who examined *seriatim* the professor's stores. By Alexander's command they were exhibited publicly for a fortnight, and the Sinaitic Codex was ordered to be prepared for the press with the least possible delay. The preservation of such a monument of ancient learning and piety, where such losses had accrued to its contemporary literature, was providential; and in recognition of the divine care, the precious boon should no longer be withheld from the world of letters and religion.

The plan of publication pursued will be to represent the original text by facsimile types, the regularity of the letters greatly favoring this method; but even minute varieties of character will be exhibited also. The alterations by the chief correctors will be given in the margin, together with other peculiarities, such as punctuation, accents, etc., while the less important or most modern alterations will be exhibited in the commentary. Twenty pages of lithographic facsimile, drawn from photographs, will exhibit to the eye of the student an exact picture of the appearance of the original. Approved artists at St. Petersburg will make the drawings; the firm of Giesecke and Devrient, at Leipzig, are to be the printers, and each page, as it issues from the press, will engage the ever-vigilant and active supervision of the learned editor himself. What an acquisition this will be to the Church and the learned world we need not say, and what a monument of the industry, talent, and ingenuity of the German textuary, who publishes a great work like this in the course of a couple of years, leaving nothing to desire on the score of accuracy, cheapness, and accessibility after the painful disappointment we have so

recently experienced in the wretched, unscholarly, and extortionate Vatican imprint of Cardinal Mai.

The three hundred costly facsimile copies the Emperor of Russia will retain himself, for the purpose of gifts to the learned bodies of Europe; but cheap editors, in ordinary type, to be printed with equal accuracy and beauty at the same time, will gratify the curiosity of purchasers and diffuse the information the manuscript contains as wide as the world.

The whole imprint of the Codex will occupy three volumes, of which two will

contain the Old Testament and one the New. A supplementary volume will include the facsimile plates, and a lengthened commentary upon all the emendations in the manuscript and its palæography. F. A. Brockhans, of Leipzig, is to have charge of the ordinary Greek type edition. The whole work is designed to be completed in the middle of 1862—a year memorable in the annals of Russia, as it will be the thousandth year of its existence; and it is desired to associate this great literary achievement with the celebration of the military and social progress of the empire.

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## THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

THE Great International Exhibition of 1862 has now passed through the first and earliest stage of its career—that of mere talk—and has entered on the pictorial period. The vast buildings which (D. V.) will occupy a great deal of space next year, not only in the parish of Kensington, but in our own columns, has now been conceived in all its details, and represented on paper. The designs, in other words, have been furnished, and will, in all probability, be very shortly made public. The building differs in many essential particulars from its predecessor. It will be much larger, more commodious, much more imposing in its interior, while from without its aspect will be of almost impressive magnitude and grandeur. Glass and iron are no longer to be the chief features in the design. Externally they appear only to be used where lightness with ornamental effect is needed, and, therefore, when they are introduced with these ends in view, they are managed with good taste and architectural effect, which, viewing the design as a whole, makes it one of the finest and most beautiful of the kind that has probably ever been reared.

The new building will occupy three acres more ground than did that of 1851, twenty-three having been covered at Hyde Park, and twenty-six being requir-

ed at Kensington. The flooring space in 1851 was just short of a million feet. In the proposed building there will be 1,140,000; but, as it is intended to exhibit machinery and agricultural implements in a wing especially built for the purpose, the space occupied in 1851 by these classes will be at the disposal of the Commissioners for other works, so that practically there will be some 500,000 feet of flooring more in 1862 than in 1851. The greatest height in 1851 was 160 feet, and the main nave running from end to end was 60 feet high by 72 wide. The greatest height of the proposed building will be 260 feet, and the nave will be 1200 feet long by 85 feet wide, and 100 feet high. The total length of the first Exhibition building was 1800 feet by 400 feet wide. The dimensions of the present are to be 1200 feet long by 700 feet broad, exclusive of the space set aside for the display of agricultural implements, which is in rough numbers 1000 feet long by 220 broad. The contractor's price in 1851 was £80,000. Messrs. Kelk and Lucas contract to furnish the edifice in this instance for £200,000, though in reality it will cost £300,000, but the payment of the extra £100,000 is conditional on the gross profits exceeding £500,000, as they did in 1851. Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, therefore, in fact, guarantee the success of the great display



to the extent of £100,000, and though, in all human probability, they do not risk a shilling of this large sum, it is nevertheless a most liberal stake on the success of the enterprise. The buildings will be erected at Kensington, in front of the new grounds of the Horticultural Society, which they will inclose. One side of the edifice abuts upon the Cromwell road, the main entrance on the Exhibition road, and the third side on Prince Albert road; the fourth or rear side faces immediately upon the grounds of the Horticultural Society. Externally the building will be, as we have said, 1200 feet by 700, though the ground-plan shows that in some parts the width is diminished to 500 feet. The average height will be 100 feet, nearly 60 of which will be solid brick-work. Taking one of the main sides of the building, on Exhibition road, as an example, it will present a lofty recessed façade, from the center of which will rise a superb dome of glass and iron to the immense height of 250 feet, with the base of the dome of no less than 160 feet diameter. These, for there are to be two, one at each end of the building, will be the largest domes ever built. That of St. Paul's is only 108 feet in diameter at the base, and even St. Peter's is only 139. These domes are to be reared over the intersection of the nave and transepts at right angles, and, as the floors beneath both will be elevated above the level of the floors of the rest of the building, an unequaled view will be got from here through almost every part of the vast interior. One magnificent nave will be continued from this entrance in the Exhibition road to the extreme end of the building in the grounds of the Horticultural Society, and at the termination of this the second dome will rise. The nave is, therefore, to be 1200 feet long by 85 wide

and 100 high. The transepts, in which it terminates at either end, will be each 700 feet long by 85 broad and 100 high. All the roofs will be of wood coated with felt, and meeting in the center at an angle, like the roof of Westminster Hall and most of our old cathedrals. The effect, however, from the interior, will not be that of an angular roof, as the girders will be arched and colored, and on these the eye will naturally rest.

The method of lighting the interior is one of the best that could be devised. In the building of 1851 all the screens that could be made were insufficient to keep down the glare of the sun, while on wet days all the care of the plumbers could not prevent the rain from dripping in. The wooden painted roof does away at once with the chances of rain in the proposed edifice, and the new method of lighting will have equal advantages. On the side walls, beneath the roofs of all the naves and transepts, will be a clere-story 25 feet high, of glass and iron, which, with the light from the domes, the glass and iron entrances, and the windows in the walls, will make the light as equal as it was throughout the building in 1851; while, from the fact of this one being erected due east and west, the glare of the sun is obviated.

The guarantee fund now amounts to nearly £300,000, and it is anticipated that it will extend to a much larger sum in the course of a week or two. One fact sufficiently illustrates the progress made by this country since the Exhibition of 1851. In that year the railways to London were only equal to bringing and taking away 42,000 persons daily; now 140,000 travelers could be brought to the metropolis by rail, and the same number taken back each day.

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**HOME COURTESIES.**—A correspondent gives us this experience: "I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of about nine years, there were only three or four that could be properly designated as happy families, and the source of trouble was not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark! Not over three or four happy homes in twenty, and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied! Ah, in the "small, sweet

courtesies of life," what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated. Think of it, reader, and take the lesson *home* with you.

JONES was riding through Sydenham, and saw a board with "This Cottage for Sail" painted on it. Always ready for a pleasant joke, and seeing a woman in front of the house, he stopped and asked her, very politely, when the cottage was to sail? "Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind," was her quick reply.



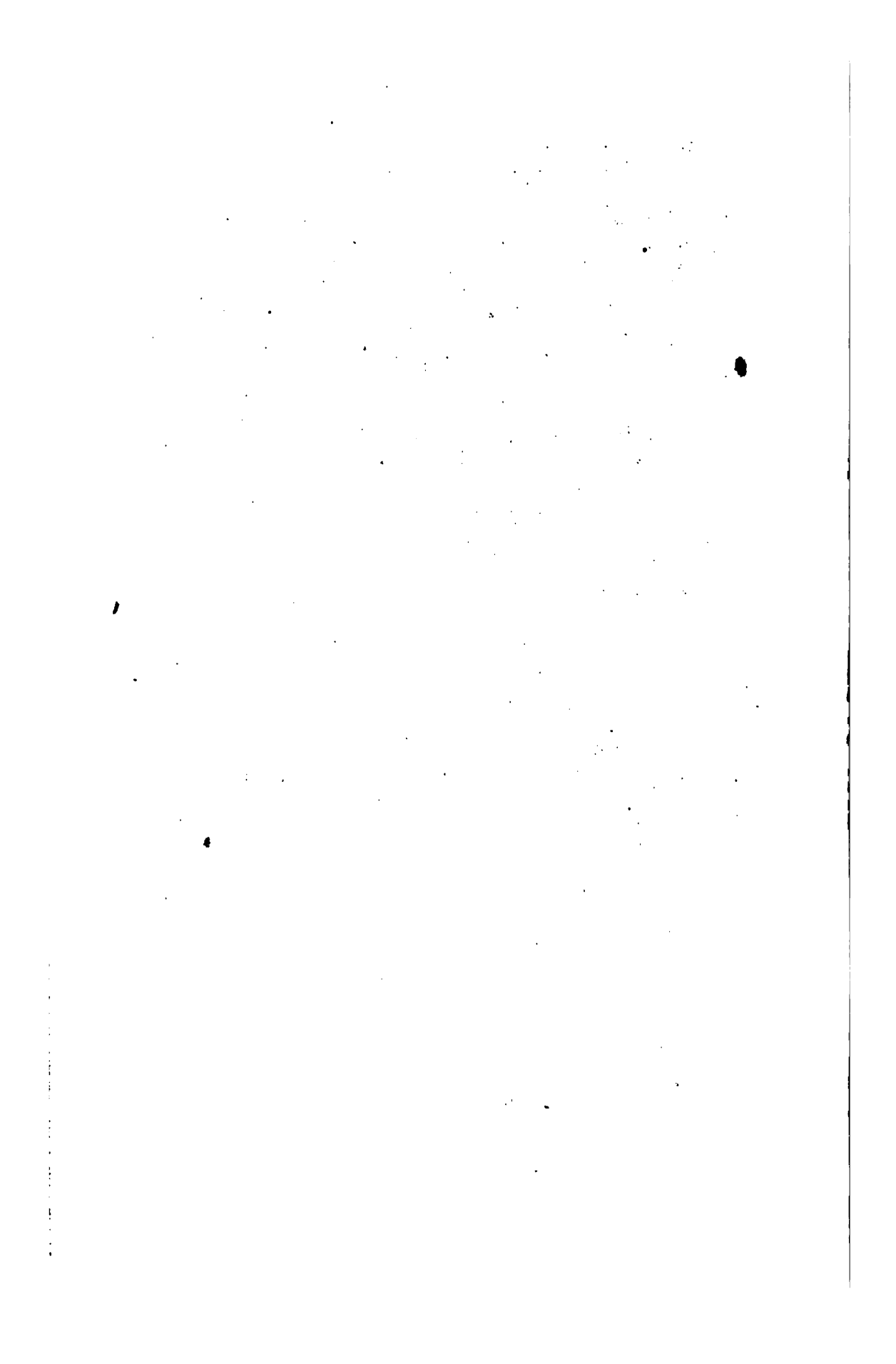


der (begründet) der 27. 12. 2010

*Am des Kindes*

*auth. by Aldo Carboni, Ph.D.*





## QUEEN PHILIPA AND THE BURGESSES OF CALAIS.

THE beautiful engraving at the head of the present number of the *ECLECTIC*, illustrates a memorable event in history. The date of the occurrence was 1346-47. The scene, the personages, and the occasion are full of historic interest. The scene was the city of Calais, in France. Of the personages, one was an angry monarch incensed against a city of rebellious subjects; another was his beautiful and heroic queen on her bended knees, pleading for the lives of offending men; the others were six brave and heroic nobles, who had volunteered to offer their lives to appease the anger of a wrathful sovereign. The occasion was the surrender of a city whose inhabitants were perishing with famine. The feelings developed on the occasion, and the facts recorded by the pen of the historian, present strongly-marked traits of human character. The engraving, to which the artistic skill of Mr. Sartain has imparted such life-like lineaments, will attract the admiring eye of our readers, and give a renewed and fresh impression of the original scene to the mind, from which the facts may have faded. Repeated visits to that famed city have impressed the scene vividly upon our own mind. We gather up from historic pages the main facts, and construct a brief outline sketch by way of explanation to our readers, as they gaze upon the engraving, and impart additional interest to this artistic embellishment of the *ECLECTIC*.

At this date, 1346-47, Edward III., King of England, had besieged Calais with a powerful army, to reestablish his authority over this revolted city. The brave men and inhabitants made a stout resistance, and the siege had been prolonged almost an entire year. Philip, learning the desperate condition of the city, attempted to relieve it. He marched a powerful army of some two hundred thousand men, according to the historian of the times; but found Edward and his army so strongly entrenched and defended by morasses, that he found it impracticable to attempt a battle. He contented himself with sending Edward a challenge to personal and single combat. In the

meantime, David of Scotland had invaded England, entered Northumberland with an army of fifty thousand men, and carried his ravages and devastations to the gates of Durham. But Queen Philipa, whom Edward, her husband, had left behind to attend to the affairs of England in his absence at the siege of Calais, assembled a little army of about twelve thousand men, which she entrusted to the command of Lord Percy; ventured to approach him at Nevill's Cross, near that city; and riding through the ranks of her army, exhorted every man to do his duty, and to take revenge on the invaders. Nor could Queen Philipa be persuaded to leave the field till the armies were on the point of beginning the battle. The army of the Scots was greatly superior in numbers, but nevertheless was utterly defeated and routed. They were broken and chased off the field. Fifteen thousand were slain; among whom was the Earl Marshal, Edward Keith, and Sir Thomas Charteris, Chancellor of Scotland; and the king himself was taken prisoner, and many other noblemen. Queen Philipa having secured her royal prisoner in the Tower, crossed the sea at Dover, and was received in the English camp before Calais with all the triumph due to her rank, her merit, and her success. This age was the reign of chivalry and gallantry. The court of Edward excelled in these accomplishments. The appearance of this extraordinary woman in the English camp before Calais called forth the most obsequious devotion to this heroic queen. It is these facts and occurrences, among others, which impart additional interest and charm to the scene presented in the engraving.

It was at this juncture, and soon after the arrival of Philipa, that John of Vienne, governor of Calais, saw the necessity of surrendering his fortress, which was reduced to the last extremity by famine and the fatigue of the inhabitants. He appeared on the walls, and made a signal to the English sentinels that he desired a parley. Sir Walter Manny was sent to him by Edward. "Brave knight," cried the governor, "I have been intrusted by

my sovereign with the command of this town. It is almost a year since you besieged me; and I have endeavored, as well as those under me, to do my duty. But you are acquainted with our present condition. We have no hopes of relief; we are perishing with hunger. I am willing, therefore to surrender, and desire, as the sole condition, to insure the lives and liberties of these brave men, who have so long shared with me every danger and fatigue."

Manny replied, that he was well acquainted with the intentions of the king of England; that that prince was incensed against the townsmen of Calais for their pertinacious resistance, and for the evils which they had made him and his subjects suffer; that he was determined to take exemplary vengeance on them; and would not receive the town on any condition which should confine him in the punishment of these offenders. "Consider," replied Vienne, "that this is not the treatment to which brave men are entitled. If any English knight had been in my situation, your king would have expected the same conduct from him. The inhabitants of Calais have done for their sovereign what merits the esteem of every prince; much more of so gallant a prince as Edward. But, I inform you that, if we must perish, we shall not perish unrevenged; and that we are not so reduced but we can sell our lives at a high price to the victors. It is the interest of both sides to prevent these desperate extremities; and I expect that you yourself, brave knight, will interpose your good offices with your prince on our behalf."

Manny was struck with the justness of these sentiments, and represented to the king the danger of reprisals, if he should give such treatment to the inhabitants of Calais. Edward was at last persuaded to mitigate the rigor of the conditions demanded; he only insisted that six of the most considerable citizens should be sent to him to be disposed of as he thought proper; that they should come to his camp carrying the keys of the city in their hands, bare-headed and bare-footed, with ropes about their necks; and on

these conditions he promised to spare the lives of the remainder.

When this intelligence was conveyed to Calais, it struck the inhabitants with new consternation. To sacrifice six of their fellow-citizens to certain destruction for signalizing their valor in a common cause, appeared to them even more severe than that general punishment with which they were before threatened; and they found themselves incapable of coming to any resolution in so cruel and distressful a situation. At last one of the principal inhabitants, called Eustace de St. Pierre, whose name deserves to be recorded, stepped forth, and declared himself willing to encounter death for the safety of his friends and companions. Another, animated by his example, made a like generous offer; and a third and a fourth presented themselves to the same fate, and the whole number was soon completed. These six heroic burgesses appeared before Edward in the guise of malefactors, laid at his feet the keys of their city, and were ordered to be led to execution. It is surprising that so generous a prince should ever have entertained such a barbarous purpose against such men; and still more that he should seriously persist in the resolution of executing it. But the entreaties of his queen saved his memory from that infamy. She threw herself on her knees before him, (see the engraving,) and, with tears in her eyes, begged the lives of these citizens. Having obtained her request, she led them into her tent, ordered a repast to be set before them, and, after making them a present of money and clothes, dismissed them in safety. Noble woman! Illustrious queen! worthy of undying remembrance on the pages of fame! We have desired to perpetuate her name and the glory of her deed of rich benevolence, in our humble measure, by illustrating it on the plate and the record of it on our pages. We only add that Edward took possession of Calais, and ordered all the inhabitants to evacuate the city, which he re-peopled with English, in place of French, whom the king knew regarded him as their mortal enemy.

From Steffen's German Almanac for 1861.

## FORGET NOT THE BEST THING.

THERE was once a poor woman, and she had no dearer wish than once, by accident or a miracle, to obtain a great deal of money, because she believed, that if she only had money, all sorrow and suffering would be as good as gone. The only thing would be as good as gone. The accident and the miracle did not happen for a long time, however, till the woman one day heard that on the slope of a hill there grew among other grass a weed, and if any one were so fortunate as to pluck it, the mountain would open, the plucker would walk into a large cave, at which seven men sat round a table, who would allow her to take away as much of their treasure as she could carry. From this moment the poor woman had nothing more pressing to do than to fetch hill-grass daily during the summer for her cow, because she hoped to pluck the miraculous weed among it. And so she did; one day the woman had again collected grass, carried the heavy basket on her head, and led her little daughter by the hand, when a large rock opened noiselessly before her like a well-oiled door, and allowed her to see into a cave, where seven old men with long beards were sitting at a table, and piles of gold and silver were heaped around them. The woman naturally took advantage of the opportunity, emptied her basket upon the ground and filled it with gold. When this was done, and she was going out again, one of the old men certainly said, "Woman, forget not the best thing!" but she did not listen, and went off. But she had scarce reached the entrance of the cave when the rock closed again, and shut in the woman's little daughter, who had remained behind playing with the gold. Then, the mother's grief and agony were great; she ran lamenting to the clergyman, and told him what had occurred. The latter said she must wait other seven years, till she could find her daughter again; after that period she must go again to the mountain at the same hour in which she lost the child, and wait for what might happen; quite emptying her basket for the sake of her gold, because the miracle would be among the grass she threw away. Now she remembered the old man's words, and learned to her sorrow that she had done wrong to consider wealth as the highest blessing. How slightly she now valued the gold she brought home, when she had to pay for it by the loss of her child! She thought further, and found that there were many blessings in the world which, if lost, reduce the value of gold to nothing—yes, even make it appear in an odious shape. He who gives for gold and property the loss of a dear child, beloved parents, his fatherland, a good conscience, his home, etc., could not say that he has gained, for he has really and truly lost. This, and many other things, the poor rich woman had ample time to reflect on during the seven years, and, to her honor be it said, that, at the expiration of that time, she would not look at or handle the gold. At length the day came on which she hoped to find her child again. The woman hurried to the hill in the neighborhood of the rock where her child was shut up; and saw there! from a distance she perceived the treasure of her heart, her child, sleeping in front of the rock; it was as young and blooming as when she lost it. She lifted it tenderly, and kissed it a thousand times with tears on the road home, thinking, "If all the gold were out of my room I should be as happy as if I had found all the treasures in the world!" But the gold was not gone; and so she was grateful for that, and enjoyed the advantage of wealth, and spent much on the good education of her daughter, and thus the well-trained maiden became a great and invaluable treasure.

An interesting story in the same almanac is called the "Tailor of Sautzgerdt," a hero being Götz von Berlichingen, of the iron hand, who bears the same reputation in Germany as Robin Hood among us, for being the real friend of



poor. We can hardly think, however, that the perusal of deeds of violence, even though performed with a good intention, is the healthiest reading for peasants, and it would have been better, perhaps, to lay greater stress on the fate of Götz of the Iron Hand as a warning. In other respects, the story is amusing: The tailor of Stuttgardt, desirous of winning the hand of his beloved, proceeds to Cologne to shoot at an archery match. Of course he wins the prize, but the town council manage to defraud him of it. Returning home in melancholy mood, he meets Von Berlichingen, to whom he confides his wrongs, and the knight captures a Cologne merchant, whom he keeps prisoner until the lawfully won money is paid over. The following extract will show how matters are finally settled between the imperial city and the terrible knight:

"A fortnight after the events we have just described, a stately procession marched along the Zeil in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, past the Römer, towards the town-house. On the right rode the Count of Königstein, then came to Sebastian Heuser, the citizen bailiff, and by his side Götz von Berlichingen, who looked cheerfully right and left, and nodded kindly, as the spectators uncovered their heads on his passage, and shouted, 'Long live our Götz, the friends of citizens and pea-

sants! Long live Götz with the iron hand, the glory of German chivalry! May Heaven preserve him long to us!' At length the procession reached the town-house, and the two counts, the bailiff, and the archer ascended the steps, and stood a few minutes later before the assembled council of Frankfort, with the first burgomaster at their head, who gave them a kindly welcome.

"'Highly honored lords and friends,' the burgomaster began, 'as the city of Cologne has appointed us the arbiters in its dispute with the noble and highly renowned knight Götz von Berlichingen of Hornburg, let us complete this honorable duty in love and friendship. As concerns you, Herr Sebastian Heuser, we request you once again to make before the assembled council of this city the declaration that you will give up any compensation and satisfaction you believe you have a right to claim from the most honorable Götz von Berlichingen.'"

This incident is historical, and is referred to by Von Berlichingen in his autobiography. We have given the excerpt, because it throws a curious light on the manners and customs of the age, when a knight and a city could stand on terms of war, and required the interpellation of so powerful a city as Frankfort to settle the dispute.

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## JOHN SARTAIN AND HIS PORTRAIT.

THE name of this eminent artist has long been familiar to the readers of the *ECLECTIC*, and to all the lovers of beautiful art engraving in our land. He is *primus inter pares* in the line of his profession, so far as our observations extend. In the great family of artists in his department of engraving, he is second to none in native genius or acquired skill. For many years Mr. Sartain has been most industriously engaged in the production of human portraits, embracing a very large number of personages more or less distinguished in name, position, and character, in public life, in the state, in the senate, on the bench, in the pulpit, and in

the literary walks of life. We believe he has engraved more portraits than any other man living or dead, and with long acquaintance in this direction we know of no one who can stamp the human face in accurate and indelible lineaments on a plate of steel with such surprising celerity as this accomplished artist. During the past fifteen years, and more, nearly every monthly number of the *ECLECTIC* has gone out to its patrons embellished with beautiful portraits or historic engravings from his hand. Mr. Sartain is a self-taught artist, engraver, and painter. Had he devoted his genius and talents to painting he doubtless would have become as emi-



*On steel for the Biobotic after an Ambrotype by Henry Sartain, Phila.*

*John Sartain*



ment as a painter, as he is an engraver. He first introduced the art of mezzotint engraving into this country, and great improvements have since been made by his skill in the facilities with which any desired portrait or historic scene can be impressed into the face of the steel plate. In a future number we hope to give a brief history of this curious and wonderful mezzotint art. During the past fifteen years we have been in the habit of tasking Mr. Sartain to produce monthly, some desired portrait to embellish this magazine. In compliance with this request, a large number of personages of renown on the great theater of life have come into view in the form of their portraits. Like some artistic enchanter, Mr. Sartain has moved his wand, and emperors and empresses, kings and queens, dukes and lords, warriors and heroes, historians and poets, statesmen and diplomatists, and persons of varied distinction, have been made to show their faces and look up from the cold, hard, and adamant steel plate with almost life-like accuracy and expression. They have been made to appear at the will of the artist with characteristic urbanity on his part in imperial paraphernalia, or royal vestments, wearing crowns, stars, or other insignia of high birth or illustrious position, in accordance with their character and station in the sight of the world. Living, or long since dead, or dwelling in far-off lands, they come at the artist's bidding, all unconscious of the process, and assume a fixed and steady look before the gaze of the present and coming generations. They grow not old. No care-worn linea-

ments, no wrinkle of age, no pallor of decay engraves its tracery on the face. If this language is strongly figurative, it is still the part and the province of the real artist of genius and talent to achieve it. Such artists are comparatively few in number. Such, however, is the eminent artist whose fine and almost speaking portrait we solicited, and have obtained, with his modest consent to show his face in our present number, to all our patrons who have so long admired the beautiful portraits which his hand has engraved to embellish our journal. We commend him to their generous hospitality and good will when he shows his face in their family circles. We ask a kind scrutiny and a look into those bright, artistic eyes, which we have discovered can penetrate as far into a steel plate as any eyes we know of, and can impart to that hard, smooth surface as amiable, and natural-speaking, and life-like expression as could be expected from any piece of metal whatever.

As Mr. Sartain has his home in Philadelphia, we hardly need to add that we have penned this hasty and imperfect sketch of our friend without his knowledge, as a small tribute justly due to his artistic talent and skill, and to his personal worth, as he is regarded by all who know him. We are quite sure that the patrons of the *ECLECTIC*, and the admirers of the portrait engravings from the hand of Mr. Sartain, will coincide with all we have said, and more, also, in commendation of one who has done so much to give pleasure by the contemplation of the works of art.

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**THE FIFTY-FIVE EXILED BOURBONS.**—Now that King Francis and his family have quitted Naples, there are in exile not fewer than fifty-five members of the Bourbon family out of the seventy-four who are the direct or collateral descendants of Louis XIV. The fifty-five are these: The Bourbons of Naples, consisting of King Francis, five brothers, and four sisters; his majesty's uncles—Prince de Capua and two children, Count d'Aquila and two children, Count de Trapani and five; his majesty's aunts—Queen Marie Amélie, widow of King Louis Philippe; the Duchess de Berry, and the Duchess de Salerno; and, lastly, a cousin-german, the Duchess d'Aumale—total, 26. The Bourbons of Spain—the Infante Don Juan and two children—total, 3. The Bourbons of France—Count de Chambord, the Duchess de Parma and four children—total, 6. The

Orleans branch of the French Bourbons—the Count de Paris, the Duke de Chartres, the Duke de Nemours and four children, the Prince de Joinville and two, the Duke d'Aumale and two, the Duke de Montpensier and six—total, 20. Nineteen Bourbons are not in exile, namely, the royal family of Spain, sixteen in number; the Empress of Brazil (*née* Princess of Naples;) the Duchess Augustus of Saxe-Coburg Gotha (*née* Princesse d'Orleans;) and the Duke Charles III. of Parma, Infante of Spain, who abdicated.

A BEAUTIFUL thought is suggested in the Koran: "Angels, in the grave, will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee, but what good deed thou hast done in the world, to entitle thee to a seat among the blessed."

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**THE LIFE AND CAREER OF MAJOR JOHN ANDRE, ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN AMERICA.** By WINTHROP SARGENT. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861. Pp. 471.

THE author has performed a valuable and acceptable service by his careful researches and investigations into the more minute life, career, and history of this accomplished, renowned, but most unfortunate British officer. As no revolutions of time will efface the events and reminiscences of the American Revolution, so will the name of Major Andre never perish from among its sad and touching annals. The volume comprises twenty-two chapters of the personal history of its subject, and of concurrent events, as connected with his career. To this an appendix follows concerning Benedict Arnold, the captors of Major Andre, and his execution.

The volume is embellished with a fine portrait on steel of the youthful Andre, which adds interest to the work.

In some respects this volume might be entitled a romance of history, or romance of biography, or both combined. It glances at his parentage, birth, and early life—his courtship and letters to Miss Seward—the failure of Andre's courtship, after which he joins the army, visits Germany, and then comes to America. His career in this country, the incidents of his short but eventful life amid the stirring scenes and dangers of the war of the Revolution—his capture, imprisonment, and execution under the terrible but just severity of martial law, will be of touching interest to the American reader. We commend the neatly executed volume to all who find pleasure and profit in revisiting the scenes of the great struggle of independence, even on the historic page.

**TWELVE SERMONS ;** Delivered at Antioch College. By HORACE MANN. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

WE learn from the editor's preface that these twelve sermons were written and delivered while Mr. Mann was President of Antioch College, to which the editor added the meditations which were found in the manuscripts, and which are supposed to have formed the basis of the prayers accompanying the sermons.

**BROWN & TAGGARD** sends us Vol. XV. of their beautiful edition of the works of LORD FRANCIS BACON, just published, being Vol. V. of the *Literary and Professional Works*. Boston: Brown & Taggard. 1861. Pp. 449.

The works of Lord Bacon have long been celebrated for their profound learning, ability, and literary wealth. Here the scholar, the student of history, the man of learning may refresh and strengthen his mind with vigorous aliment, and find food for reflection and mature thought. We have noticed and commended the previous volumes as they have successively appeared from the press of the enterprising publishers. To scholars and men of learning it is quite sufficient, simply to announce the publication of this fine edition of Bacon's Works.

It is worthy of note that the public taste of men of letters calls for the republication of such works, and such a class of philosophic literature as is found in these successive volumes. We trust they will enrich many a public and private library.

H. DEXTER & Co. send us their published volume, entitled *A LOOK AT HOME; OR, LIFE IN THE POOR-HOUSE OF NEW-ENGLAND*, with a series of circumstances and persons, such as to form one connected Tale in the *Annals of the Poor—the Paupers of New-England*. By S. H. ELLIOTT, author of *Rolling Ridge*, etc. New and revised edition. New-York: H. Dexter & Co., 113 Nassau-street; New-Haven, Conn.: S. H. Elliott, 105 Chapel-street.

The author of this volume is a man of worth, and integrity, and a pleasing writer of narrative incidents such as are recorded in this production of his pen. Human life amid its humble aspects, however varied, is often instructive and full of sanitary lessons, however uninviting the life-like reality may be.

**ONE DROP AT A TIME.**—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

**ANIMALS KILLED BY THE COLD.**—Visitors to the Zoological Gardens, young and old, will be sorry to hear that the inclement weather, which has swelled the weekly bills of mortality, has been very fatal to our pets in the Zoological Gardens. The noble Nubian lion, who had been twelve years in the gardens, and was the admiration of all visitors, is dead. In the afternoon he was apparently well, and in the morning he was found by the keeper lying stiff and cold in his den. A *post mortem* examination disclosed the sad fact that the king of beasts had succumbed to the intense cold, no organic disease having been discovered.—*London Paper*.

**A BEAUTIFUL EASTERN BELIEF.**—Two angels keep watch upon each mortal—the angel on the right and the recording angel on the left—taking note of every word and action. At the close of each day they fly up to heaven with a written report, and are replaced by two similar ones on the following day. According to Eastern tradition, every good action is recorded ten times by the angel on the right; and if the mortal commit a sin, the same benevolent spirit says to the angel on the left: "Forbear for seven hours to record it; peradventure he may repent and pray, and obtain forgiveness."

I HAVE thought that wild flowers might be the alphabet of angels—whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths.—*Francis*.

**PILGRIMAGE OF THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH TO JERUSALEM.**—We have good reason to believe that a part, at least, of the object of Admiral La Roncière le Norrey's late visit to Constantinople had reference to the for-some-time intended pilgrimage of the Empress of the French to Jerusalem. The official rumor now is that her intention is to be carried into effect before the French troops leave Syria. As the Imperial voyage, however, can not be made till at least the end of March, this fact is put forward as one reason for stretching the term fixed for General Beaufort's departure by the Convention. On the other hand, our information is that the Porte disposes of this insinuated necessity by the amplest offers of escort and munificent care of her majesty during her stay in his territory. It is said that the Empress intends to commemorate her visit to the Holy Places by the foundation either of a hospital or a church worthy of Imperial France, and, in fact, to make a "progress" whose effects shall be at once striking and durable. She will, it is said, replace the diamond star stolen, according to Consul Botta, by the orthodox Greeks from the Cave of the Nativity at Bethlehem, by another of greatly superior value, and make also most costly additions to the decorations of the Holy Sepulcher itself. Monsignore Brunoni, the Constantinople vicar apostolic, M. Boré, chief of the Lazarists, and the Bulgarian unionist archimandrite, Macarios, are, it is said, to meet her majesty at Jaffa, to tender to her the felicitations of the Latin clergy.

**THE ROLL OF THE LORDS.**—The roll of the lords, spiritual and temporal, has just been printed. There are 30 spiritual lords and 427 temporal, reckoning Lord Auckland among the former as Bishop of Bath and Wells. The spiritual lords are 26 English prelates and four Irish, the Irish prelates on the roll this session being the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishops of Down, Ossory, and Cork. Of the temporal lords three are of the blood royal—the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, (King of Hanover,) and the Duke of Cambridge. There follow 20 dukes, 22 marquises, 131 earls, 28 viscounts, and 223 barons. This, however, is reckoning them technically, according to the titles by which they sit in the House. For instance, the Duke of Buccleuch is placed among the earls because he sits, not by his Scotch title, but as Earl of Doncaster in the English peerage, and the Duke of Argyll is reckoned only among the barons (Baron Sundridge;) the Earl of Roden is Lord Clanbrassill, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Somerhill; Lord Panmure also remains among the barons, his newly-inherited Scotch title of Earl of Dalhousie having no seat in the house annexed to it. Assigning all such peers to the rank and title by which they are commonly known, and speaking popularly, the temporal lords are—a prince, a king, 27 dukes, 35 marquises, 170 earls, 31 viscounts, and 162 barons. The whole number in the House, therefore, is 459; a generation ago it was not 400.

**LADY ISABELLA FINCH**, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, was lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess Amelia. Lord Bath, one evening, having no silver, borrowed a half-crown of her; he sent it next day, with a very gallant wish that he could give her a crown. She replied, that "though he could not give her a crown, he could give her a coronet, and she was very ready to accept it."

**THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE HUNTING FIELD.**—The Prince of Wales joined the field of the Cambridgehire Hunt on Monday, attended by his equeyry, Captain Grey. The meet was at Childerley, in the vicinity of Madingley, and in consequence of a rumor having got abroad that the prince was likely to be present, the field was a very numerous one. The lord lieutenant (the Earl of Hardwicke) and his son were present, and the university supplied a goodly quota of attendants. A find was made at Honey Hill. Reynard made straight for Madingley, but turned at the pleasure ground, and went back through Drayton to Knapwell Grove and thence to Boxworth. Here the hunted fox was left in some farm buildings, the hounds getting on the line of a fresh one, which, however, had been gone some time, and went by a circuitous course towards Childerley, in the neighborhood of which they were called off without a kill. In the fore part of the day the pace was tremendous, considering the heaviness of the country; of both some idea may be formed from the fact that two horses were killed. Altogether it was a very fair day. His royal highness rode well up, and took his fences gallantly and well.

#### A WORD OF ADVICE.

**DENOUCE** Essayists and Reviewers,  
Hang, quarter, gag, or shoot them—  
Excellent plans—provided that  
You first of all refute them.

By all means let the Hangman burn  
Their awful book to ashes,  
But don't expect to settle thus  
Their heterodox hashes.

Some heresies are so ingrained,  
E'en burning won't remove them,  
A shorter and an easier way  
You'll find it—to disprove them.

Be this, right reverends, your revenge,  
For souls the best of cure—  
Essay Essayists to upset,  
And to review Reviewers.

—English Paper.

THE wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So, goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effects upon surrounding things we are assured of its existence.

**LORD OXFORD** was told that Lord Coningsby would have his head. "Sorry I can not return the compliment," says Oxford, "for I would not have his at a gift."

**CONVERSATION** ought to be mental music, in which diversity of thoughts in the unity of humanity makes harmony for the soul.

To the man of strong will and giant energy, possibilities become probabilities, and probabilities certainties.

**WHAT** Miss will ruin any man?—Mis-management.

**THE HEALTHY CONDITION OF THE YEAR 1860.**—The year 1860 will remain on record as one of those which has proved most favorable to the public health. The rate of mortality sensibly diminished throughout Europe, and medical practitioners have had an amount of leisure of which there are few examples. In England the number of deaths has been 20 per cent. below the mean, and in Germany and France the conditions have been no less favorable. For example, at Vienna, but 1077 deaths occurred in August, 1860, while in the same month of 1859, there were 1532 (i. e., 495 in excess) registered. In some of the rural communes of France not a single death took place during the entire year! and in the Paris hospitals there have been numbers of empty beds, the bulk of the patients who were admitted having also been the subjects of chronic affections. This remarkable immunity is well calculated to render us circumspect, and once more to exhibit how little we know concerning atmospheric influences. The year 1860, if we are to be guided by opinions which have their weight in science, united all the conditions which are supposed suited to engender disease. Rainy, unequal in temperature, and without its seasons distinctly marked, it ought, it would seem, to have given rise to the predominance of pulmonary catarrhs and gastro-intestinal affections. If things had so come to pass, and the medical constitution had become markedly affected, excellent reasons would have been at hand for the explanation of the occurrences of epidemics by the meteorological conditions which prevailed. Yet the epidemics have been rare, and the diseases usual to our climate, except mild and uncomplicated diphtheria, have been almost entirely absent.—*Medical Times and Gazette.*

#### HER NAME.

In days, like a bright river's flowing,  
That joy and hope only pervade;  
When we count happy hours in their going  
By sunshine and never by shade:  
To my heart in those moments of pleasure,  
A light and a beauty it came;  
As a talisman, worth a world's treasure,  
Her name—  
Yes!—the spell was her name.

It called, as a spirit-voice waking,  
All life, happy life held in store;  
And the land of the sweet future making  
A region of joy evermore.  
Oh! the wealth of glad promise appearing,  
As birds to the spring-voice it came;  
And my heart beat to music on hearing  
Her name—  
Yes!—the spell was her name.

Those days have all passed in their gladness,  
But the light lingers still that they gave;  
Though it bears in its beauty the sadness  
Of sunset o'er woodland and wave  
Still to call back those days early beaming,  
The power of that word is the same;  
When I hearken, or dawns on my dreaming  
Her name—  
Oh!—the spell is her name.

FREDERICK ENOCH.

The greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander; they never get enough.

**GIRLS' NEGLECT OF HEALTH.**—Little does the child of indulgent parents know what illness is to the poor and destitute; or what it may be to her when her mother's hand is cold and helpless in the tomb, and when her own head is no longer sheltered by a father's roof. Thus we find young girls so often practicing a certain kind of recklessness, and contempt of health, nay, even encouraging a degree of delicacy, feebleness, and liability to bodily ailments, which, if they were not accustomed to the kindest attentions, would be the last calamity they would wish to bring upon themselves. How important is it for such individuals to remember that the constitution of the body, as well as that of the mind, is, in a good degree, of their own forming. Fanciful and ill-disciplined young women are apt to think it gives them an attractive air, and looks like an absence of selfishness, to be indifferent about the preservation of their health; and thus they indulge the most absurd capriciousness with respect to their diet, sometimes refusing altogether to eat at proper times, and eating most improperly at others; running about upon wet grass with thin shoes, as if they really wished to take cold; refusing to take medicine when necessary, or taking it unsanctioned by their parents, or their best advisers. How soon does the stern discipline of life inflict its own punishment for this folly; but, unfortunately, not soon enough to stop the progress of the host of maladies which are thus produced.

**THE CHINESE PLUNDER.**—It has been estimated, says a correspondent at Pekin, that the amount of property pillaged and destroyed exceeds £6,000,000 sterling. Every soldier who was present is replete with loot. On entering the Emperor's particular residence, no one knew what to take; silver was thrown away to take up gold, and gold to take up jewelled watches and gems; china and enameled vases (the manufacture of which is lost) of priceless value, were broken because too bulky to carry away. Rooms and rooms full of costly silks, bronzes, jadestone ornaments, and the presents received by the Emperors, every article being labeled with the name of the donor, were ruthlessly looted and destroyed. Much more has been buried beneath the ruins, however, than was carried away. The Emperor's washstand, basin, and ewer of gold, studded with stones, were sold for £2,000 by the captor. Lord Amherst's watch was sold by a French soldier for twenty dollars; it was worth £200. Many men have thirty or forty pounds of pure gold in their possession, and others have pearls and precious stones of unknown value.

**A MEMORIAL**, signed by several thousands of clergymen, was yesterday presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In this memorial the views of the writers of *Essays and Reviews* were strongly denounced, and his grace was urged "to take counsel with the other members of the episcopate, and to devise such measures as may, with God's blessing, banish and drive away from our Church all such erroneous and strange doctrines." The archbishop quite concurred in the opinions expressed by the memorialists, but pointed out the extreme difficulty of instituting, with any prospect of success, legal or ecclesiastical proceedings against the essayists. He, however, felt confident that the Church possessed able ministers who would not permit the "very frivolous and answerable *Essays and Reviews*" to pass without reply.

**AFGHANISTAN AND THE LOST TRIBES.**—The mountains of the Indian Caucasus, the mountains of Cabul are said to be visible, in clear weather, from a distance of two hundred and fifty miles; lifting their hoar heads sublimely into the clear calm heavens, they will represent "the terrible crystal" of the prophet. Roving myriads of people have been attracted by this sight, as if to travel onwards and upwards, in imagination, along the mountain pathway, to the realms of glory and of rest. The traditions of the whole world celebrate these stupendous heights, many of whose light-crowned pinnacles are supposed to stand more than twenty thousand feet above the common level of this earth. Their magnificence and their mystery have drawn nations together in adoring wonder into the hills and valleys so fruitful, and bounteous, and beautiful, around their feet. This region might well be thought the seat of Paradise. There are found specimens of nearly every form of living thing, whether animal or vegetable, elsewhere found in any country of Europe or of Asia; and there, too, almost every civilized nation has its representative. The oldest nations believe that thence mankind first sprang into existence, and that God even now there sits enthroned, waiting to judge all the human souls which he has made. Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, Persians, the followers of Buddha, of Brahma, of Mahomet, and even believers in Jehovah, have looked up unto these awful solitudes, and bowed in soul before their majesty, thinking of God. Here was a high place (Bamah) for the worshipers of Bamah worthy of the name, and here the wandering tribes might believe themselves in the especial presence of him who made the heavens and the earth. To the skirts of these mountain fastnesses many of the outcast Israelites undoubtedly resorted after their escape from Assyrian or Persian domination, and after their wanderings in the north. Traces of their former possession of this neighborhood, as well as of Bactria and Bokhara, are still extant, not only in existing monuments, but also in the traditions of the power and majesty of a national religion and polity once capable of awakening the attention of all the East, but now lost in the mist of ages.—*Dr. Moore's "The Lost Tribes."*

**LADY PHYSICIANS.**—As regards the instruction of young women in physiology, I venture to suggest, for the consideration of those ladies who have gone through a systematic course of medical education, with the view to qualify themselves as medical practitioners, whether devoting their time to the instruction of their own sex in the laws of health would not form an equally useful and a more appropriate profession than that of a physician or surgeon. In adopting as their sphere of action the hygiene of female and infantile life, ladies would be in their right social position; and assuredly they could have no higher vocation than that of teaching their own sex the important duties which devolve on them as mothers—how to manage their own health and that of their offspring. If ladies, properly educated for such duty—they need not be fully educated physicians—would devote their time and energies to this noble work, they would confer an inestimable benefit on the rising generation, and merit the lasting gratitude of posterity.—*Sir James Clarke.*

The government expenditures of Great Britain are £215,000, more than a million of dollars, per day. The people consume seven hundred thousand dollars of food per day, more than their own soil produces.

## ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-night!  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of years!  
I am so weary of toils and of tears—  
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—  
Take them and give me my childhood again!  
I have grown weary of dust and decay,  
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,  
Weary of sowing for others to reap;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces between,  
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence again;  
Come from the silence so long and so deep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever was shown;  
No other worship abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours.  
None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;  
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;  
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light.  
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,  
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore:  
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep!  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long  
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;  
Since then, and unto my soul it shall seem,  
Womanhood's years have been but a dream.  
Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

**HOW TO LIVE.**—To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.

**LORD BYRON.**—One morning a party came into the public rooms at Buxton, somewhat later than usual, and requested some tongue. They were told that Lord Byron had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his lordship," said a lady, loud enough for him to hear the observation. "I am very sorry for it, madam," retorted Byron, "but before I ate the tongue, I was assured you did not want it."



**OUR HOMES SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL.**—Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render the intercourse of home amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home can not be beautiful without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower-garden, and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs ivy around the ruin, and over a stump of the withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practices to animate the sense and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you.

**THE MORAL STANDARD.**—To wrestle vigorously and successfully with any vicious habit, we must not merely be satisfied with contending on the low ground of worldly prudence, though that is of use, but take stand upon a higher moral elevation. Mechanical aids, such as pledges, may be of service to some, but the great thing is to set up a high standard of thinking and acting, and endeavor to strengthen and purify the principles, as well as to reform the habits. For this purpose a youth must study himself, watch his steps, and compare his thoughts and acts with this rule. The more knowledge of himself he gains, the humbler will he be, and perhaps the less confident in his own strength. But the discipline will be found most valuable which is acquired by resisting small present gratifications to secure a prospective greater and higher one.

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**—"First class in Oriental philosophy stand up. Thibeta, what is life?"—"Life consists of money, a horse, and a fashionable wife."—"What is poverty?"—"The reward of merit which genius generally receives from a discriminating public."—"What is religion?"—"Doing unto others as you please, without allowing a return of the compliment."—"What is fame?"—"A six-line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when you are dead."

ENGLAND is spending £70,000,000; the French government confesses to an expenditure of approaching £75,000,000; the Russian government acknowledges that its liabilities amount annually to £55,000,000 (or, in Russian coinage, 275,000,000 rubles;) and the Austrian government, have survived at once capital and credit, is eking out the income required to meet a reckless expenditure by begging and stealing throughout its provinces in a degree which renders its total realizations incomputable, but still immense. Prussia, however, one of the most prominent of the military empires of Europe, professes to pay its way respectably for something over £20,000,000. The interest on the public debt of Prussia does not exceed 14,000,000 thalers, or £2,100,000 of our money; the Prussian national debt not exceeding £60,000,000. Prussia is the most fortunate State in Europe in regard to its debt, and the Prussian army is maintained at a cost of only 30,000,000 thalers a year, or less than £5,000,000.

He who never gives advice and he who never takes it are alike unworthy of friendship.

**THE SEAT OF THE AFFECTIONS.**—There is no authority in history, metaphysics, or physiology, for placing the head-quarters of Cupid in the heart. It may, for aught we know to the contrary, be in the lungs or the liver. One of our homoeopaths says that Love is a creature of the stomach, and depends upon the gastric juices for support. And yet if a lover should say to the object of his affections, "Miss, permit me to lay my stomach and fortune at your feet," she would think it an odd way of popping the question. It is, however, a palpable absurdity to represent the hearts of lovers as in flames, or transpierced with barbed arrows, because it is manifest that a person with the vital organ in a state of combustion or on a skewer, would be at the point of death, and therefore incapable of courting. And yet, if this popular fiction be discarded, what becomes of the valentine trade?

**A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.**—A married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is a little world of love at home over which he is a monarch.

It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

The following is at present the population of the Kingdom of Italy: Piedmont, 3,815,637 inhabitants; Sardinia, (the island,) 573,115; Lombardy, 2,771,647; Modena, 609,139; Parma, 508,784; Tuscany, 1,779,388; The Legations, the Marches, and Umbria, 1,960,360; Naples, 6,843,365; Sicily, 2,281,020; total, 21,092,395 inhabitants.

**THE COAL SUPPLY TO THE METROPOLIS.**—The quantity of coal and coke carried into the metropolis for the year ending January 1st, shows an enormous increase on preceding years. No less than 1,477,545 tons 16 cwt. have been conveyed from various parts of England to London by the railways having access thereto. For the year the seaborne importation has been 3,573,377 tons, brought by 11,226 ships, against 3,229,170 tons by 10,693 ships, being an increase of 274,207 tons and 533 ships.

**MECHANICAL** or automatic baking machines on a small scale are introduced into England. A sack of flour can be prepared for use in a few minutes. The sponge and dough require an extra workman and the whole affair is easily managed by one person. It is coming rapidly into use in public institutions and government military stations.

HONOR women! They scatter heavenly roses on the path of our earthly life; they weave the happy bonds of love; and beneath the modest veil of the graces, they nourish with a sacred hand the immortal flower of noble sentiments.

GENERAL COUNT TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE, a relation of the Emperor Napoleon through the Empress Josephine, and Grand Master of the Household of the Empress, died in Paris on Sunday, aged upwards of eighty.



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JUNE, 1861.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.\*

It is the privilege of few generations to assist at so grand a spectacle as the resurrection of a people and the birth of a new state in the old commonwealth of nations. Such events happen rarely; and still more rarely are they foreseen or deliberately contrived beforehand. They are schemed for by statesmen through long years of anxious vigilance and thought; they are fought for by patriots through long years of defeat, discomfiture, and despair; they are suffered for by captives in squalid dungeons; they are sighed for by exiles in foreign garrets; they form the dream and the prophecy of poets. But time glides on, and brings no apparent approach

to the desiderated end; wars pass over the land, and seem to rivet still faster the chains of the oppressed; insurrections serve but to decimate the noblest votaries of the cause; revolutions give only bewildering gleams and intoxicating draughts of freedom, and servitude settles down again with a gloomier darkness than before;—till a sort of sick hopelessness takes possession even of the most sanguine and most daring spirits. Then, perhaps, comes a combination which no one could have anticipated or effected: events which would have been powerless if single, become omnipotent when simultaneous and united; the ambition of one man, the restlessness of another, the demented obstinacy of a third, the heroic devotion of a fourth, the opportune advent of the needed statesman, the opportune removal of the insuperable obstacle, join to bring about the

\* *L'Unité Nationale de l'Italie.* Par EMMANUEL MARLIANI, Député. Turin: 1860.

*Nota del Ministro dell' Interno sull' ordinamento amministrativo e finanziario del Regno.* Torino: 1860.

moment so long waited for in vain, when the pictured consummation becomes a possible achievement, and "the desire of nations" is realized at last. The noblest and wisest of Italian patriots, Daniel Manin, not long before his death, expressed his conviction that another thirty years must pass before Italy could be independent and united, and that the best course for all friends to that great object would be to give up all early hopes and premature attempts, and devote themselves to the work of training the young generation for the task which would devolve upon it. Scarcely more than three years have passed away since Manin was laid in his grave in a foreign land; and the object for which he lived and died is an actual and accomplished, if not yet wholly a *completed*, fact.

We have no intention of dragging our readers through thorny and profitless discussions as to the purity of the agencies and the merits of the agents by which this great result has been brought about. We are concerned with the fact—not with its genesis. Whether the war between France and Austria was unjust or unavoidable; which party prepared, and which began, the conflict; whether Louis Napoleon originally designed, and whether he now relishes, that creation of a Kingdom of United Italy, of which he was the undoubted instrument; whether the citizens of the new state ought to be grateful to him for their emancipation and reünion, or to Providence for having overruled his purposes; whether the cession of Savoy and Nice was a moderate and necessary, or a questionable and a needless, price; how far the duplicity and misstatements which undeniably discredited that transaction, exceeded the recognized limits of diplomatic mystification; whether Victor Emmanuel and Count Cavour have throughout been actuated by genuine patriotism or by dynastic ambition; whether the invasion of the Neapolitan and Roman territories by the Sardinian army, which was unquestionably a violation of international law, was a violation of international morality as well; or whether the king of Italy, in taking that decided step, did not obey more sacred obligations than those which he transgressed; and, finally, what share in the magnificent success of the joint achievement the judgment of history will assign to the sagacious and compromising statesmanship of Cavour, and what

to the lofty and single-souled enthusiasm of Garibaldi—these are now purely speculative questions, upon which we do not care to enter. We have a practical aim in view, and have to deal rather with the present and the future than with the past. We shall assume the consolidation of the various states of the Italian peninsula into one homogeneous kingdom as a *fait accompli*, for the purpose of our present argument. It is as yet imperfect, indeed, but it may be considered settled. Its completion, too, we may assume as certain, though the time and the mode are as yet buried in obscurity.

Two points—and these the only vitally important ones—we hold to be irrevocably determined, partly by diplomatic consent, partly by "the inexorable logic of facts"—to borrow a phrase from the imperial vocabulary. *First*, it is determined that (apart from the utterly anomalous and of necessity temporary occupation of Rome by a French garrison) there is to be no intervention beyond the Alps. England has urged this in the most pertinacious manner, and on the strongest grounds of principle. Sardinia has pleaded for it; France professes to consent to it; Austria has promised it. "The Italians"—and it is important to notice how much meaning and how many consequences are implied in this expression when employed, as it has been, in diplomatic dispatches and imperial proclamations—the Italians are to be allowed to settle their own affairs and to decide their own future, undisturbed by any foreign interference. That is—the citizens of the several states into which Italy has hitherto been divided, are at liberty to discard their former governments, and to select new sovereigns and new forms of polity according to their own judgment; and to do this, if need be, by mutual assistance and after mutual consultation. They have been, tacitly and by implication at least, recognized as one people, free to combine if it so please them into one nation. And, *secondly*, they have chosen thus to exercise the right conceded them. With a unanimity the more remarkable because it has manifested itself alike in every corner of the peninsula and in every rank of the community, because it has expressed itself sometimes in spite of the priests, sometimes even by the priests, they have determined on unconditional union, and have elected Victor Emmanuel as their common king. Of all

the provinces of Italy now owning allegiance to him, Lombardy alone fell to him by the fortune of war, and Lombardy made haste to ratify this result by the enthusiastic expression of the popular will. For the decisions of universal suffrage, to which it is now the fashion for democrats and despots to pay equal homage, we can never affect to feel submission or respect; but this was an instance in which, whatever had been the voting franchise, the result would have been the same—in which the feelings of the mass of the people and those of the *élite* of the people differed not at all in their direction, and scarcely at all in their intensity. It is settled, then, we hope, that the Italians are to be left to themselves, and that, as the inevitable result, Italy is to be no longer “a geographical expression,” but a united nation and a European power.

Even while writing this sentence, however, the very expression reminds us of the limits and exceptions within which only it is true. Two of the most characteristic provinces of the Peninsula, Venice, with its unique city and its impressive story; and Rome, with its imperial associations and its venerable monuments—are as yet unincorporated in the fusion. The subject is difficult and painful, but it is impossible to pass it by, and it would be worse than idle to attempt to blink its perplexities. The practical question of the hour for statesmen and men of action is, however, clear and simple enough. Without for one moment pretending to admit that the new organization of Italy can be regarded as complete, or the work of liberation and amalgamation as fully achieved, so long as Venetia groans under a foreign yoke and Rome languishes under priestly domination, it is obvious that nothing but the most ungovernable fanaticism, or the rashest and vainest policy, can dream of attempting, at once and by force, to incorporate these unattached portions of the monarchy. It is about equally certain that a premature and violent attempt to seize them must end in disastrous failure, as that time and mediation—patience on one side, prudence on the other, calmness and policy on both—must insure their ultimate annexation. Nothing can so surely delay the wished-for consummation as an endeavor to hurry it on intemperately—nothing can forfeit the ripening prize, except the passion which would snatch it too fiercely and

too soon. We understand and can sympathize to its very depth with the aggravated suffering which weighs down the enslaved as they listen to the rejoicings of their emancipated brethren around them; we share almost more vividly in the impatient longing which those who have won their liberty must feel to communicate its blessings without an hour's delay to the fellow citizens who are still captive and oppressed; we know, too, how these sentiments may be exasperated into almost intolerable fury when the foreign ruler—partly out of revenge, partly out of sinister and cruel craft—day by day lays on heavier burdens and inflicts severer outrages, in the hope of goading his victims into premature revolt. But we say deliberately, in no cold temper and in no Pharisaic spirit, that a people who, in such a crisis and with such a prospect, can not control these bitter emotions and govern these generous sympathies and bear these calculated irritations, are not ripe for the stern requirements of a state of freedom, and have yet to win their spurs. That the *ultimate* absorption of both Rome and Venetia into the Italian Kingdom is inevitable, unless consummate folly mar the game, we think is clear. Let us picture to ourselves a state with a population of twenty-four millions, more homogeneous than any people except the French; with an extended coast, a happy climate, and a fertile soil; full of resources both material and moral; civilized, intellectual, and industrious; with healthy finances, and an army carefully organized and patiently and scientifically prepared for whatever work it may be called upon to do, with the clear consciousness that that work will, in all probability, be hard and perilous; and above all filled with citizens rich and prosperous because commercial and free, and enjoying a constitution moderate and wise, showing, at once, what marvels liberty can achieve, and what deep attachment it can aspire; let us picture all this existing in the face of Europe, not as a sudden creation, not merely as a meteor of a few months, so that malignant enemies or desponding friends might represent it as a passing revolutionary phase, and predict its speedy downfall—but for some years of progressive, tenacious, unflinching prosperity; and then fancy two provinces, lying in the heart of such a state, crushed under an alien and a hated domination,

bound in the heaviest and rustiest chains of despotism, yet inhabited by people of the same race as the surrounding free land, speaking the same language, aspiring to the same fate, yearning even more for union than for liberation; and let us ask ourselves, is the situation one which is even *conceivable* as permanent? Is the contrast one which Europe—or Nature—could by possibility long endure or long maintain? Would it be practicable, or would it be worth while for despotism to wage so unequal, so unnatural, so objectless a struggle?

The difficulty about Rome and the small and barren slip of territory towards the Mediterranean, is complicated by the Papal question. We shall return to that subject by and by. As to Venetia, we think the matter is clearer, if not easier, although fully prepared to admit that it is one on which opposing interests and different starting-points may well lead sincere and thoughtful politicians to antagonistic conclusions. But, in addition to the views suggested by the picture we have just drawn, there are several other weighty considerations to be borne in mind. In the first place, is it possible for Austria, under any circumstances, to retain her Italian provinces except at a cost wholly disproportioned to their value? Lombardy, up to the Mincio, is already ceded, and can not be recovered unless under the contingency of an entire change of policy on the part of France, or a premature warlike movement on the part of Victor Emmanuel, or under the combination of the two misfortunes. Venice proper, or Venetia, became Austrian only in recent years—almost in the lifetime of the existing generation, first by the gift of Napoleon in 1798, and again by the settlement of Europe in 1815. It is a case, too, in which there can be no compromise. Seldom in political history has there been so decided an instance of instinctive and ineradicable antipathy between the governors and the governed. A separate vice-royalty under an Austrian prince, with an Italian ministry and an Italian chamber, or any other analogous contrivances, would go literally no way towards meeting the difficulty. We doubt whether it could be accepted even as a provisional arrangement, and we are sure it would be unwise to attempt it. Austria could not govern Venice mildly and constitutionally if she

wished. What the Venetians want is not good government, but self-government. What they detest is not so much oppression as subjection; not the cruel ruler, but the German ruler; not *Il tyranno*, but *Il Tedesco*. Light taxation, even-handed justice, a free press, a gentle and equitable police, are simple impossibilities to Austria as far as the Venetians are concerned; yet the lightest taxation, the justest tribunals, the freest press, the mildest police, would now do *nothing* towards reconciling the Venetians to the Austrian yoke. It is this that renders the difficulty so insuperable, the "situation" so impossible, and all proposals of compromise so futile. Reigning among a hostile people, Austria must reign by hostile means. As long as Venice is retained by her, it must be retained by force. She must drain her other provinces of men to hold it in subjection, and she must expend its revenues in supporting and subsidizing those men. How long can she continue to do this? and is it wise economy to do it at all?

It is becoming pretty clear that her power of retaining Venice and keeping down the Venetians must depend almost entirely on the success of her conciliatory policy with Hungary. We are among the least inclined to undervalue the Austrian army, or the singular tenacity of Austrian vitality. We believe that she will always be difficult to beat, impossible to kill; and it is probable that for years at least, if not for ever, she will be more than a match for any force, moral or material, that unaided Italy can bring into the field. But it is impossible to forget that Hungary is the largest and most warlike portion of the Austrian Empire; that the Hungarian troops have always constituted the flower of her army; that a systematic and well-organized insurrection in Hungary would paralyze her strength, and that the complete and final severance of Hungary would reduce her to comparative impotence, both for aggression and for European influence. It seems all but certain that she will not be able thoroughly to conciliate and repossess Hungary by any means short of restoring her ancient constitution, a distinct ministry, and an independent diet. Is it certain that such large concessions, even if the happiest thing for Hungary, would be the wisest thing for Austria? If this be really the price at which alone she can retain her

grasp upon Venice and the Quadrilateral, is it not too high a price to pay?

But is it at all certain, or even probable, that this price would secure the endangered province? With a ministry and a legislative assembly of its own, Hungary would be free to give or to refuse her aid, to sanction or to veto the war taxes and war levies, to assist or to neutralize the enterprises of the imperial cabinet. And what are most likely to be her feelings and decisions in reference to the Venetian question? We know that her sentiments in reference to Italy are greatly changed since 1848; we know that a revolution in Hungary was planned and arranged between Louis Napoleon and Kossuth, in conjunction with the Italian war of independence, and would have broken out, if the convention at Villafranca had not rendered it unnecessary for the purpose then in hand; we know that the leaders of Hungarian and of Italian patriots have been in frequent and close communication; we know that regiments of Hungarian refugees were embodied by the side of the Piedmontese army; and we know that an Hungarian legion formed a portion of the forces with which Garibaldi overran Sicily and Naples: is it probable that Hungary will be selfish enough to purchase the recovery of her own independence by engaging to annihilate that of Italy, or ungenerous enough to allow the enslavement of Venetia and the reconquest of Lombardy to be the first use to which her new-born power of free volition shall be turned?

Again, we hear much loose declamation as to the necessity to Austria and even to Germany of the famous "Quadrilateral," as a defensive outwork against a possible invasion from the south. But is this necessity really as certain and as imperative as Teutonic alarmists are fain to represent it? Germany, as every one knows who has either studied the map or journeyed over the country, is already protected against attack from the Italian side by a range of the most difficult and formidable mountains that ever guarded any land; and if she can not defend such passes as those of the Eastern Alps, no outlying fortresses, however strong, will avail her long. We have no intention, of trenching on the province of the strategists. We will not discuss whether a broad river or lofty Alps make the most desirable frontier. We may concede at

once that a series of four contiguous and nearly impregnable strongholds and intrenched camps, which no scientific captain would like to leave in his rear, must prove a formidable impediment to the progress of an invading army. But this is not the question: we are called upon to admit that such a combination of fortresses in the plains of Lombardy is necessary to render Germany secure against an invasion from the south; and it is impossible to make such an admission. The Quadrilateral, in fact, is just as necessary to the defense of Germany as the possession of similar fortifications on the borders of Biscay, Navarre, Aragon, and Catalonia would be to that of France: and not one whit more.

It may perhaps be impossible to induce Austria to adopt this view, or to estimate at no more than its real value a military position which history has made so celebrated, and which used to be so enviable. But there are one or two considerations which we are entitled to ask her to weigh with calmness, and which appear to us nearly conclusive against the wisdom of her attempted retention of her Italian provinces, the Quadrilateral included. She needs them, it is argued, as a security against invasion from the south. What alone renders this invasion probable? Her retention of those dependencies. What would reduce the chances of such invasion to the most remote, chimerical, and all but impossible contingency? Her frank and full surrender of them—of course, for an adequate compensation—to a state anxious to unite them and able to defend them. A very few words will suffice to make our argument clear. From whom does Austria fear attack on the side of the Rhetian Alps? From France. What, and what only, renders such an attack possible? Nothing but the weakness or the hostility of Italy. As long as Italy is feeble and divided, she will continue to be, as she has always been, the favorite field of battle between the two great Continental rivals. As long as she is powerless to enforce respect to her neutrality, France will be sure to disregard it whenever her military exigencies dictate such a course; but when she becomes as strong and influential as the events of this year when consummated will have made her, France will no longer be able to assault Austria through her territories except

with her cordial good will. The independence of Italy will insure the security of Austria on her southern frontier; unless, indeed, independent Italy be hostile to her and friendly to her rival. But what reason has Austria to anticipate such hostility? Italy, subdivided and oppressed, was necessarily the dependent ally of France and the bitter foe of Austria, because only through the aid of the former could she hope for deliverance from the latter. But of Italy fused, free, and elevated to the rank and means of a first-rate Power, the interests, the feelings, and the fears would be all the other way. As long as Austria remains in the Peninsula, and retains in subjection any portion of its people, Italy is of necessity her irreconcilable and ferocious enemy. The instant she lets go her grasp and retires beyond the Alps, Italy becomes her best bulwark and her natural ally. In fact, Austria has now to choose between having France and Italy against her by the retention of Venetia, or purchasing the alliance of the Peninsula by its surrender.

This seems to us so plain that we wonder far more at German statesmen being blind to it than at French statesmen seeing it clearly. A few years ago, in the repose of a long peace and in the first flush of the millennial hopes which Free-trade doctrines raised in sanguine minds, it would have sounded like a barbarous anachronism to talk of natural enemies and natural allies in the simple language of our ancestors. But recent events have somewhat revived these old phrases, and the convictions which gave rise to them; and considering the matter from the ordinary ancient international point of view; it is assuredly France and not Austria that is the "natural" rival—not to use the more unpleasant word—of the Italian kingdom. Italy and Germany need have no collision, and little competition: Austria is not a maritime Power, and has the smallest possible amount of seacoast; the Adriatic is the only spot in which the people or the commerce of the two nations would come in contact. Their tastes, their habits, their objects, lie apart. But France and Italy would have innumerable points of rivalry. Their purposes, their ambitions, if not their true interests, would often clash. France aspires to the command of the Mediterranean, and Italy will be a Power even more distinctly Mediter-

anean than herself. The Italians, like the French, are ingenious, and are fast becoming manufacturing. The native productions of the two countries are for the most part identical, and would habitually compete in foreign markets,—corn, wine, silk, and oil. For obvious reasons we do not wish to press these remarks further, or to dwell upon them at any length. We will only observe that they partially explain and slightly palliate what in English eyes nothing can excuse,—namely, the unanimous, vehement, and ungenerous animosity expressed by all the politicians of France—the old parliamentary liberals just as much as others—to the emancipation and union of Italy. They look at the question from an exclusively national and narrowly selfish point of view: a powerless peninsula they could trample on and use—a prosperous and independent one they must respect and may have to dread. While wretched and divided, she was a tool—when free and great, she will be a rival. "Henceforth France will have to choose another field of battle." That is reason enough with them for condemning the Sardinian policy, and deploring the consequences it has entailed. Even men who have fought and suffered in the cause of constitutional freedom, who have conducted, and who seemed to value, liberal institutions, who claimed and have received our sympathy for the deprivation of their political and civil rights, actually lament, as a national calamity, and resent as a personal affront, the deliverance of a neighboring people from a galling yoke, and the extension to them of that rational and well-ordered parliamentary self-government which themselves have lost. They hate the Emperor with a reduplication of abhorrence, partly because he has undesignedly raised up a possible rival to France, but still more because he has been the means of conferring upon another country the blessings of which he has deprived his own. Now this is a temper which Englishmen find it hard to understand. We are too earnest and sincere in the cause of free institutions not to rejoice in the spread of them to other nations, whatever may be the possible reflex action on ourselves. We rejoiced in their establishment in France, and mourned over their extinction, without stopping to ask ourselves whether they might not make her more prosperous and more powerful; and it is



with kindred sympathy, in reference to the Italian question, that we feel ourselves far more in accordance with the policy which has contributed (from whatever motive) to restore the independence of Italy, than with the statesmen who would sacrifice it to a contracted view of their own national interest.

On the success of the grand enterprise now in hand—on the cordial union and thorough fusion of all the provinces of the Peninsula into one kingdom—must rest unquestionably the future greatness and even the real independence of Italy. Internal prosperity and civil freedom it is conceivable that she might attain under a different organization; but self-supporting security and European influence can only be purchased at the price of unity. All who wish her ill—and unfortunately many also who wish her well—have long been in the habit—the first, in a tone of triumphant dogmatism, the second, in a tone of assenting despondency—of pronouncing this unity to be chimerical. The process of amalgamation, they say, is simply impossible; the experience of history absolutely negatives the notion; the internal dissensions and discrepancies of the Italians will effectually prevent its realization. We take leave to say that those who prophesy and argue thus must strangely misread the history of the past, and must almost equally distort or overlook the facts of that living history which is now before their eyes. The truth is, that the annals of no country present so marked and continuous a tendency towards agglomeration and amalgamation; and that no people possess so many natural and powerful bonds of union, or labor under so few serious impediments in the way of fusion.

What *are* the great bonds between provinces and people—the original ties and indications of community, which create sympathy and suggest amalgamation? Are they not identity of religion, identity of language, and identity of laws? And where shall we find this threefold identity so clear or so inherent as among the inhabitants of the various subdivisions of the Italian Peninsula? In the first place, their *religion* is uniform. They are all Catholics; and they are Catholics by nature and by temperament. Even the residence of the Pope—even the swarming multitude of priests—even the perilous peep behind the curtain which their

vicinity to the center of the hierarchy has afforded them—have been unable to kill Romanism within them; or, at least, to substitute any other creed or form. Protestantism has never been able to make any way among them. The logical, critical, severe character of thought which has led northern nations to adopt other developments of Christianity, has no hold on the Italian mind, which is essentially imaginative, sensuous, and receptive. Those Italians who have abandoned Catholicism have, as a rule, abandoned Christianity as well. They have cast away their faith because they were disenchanted and disgusted—not because they were converted to any other. Unbelievers apart—who exist in every land—Romanism still reigns supreme over all Italy, from Reggio to the Alps. Compare this with the case of other countries. There are hundreds of thousands of sincere and earnest Calvinists in France. In Prussia there are millions who have embraced the new creed, and millions who adhere tenaciously to the old. Switzerland—one of the most patriotic and united of nations—is half Catholic and half Protestant. In Great Britain the discrepancy is still more striking, because here we are peculiarly in earnest, and enormously divided. Out of a population of thirty millions, probably seven millions are Catholics, three millions Scotch Presbyterians, and the remainder not very unequally divided into Churchmen and dissenters of innumerable denominations. The fact is that, as far as religion is concerned, the Italians are the most homogeneous of European nations. What facilities for administration are thereby afforded, and what ceaseless occasions of disturbance and perplexity are escaped, no one can appreciate so well as English statesmen.

As to *language*, the case for all practical purposes is almost as strong, though it is customary to draw a very different picture. It is true that the dialects of the lower classes in several parts of the Peninsula are very various, and sometimes not mutually comprehensible, or scarcely so. The peasant of Sicily, the artisan of Bari, the cultivator of Milan, might have great difficulty in understanding one another. But of what country or people is not the same thing true, and in an even more decided and inconvenient measure? Half the Swiss speak French, and half speak German. The Picardese and the



Provençals have rather different languages than different *patois*. No Englishman understands Welsh, and few Welshmen speak English. Gaelic is still the mother tongue of the Scottish Highlanders and of the Western Irish, and the only tongue of thousands. The laborer of Yorkshire or of Essex would be puzzled by both the pronunciation and the vocabulary of the laborer of Somersetshire; and the genuine Lancastrian would be often unintelligible to the pure Devonian. If this does not signify in England, how should vernacular divergences far less marked signify in Italy? The peasantry of distant localities, who would find it difficult to hold intercourse with one another, are just those classes of the population *who never would meet*. Those who travel, those who must hold intercourse, those whom political and social life would throw together, can all speak the same tongue. The practice of conversing in the local dialects is already on the decline. The written language, too, is every where the same. Every man who reads at all can read every thing Italian. The literature is purely and entirely *national*: Dante and Tasso, Machiavelli and Guicciardini, Leopardi and Manzoni, are read by all with equal ease. They are the study and the pride alike of Neapolitan and Lombard, of Tuscan and Venetian. The pure Tuscan is the only language ever written by any cultivated Italian.

The *laws* of the several races of Italians are at least as identical as their religion and their language. Apart from local modifications—neither more special nor more important than our “bye-laws”—they have all the same origin and the same basis. They are all grounded upon the Roman or “Civil Law,” the Ecclesiastical or “Canon Law,” and the mediæval customs. Wherever political conflicts are not directly or indirectly involved, and wherever administrative despotism does not override or silence the tribunals, the jurisprudence of the various states of Italy, both in its spirit and its forms, is very good and almost precisely similar. No stronger exemplification can be adduced than that the same law books are used as authorities and for reference in every part of the Peninsula. The writings of a Neapolitan jurist are the “Blackstone’s Commentaries” of Italy. It is a noble characteristic of the stupendous fabric of the Roman Law that it may claim (and with

more truth than the Romish Church) to be the most perfect exposition of the grand principles of universal jurisprudence; and to connect by a similarity of rights all the countries whose civil legislation is reared on this basis.

That a people thus bound and blended together by the triple chain of similar laws, language, and religious creed, should yearn for political unity and fusion, and should fret with an eternal restlessness against those historic accidents and foreign violences which have split them up into so many subdivisions, is no more than a natural and almost unavoidable result. Let us now see what the actual annals of the past teach us in reference to this national gravitation towards coherent unity. If we look back six or seven centuries, we find the Peninsula, on its recovery from the invasion of the Barbarians and the dissolution of the Roman Empire, subdivided into a vast number of perfectly independent states,—some of them republics, some of them marquisates or duchies, some of them fiefs under a nominal feudal superior,—consisting for the most part of a flourishing city as the nucleus, with a larger or smaller amount of territory which it had gradually gathered round it. From the thirteenth century, or even earlier, the process of aggregation commenced, and has continued to our own day. Sometimes by conquest, sometimes by marriage among the great families under whose rule the cities had gradually fallen, the smaller states succumbed to their inevitable fate of annexation and absorption. For example, how has Tuscany been formed? In the early portion of the middle ages, the territory which last year constituted this state was split up into at least seven distinct sovereignties, Florence being the most flourishing and powerful. In 1329, that republic conquered and annexed Pistoia; in 1361, it performed the same operation on Volterra; it absorbed Arezzo in 1384; and finally, after much warfare, established its dominion over Pisa in 1409. The conquest of Sienna, in 1557, completed the work, and made Florence the capital of Tuscany, which was erected into a Grand Duchy in 1569, and remained under the dominion of the Medici till the middle of the last century, when it was forcibly and most iniquitously handed over to Francis of Lorraine, whose mar

riage with Maria Theresa placed it thenceforth under the virtual rule of Austria. But it was only in 1847 that Tuscany reached its full development by the union of Lucca.

What is now called Lombardy was formed by much the same process of aggregation. Before the end of the 12th century, the commune of Milan had already absorbed Como, Lodi, and some other adjacent independent cities. Pavia, which had long resisted Milanese encroachment, was erected into a county by the Emperor Wenceslaus in 1395, and handed over to a younger branch of the Visconti family; but fifty years later it was conquered by Francis Sforza, and underwent the usual fate of annexation. Brescia retained her independence till 1426, when she was conquered and ceded to Venice by the Viscontis; Mantua for nearly four centuries (1328-1708,) remained under the dominion of the Gonzaga family, first as a marquisate, and afterwards as a duchy, and only fell under the yoke of Austria, and helped to swell the state of Lombardy, at the commencement of the 18th century. Venice also rose nearly in the same way. Her commerce and her maritime predominance made her great and rich; but she only became a territorial power by the successive absorptions of Treviso in 1388, of Padua in 1409, and of Brescia in 1426. How Venice fell, and how she became blended with Lombardy into an Austrian dependency, it is needless to recall.

We had occasion to trace in our last number the political formation of what is misnamed "the Patrimony of St. Peter," and to show that the "Estates of the Church" were swollen to their recent size by the gradual annexation of the Duchy of Ferrara, which for three centuries had flourished in independence under the House of Este, of the Republics of Perugia and Bologna, and of many smaller cities.

It is useless to extend our retrospect in detail over the rest of the Peninsula. The Kingdom of the two Sicilies once, like other parts of Italy, comprised several republics. The Normans easily conquered Apulia and Calabria, and the free cities of Naples, Gaeta, Amalfi, and Salerno, and finally annexed Sicily to their dominion. Sicily has been united to the continent and severed from it at least half a dozen times in the course of her

miserable annals. The last union, as we know, only took place in 1815. To conclude, we find in Piedmont a nearly similar history. In the thirteenth century Turin, Asti, Vercelli, Chieri, and other cities, with their surrounding territories, constituted independent republics and formed part of the celebrated Lombard League. Gradually all grouped themselves, voluntarily or by conquest, round the House of Savoy. Vercelli was conquered in 1437; Asti and Ivrea gave themselves to the union about 1513; Fossano, Savigliano, Mondovì, Chieri, and Cherasco before the middle of the fourteenth century. Nice annexed herself of free will in 1388. The treaty of Utrecht erected the duchy into a kingdom; Sardinia was added in 1720; Novara and Tortona were obtained by war and treaty in 1738; and, finally, Genoa was embodied with the Monarchy by the arrangements of 1815.

It is not easy to conceive a history of more steady or prevailing aggregation, continued through a long course of centuries, and in every portion of the Peninsula. Nowhere the process of *morcellement*—every where the process of aggrandizement and amalgamation, the obliteration of barriers, the fusion of separate sovereignties, in short, a tendency towards union as marked as any country has displayed.

The whole course of Italian history, then, for many centuries showing this remarkable and ineradicable tendency towards unification, and so many natural and powerful bonds existing between the people of the different states to justify and explain it, it is not surprising that the great idea of Italian unity should have sprung up among them along with that of Italian independence, and should at length have taken even stronger hold on their enthusiastic minds. The grandeur of their common country, by means of its indivisibility, has become dearer to them even than their own individual liberties. The stirring conception of one single, prosperous, powerful state, which was many years since adopted by Mazzini as his revolutionary war-cry, in favor of which Manin was content to waive his long-cherished dream of federal freedom, and which Garibaldi has succeeded in erecting almost into a religion, is, however, no mere sudden *popular* chimera. It took its origin in the breasts of the

most national poets and the most sagacious statesmen. It has been the imagination and the hope of all the noblest minds of Italy for centuries. Dante yearned for it in his earnest and pathetic language just after the close of the thirteenth century; Petrarch and Boccaccio repeat the aspiration in the fourteenth; Machiavelli in the fifteenth explained the difficulties which lay in the way of its realization, and specified the Papacy as the most insurmountable one. That which was formerly the idea of the *élite* has now become the passion of the multitude; and penetrating to the inmost hearts of those demoralized and servile masses, is rapidly working a regeneration and elevation of which a few years ago the most sanguine did not dare to dream. No one who has not been in Italy during the last year can have a conception of the change which has come over the temper and spirit of the people both of the north and of the south—a change due almost solely to the ennobling and purifying influence of this one idea, with which Garibaldi's language and conduct, more than any other cause, have succeeded in imbuing them. It has beaten down their local jealousies, it has soothed away their weak susceptibilities, it has subdued their selfish exigencies to a most hopeful and astonishing degree. It has almost obliterated those difficulties which the divergent tempers and systems of the Lombards and the Piedmontese threw in the way of their cordial amalgamation. It has created something like national life and unselfish aspiration even among the degraded populations of Sicily and Naples. So remarkable and salutary has been its influence, that those who know the Italians best and have watched them most closely in their recent phases, deprecate rather than desire the peaceful annexation of Venice. They feel that a year or two passed in developing and ingraining this aspiration after unity—above all, a year or two spent in patriotic efforts and sacrifices for it, and in perturbing doubts and fears about it—will do more both to elevate and to fuse the masses than a whole generation of security, ease, and material progress. Under cover of a severe struggle for national existence, if the first campaign were not too disastrous—in the internal calm which such a concentration of the passions on one objective aim would create—the process

of administrative consolidation might proceed rapidly and with little interruption, so as to be complete and beyond disturbance by the time the conflict was ended by a victory. If the victory is given to them instead of being won by them, there is much reason to fear lest all their meaner passions and antipathic tempers should break out again, and mar and delay the work of amalgamation. If the Italians have not to fight for their independence and unity, they will neither apprehend its true value nor realize its actual price; they will deem it an easy acquisition, and may be disposed to risk it carelessly by internal dissensions and disputes; and, unfortunately, as yet scarcely any one has fought in the national cause except Piedmontese and Lombards. For the largest and most effective portion of Garibaldi's liberating army consisted of Lombards: in the original expeditionary force of one thousand and twenty men, there were only two Piedmontese and forty-seven Genoese; a few were Hungarians, and nearly all the others were from Lombardy.

These considerations may serve to explain the apparent temerity of those Italian statesmen who are contemplating and even encouraging the notion of an early struggle with so great a power as Austria for the redemption of Venice. They are well aware that, though the conception of Italian unity is an ancient as well as a popular idea; though it has taken astonishing hold of every class and rank of the nation; though the history of the Peninsula is one continuous narrative of its gradual translation into fact; and though religion, law, and language all lend their combined assistance towards its realization,—yet the practical difficulties of detail in carrying it out are manifold and grave; arising in part from local discrepancies of temperament, but incomparably more from the petty passions and the childish ignorance inevitable among populations degraded at once by the vices and the incapacity generated by centuries of servitude; with no political experience to teach compromise and patience; grasping in their desires because irrational in their expectations; unknowing alike what they ought to endure and what it may be needful to forego; trained to habits of cowardly submission, but never instructed or ennobled by a willing and liberal obedience;—sometimes, as among the Neapoli-

tans, with all manliness eaten out of them by a girlish vanity and a craven fear, and joining the fiercest passions of the savage with the meanest passions of the slave. Statesmen, who have all this hourly brought home to them by vexing and disheartening experience, may well believe that such a people can only be washed clean by the baptism of blood; can only be raised to the dignity of manhood by a hope which is almost fanaticism and a struggle which seems well-nigh desperate; and can, perhaps, only be moulded and organized into a nation while their attention is wholly engrossed in meeting the pressure from without. They are not wild enough, however, to fancy that they can cope with Austria single-handed; they count on combinations and contingencies which will either strengthen them or distract and paralyze their foes; and while not disguising from themselves the danger of defeat, they hold it to be less formidable and less imminent than the danger which lurks behind security and inaction. The Peninsula, from one end to the other, is fermenting with all the wildest elements of disorder: the hot-headed enthusiasm of the young and poor is every where excited to the highest pitch; troops of disbanded volunteers, half patriots, half bandits, like the Klephts of Greece, have spread themselves over the land; criminals, hitherto scarcely kept in check, have now had their ranks swelled by the police formerly appointed to control them; whole populations, inured to the harshest tyranny, find themselves suddenly liberated from their old oppressors, but not yet replaced under any substituted rule:—no wonder that the statesmen intrusted with the work of administrative reorganization, appalled with the task before them, are anxious to draft off all these materials of anarchy into one serviceable channel and to concentrate them on a common aim—to turn these sources of internal weakness into elements of aggressive strength. We can not say that we approve their policy or should have the hardihood to adopt it—the hazard of the game is too tremendous; but we understand it easily, and are far from saying that it has not much to plead in justification of what appears to be its rashness and miscalculation.

If a work nobler and more difficult was never assigned to European statesmen

than is now intrusted to Victor Emmanuel and his ministers, in one sense perhaps there never was a simpler one. The task is hard, but the course is clear. It is easy to see what must be done, though it will be any thing but easy to do it. An enslaved people has to be inured to freedom. A demoralized people has to be educated into patriotism and public virtue. A sensitive and unwarlike—and to a partial extent even a timid—people has to be disciplined to arms for the defense of its national existence. A people accustomed to do nothing for itself has to be trained gradually to do every thing. A people, for generations forbidden to think or act on politics at all, has to be taught and practiced to think moderately and to act soberly. Lastly, a subdivided people has to be harmonized and blended into unity. A people with six capitals and seats of government has to be persuaded henceforth to content itself with one. The key to the secret, or rather the solution of the problem, lies in two words—POLITICAL CONSOLIDATION and ADMINISTRATIVE DE-CENTRALIZATION; and we rejoice to see by the memorial of Minghetti that the ministers of the king are fully alive to the necessity both of asserting and of uniting these two principles.

Few of our readers can have a conception of the extent to which the fatal system of government by a centralized bureaucracy was carried in many parts of Italy, and especially in the kingdom of Naples. Centralization is extreme enough and bad enough in Germany and in France; but in *Il Regno* it was still more excessive and still more ruinous. It benumbed the capacity and paralyzed the industry of the natives, and nearly maddened the few Englishmen who went to help them. There were municipalities—but they were absolutely powerless; there were prescribed forms of proceeding—but they were mere instruments of repression and delay; there were mayors and councillors—but these were either reduced to puppets or converted into tools. A few instances will illustrate the system far better than any description. Many years ago Keppel Craven, an English gentleman well known among other things by an interesting book of travels on Calabria and the Abruzzi, determined to settle in the southern portion of the Neapolitan dominions, and purchased a considerable property, with a ruinous old convent upon it.

He repaired the house, and laid out large sums in improving the estate. After a while, finding the house ill-supplied with water, he resolved on bringing a stream which lay at some distance, in subterraneous pipes, and distributing it over his residence. The stream itself and the channel through which it was proposed to divert a portion of it, *lay entirely within his own property*; but it was intimated to him that he would not be allowed to take any steps towards carrying out his design, without first obtaining the consent, not of the commune, but of the king. After many months' delay, a host of tedious formalities, and a previous survey by a government engineer, the necessary permission was granted; but even then the precise course to be followed was laid down for him in detail by the central authorities. To an Englishman all this seemed absurd and vexatious enough; but worse was behind. Mr. Craven found, after supplying his own demand, that there was much water still to spare, and he was desirous that the surplus should not be wasted. The adjoining village was ill-provided; there was no public fountain, and the women had to carry the water needed for household purposes a considerable distance up a steep hill, and, as usual, on their heads. He offered the municipal authorities, therefore, to erect, at his own expense, a fountain in the market-place, and make a present of the water to the commune. They gratefully accepted his offer, and at once proceeded to lay down the pipes, never dreaming of any opposition. Scarcely, however, had they broken ground before an injunction came down from the governor of the district to cease operations; *the mayor and two of the councillors were imprisoned and fined*, for having dared to put a spade into the soil for an object of public beneficence, without previous authorization from the central administration; and a report upon the whole matter was directed to be prepared and forwarded to Naples. Then came a survey by the government engineer, references for further information, additional reports upon the scheme by various officials; until at last, after a year or two of vexatious delays, Mr. Craven was so irritated and disgusted that he withdrew his generous offer, and the village remains to this day unprovided with a public fountain.

In a province not very far from where

this occurred, lay two adjacent communes, which had long suffered much inconvenience from the want of a decent road between them. There was no opposition and no difference of opinion among the inhabitants; they planned the line, obtained the consent of the proprietors, and collected the necessary funds; but they had to apply for permission to the king in council. After the usual amount of official postponements and formalities, the authorization was granted; but the communes were not to be allowed to make the road themselves; a royal engineer surveyed the ground, decided the plan, and prepared to direct the contracts. Meanwhile, according to the legal routine prescribed in such cases, the money collected for the construction of the road had been deposited in the hands of the local treasurer. When he was applied to for it, it was not forthcoming: according to rule he had paid over the entire balances remaining in his chest at the end of the year, to the provincial treasurer. Application was made to this functionary by the subscribers. His answer was: "Gentlemen, your demand is perfectly just, but I have paid over the money, as directed, to the royal exchequer; here is the order on which I acted. You must apply to the minister of finance." The rest may easily be surmised; the state can never be made to disgorge, and the road is still a desideratum. Many such instances might be specified, but these will suffice.

It is evident that the process by which a people, long reduced to helplessness by a system such as this, is to be inured to habits of self-government and municipal activity, must be gradually administered and carefully supervised. As much freedom and local faculty of initiation as can be serviceably used must be conceded, by way of education; while the practice of it must, at first, be watched and assisted by the central or provincial authorities, in order to prevent the mistakes made in the course of this education from being too serious or discouraging. Happily the circumstances of Italy, in the actual conjuncture, all point in the right direction, and tend to facilitate the right course. The passion for unity will find its expression and result in the formation of a strong central government; and the love of autonomy and individuality natural to provinces that have long formed separate states, will be gratified by the independ-

ent exercise of all those functions which relate to municipal as distinct from imperial concerns. The king, with his ministers and his chambers, elected impartially from every part of the peninsula, will have the sole and supreme control of all political and military matters, and of the national, apart from the local finances. Nearly every thing else will fall under provincial or parochial jurisdiction, subject to certain powers of supervision and appeal. In reference to the organization of the new kingdom, the previous existence of a constitutional monarchy, like that of Piedmont, has proved an incalculable blessing. The actual creation of an entirely new state, by the amalgamation of a number of others, all hitherto under despots, but all under different forms of despotism, would have been an almost unmanageable task. The aggregation of a number of adjacent states, whatever may have been

their antecedents, around one central nucleus—already trained and experienced in the path upon which they were about to enter, already practiced in the working of those free institutions to which they aspired, having already, though still young, passed through the gravest perils of the new career, and having already succeeded, with wonderful sagacity and tact, in adapting Parliamentary institutions to the peculiarities and requirements of an Italian people—is, in comparison, simple, natural, and almost easy. The one process is analogous to that of calling an exotic into existence, the other is the mere growth and development of an originally hardy tree. We should almost have despaired of the one; we can safely feel sanguine about the other. It is scarcely too much to say, that the existence of the Kingdom of Sardinia has alone rendered the Kingdom of Italy possible.

## A W I S H F O R S P R I N G .

THE frost-sparkles shine on the windows,  
The snow lies deep in the park;  
The chilly days have no comfort,  
And the nights are long and dark.  
The winds in the chimney are moaning,  
With wild and plaintive cries;  
And there's no blink of blue in the heavens,  
To gladden my wistful eyes.

How I wish that the storms of winter  
Would roll from the hills away,  
And the pearly showers of April  
Would bring the sweet flowers of May!  
How I long for the voice of the cuckoo—  
(The harbinger of Spring!)  
And to watch the merry blue-caps,  
On the ash-tree flutter and sing.

Oh! to welcome the wandering swallow—  
(The sylph of the balmy air!)  
And the wild bee that loves from the foxglove  
The golden honey to bear!  
And to see high-up on the chestnut  
The gleam of the amber buds,  
And to gather a ruddy-leaf'd oak-branch  
From the heart of fragrant woods.

Oh! when shall I find the violets  
In mossy hollows born,  
Or the fairy-trumpets of woodbine  
That lovingly clasp the thorn!  
Or see the silvery willow  
That streams like a fountain of light,  
Or the dewdrops hanging like jewels  
About the feet of night!

I would twine the flowers and blossoms  
With starlike leaves of the tree,  
In a graceful and loving garland  
For thee, dear mother, for thee;  
While we talk'd of the sweet babe taken,  
Like a blossom from the bough—  
Our dear little angel-spirit,  
That lives in Paradise now.

And we'd murmur the song that pleased her,  
Of "the land where the violets blow,"  
As from father's arms she seemed springing,  
With her little hands folded to go.  
And perhaps she would then be smiling  
In "the land that's beyond the snow,"  
And weaving heavenly garlands  
For the dear ones that suffer below.

SUSAN GIBSON.

From the London Review.

## EARLY ENGLISH MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.\*

ABOUT 1233 years ago, a lone missionary stood on the banks of the Derwent, in East-Yorkshire, not far from the little town of Wighton, or "the Town of the Altar," and waited the result of a deliberation on the part of Edwin, a pagan Anglo-Saxon chief, and his court. The question then was, "Shall this new religion be received?" A priest said, "O king, consider what this is which is now preached to us; for I verily declare to you, that, as to my own experience, the religion which we have hitherto professed has no power nor utility in it. . . . It remains, therefore, if upon examination you find those new doctrines which are now preached unto us better and more efficacious, for us to immediately receive them without any delay." And then, an old Thane said: "The present life of man upon earth, O king, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through a room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, a good fire having been lit in the midst, and the room made warm thereby, whilst storms of rain and snow range abroad: the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather, soon passed over, he immediately vanishes out of your sight into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So, this life of man appears for a short space; but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." The question was settled as it was in the other case in the African valley; and the blessings of the same Gospel are now inherited alike by the children of the Yorkshire converts, and the Christian offspring of the old Namaquas.

But nothing more fully proves the reality of the work accomplished in this

island by the first missionaries of the cross, than the rapid growth of that native agency which sprang up under their care. To compare the Christian Saxons with the pagan, is to be constrained to acknowledge that the fruit of missionary toil was "life from the dead." Their principles and manners had been much like those of other heathens; but their character soon showed the transforming power of Christ's doctrines and precepts. It is most instructive to watch the development of their Christian life. No one can study Saxon Christendom in its infancy, without being compelled to acknowledge and esteem the deep sincerity, earnestness, and genuine spirit of sacrifice, which distinguished the converts in every rank of life. But it is their missionary spirit which appears most remarkable. Every one seemed ready to give out the blessings which had enriched himself; and the passing out of truth from the new-born Saxon Church in England, forms the theme of a beautiful chapter in ecclesiastical history. The history of no modern missions records names whose memory will be more honorable and lasting than some of those who are associated with young Christian Saxondom. Nor has the Divine government ever shown itself more gracious than in the guidance of those "feet" which, during the seventh and eighth century, were hailed as "beautiful" in various parts of Europe. Yes, that Providence which in later times turned Dr. Coke aside from his eastern destination, and threw him, by a contrary wind, on the island of Antigua, there to open that conflict with error and vice which fully awakened Christendom to the claims of Christian missions—that same Providence directed the paths of Wilfrid, of whom we have already spoken, and in the year 667 turned him aside from his course towards Rome, and, by a westerly wind, guided him to the pagans of Friesland, to whom he was the first messenger of the Gospel, and among whom he prepared the way for Wilbrord, his distinguished disciple.

\* Concluded from page 12.

Wilbrord was the child of pious parents. His father Widgils, in later life, inhabited a small cell on the point of the promontory which forms the northern shore of the mouth of the Humber; and left the savor of his piety among the people of that neighborhood. His son was trained at Ripon. He spent thirteen years among the Saxon students in Ireland; and then, in his thirty-third year, with eleven companions, sailed for Friesland, and entered the Rhine in 690. His arrival was happily timed. His steps were ordered by counsels deeper than his own. The internal strife which had for some time rendered the country unsafe even for messengers of peace, was now hushed, and the quieted tribes were in a condition to hear the voice of truth. Pepin d'Heristal, whose power was then uppermost, felt the charm of the missionary's character and countenanced his plans. Wilbrord fixed his station at a ruined town called Wiltaburg, the modern Utrecht. He and his colleagues, however, moved hither and thither among the heathen Frieslanders. His zeal carried him on a lone mission to the Danes, who were still more barbarous than their southern neighbors. Nor did the notorious ferocity of their chief prevent him from reaping some fruit of his labor. Thirty Danish children accompanied him back to his station to be instructed in the Christian faith. In the course of his homeward journey, which was partly by sea, he landed and opened his divine commission on the celebrated Fositesland, sacred to Fosite, one of the Frisian gods. The island, it may be, was the same with Heligoland, the Holy Island, famous in the days of Tacitus as the chief seat of the worship of Hertha. "The reverence shown to this spot by the Frieslanders was so great, that they considered it a sacrilege of the worst kind, either to kill and eat the animals which fed there, or even to drink, except in silence, of the water which flowed from its fountain. Wilbrord and his companions had been driven thither by stress of weather, and they were all suffering from hunger. They were well acquainted with the character of the place at which they had arrived; yet the bishop without scruple ordered food to be sought for his companions, while he baptized three new converts in the stream. A party of Frieslanders, who had been watching their motions, (per-

haps they exercised the calling of wreckers on the coast,) witnessed the slaughter of the holy animals and the desecration of the fountain with horror and astonishment, and expected to see the perpetrators visited with sudden death, or struck with madness; but when these results were not witnessed, they hastened to the king, and told him what they had seen. Radbod, in anger, ordered the Christians to be brought before him. During three days he cast lots thrice a day, (the mode of judicial proceeding practised among his people,) but the strangers were saved from his vengeance; for the lot of condemnation (*sors damnatorum*) did not fall on Wilbrord or his companions, with the exception of one, who was instantly sacrificed. The barbarian king was awed by this prodigy; he called Wilbrord into his presence, and reproached him bitterly with the disrespect which he had shown to his god, Fosite. Wilbrord answered that the god he worshiped was a deceiver, and exhorted him to turn from his idolatry. Radbod then observed, with an air of surprise, 'I see that you do not fear our threats, and that your words are like your works.' "And although," continues Alcuin, "he would not believe the preacher of truth, he nevertheless dismissed him with honor to the King of the Franks." The untiring missionary was continually pressing into "the regions beyond," that he might unfold the Gospel to the unconverted tribes. In the course of an evangelizing voyage along the Friesland coast he landed on an island then known as Walacrum, now Walcheren, and crushed an ancient and popular idol, after a narrow escape from the sword of its guardian.

A more remarkable action, however, was reserved for the evening of his eventful life. He was called to baptize Charles Martel's little son, afterwards known as Pepin le Bref, or more familiarly in our own nursery literature, as "Little King Pippin." Missionaries have often realized the promise to the diligent man that "he shall stand before kings;" but few have been distinguished like Wilbrord, who took the father of a dynasty and an empire into his arms at the font. It has been said that "his benediction over the infant was prophetic of the future glories of the father of Charlemagne." But neither honor nor dishonor, neither renown nor infirmity, could silence the faithful old



evangelist. He preached on until his strength entirely failed. He had labored incessantly for nearly half a century; and the fruits of his mission were promising ripeness and plenty, when he passed to his reward, in his favorite retreat at Epternach near Treves. He had completed his eighty-first year. His epitaph might have noted the dignity of his learning, his ceaseless activity, and his persuasive eloquence; his moderation and prudence; his patience, and meekness, and persevering zeal; while it might have honored him as the founder of a school at Utrecht which helped to form the groundwork of civilization in Europe. Many of Wilbrord's companions had penetrated into eastern Friesland; and Suidbert, a leading spirit, had preached with some success to the Bructarii; until the fruits of his labors were scattered by an invasion of the old Saxons. The conversion of these was attempted by two Anglo-Saxon brothers, distinguished by the color of their hair, as the black Hewald and the white Hewald. But they were early martyrs. "The old Saxons possessed a form of government similar to that of the Germans in the age of Tacitus; they had no king, but each district or tribe was ruled by an independent chief, who acknowledged no superior except the temporary commander elected in time of war. These chiefs are termed in the Anglo Saxon version of Bede, 'ealdermen.' The two Hewalds presented themselves before the reeve or prefect (*villicus*) of the first town to which they came, and asked to be conducted to the ealderman of the district, as, they said, they had a mission of importance to deliver him. The reeve acceded to their request, but retained them with him for some days, until an opportunity should occur of accomplishing their wish. In the mean time the people of the town observed that the two missionaries were constantly employed in prayers and in singing psalms, and they thus learnt that they were Christians. Urged on, probably by their priests, they rose tumultuously, and, alleging that if the strangers were allowed to visit their ealderman, they would perhaps persuade him to embrace the religion of the Christians, and desert the gods of their fathers, they seized upon the two Hewalds, put them immediately to death, and threw their bodies into the Rhine. This event occurred on the third day of October, 695. When

the ealderman heard what had happened, in the first outbreak of anger, that a mission which was addressed to himself should have been thus stopped by his subjects, he caused all the inhabitants of the town to be put to the sword, and the town itself to be burnt to the ground. The remains of the two Anglo-Saxon martyrs were taken out of the river, and, by the express command of Pepin, deposited with great reverence in the church of Cologne. In the time of Bede, a clear spring of water was pointed out as indicating the spot where they had suffered." We would honor their memory and do our best to embalm the names of two at least of the first martyr missionaries from missionary England. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

The story of their end always associates itself in our thoughts with some records of martyrdom within our own times. We scarcely ever think of the Hewalds without remembering the plaintive letter of that apostolical missionary, Barnabas Shaw, wherein he bewails the cruel death of Threlfall and his African colleagues in the hostile kraal of the Bushmen. "I am constrained," says he, "to believe that our brethren are no more. . . . They were murdered some time in the night, after they had lain down to sleep, or early the next morning. . . . The only source from which we can derive solace is, that all three were deeply pious men, and fully devoted to God. Neither of them, I believe, was thirty years of age. All of them, therefore, were in their bloom; all of them were humble, holy, active, zealous men, from whom we expected great things. All of them promised fair to become pillars in God's house, and to be extensively useful in the conversion of the heathen. But, alas! alas! our hopes are blasted! May we hasten to the sanctuary of God, as our only refuge! May we there hear him say, 'What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter!'"\* Yes, and in that day the souls of the Hewalds, the Threlfalls, the Links, and the Williamses, will be seen "under the altar," in blessed companionship, having "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

To return to Pagan Germany. The hallowed scene of Christian action which

\* *Wesleyan Missionary Report*, 1826, pp. 35, 36.

it opened continued to draw forth the missionary zeal of England; and many, many, labored and fell, leaving no memorial. Blessed men! They were not concerned about perpetuating their names, but about doing their heavenly Master's work and saving their fellow men. One name, however, has left an impression on Northern and Western Germany; and we must not forget the man from the record of whose works, and from whose surviving example and writings, we are still supplied with missionary lessons. This was Winfrid, afterwards known more widely as Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz. He first saw the light amidst the rich and placid beauties of a Devonian valley: Crediton, or Creedy Side, was his birth-place. There is the large and handsome church, with its neglected library over the southern porch, and its massive tower, the music of whose bells is so pleasant to the rambler as he comes up of an evening through the meadows by the river side. There, too, are the buildings near the church which remind us that there was once a bishop's palace under the shadow of a cathedral. Leland, who visited the spot during Henry the Eighth's time, says, "The place wher the old cathedral church of Crediton stode is now occupied with buildings of houses by the newe church-yard side. The olde church was dedicate to St. Gregory." The bishopric of Devon was first established in the early part of the tenth century, after Athelstan's victories in the West; and the bishop's seat was fixed at Crediton, probably as a token of respect to the birth-place of the great German missionary. St. Gregory's church, however, is gone from Crediton, and so is the episcopal home. But it is still the birth-place of the Apostle of Germany. That glory it can not lose. And there is St. Winfrid's well to this day, quietly telling of him for whose baptism it supplied the water. And by Winfrid's well side we could picture the venerable man far off on the scene of his missionary toil, surrounded by his expectant catechumens; nor was it difficult for our inward ear to catch the question and response, as each penitent believer advanced to the font:

Forsachistu	Diabolæ?	Forsakest thou the Devil?
<i>Resp.</i> Ec	forsacho	<i>A.</i> I forsake the Devil.
Diabolæ.		And all worship of the Devil?
End allum	diabol gelde?	

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*Resp.* End ec forsacho  
allom diabol gelde.

End allum diabol  
uuercum?

*Resp.* End ec forsacho  
allom diabol  
uuercum end uuor-  
dum, thuna erende,  
Uuoden end Saxo-  
note, ende allem  
them unholdum the  
hira genotas sint.

Gelobistu in Got al-  
mehtigan, fadaer?

*Resp.* Ec gelobo in  
Got almehtigan, fa-  
daer.

Gelobistu in Crist,  
Godes suno?

*Resp.* Ec gelobo in  
Christ, Godes suno.

Gelobistu in halogan  
gast?

*Resp.* Ec gelobo in ha-  
logan gast.

*A.* And I forsake all  
worship of the De-  
vil.

And all works of the  
Devil?

*A.* And I forsake all  
works and words of  
the Devil, the wor-  
ship of groves, Wo-  
den, and Saxnote,  
and all the evil spi-  
rits who are their  
companions.

Believest thou in God  
Almighty, the Fa-  
ther?

*A.* I believe in God  
Almighty, the Fa-  
ther.

Believest thou in  
Christ, God's Son?

*A.* I believe in Christ,  
God's Son.

Believest thou in the  
Holy Ghost?

*A.* I believe in the  
Holy Ghost.

The fragment of the holy man's baptismal form of abjuration and confession which has been happily preserved, not only helps us to form some notion of his spirit and manner, but, as a curious specimen of the language of those among whom he labored, it illustrates the comparative ease with which he could open the truth to those who, though still pagans, spoke a dialect closely allied to his own Anglo-Saxon, and between whom and himself there was all the sympathy of kindred.

Winfrid's parentage was noble. He was the favorite child of his father. As early as his fourth year, he showed a bent to study and devotion, which nothing could check; and he soon fell into his chosen course, under the Abbot Wulfherd at Exeter. From that city, he removed to Nutsall, a Benedictine Abbey near Winchester, where he taught poetry, history, rhetoric, and sacred literature. There, amidst the studies and devotions of his cloister life, his experience was somewhat conformed to that of one who said, "Wo is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." A pressure came upon his spirit. He was called to preach. He felt himself "thrust out." His special call was to the mission field, and his section of that field was the land of his forefathers. In his thirtieth year he had been ordained; and at thirty-six he was a solitary and almost unbefriended missionary, wandering through the woods and marshes of Friesland. His first efforts were so far

unsuccessful that he returned. But his object was still before him. Once more, in spite of attractive honor at home, and many fears as to the work abroad, he left England for ever, and spent forty years of missionary care and toil in the country upon which his heart was set. Western and Northern Germany formed his vast sphere of labor; and, whatever were his infirmities, or whereinsoever his policy or his mode of action seem other than suitable to our views and tastes, the great fact is before the world, that he broke up the ground, laid out the field, and put in the seed which produced the harvest of German Christianity. Nor, while we honor the memory of Huss and Jerome of Prague, while we trace the influence of such men as John of Goch, John of Wesel, with their associates, or while we rejoice over the awakening power of Luther and his companions, are we disposed to forget that they were no more than the honored laborers, who from time to time cleared, or dressed, or enlarged the vineyard which Winfrid at first hedged in from the wilderness, prepared and planted for the benefit of future generations.

A few of the Irish monks had found their way to some parts of the district, and gave the English missionary some trouble and vexation by their stubborn prejudices in favor of their distinctive forms. But he was not to be discouraged. He chose a convenient position from which he could carry his operations into the vast wilds of the Hercynian forest; either among the Thuringians, or the savage Slavi. The records of his missionary movements afford a curious picture of the heathenism of that part of Europe in the eighth century. In 744 he sent one of his native converts, who was a zealous agent for the mission, to found a station and monastery in the wildest part of the Hessian forest. He came one day to a ford on the river Fulda, and there was a large party of the wild Slavi "bathing in the stream. The grim appearance of the naked savages alarmed even the ass on which the missionary was mounted, and he was compelled," it is said, "to shrink from the stench which issued from their bodies. Their hatred of the Christians was evinced by dismal yells, as they rushed towards him, and it was with great difficulty that he escaped without personal injury. From thence he followed the course of the river, where the forest became still

more wild and solitary, until he arrived at a spot which seemed well calculated for his object." There was laid the foundation of the celebrated Abbey of Fulda, of which the enterprising and persevering convert, Sturm, was made the first abbot. It is interesting to see the vigorous style in which Boniface applied himself to the work of overturning idolatry. He had built a station at Ohrdruf, in Thuringia, where many of the higher class joined him. The common people, however, still clung to the superstitions of their forefathers, and frequented their sacred fountains and trees. One of their favorite objects was an immense oak, the oak of Jupiter. The bold missionary resolved on its overthrow; and, like another Elijah, challenged the multitude to witness the public evidence of their god's weakness. "A crowd of pagan Hessians were also assembled, to see, as they imagined, the trial of strength between their own gods and those of the Christians; for they seem not to have doubted that the deities they worshiped would interfere to protect the sacred tree, and inwardly they cursed the strangers who had thus come to invade the silence of their woods. Boniface applied the ax with his own hand; a strong wind appears to have aided his design; and, before he had made much progress with his weapon, the immense tree fell with a fearful crash, and, in the concussion, the trunk split itself into four pieces. The pagans were struck with fear and wonder; they acknowledged that their gods were vanquished, and, as they were accustomed to do in political invasions, so, in this spiritual contest, they quietly submitted to the conqueror. Boniface built a wooden oratory of the timber of the tree."

Boniface has been accused of untempered zeal on behalf of Papal claims. No one can read his epistles, however, especially some of the last, without feeling that Christian love was his ruling principle and chief joy; and that the hope of meeting his beloved companions and fellow-laborers in heaven, shed a cheering light on his last days.

The venerable man was at length enrolled in "the noble army of martyrs." He had paid a last visit to the court of Pepin; and left it old and feeble in body, but in mind and heart beautifully illustrating the promise, "They shall bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and

flourishing." The Frieslanders, who were the first objects of his charity, when in his youthful vigor he left his native land, now shared his last mortal sympathies and care. With a large number of priests and other assistants, he entered Friesland in 755, and began a successful course of preaching from place to place among the unconverted population. "In the course of their wanderings," says the record of his martyrdom, "they came to the banks of the river Bordne, (the Bordau,) on the border of the modern districts of Ooster-go and Westergo, where they encamped for the night, the following day being appointed for the baptism of a great number of converts, who were to assemble at that spot. The day fixed for this ceremony was the fifth of June. As the hour appointed drew near, a large party of pagan warriors, whose cupidity had been excited by the hope of rich plunder, made their appearance, and brandished their weapons fiercely as they approached. A few armed attendants who were with the archbishop issued from the little encampment to meet them; but Boniface, when he heard the tumult, came forth with his clergy, and called off his men. He exhorted his presbyters and deacons to resign themselves patiently to the fate which awaited them. At the same instant, the pagans rushed upon them, and few of the missionaries escaped from their swords. The assailants appear to have been divided into two distinct parties, perhaps the inhabitants of two different towns; and, after the slaughter of the Christians, they separated and fought for the spoils. In this encounter, a large portion of the Frieslanders were slain, and the rest, when they entered the tents, found little else but books and relics, and other things, which in their eyes were equally worthless, and which they threw contemptuously into the river, and among the reeds and shrubs. The Christians soon afterwards attacked and defeated the Frieslanders; they recovered most of the books and relics, and having carefully gathered together the bodies and limbs of the martyrs, they carried them to the newly-built church of Trehet. The body of Boniface was transferred thence by Archbishop Lul to Fulda, where he had frequently expressed a wish to be buried." History will always rank Boniface as an eminent man among the remarkable men of his age. As a missionary, he seems ever to

live in the accumulative results of his labor; under his influence, as a bishop, a large part of Europe took a new intellectual character; and the institutions which he founded tell even now upon the civilization of the world. But nothing more strikingly shows the holy character of the impression which he left on the scene of his toil, than the fact that the most spiritually minded of the present inhabitants cherish his memory, and hold it sacred. His name among them is "like ointment poured forth;" and it is an interesting fact, that, at the present time, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, once within his missionary pastorate, a widening circle of associated Christian people seem to pay grateful homage to the land of his birth, by holding Church fellowship with one of the leading missionary societies of England.

The succession of devoted missionaries was not broken, however, by the departure of Boniface. Willibald, his reputed kinsman, came after him, to keep up the cultivation of the field, and to enlarge it. This native of Hampshire was born about the year 700; was for some time nursed with difficulty, but overcame his early feebleness, from the time his father with a solemn vow consecrated him to the service of Christ. The child was trained by Abbot Egilwalt at Waltheim or Bishop's Waltham. His learning soon inspired respect, as it grew in beautiful harmony with his virtues. Then came a passion for travel. Seven years of meditative wandering among holy places, and an equal period spent on his return in studious retirement at Monte Casino, seem to have prepared him for the arduous course which now opened to him; and now, too, he appeared to see and feel his calling. He was one of the earliest English examples of that class of evangelists who seem to catch inspiration for their work from the soil which their Master trod. Boniface invited him to the mission field. His obedience was prompt; and he was intrusted with a district at Eistet, (Eichstadt,) for which he was ordained by his venerable kinsman. At the close of the following year (740) he was laboring in Thuringia, where he met his brother Wunebald, who had given himself to the same work. He was now in the prime of his life. All his energies, and learning, and experience were unreservedly consecrated to his mission. The work of salva-

tion was his delight. Nor was his visible success a small reward; for from his lips the truth spread through the whole country of the Bajoarii. He was consecrated bishop of Eichstadt by Boniface, and peacefully closed his career in the midst of his spiritual children. His memoirs come to us from the pen of a nun, who has unselfishly enriched the biographical department of missionary literature, without caring, it would seem, to leave us the means of paying due honor to her name or history. Willibald's character and life consistently sustained the import of his name, *bold of will*; but his boldness was on the side of truth, and his strong will was exercised in doing the will of his Divine Master. He was severe to none but himself. Those who came under his pastoral sway, found themselves cared for with tenderness and diligence. He made the afflictions of others his own; set an example of the patience which he recommended; and proved that he had Christian sympathy, by his charitable sacrifices and deeds. He lived to see the social life of his district assuming a Christian character; and departed leaving the religion of Christ triumphant over the old immorality and superstition.

A few memorials have come down to us of another agent in the conversion of Germany. Willihad, a native of Northumbria, and Alcuin's friend, was moved by the reports of missionary success; and as soon as he was ordained presbyter, he went direct to the scene of Winfrid's martyrdom, where now a Christian society had been gathered, and a missionary school was affording instruction to many children of the Frisian nobility. Many converted pagans were the first fruits of his ministry at Dockum. Thus encouraged, he pressed his way towards the east, and carried the truth into a country which no evangelist had visited before. This was the district of Groningen. His ministry roused not only the attention but the evil passions of the idolaters, whose false religion he exposed by contrasting it with the Gospel. At a place called Humarcha—perhaps Hunsingo—near Groningen, the pagan crowd rose against him while he was preaching; and, but for the timely interference of the chiefs, he would have shared the fate of Boniface. He was reserved for judicial punishment, after trial by lot; but the lots were in his favor. Trianta, or Drente, was next visited; and

there many converts were gathered; but the too eager zeal of his companions, in attempts to destroy the idols, involved him in danger from which he narrowly escaped. The court of Charlemagne afforded him temporary shelter and repose. Charlemagne had just then gained the mastery over the Saxons, and Willihad entered as a missionary on a border district called Wigmodia, not far from Bremen. His success was so great, that within three years scarcely an idolater could be found in the neighborhood. The work so well begun, and for a time so full of promise, was, however, as in many later instances, painfully checked by civil convulsions. Wituchind, who had successfully persuaded the Saxons to revolt, and headed their movement, took the opportunity of manifesting his savage hostility to the Christians, and for several years they were subject to violent persecution. The missionary churches were broken up, Willihad escaped to the coast, and found his way to France, most of his companions and disciples were butchered, and idolatry was once more in command. The fugitive missionary found a retreat for a time in Wilbrord's monastery at Epternach, where he was joined by several of his converts, who had happily escaped from Saxony. It was unfortunate for Willihad and for his cause, that the mission to the Saxons was one of Charlemagne's pets. When the Emperor favored a plan of conversion, it must not be thwarted. The work must be done by all means; and, in this case, his patronage of the missionaries was such as might remind us of the man who stood by a field preacher, and returned hard stones for the mob's softer missiles; and who, when rebuked for his militant spirit, and told that the Almighty would defend his own truth, replied, "Yes, but I thought I should like to help him." Those whom the Redeemer sent to convert the world were required to be "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." This union of wisdom and simplicity in the subjects of Christian zeal, Charlemagne could not understand. He preferred a course which roused the prejudices of the heathen against the new religion. An entire Church system must come in with the doctrines of salvation. Ecclesiastical taxes were to be levied without delay; and, indeed, the conquered tribes were made to feel that Christianity was identified with

Frankish rule; so that they naturally revolted from the yoke of a religion which seemed to fix on them the marks of bondage. "The princes of this world" are not yet cured of their fondness for this mode of Christianizing the heathen. Our Gallic neighbors have shown themselves ready to deal in Charlemagne's style again, among the islanders of the Southern Ocean; although their efforts, as compared with his, have been associated with more error and less goodness, if they have not entirely lacked imperial honor. It would seem as if the zeal of governments, on the eastern side of the Channel, necessarily takes a martial form of expression. England seems to have indulged a fear of that extreme, until she has, in some instances, fallen into the other. Although, in the course of her history, she has been known to offer her religion at the point of the sword, she has outlived that fashion, and has learnt, in India at least, to act on the policy of showing her Christianity at no point at all. But, surely, there is a medium. A Christian government ought never to be so lax in religious affairs as to awaken public suspicion of its insincerity; never so stringent as to appear chargeable with intolerance. Our experience in the East has now completed the evidence, that the two extremes may be equally perilous. But, returning to Willihad. After two years of quiet devotion at Epternach, where he probably wrote his *Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul*, he returned to Wigmodia, and diligently set himself to gather up the fragments of his scattered churches. His preaching and example prevailed; and he had the joy of seeing Saxony once more open to the truth, and Wituchind himself a candidate for baptism. He was now the acknowledged Bishop of Wigmodia, and a church "of wonderful beauty" at Bremen marked his episcopal seat. But his perils were scarcely over, and his more quiet pastoral work begun, before he was called to his reward. His course was finished at Blexem, near Bremen, on the eighth of November, 789.

It is an interesting fact that Saxon England, herself "but newly found" in Christ, had her share in the work of evangelizing those Scandinavian regions, from whose pagan rovers she suffered such deep affliction. Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, all enjoyed either the direct or the indirect influence of her missionary churches. It was in the court of Athelstan that Haco,

of Norway, received the holy principles which he carried back to his heathen kingdom, and exemplified in his own character and life, so as to secure for himself the title of "Good," though he died in painful humiliation at his failure to convert his people. Olof Fryggweson, who afterwards gained the Norwegian scepter, and did so much to open the way of the Gospel among the population, made his first confession in baptism during a visit to the Scilly Islands. Often have we thought of Olof while amongst the truly Christian hospitalities of St. Mary's; nor has our experience among the good people of Scilly failed to confirm a notion, resulting from previous observation, that spots which have been happily associated with the first toils and sacrifices of mission work, are often honored with a perpetual freshness of the missionary spirit. Another Olof, "Olof the Thick," who, in the beginning of the eleventh century, delivered Norway from a foreign yoke, had seen enough of Christianity in England to decide him in its favor; and though his attachment to the Gospel was not so enlightened as to save him from harsh modes of recommending and enforcing it on those who came under his power and influence, both in Norway and Sweden, yet he was the means of bringing an English agency into his dominions, which, amidst all the disadvantages of his violent policy, diffused the gracious doctrines of salvation among the people. Indeed, the religious history of Sweden, in particular, might show that from the beginning the most hallowed impulses which she has felt may be traced to the quiet action of one or more Christian men from this island. The recent revival of vital Christianity in that country is only a broad and glorious copy of early types. England has a deep interest in the present spiritual harvest; as one of her missionary agents, who, some years ago, was driven from Stockholm in tears, was the honored instrument of sowing much of the heavenly seed. One of our missionary societies sent, in 1830, an agent and English pastor to the capital of Sweden. By and by he began to preach in the Swedish language. The services were crowded. A larger chapel was reared, by the aid of Christians of all ranks, and all orthodox denominations. The English pastor's object was not to introduce his own ecclesiastical system, but to diffuse spiritual life among the members of

the Swedish Church. He labored to convert the people of Christ. His success called forth an opposition, before which he was at last obliged to retire. But the seed was sown. An extensive correspondence had been kept up with clergy and laity; a Swedish Missionary Society was organized; Infant Schools were introduced; a Seaman's Mission was established; a convert was sent from the chapel in Stockholm to begin the successful Mission to the Laps; and a monthly religious periodical was issued, and put into wide circulation. The aim of the movement was pure, and its accumulative results most happy. And now that the unholy passions which once forced the agent from his post, have been hushed by the holy breath of the descending Spirit, all classes of Swedish Christians will bless his memory, and acknowledge Mr. Scott as one of "the greatest spiritual benefactors bestowed by God in modern times upon Sweden." In the ample records of great modern missionary associations, the character and deeds of a few leading agents necessarily stand out here and there with much distinctness, while great numbers of worthy and very useful men as necessarily occupy a mere line in the catalogue of missionary names. We do not wonder, therefore, that one or two only of the pattern missionaries of early Christian England have their character permanently sketched, and their leading actions saved from oblivion;

while many, many others, perhaps equally useful in their time and place, have left bare names only floating on the surface of history, or in the breath of tradition. Such names we have in connection with early missions to Norway and Sweden, in Liefdag of Ripon, Thurget, the first Bishop of Skara, Sigfrid of York, Grimkil, Rodulf, and Bernard. Such men and their associates were the early representatives of missionary England, the first types of her Christian evangelists to the heathen, and the founders of that work which prepared branches of the German family on the Continent for uniting with this country in the great mission of the race. In the course of time our continental kindred repaid the benefit, by affording us the influence of their Lutheran Reformation. England again responded by extending to her brethren of Central Europe the advantage of a later revival of her own Christian zeal; and thus, mutually prompting and training each other, during a succession of probationary ages, the different branches of this great family are now beginning to apprehend their calling, and to address themselves to their most glorious task. The great mission of the race is, to evangelize the world. Already, its posts are taken; the outline of its plan is sketched; in every clime its work is begun; and the earnestness of its final success are even now brightening "the ends of the earth."

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TAKE this into your memory, if you are in the habit of repining. Trials not felt are easily borne. Mr. Peabody one day came in from a walk. His wife said to him, "I have been thinking of our situation, and have determined to be submissive and patient." "Ah!" said he, "that is a good resolution, let us see what we have got to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. First, we have a home—we will submit to that. Second, we have the comforts of life—we will submit to that. Thirdly, we have each other. Fourthly, we have a multitude of friends. Fifthly, we have God to take care of us." "Ah," said she, "pray stop; I will say no more about submission."

The violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

CHEERFULNESS in a family is a positive duty. Thousands of people are every day made miserable by bad temper, uselessly manifested, without aim, without any ulterior benefit. The frame of mind which is ever ready to take offense, to imagine a slight, to be sulky, and to revenge one, is, alas! a punishment not alone to itself but to others. Such a temper should at all costs be repressed; it can easily be cured if we have but the will. It is, to say the best of it, conceited and mean. It is the bane of life.

HOPE writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forwards with smiles, but backward with sighs. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim; the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper; and the dregs are made bitter, that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

From the National Review.

## RUSSIAN LITERATURE: MICHAEL LERMONTOFF.\*

PETER I., whose imperious will imposed upon Russia the first restraints of civilization, was the first to direct the national mind towards Europe, and to introduce those European forms and ideas under whose influence a national literature at length developed itself.

So far as we can trace back the history of Russian literature to earlier periods, we find those elements which were afterwards blended in the matured national character. The spirit of the Norse invaders, who about the year 862 conquered, and founded constitutions among the scattered branches of the Slavic races, entirely pervades the historical tales referring to the heathen period of Russian history, which were written by the monk Nestor in the eleventh century. He was, however, imbued with the spirit of the Byzantine literature, and thus could not fully appreciate a poetry which sprang up in the heroic age of Scandinavian enterprise. He regarded the events which he recorded partly in the prosaic spirit of a mere chronicler, partly in the hostile spirit of a zealous opponent of heathenism. But notwithstanding his antipathy to his subject, and in spite of the dryness and pedantry of his style, his tales contain passages which undeniably prove the existence of an ancient though rude poetry, beginning to develop itself in Russia under the influence of the Norsemen, celebrating deeds which extended over a century and a half, and whose theater stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. We discern here clearly enough traces of the same spirit which pervades the tales and legends of the Icelandic chroniclers. Seve-

ral of the latter are undoubtedly of common origin with those of Nestor. For example, the "Life and Death of Swatopolk," related by Nestor, forms part, and that the most important, of an Icelandic literary collection of the thirteenth century. But though the common origin is undeniable, the Russian historian, in this instance, much surpasses the Icelandic in his style, his narrative being full of life and poetry. How finely has he painted this Swatopolk, the son of a Greek nun, who, from the day of his unlawful birth, seems doomed to sin and ruin; who climbs to his throne through fratricide, who is punished on the very scene of his crimes by the hand of an avenging brother, and finally expires in the desert! It is difficult to say how far historic truth has been respected in this tale; but as a literary production it is of great dramatic interest.

The stories of Nestor give us a partial glimpse of those times when martial honor and glory were the moving springs of life in the Russian people; when before going to war they would proudly warn their enemies; and when they would doom those who should break their word "to be slaves for life," considering this to be the greatest of all curses.

Indeed, when we observe in the simple tales of the monk what germs of poetry there were in the early history of Russia, it is sad to think of the rich fruit they might have borne, had they not been blighted while yet in their first development, and choked by parasitic plants of foreign origin. The Norse chiefs themselves sought and inaugurated an intercourse with the Byzantine empire, and about A. D. one thousand the Christian faith in the doctrines of the Greek Church was adopted by Russia. But this approximation to Byzantium, instead of throwing open to the Russian people the treasures of the Greek classic world, merely led to an acquaintance with Byzantine literature, consisting of dry chronicles, scholastic discussions on dogmatic questions, and empty

\* *Otcherk Istorii russkoi Poesii.* A. Milukoff. (*Outline of the History of Russian Poetry.* By A. Milukoff.) St. Petersburg. 1858.

*Michael Lermontoff's Poetischer Nachlass*, übersetzt von Fr. Bodenstedt. (*M. Lermontoff's Poetical Remains.* Translated by Herr Bodenstedt.) Berlin. 1852.

*Du Développement des Idées Révolutionnaires en Russie.* Par A. Herzen. Deuxième édition. Londres. 1853.



rhetoric, and inculcating a profound contempt for every thing connected with heathen antiquity, and consequently even the Greek classic poetry.

Then came the invasion of the Mongols, about 1236, and the establishment of Mongol rule, diffusing new and oriental ingredients through the nation. We trace the influence of the new conquerors mainly in the popular poetry; we mean, in the rich collection of Russian songs and tales. There are perhaps few nations whose primitive poetry presents so true a mirror of the people's life and feelings as that of the Russians. In it we find reflected their whole existence up to the time of Peter the Great, and every boon which nature has bestowed upon them; "the broad fields with the silken grass and the blue flowers;" "the thick woods in which the stormy wind rattles;" "the boundless plains of snow," on which nothing but the "black fir or the silver birch" is to be seen detaching itself from the white ground; again, when the snow is melting, "the song of the lark, the blushing roses of summer, the swift falcon, the dove-colored pigeon;" and once more, "winter with its dull deathlike silence, broken only by the shriek of the ravens" and "the howling of the snowstorm." In these songs, too, we have plenty of allusions to special Russian scenery;—"the shining Duna," "the limpid Don," "the benefactress Wolga," "the princely Great Novgorod," "the stone-built Moscow." We behold the wandering life of "the Wolga robbers," and the bold enterprises of the Cossacks. We see the customs, the sympathies, and the antipathies of the people, their faith, their hopes and sufferings; and we are made acquainted with the favorite heroes of their history.

But at the same time, as we have already said, we distinctly trace in the popular songs and tales the decline of those beneficial influences which, under the Norsemen, fostered the national development. Not only political activity and independence declined under their successors, but likewise the purity of home life. Women were entirely subjected to the despotic power of men, and the Terem,\* borrowed from the Byzantine Greeks, deprived them of social importance, reducing them to an oriental slavery. The customs of Norse life had accorded to them a far

nobler position; and this change was therefore in every way for the worse. Moreover, the estrangement from Europe caused by the Mongol influence, prevented the chivalrous reverence for women,—which at this time pervaded European society,—from penetrating into Russia. The Asiatic notion that women are the ruin of the world was imported by the Mongols, and completed the subjugation of the weaker sex. We no longer find women like those spoken of by Nestor in his tales of the Scandinavian times; but now begin to hear of the beautiful Russian girl who sits lonely in "the silver cage," making "the golden net," leading a monotonous life far from society and civilization, and expecting with awe the day when, amidst tears and songs, her fair hair will be unbraided, and she will be led, "according to God's will," (that is to say, her father's,) to a marriage to which her own sanction was never asked. And often this change is only for the worse; she leaves her "silver cage" but for another, sometimes of iron, which does not even afford her the consolation of parental love. Doomed to pass her life with a husband whom for the most part she did not love, the Russian wife was surrounded by none of those influences which beautified the life of European women in the middle ages. Nothing but the Terem awaited her. She was governed by the despotic rule of a husband, whose best tenderness was not unfrequently the scourge. The natural consequence of such a position was the degradation of social life. A mother who was herself a slave could not but transmit to her sons a sense of abasement, the unavoidable result of which is tyranny. Society, robbed of its highest elements, impressed the Russian youth with a sense of emptiness and ennui, which forced him to seek in dissipation the highest excitements of an existence in which he was at the same time both slave and tyrant.

The result of all this is to be found in the popular poetry of the Russians; and hence its tone of deep sadness, of desperate gayety, of endeavor after complete self-oblivion. In almost every specimen of this literature we see the cloud which hangs over the heart, "like a fog over the blue sea;" the mother is represented in it as weeping like "the stream that flows;" the tears of the sisters fall "like rivulets;" the heart of the young girl fades away

\* The women's place.

"without sun," her joys are carried away "by stormy winds over the clear white field;" the youth who was "born in tears, all his life long shakes his homeless head like the grass-blade on the fields in the wind." If, on the other hand, we find in these songs wild outbursts of merriment, they are but intended to conceal the void beneath. Characteristic and full of poetry are the songs of the Wolga robbers, and those of the Cossacks; the wild love of freedom which led them into peril and crime frequently also giving birth to heroic enterprise, as, for instance, the colonization of Siberia. These songs breathe contempt of danger and death, immoderate gayety, unbounded liberty and license,—as is usual with men who have broken with the common ties of society and citizenship, whose companions are the night and the storm, who spend their life either in the forest or on the waters. The tales of this epoch exhibit also the literary shortcomings as well as the emptiness and sadness of the contemporaneous Russian life; the narrative form requiring, like that of the epic poem, a greater social development than Russia had then attained.

Thus gradually had the dawn of genuine poetry among the Russian people faded away, and none of the old seed was now left, when the great reformer came, and called Russia to a new life.

We referred in our former article to the changes which worked themselves gradually out in the Russian language and literature from the time of Peter the Great. The language had to emancipate itself from the conventional clerical jargon, and then developing its great beauty and flexibility, to become truly popular. The intercourse with Europe opened a new world of ideas, and at the same time excited the Russian imagination to activity in fresh directions. After a succession of more or less original writers, Alexander Pushkin appeared, and put the finishing stroke to that purification of the language which his predecessors had begun. We have had occasion already to speak of him at some length, and have explained the high rank which he holds in the estimation of his people, and which he must, when thoroughly known, obtain in that of all nations.

Next to him stands another contemporary but younger poet, Michael Lermontoff, a son of one of the first families

of the Russian aristocracy. Like most of the Russian nobles, he entered the Guards when yet very young. A poem which he composed on the death of Pushkin was the cause of his exile to the Caucasus, where he became imbued with that deep love for the country which made him, so to speak, the poet of the Caucasus. Though having for an author the rare privilege of holding an independent position with regard to fortune, his life seems nevertheless to have been one long train of sufferings, to which his poems bear ample evidence. Equally ardent and faithful in his friendships as he was vindictive and unrelenting in his hatreds, he had to endure many bitter disappointments. He was often called upon to part from true, and to endure the treachery of false friends. Brought up in a world where he dared not speak out what was in him, he had to undergo the hardest of all human trials, that of being compelled to remain silent in sight of injustice and oppression. With a heart glowing with the love of beauty and liberty, he was doomed to live in a society which, viewed from without, was full of outward show and false splendor, and from within of servitude and corruption. One of his first attempts at expressing the burning indignation with which these things filled him, the ode on Pushkin's death, brought down upon him exile. A life of action thus forbidden him, the only resource left him was his poetic genius; and when his heart was too full, he devoted himself to it, and called forth wild passionate strains, pathetic melodies, mocking satires, or the poetry of love; but always true pictures of emotions experienced and deeply felt, always children of an inward necessity, and in accordance with Goethe's canon, that every true poem of a special occasion and impulse.

Lermontoff was strongly impressed by the genius of Pushkin, who, as we said, had the start of him in his literary career; but he never became his imitator. Lermontoff never entered, like Pushkin, into a compromise with the society in which he was compelled to live; till the day of his death he was in deadly conflict with it. The fourteenth of December 1825, which brought to a close the milder reign of Alexander, during which more liberal political aspirations had been permitted to grow up, and which inaugu-

rated with a bloody act of vengeance the long and oppressive despotism of Nicholas, was a critical day for modern Russian life, as well as for its literature. Pushkin's literary career was then at its culminating point, while Lermontoff's was only just beginning. Alexander Herzen says:

"Nothing can show more forcibly the change which passed over the public mind in 1825 than a comparison of Pushkin with Lermontoff. Pushkin was frequently discontented, sad, wounded, and indignant, but nevertheless inclined to peace. He longed for it; he did not doubt its possibility. A chord of memory connecting him with the Emperor Alexander's *régime* was still vibrating in his heart. Lermontoff was so much accustomed to despondency and resistance, that he not only never sought to free himself from it, but did not even understand the possibility of making the attempt. Lermontoff never learned to hope; he did not acquiesce, simply because there was nothing which could have compensated him for his acquiescence; nor did he proudly offer, like Pestel and Ryleieff, his head to the executioner, for he was convinced of the uselessness of such a sacrifice; he gave up the struggle, and finally died without any great end before him.

"The sound of the pistol which destroyed Pushkin called Lermontoff's soul into life. He wrote a powerful ode, in which he exposed the mean intrigues which led to the fatal duel that caused Pushkin's death,—intrigues that had been fostered by literary ministers and journalist-spies,—exclaiming, 'Vengeance, emperor, vengeance!' This appeal, his only inconsistency, the poet had to expiate in exile in the year 1837. In 1841 the remains of Lermontoff was buried in a tomb at the foot of the Caucasus. 'None of those who heard thee understood what thou saidst before thine end. The deep and bitter sense of thy last words has been lost.'"

"Very fortunately that which Lermontoff wrote during the four last years of his life has not been lost. He belongs entirely to our generation. We, indeed, were too young to be sharers in the events of the fourteenth of December, but it awakened our political consciousness, and we saw the banishments and the executions which followed. Forced to silence, and to repress our tears, we learned to live inwardly and to brood over our thoughts in secret,—and what thoughts! No longer ideas of a civilizing liberalism, of progress; but of doubt, negation, and fury. Accustomed to such emotions, Lermontoff could not, like Pushkin, take refuge in lyrics. In all his enjoyments, in all his fancies, he was haunted by the shadow of skepticism. Something serious, even melan-

choly, was written on his brow, and runs through all his poems. But it was by no means mere abstract thought adorning itself with the flowers of poetry; no, the reflections of Lermontoff are his poetry—his strength and his torment. He had deeper sympathies with Byron than Pushkin ever had. It was his misfortune that he possessed too much penetration, and that he had the boldness to say much that was dangerous without disguise. Weak and irritable natures never pardon such sincerity. Lermontoff was spoken of as the spoiled child of an aristocratic house, as one of those idlers who die from satiety and ennui. People did not choose to see how much this man suffered, how he struggled before he ventured to speak out his thoughts. Men in general accept with greater indulgence bitterness and insults than a certain ripeness of mind,—than that isolation which sets itself free alike from the fears and hopes of the people at large, and dares to declare that it has done so. When Lermontoff left St. Petersburg for his second exile in the Caucasus, he was weary and exhausted. He said to his friends that he would seek death, and he kept his word."

The painful conflicts amid which his life was placed, the restraints put upon his genius and his fiery truth-loving mind, probably contributed largely to the irritability and peevishness of his temper; a disposition which entangled him more than once in quarrels, and even in several duels. One of these duels was punished by imprisonment in a fortress, and the last was the cause of his premature death at the age of thirty. To give some conception of his personal appearance, we may quote from Herr Bodenstedt the following account of his meeting with him:

"It was at Moscow, in the winter of 1840-1, shortly before Lermontoff's last journey to the Caucasus, that I dined with Paul von Alsuviéff, a highly intellectual young Russian, at a French restaurant's much visited by the Muscovite boyards. During the dinner some acquaintances joined us; among them a young prince remarkably handsome, but of a somewhat limited understanding, though at the same time possessing so much good humor that he permitted the others to ridicule him without resenting it. The easy wit, the sparkling intellect, the quick perception of exterior contrasts, in one word, the French *esprit*, is as familiar as the French language to the aristocratic Russians.

"We were already drinking champagne, and the lips of my companions were overflowing with jokes, both good and bad, when some of them suddenly exclaimed, 'Ah, Michael Turitch!' to a young officer who entered, greeted Alsuviéff with a slight tap on his shoulder, and the young prince with a 'How do you do, you sly fox?'

\* Verses by Lermontoff on the death of Prince Odoieffski, one of those sentenced on the fourteenth of December.

the rest of the party with a brief 'Good evening.' The new-comer was a man of gentleman-like easy manners, middle height, and unusually elastic step. He stooped down for a cigar-case which he had dropped in taking out his pocket-handkerchief, and so showed a flexibility of figure which almost gave for the moment the impression that all his bones were broken, though his large chest and shoulders nevertheless showed them to be strong. The fair smoothly-combed hair, slightly curled at each side, left a remarkably high brow quite uncovered. The large thoughtful eye seemed in no way to participate in the satirical expression which played about his finely-cut mouth. He was evidently not in full uniform, a black handkerchief being tied carelessly round his neck, and the coat, from which the epaulettes were taken off, being only buttoned half way, and leaving the brilliantly white linen visible.

"Until his arrival we had been talking French, and Alsuvieff introduced me to him in the same language. After a few hasty words, he sat down to dine with us. In speaking to the waiters he used expressions which, though common in the mouth of most Russians, were disagreeable to me in his mouth—for he was *Michael Lermontoff*. They were expressions which every foreigner soon learns to understand in Russia, from hearing them daily and every where, but which no one of education (except a Greek or Turk, who is used to similar ones) would like to translate into his own language.

"Lermontoff, after having hurriedly eaten of some of the dishes and swallowed a few glasses of wine, at the same time not concealing his fine and well-kept hands, became very talkative; and what he said must have been exceedingly witty and comic, as he was several times interrupted by great laughter. I unfortunately did not understand it, having as yet too imperfect a knowledge of Russian to be able to follow him; I only observed that his wit was directed against various individuals, but that being several times decidedly rebuked by Alsuvieff, he thought it better to take the young prince exclusively for the butt of his sarcasms. The latter bore these observations for some time with his wonted good nature; but at last, unable longer to endure it, he answered the hot-headed young man in a dignified way, which proved that, in spite of his limited capacities, he was not without right feeling. Lermontoff seemed sincerely grieved to have offended the prince, who had been an old playfellow of his, and did all in his power to appease him, in which, indeed, he soon succeeded.

"I had known and loved Lermontoff from the first publication of his poems in 1840, but his manner and appearance on that evening were so little agreeable to me, that I felt no wish to know more of him. The first unpleasant impression, however, was soon to be followed by a better one. The very next evening, when I found him in the drawing-room of Madame von Momonoff, I saw him in his most amiable mood—and he could be peculiarly amiable. If he

gave himself up to another person, he did so with heart and soul, though perhaps this may rarely have occurred. He was bound by a close and steady friendship to the spirited Countess Rastoptshin, who consequently would be best able to give a full account of his character. People who did not know him sufficiently to overlook his weakness for the sake of his predominant excellencies, mostly avoided him, because he was often carried too far by his satirical disposition; but he could likewise be good and gentle as a child; and, on the whole, a grave and even melancholy disposition was the prevailing one. This deep seriousness also formed the chief characteristic of his noble features, as well as of all his more important productions, to which the lighter and humorous poems stand in the same relation as did the sarcastic expression on his lips to his large thoughtful eyes.

"The Prometheus-like fate of Lermontoff many of his countrymen have shared; but from none of them did grief call forth similar pearls of tears to relieve the heart in life, and in death to crown the pale brow with a wreath of fame."

Lermontoff must be placed among those who are *par excellence* called subjective poets; for his works reflect preëminently his own soul, its joys and sorrows, its hope and its despair. His heroes are parts of himself; in fact, his poems are his biography. This is, however, by no means to be understood as an intimation that he was deficient in all those qualities which distinguish the objective poet; on the contrary, several of his poems, particularly *The Song of the Czar Ivan Wassiljewitch*, his young *Lifeguard*, and the bold *Merchant Kalashnikoff*, furnish ample proofs that he was fully capable of moulding figures quite independent of his own individuality. But he was one of those natures in whom all the chords that link them with their time vibrate so strongly that their creative power can rarely free itself from the influence of personal feelings, judgments, and reflections. These natures usually appear during the decay of old forms of society, in times of transition, of general skepticism, and of corrupt morals. In them the purer spirit of mankind seems to take refuge, and to make of them its mouthpiece. They criticize and doom the follies and vices of society by the disclosure of their own wounds, errors, and struggles on the one side; and, on the other, they heal, reconcile, and redeem this corrupt world by the insight they give into that beauty and ideal perfection of human nature of which genius always holds the secret. They

generally blend in one the epic and the lyric element, action and reflection, narrative and satire. Barbier, and above all Lord Byron, are representatives of this class of poets; and both of these, as well as his countryman Pushkin, exercised a great influence over Lermontoff. From Pushkin he got the secret of Russian verse; with Byron he shared his scorn for society; from Barbier he learned the art of bitter satire and the iron strength of expression. But these influences by no means injured his originality; rather, on the contrary, did they give it more strength and finish.

Striking in him is the realistic element, which, as we observed in writing on Pushkin, seems to form a chief feature in the literary character of the nation generally. With their lively impressionable natures, with their great power of observation, and the facility with which they assimilate the impressions of others, the Russians seem qualified to develop pre-eminently that literary realism which tends to become the basis of all modern art. Lermontoff, wherever he directed his thoughts, stands on the firm ground of reality; and to this we owe the great precision, freshness, and truthfulness of the pictures in his epic poems, as well as the conscientious exactness in the lyric ones, which are always a true mirror of the dispositions of his mind. As he says himself in the introduction to *Ismail Bey*, one of his most beautiful poems,

"And in this heart, erst dead so long,  
Appears again true inspiration,  
To turn the ruin and devastation  
Of grief and passion to a song."

Forced to serve in the army, which for so many years in vain struggled with the wild free-born tribes of the Caucasus, his mind became imbued with the elements of poetry there presenting themselves to his imagination. He sought relief in the solitude of the endless steppes, through which he was fond of galloping; in the grandeur of the mountain scenery, and in the uncivilized but chivalrous freedom of the beautiful race which peoples those countries. It is true, he threw himself heedlessly into the combat against the latter—not, however, from any feeling of animosity or belief in the justice of the cause with which he was involuntarily identified, but merely because the excite-

ment of battle did him good, because in it he found forgetfulness of his troubles, and because he did not much care for a life which he was unable to use in a nobler way. His predilection for the Circassian races is undeniable, and his most beautiful works prove this; for instance, the epic poem, which, in our opinion, is superior to all his other works, as well in the treatment of the subject itself as in the exquisite beauty of the pictures and the artistic finish of the whole. The poem is entitled *Mtsiri*, which means a novice living in a monastery, his vows yet unpronounced.\* The following is the outline of the narrative. A Russian general passes through Tiflis, carrying with him a Circassian boy, still quite a child. Ill and exhausted from the journey, he is left behind with the monks of a convent, who take care of him. The child is shy and wild as a mountain-goat, and at the same time tender as a reed. Proudly and silently does he bear his captivity, not a complaint escapes his lips, while he begins to fade away in mute grief. At last the tender care of a monk saves him; and though yet ever shy and serious, and often looking with sighs towards the east, he accustoms himself by degrees to the sounds of the foreign language, is baptized into the Greek Church, and, still a child in heart and conceptions, prepares to take the vows. One stormy autumn night, whilst the monks are prostrated in supplication round the altar, he disappears. Three days long they search for him in vain in the dark woods and on the borders of the mountains. At last they find him almost dying in the steppe, and take him home to the convent, where his death rapidly approaches. He answers to no question, until an old monk comes to give him the last sacraments of the Church. Then, listening proudly till the monk has done, and collecting his strength for a final effort, he speaks to him in the following strain:

"I thank you for your zeal, pious man; you ask me to confess to you what I know. I believe that it may be relief to men to unburden their hearts by words; but I, during my life, have done harm to none; it is of small avail to learn what has happened to such a one; and of my feelings, how could I tell the story? I have

\* The German translator has changed his title into that of *The Circassian Boy*, which seems quite as well adapted to the subject.

lived but little, and in slavery. Surely two such lives would I have given willingly for one full of liberty and struggles. One single uncontrollable passion has haunted, governed, and tormented me; and consumed by it, my life is coming to an end. It has eaten my heart like a worm; it has led me forth, both when awake and in my dreams, from the dull sufferings in this cell to the noise of battles, to places where the high mountains tower above the clouds, where men live in liberty like the eagles. And to this fire, which has consumed me, I have given yet greater force by nursing my grief and agony. I will confess this before God and men, but not to ask forgiveness from either."

He then tells the story of his hidden feelings: how he saw from afar the snow of the Caucasus shining through the mists, and began to revive in his imagination the dear scenes of earliest childhood—the *aoul*\* where his father's hut stood, the assembly of brown-faced warriors when they gathered in the cool of evening before the threshold of the house; his father with his proud glance and richly-ornamented arms; his sisters with their mild eyes and the sweet songs which they sang at his cradle; his own childish plays, and the tales of heroic deeds to which he listened. And then he describes how he left the convent at last during that stormy night; how he had loved the storm and wanted to embrace it, and to catch the lightning as it flashed through the dark; and, "Oh," he exclaims, "what could you give me in compensation, here in this cradle of my sufferings, for that short life of communion between the storm and the stormy heart?"

He tells how, when the night vanishes, he finds himself at the edge of an abyss, through which a wild torrent rushes, and how all around him breathes beauty, how he found a rich vegetation yet trembling under the beneficent raindrops, and how the voices of solitude spoke to him more solemnly than the hymns of man; how he remains there lost in contemplation, until thirst forces him to climb from rock to rock down to the refreshing waters; and how he hears a voice singing, which makes his heart thrill with sweet emotion, and he then sees a young Georgian girl advancing with a pitcher on her head. Her beauty and the depth of her dark eyes trouble his senses so much that he recovers only when hearing the sound of the water as it slowly gushes into the ves-

sel; and then he sees her leave the fountain and regain a distant hut, from which the blue smoke curls upwards, and in the door of which she disappears. Then he falls asleep, and again in his dreams sees the young Georgian, and sleeps until the moon is high and the silence of night broken only by the torrent, has fallen around. He beholds a light dying away in the distant hut, and would fain have gone thither; but he has only one aim, one wish—to reach his own country; and therefore he wanders away and soon loses himself in the thick wood; the darkness of the virgin forest envelops him. Climbing up a tree, he discovers nothing but wood, endless wood. Shivering and despairing, he throws himself on the ground, and a flood of bitter tears flows from his eyes; for, though with men he has always been too proud to show his sufferings, here he may weep without shame, for the forest is his only witness. And then, all of a sudden, a shadow passes rapidly, from the bushes two lights sparkle, and, bounding forth, the tiger stretches out its mighty limbs close to him, and lifts its wild eyes to the moon. He breaks a thick branch from a tree in preparation for combat, and suddenly feels, in the glow of his heart, that if free and in the land of his fathers, he would not have been the least of its heroes. Then follows a graphic description of the struggle, in which at last the tiger succumbs, but not without leaving deep wounds in the breast of his adversary. At the time he is not mindful of these wounds, and going on, finds himself with the dawn of morning out of the forest; but when he looks around, the country seems well known—he has come back to his prison, and the sound of the convent-bell tells him that in vain he has nourished the dream of liberty and fatherland. Thus the monks find him; and now his last request is to be carried out to the convent-garden, where two white-flowered acacias stand, where the grass grows thick, the air is fresh and balmy, and the sunbeams play cheerfully through the leaves; for there he can see the Caucasus, and he fancies it will send him a last farewell in the evening breeze. He will feel as though a friend stooped down to him to take his hand and wipe the last drop from his brow, and whisper sweet words from home into his ear. And in these thoughts he wishes to lie down, and, cursing none, will go to rest.

\* The name of the Circassian villages.

Such a sketch can not give even the most imperfect idea of the beauty of this poem, of its touching simplicity and realism, as well as the sublimity of many of the pictures. Here, more than in any of the other epic works, we behold the poet's own individuality revealing at last the secret of his soul's life, which had been ever concealed from the eyes of men. The story of the free-born mountain-boy, who longs to get away from the place of formal barren piety, to throw himself upon the warm breast of nature, and join the active life of men in liberty, with its struggles and its affections, is obviously the story of genius, which, while longing to realize an existence full of truth and ideal beauty, is yet doomed to live in a corrupt and enslaved society, and at last, with broken wings, is destined to feel that the struggle of a single individual against the great social necessity is vain. But when this last hour of consciousness has come, Lermontoff seems to say that his spirit likewise will curse none, and go to rest reconciled; for he has at last realized that, just such as it was, his life was *his* individual life; and as a remarkable woman has said, "if we could understand all, we should pardon all."

Beautiful also, and even preferred by many to this one, is another of Lermontoff's epic poems, *Ismail Bey*, in which unfortunately many gaps are left, in consequence of the rude excisions of the censor. Lermontoff speaks of these with disgust in some of his verses; and it certainly was one of the reasons why he himself published but such a small number of his poems, the greater part having only been printed after his death. The subject of *Ismail Bey* is, again, borrowed from life in the Caucasus, and also bears witness to his admiration of the poetry and beauty of a nature and of races which have preserved their wild originality and grace, unspoiled by the touch of that civilization which became for him synonymous with corruption. The character of Ismail Bey himself has perhaps a little too much of the poet's own individuality, of his skeptical and speculative turn of mind, for a hero of the uncivilized world; but the description of Sarah, the Leshgian girl, is not surpassed in any of Lord Byron's most picturesque feminine sketches.

As we can not, however, enter into an analysis of all his poems, we select another of the larger epics of which to say a few

words, as it possesses great beauty and is thoroughly original. It is called *The Demon*, and begins with describing, from a new point of view, the so-called spirit of evil, who has been painted so often by poets of the greatest genius that we can not deny him at least a poetical existence. Whilst Goethe's Mephistophiles especially represents the spirit of boundless dissatisfaction with finite enjoyments,—the negative spirit which is so often allied to great intellectual powers, and which seems to stir them on to continual progress; whilst Byron's Lucifer, in *Cain*, shows us the stern metaphysical skepticism which plunges into the depths of existence, and asks for the ultimate reason—Lermontoff's demon shows us rather the despairing side of evil, which has not quite lost the sense of agony at its perpetual exile from all that is good. Neither Mephistophiles nor Lucifer ever descend from the heights of their cold and satirical contempt for the existing order of things to a repentant word, nor indulge one longing for the unconscious and undoubting quietude of a soul whose belief has never been shaken; but Lermontoff's demon, on the contrary, represents expressly the anguish of evil. Through all his contempt, through all his revolt, breaks forth a deep longing for that which he has lost. Evil is, after all, unbearable to him; it is so easy to accomplish; nowhere on earth does it find opposition, and not even the pleasure of conquest diminishes the satiety which he feels after his facile triumphs. While looking down upon the enchanting plains of Georgia, he beholds Tamara, the daughter of a prince of one of the tribes. It is the evening before her wedding, and she stands on the roof of her father's house, in the circle of her friends who are gathered about her; while the richest gifts of the East which have been bestowed upon her are strewn all around. Music and songs are heard, when Tamara at last rises, seizes the tambourine, and begins a dance which is not merely a wild incoherent exertion of the limbs like modern dancing, but a symbolic poetry, an oriental language of the soul. The eyes second the movement of her body, their fire now hidden under the veil of their silken lashes, now streaming forth. The demon sees her, and an unspeakable passion thrills through him, the fetters fall from his frozen heart, he feels again the happiness of mortal love and virtue,

and images drawn from the felicity of heaven, which he has forfeited, recur to his mind. In vain he struggles against them; neither can they be banished, nor can that happiness be called back again; it is his torment that he can not forget. Even God can not give him forgetfulness; and could He do so, the demon would not accept it. Meantime the bridegroom rides through the mountains, with a richly-laden caravan; when a troop of mountaineers of another tribe overtake, rob, and murder them all. The horse, carrying the body of his dead master, arrives at the castle, and changes the songs of mirth into lamentations. Tamara is prostrated in grief; but when alone on her couch in the silence of night, she hears a voice whispering words of consolation, hope, and love,—a voice so sweet that it goes to her very heart, inspiring her with a grander, a more sublime feeling than that of the past, and promising, whenever darkness spreads its veil over the Caucasus, to come and comfort her till morning. When the voice ceases, Tamara looks round and sees nothing; but a consuming fire is kindled in her, and amid overwhelming emotions she at last falls asleep; when she sees in her dreams a man of such supernatural beauty that she knows he can not be a son of this earth, yet neither is it the form of an angel. It is a wonderful vague image, like a serene evening, neither darkness nor sunshine. From that time a strange pain takes possession of her heart, and she entreats her father to send her to a convent, wishing to end her life in pious retirement. But in vain does she seek refuge in the sacred walls, the fire that consumes her heart is not quenched, her thoughts wander from her prayers to the Mother of God to very different objects; she is lost to the beauty of nature, and absorbed in endless dreams, seeing only one image, hearing only one voice; her face brightens only when hope tells her that he will come and bestow the happiness he has promised. In the mean while the demon dares not approach the sacred retreat; but every night he wanders around the convent, and his sighs move the leaves of the trees as though the night wind shook them, until one evening he sees Tamara sitting alone at her window, and hears a song as wonderful as though it came from heaven itself, bringing back all the happiness

of the past. The demon weeps; his old hatred and contempt seem gone, he feels a new life and a new happiness in the future. This hope, stronger than his doubt, induces him to enter the open window, and before him stands an angel, all surrounded with light, spreading his wings over Tamara as if to protect her; and looking at the demon with a glance of recognition and reproach, he asks him what he has to do here in the sanctuary of his love. Then jealousy and humiliation awaken the old passions in the demon's heart, and he replies that *his* is the right to be here, that Tamara has long since belonged to him. The angel, looking sadly at her, leaves the polluted spot; and now begins a conversation between Tamara and the demon, in which the latter gives her a terrible description of his torments,—a description which seems to flow from the depth of the poet's own heart, and opens for us an insight into the degradation of the society in which he lived. Neither Goethe, who lived in an artistic and intellectual atmosphere, nor Byron, who was the free son of a free country, and had to contend only with those evils which are more or less general in human society has expressed half so powerfully the misery which attends the satiety of evil.

Tamara, irresistibly attracted and touched by this tale of woe, asks a vow that, redeemed by her love, he will return to a better life; and the demon promises. . . . When the night-watch goes his rounds, he hears strange terrible sounds proceed from Tamara's cell,—sounds of tenderness, passion, despair, and the agony of death. He flies in terror from the place while making the sign of the cross. More beautiful even than in life, Tamara is lying in her coffin, adorned with treasures and covered with flowers, as though the scent of all those on earth should be buried in her grave. Her gray haired father in despair, with lamenting multitudes, accompany her to the place of rest, a church built by one of her ancestors on the summit of the rocks, where the Kasbek, the highest point of the Caucasus, mounts with icy peak into the skies. Hardly has the sound of the funeral songs expired, when a tremendous storm arises and throws the church into ruins, devastating all around; but when it ceases, an angel descends from heaven, and as he carries Tamara's



soul to the joys of eternity announces to her, who has not willfully sinned, but loved and erred, the redeeming pardon; whilst the demon, cursing the hour when he had thought again of love and hope, returns to his old condition of unloving skepticism.

There are some weak points in this poem, and it is altogether less perfect in composition than the *Circassian Boy*;

but, on the whole, it makes a powerful impression, and there is such a profusion of glowing imagery and artistic beauty in it, that it well deserves to rank among the first of its kind. The final moral, which the angel announces to Tamara's soul, is the one long known, that "to those who have much loved shall much be forgiven."

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From Chambers's Journal.

## THE COAL FIELDS OF GREAT BRITAIN.\*

"How long will our coal fields last?" is a question of great importance, especially in connection with whatever may serve greatly to increase the consumption of coal. It is necessary we should be put in possession of such facts as may enable us at least to approximate to a correct notion on the subject, and the valuable work of Mr. Hull is in this respect of much service; he has had large means of information at his disposal, and he has made good use of them.

It is difficult to ascertain much concerning the earliest attempts at coal-mining, which must have been of a very humble nature, and regarded for long as unworthy a place in the chronicles of history; and even when at last they obtain any mention, the notices are of a very scanty nature. The coal spoken of in Scripture is no doubt charcoal, for coal is not to be found in the Holy Land or Arabia, and none nearer than the shores of the Black Sea and the Bosphorus. Theophrastus, a Greek, who wrote about two hundred and thirty-eight years before Christ, briefly speaks of the nature of coal, and tells us how it was used by smiths in his day; he says it was found in Liguria, and in Elis on the road to Olympias over the mount-

ains. In our own island, so especially abounding in coal strata, there can be no doubt that at a very early period coal had begun to be used. A flint axe, stuck into a bed of coal, was lately discovered in Monmouthshire; and when we remember that flint weapons denote the earliest stage of civilization, in which neither iron nor even bronze implements were made, we may infer the early age at which coal was turned to account. A few years since, some miners, near Stanley in Derbyshire, while engaged in driving a heading through the Kilburn coal, broke into some very old excavations, in which they found axes or picks formed of solid oak. Implements which appear to have belonged to an equally early period, are stated to have been found in old coal-workings near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, consisting of stone hammer-heads, wedges of flint, and wheels of solid wood. We have, therefore, sufficient evidence that our coal-mines were worked to some extent long before the invasion of the Romans. After this period, no doubt coal would be more frequently used, for the Romans had many stations close to the outcrop of valuable coal-seams, and cinders have been found amongst the ruins of Roman towns and villas. In his history of Manchester, Whittaker tells us that at Castle Field, among other Roman remains turned up about a century ago, cinders and scorice were discovered in several places, as well as the actual refuse

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\* *The Coal fields of Great Britain: their History, Structure, and Duration, with Notices of the Coal fields of other Parts of the World.* By Edward Hull, B.A., of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and Fellow of the Geological Society. E. Stanford, Charing Cross. London.

of some considerable coal fire. He also relates that, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, near North Brierley, a quantity of Roman coins, the very best indices of dates, were found carefully repositied amid many beds of coal-cinders heaped up in the adjacent fields.

After the time of the Romans, and when we enter upon the Anglo-Saxon period, traces of the clearest kind may be gleaned from documentary evidence. In the Saxon chronicle of the Abbey of Peterborough, dated 852 A. D., we read that the Abbot Ceolred let to hand the land of Sempringham to Wulfred, who was to send each year to the monastery, among other things that are specified, sixty loads of wood, twelve loads of coal, and six loads of peat. It is certain, therefore, that at this early period coal was becoming an article of household consumption. The fact should be noticed also, that the word *coal* is of Saxon origin, and must at this time have become nationalized, for it to take so deep and firm a hold in the language of the country. We see no mention of coal in the *Domesday-Book* of William the Conqueror; but this is not surprising, since mineral productions of every kind are left unnoticed, and the commissioners evidently confined their investigations to the extent, rights, and ownership of the surface-land, together with the classification of the inhabitants. But in the *Boldon Book*, published in the reign of Henry II., containing the census of portions of the northern countries, we find references to coal in connection with smiths' work. In the year 1259, Henry III. granted a charter to the freemen of Newcastle-on-Tyne for liberty to dig coal; and under the term *sea-coal*, a considerable export trade was established with London, where it speedily became an article of consumption, especially amongst the various manufacturers. At first, much prejudice arose against the use of coal, on the ground that its smoke contaminated the atmosphere, and injured the public health; and in 1306, the outcry became so general, that the Lords and Commons presented a petition to King Edward I., who issued a proclamation forbidding the use of coal, and authorizing the destruction of all furnaces and kilns in which it was burned. The proclamation was afterwards repealed, and we may notice how, in the face of opposition, there was a steady increase in the consumption of coal.

Historical records are still extant recording the opening of collieries during the fourteenth century in various parts of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland. Campbell, in his *Political Survey of Britain*, published in 1774, states that although coal was employed in manufactures for several hundred years, it did not come into general use till the reign of Charles I., and was then sold for seventeen shillings a chaldron. In 1670, about two hundred thousand chaldrons, in 1690, upwards of three hundred thousand, and in 1760, double that quantity, were annually consumed in Britain. From that time to the present, the consumption of coal has gone on steadily increasing, so that the average quantity of coal raised annually in Great Britain at present is about sixty millions of tons.

Considering how much the manufactures and prosperity of England depend on the still continued supply of coal to at least its present extent, a knowledge of our resources in this respect, based upon calculations worked out with the utmost care, becomes of the utmost importance; and hence the value of Mr. Hull's present volume. The consumption of coal in our country is at least three times greater than the combined produce of all the remaining coal fields in the world. But the supply can not be unlimited, and hence we shall do well to endeavor to ascertain what are our probable resources.

Just at this point, geology comes to our aid in enabling us to make surveys both comprehensive and to be relied upon. As if with full foresight of the future use of coal, a provision was made by the Creator on such a stupendous scale as should for thousands of years supply the whole world with fuel. For countless ages was the earth covered with gigantic trees, and a thick undergrowth of plants from pole to pole. Forests of huge pines, tree-ferns, reed-like calamites, sculptured sigillaria, and the hirsute lepidodendron, were every where to be seen, while a rank and luxuriant herbage cumbered the swamps below. At that time, no arctic regions, bound with ice and snow, checked the growth of vegetation, and limited its advance, but one uniform climate of fostering heat, with abundant moisture, prevailed over the whole globe. This is inferred from the vegetation of the coal period, displaying as it does

the same genera, and most of the same species, throughout the whole of Europe and of North America, from the arctic regions as far south as the thirtieth parallel of north latitude. Also, this uniformity of vegetation is continued vertically, the same species ranging throughout the whole series of strata, amounting in some instances to a thickness of ten thousand feet, showing that a similar uniform climate prevailed over the whole globe for a long succession of ages.

It was the observation of Sir William Logan twenty years ago, and since abundantly confirmed, that every coal seam lies on a bed of clay. These under clays, which formed the soil on which the coal forming plants grew, are distinctly stratified, showing that they have been deposited under water; and all recent investigations strengthen the probability that this water was not fresh, but marine. It is not unlikely that the coal plants were fitted to grow either partially submerged or at the sea level. The great swamps at the estuary of the Mississippi, along the coast of Louisiana, and the tropical lagoons of the African coast, though not strictly analogous, furnish us with the nearest representation of the nature of those forests that have produced our coal beds. The strata associated with coal consist of sand stones and shales. The sand stones, which were once sand, are frequently rippled, and contain fragments of drifted plants; the shales have generally been deposited tranquilly, and are sometimes so highly carbonaceous as to be nearly black, forming impure coal called *bass*. We may comprehend the formation of a bed of coal by supposing a low lying tract, subject to inundations from the sea, thickly covered with trees, plants, and herbage. After a time, a slow subsidence of this tract takes place, and then the brackish waters of the estuary, and the salt waters from the ocean, carrying dark mud in suspension, gradually submerge the whole. The deposit increases until it covers in one uniform sheet the accumulated growth of centuries. After the subsidence has ceased, and the soil increased to a sufficient elevation, a fresh growth of vegetation takes place, and is continued for a long period of years. Generations of trees, ferns, and grasses spring up and die, till the pulpy mass attains a thickness of twenty, fifty, or one hundred feet.

Another subsidence takes place as before, and the whole bed of vegetable matter is subject to chemical and mechanical forces, till what was once a forest becomes eventually a mass of coal. By a repetition of this process, coal seams are formed one above another—in some cases, above fifty in number—comprising a vertical thickness of several thousand feet of shales, clays, and sand stones. Ages roll on; the strata are moved from their foundations: upheaved from the sea bottom, the breakers and currents sweep away a portion of the covering and the mineral treasures are brought within the reach of mining industry.

The coal field of South Wales is the largest in England, and, with the exception of that of Nova Scotia, contains a greater vertical thickness of strata than any coal field in the world, amounting to upwards of ten thousand feet. It is separated by Caermarthen Bay into two unequal portions: the larger portion, that to the east, stretching to Pontypool, a distance of fifty six miles; the smaller, to the west, extending seventeen miles to St. Bride's Bay—the greatest transverse diameter, at Neath, being sixteen miles. The average annual produce is about eight millions of tons, and at this rate the supply will last two thousand years.

The extreme length of the Bristol and Somersetshire coal field—from its northern apex, at Cromhall, to the northern flanks of the Mendip Hills—is about twenty-five miles. In this coal field, the strata among the hills are much disturbed; and those along the northern borders plunge so rapidly towards the center of the basin, that many of the coal seams are buried to the depth of four or five thousand feet beneath Pennant grit; hence much of the coal is not available. The annual produce of this field is about six hundred thousand tons, and will not be exhausted under three thousand years.

The Forest of Dean coal field, Gloucestershire, forms a more perfect basin than any other coal field in England, as, with a slight exception, the strata every where dip from the margin towards the center. Its area is about thirty-four miles. The coal is being gradually worked from the margin of the basin where it crops out, towards the center, where it is deep. At the present rate of annual production, five hundred thousand tons, the yield will last above a thousand years.

The coal field of Colebrook-dale, Shropshire, has a triangular form, its base being in the valley of the Severn, and its northern apex at Newport. Over a very large portion of this field, the coal has been nearly exhausted, as may be seen from the Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury Railway, where, for a long distance, dismantled engine houses meet the eye, and enormous piles of refuse from abandoned coal and iron mines may be seen. At the present rate of consumption, this coal field will be exhausted in about twenty years.

The Denbighshire coal field, beginning about three miles south of Oswestry, extends northward, about eighteen miles in length, and four in breadth at Wrexham. The yearly production is now above five hundred thousand tons, and at this rate it would last nearly a thousand years. But as collieries are now being erected along the Chester Railway, the production will probably be doubled.

The Flintshire coal field extends along the western side of the estuary of the Dee to Point of Ayr, a distance of fifteen miles. Throughout a considerable part of its range the productive portion is very narrow, and greatly broken by faults. As the greater part of the coal lies near the surface, it has been so much exhausted that probably not more than one half remains for future use, and therefore the supply will scarcely extend to fifty years.

The South Staffordshire coal field extends from the Clent Hills on the south to Brereton, near Rugeley, on the north, a distance of twenty-one miles, and is of an average breadth of seven miles. The proximity to Birmingham, Dudley, and Wolverhampton has brought its resources into full play. From Dudley Castle, the center of the coal field, the country in every direction, for five or six miles, is overspread by collieries, iron foundries, and blast furnaces. Above five million tons of coal were raised from this field in 1858, and at this rate it may be exhausted in about two hundred years.

The North Staffordshire coal field, though of smaller area than that of South Staffordshire, has vastly greater capabilities, with twice the thickness of workable coal. This field is a triangle, with its apex to the north, at the base of Congleton Edge; the eastern side is formed of millstone grit, and the westerly of New Red

Sandstone or Permian strata, close to the Potteries. In 1857, it yielded 1,295,000 tons of coal, and will not be exhausted for twelve hundred and seventy years.

The great coal field of Lancashire is very irregular in outline, and consequently difficult to describe. Its extreme length from Bickerstaffe to Staley Bridge is thirty-two miles, and its average breadth six miles. Smaller isolated coal fields occur at Croxtette Park, Manchester, and Burnley. Calculating the annual production at nine millions of tons, there is sufficient coal to last for four hundred and forty-five years.

The length of the Cumberland coal field is about twenty miles, and its greatest width at Workington about five miles. Between Mayport on the north, and St. Bee's Head on the south, it stretches along the coast of the Irish Sea, and extends inward for a distance of five miles, in which direction the beds rise and crop out. At the rate of a million of tons a year, the coal will last for about a hundred years.

The Warwickshire coal field is small but rich, extending from near Tamworth in a constantly narrowing band, by Atherton and Nuneaton, to near Wyken, a distance of fifteen miles. At the present rate of consumption, three hundred and thirty-five thousand tons, it will last for twelve hundred and forty-four years.

The Leicestershire coal field, inextensive but valuable, occupies an irregularly shaped district south of the Valley of the Trent. In the main coal field of Moira, at a depth of five hundred and ninety-three feet, salt water, beautifully clear, trickles down from the fissures where the coal is being extracted. The present yield of coal is six hundred and ninety-nine thousand tons, and, at the same rate, will last about two hundred and fifteen years.

The Derbyshire and Yorkshire coal field underlies, in part, the counties of Derby, Nottingham, and York, and is the largest coal field in England. Twelve and a half millions of tons were extracted from it in 1857, and, at the same rate, it will last for more than seven hundred years.

The great northern coal field of Durham and Northumberland extends from Staindrop, near the north bank of the Tees, on the south, to the mouth of the Coquet, where it enters Alnmouth Bay on the

north, the distance being nearly fifty miles. Its greatest diameter is near the center, along the course of the Tyne, which forms the great highway for the export of coal to the London market. The North Sea from the Coquet to the Tyne forms on that side the limits of the coal field. Its annual yield is about sixteen millions of tons, and it will last, at this rate, for four hundred and sixty-six years.

The great coal field of Scotland forms one of the geological bands crossing the country from south-west to north-east, and stretches from Kirkcudbrightshire to Berwick. The extreme length from the coast of Ayr to Fife-ness is ninety-four miles; the average breadth, twenty-five miles. The quantity of coal raised in Scotland is about nine millions of tons, and some of it exceedingly valuable for gas.

There are geological grounds for believing, that two thirds of Ireland was once covered by coal beds; but the carboniferous limestone, which in other countries is uniformly surmounted by coal measures, has at some remote period been swept clear of them in Ireland, with the exception of a few isolated tracts in Kerry, Cork, and Waterford, and at Tyrone, Ballycastle, and some few other places in the north.

The extent of the coal bearing strata in our Indian empire is large, though not very productive, while the coal is of inferior quality. There is coal in Australia; but in New Zealand the coal strata are exceedingly valuable. While there is much coal in the United States, there is none whatever in Canada. The coal fields of British North America are at Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Nova Scotia. The coal field of Cape Breton contains erect stems of fossil trees, and gives evidence of at least fifty-nine forests buried in succession. Some of the beds show casts of rain prints, worm tracks, sun cracks, and ripple marks.

In the foregoing calculations as to available coal in this country, Mr. Hull has excluded what lies beyond four thousand feet from the surface, and for this he gives important reasons. The lower we descend, the more we have to contend with increased temperature and pressure. Arago, after actual experiment, gives us the following results: In an artesian well at Paris, there was found an increase of

one degree for every sixty feet of depth; at Saltzwerk, in Westphalia, it was one degree for every fifty-four feet; near Geneva, it was one degree for every fifty-five feet; and at Mondorff, in the grand duchy of Luxemburg, it was one degree for every fifty-seven feet. According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, (Art. 'Mines and Mining,') in the Tresavean mine, Cornwall, the temperature at the depth of two thousand one hundred and twelve feet ranges between ninety and one hundred degrees Fahrenheit; and some of the water from the deep levels of the united mines stands at one hundred and six to one hundred and eight degrees Fahrenheit, which would give an increase of one degree for every fifty-six and a half feet. The observations of Professor Phillips, at the Monkwearmouth Colliery, show an increase of one degree for every sixty feet. According to thermometrical observations between 1848 and 1859 in the colliery at Dukinfield, Cheshire, it was found that, at the depth of seventeen feet, fifty-one degrees Fahrenheit is the invariable temperature throughout the year; also, that there is an increase of one degree for every eighty-three feet of depth in that mine. Perhaps some peculiarities of strata may account for this unusually slow increase of temperature. Striking an average between the two extremes afforded us by the experiments above noticed, we get an increase of one degree for about every seventy feet, which will generally be correct. Now, since it has been found that at a depth varying from fifteen to fifty feet, the temperature remains the same all the year round—that is, about the mean annual temperature of the air—we may adopt fifty degrees Fahrenheit as the average standard of departure from that depth. Calculating the increased density of the air at one degree for every three hundred feet of depth, and combining this with the increase of temperature, we find that at two thousand five hundred feet the temperature is ninety-four degrees Fahrenheit, or almost that of the tropics; while at the depth of four thousand feet the temperature will be one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. Now, against this some allowance must be made for the effect produced by a good system of ventilation. By this means, it was found that in the Shireoak Colliery, at the depth of one thousand five hundred and

thirty feet, the temperature could be lowered ten degrees. Also, it is not unlikely that in winter, and during severe frosts, the temperature may be reduced still further. But Mr. Hull considers that, in the face of the two obstacles, increasing pressure and temperature, it would be impossible to work coal mines at a greater depth than four thousand feet. The following is a recapitulation of the results to which he has arrived: That there are coal deposits in England and Wales at all

depths to ten thousand feet; that mining is possible to a depth of four thousand feet, because the temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit at that depth is capable of considerable reduction by means of ventilation; and that, adopting four thousand feet as the limit to deep mining, there is still a sufficient stock of coal in England and Wales to supply for one thousand years sixty millions of tons annually, the present rate of production.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## LAST NEWS FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE.\*

ON the 10th of March, 1858, the expedition to the Zambesi, under the command of Dr. Livingstone, left Liverpool in the screw-steamer *Pearl*, of two hundred tons burden, commanded by Captain Duncan, bound for Ceylon, but which had engaged to put us ashore at the mouth of the Zambesi. Our expedition consisted of Dr. Livingstone, Charles Livingstone, Dr. Kirk, Commander Bedingfield, R. N., Thomas Baines, Richard Thornden, and myself, the engineer. We were accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and her youngest child, a fine boy of six years of age. On the deck of the *Pearl* was securely placed our little steam-launch, in three compartments, all fitted and in readiness to be bolted together on our arrival at the mouth of the Zambesi. We arrived all safely at the Cape of Good Hope, towards the end of April; but having, on my late voyage home, been shipwrecked, and lost my journal, I can not now be certain of the correct dates. At the Cape, Mrs. Livingstone and her son left us, for the purpose of going with her father, the Rev.

Mr. Moffat, to the missionary station at Kuruman. We left Simon's Bay on the 1st of May, and on the 15th, reached the mouth of the Zambesi, in lat. 18°, long. 36°, on the south-eastern coast, having steamed all the way.

My duties now commenced, and I immediately proceeded to get our launch out. This was a most anxious period for Dr. Livingstone; but as I had been planning during the whole voyage how we should get the launch over the ship's side, we lost no time, but at once erected a derriek, and succeeded in getting her safely into the water; and on the third day after, had steam up, and started in search of a navigable channel to the Zambesi.

Our first attempt was up the west Luabo, a distance of about fifty miles, which it took us three days to accomplish; and this apparent river terminated in a weedy marsh, where the musketoes were so plentiful and so hungry, that both my eyes were completely closed up in the morning; so we had nothing for it but about ship, and return to the *Pearl*. On reporting to Dr. Livingstone the failure of our search, he requested Captain Duncan to recross the bar, and attempt the Kongone. The *Pearl* then departed, leaving us in the launch, where we remained one week, until the arrival, out-

\* This report of Dr. Livingstone's new expedition is from the pen of his engineer, Mr. Rae, who recently returned to England. We have concluded that, though but a sketch, it will gratify curiosity intermediately, without prejudice to the ampler accounts which may in time be looked for from the venerated chief of the enterprise.

side the bar, of H.M.S. *Hermes*, Captain Gordon, which signaled us to come out, and enter the Kongone, where we found the *Pearl* lying at anchor inside the bar. On communicating with the *Pearl*, we found that Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Skede had gone up the Kongone in the *Hermes's* cutter. Next morning we started in the launch, and after steaming about thirty miles up the river, met the cutter coming down, they having succeeded in finding a good navigable channel. We returned in company to the *Pearl*, which then proceeded up the river a distance of about forty miles; and finding she could not with safety proceed further, on account of the shallowness of the water, we started again in our launch in search of a suitable island—of which there are many—on which to erect our store-house. After mature consideration, our commander decided upon one about thirty miles above where we had left the *Pearl*, and which was named Expedition Island. And now we proceeded to erect an iron house, which we had brought with us for the purpose of serving as a *dépôt* for our stores. It took us about four weeks to get all our stores safely conveyed up to the island and deposited in our store-house.

The *Pearl* then left us to our own resources, and proceeded on her voyage to Ceylon. Afterwards, our first step was to make out Mazoro, a Portuguese settlement about fifteen miles up the river. On arriving at this place, we found the natives at war with the Portuguese. They took us also in our launch for Portuguese, and were threatening to fire upon us, when Dr. Livingstone, without hesitation, at once went on shore, and having told them who we were, completely disarmed them, and made them our fast friends.

Dr. Livingstone being now certain that we were in the right river, and that there were no insurmountable obstacles between us and Tette, we returned to Expedition Island for a load of stores, which we purposed taking on to Sanna, a Portuguese town situated about fifty miles above Mazoro. On our way up to Sanna, when about one mile above Mazoro, the morning being very thick and foggy, we were steaming along as usual, when it suddenly cleared up and we saw the dead bodies of several natives, half-eaten by alligators, which are here very numerous and large. We called Dr. Livingstone's attention to this, and he said there must have been fight-

ing going on; and immediately afterwards, on winding a sharp angle of the river, we came in view of a large encampment of the Portuguese, who had taken the field to quell a rebellion of the natives of the surrounding districts. Being hailed by the Portuguese officers, who had heard of our being in the river, and knew who we were, we drew close in shore, and were informed by them that their governor, who was commanding in person, was very sick of fever. They wished Dr. Livingstone to come on shore to see him, who at once consented, and accompanied them to the governor's quarters, whom he found very ill, and much reduced. Dr. Livingstone proposed that he would remove him in the launch to Supanga, a distance of about thirty-five miles further up, on the opposite or right bank of the river. During this time, the fighting had recommenced, and great numbers of the Portuguese slaves were flying before the rebels, and tried to force their way on board of us, but were kept off by our own hands, principally Kroomen, armed with cutlasses, as, if they had got on board, they would undoubtedly have swamped us. Finding they could not get on board of us, they swam off for an island about a mile from the shore, and I here saw a Portuguese sergeant shooting at them while they were swimming. Several of the shots seemed to take effect, as some of the heads disappeared.

Becoming alarmed for the safety of Dr. Livingstone, I took my rifle, and went ashore, and on reaching the top of the bank, about one hundred and fifty yards from the launch, saw Dr. Livingstone at the distance of half a mile assisting the governor towards the launch. I immediately sang out to our firemen to get up steam. The bullets were flying around them in all directions. The doctor, however, kept steadily on, and was enabled to reach us in safety, bringing with him his patient, who was so tall, that while one half of him was on the doctor's back, the other half was trailing on the ground. As soon as we got under cover of the bank, the doctor said: "I am glad we have got this length, Rae, for I don't like those bullets whistling past my ears."

Steam being now up, we started at once for Supanga, where we arrived in safety about five P.M., and learned afterwards that the Portuguese had that day been defeated, losing all their stores. We

now made several trips to and from Expedition Island, and got the most of our stores removed to Supanga, Sanna, and Tette; but our vessel being small and slow, much valuable time was lost in these journeys. Dr. Livingstone was very anxious to get all this work over, and worked himself night and day in order to get us all out of the lower part of the river, where fevers are so common; and this he happily accomplished about the end of September, when we arrived for the first time at Tette, and Dr. Livingstone met the Makolo, whom he had left there two years before, and who had all remained there, in the firm belief that he would return.

The meeting was truly a happy one—the men rushing into the water up to their very necks in their eagerness once more to see their white father. Their joy was perfectly frantic. They seized the boat, and nearly upset it, and fairly carried the doctor ashore, singing all the time that their white father was alive again, their faith in whom was quite unshaken. On inquiry, we found that thirty of them had died from small-pox, and six had been murdered by a drunken chief. They told us that they did not mourn for the thirty who had died, but that their hearts were bleeding for those who were murdered.

Up to this time, all the natives we had seen were slaves to Portuguese owners, with the exception of Dr. Livingstone's Makolo men, and the rebel party formerly mentioned, who were mostly runaway slaves fighting for their liberty under a chief named Mariana; and I have little doubt they would have succeeded in establishing their independence, had they been better provided with ammunition. I have since learned, from reliable sources, that about six hundred male and female prisoners, afterwards taken by the Portuguese, were by them sold as slaves to some other markets; and I myself saw a large party of them, seemingly from four to six hundred, on their way to the coast to be shipped.

After this, having with enormous labor and difficulty got our goods and stores into places of safety, and having found that our launch was insufficient for the purpose of further ascending the Zambesi, and Dr. Livingstone having written to her majesty's government, urging upon them to send out a more powerful steamer, he thought, while waiting replies from home, that instead of remaining idle, he would

push up the Shire, which comes from the north, and joins the Zambesi about forty miles below Sanna. From this attempt the Portuguese endeavored to dissuade us, stating that we would find it impassable, on account of the vast quantities of duck-weed with which they said it was covered. For a very short distance above its junction with the Zambesi we certainly met with considerable quantities, but not such as to stop us; and about three miles up, the river became perfectly clear, and we proceeded onwards, where not even the Portuguese had ever been, they having spoken from report only; after steaming about forty to fifty miles up this noble river, finding never less than two fathoms' water, and the banks of the river very fertile land, we reached the base of a large mountain, called by the natives Moramballa, whose summit is nearly four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The inhabitants of the country, from the mouth of the river up to this point, are the natives who acknowledge the leadership of Mariana, and who were most friendly to us. We stopped here one day, and a party of us ascended the mountain, and thence saw the Shire stretching far away northward, through a magnificent valley, nowhere under twenty miles in breadth, as far as the eye could reach.

Starting up the river next day to explore this great valley, we steamed about one hundred miles, which it took four days to accomplish, and reached a series of rapids, preventing further progress in that direction; these rapids Dr. Livingstone named the Murchison Falls. We landed at several villages each day, and found the natives very friendly to us, and living in the enjoyment of their own liberties, and perfectly uncontaminated by the slave-trade. At first, they were rather afraid that we meant to fight for the purpose of subjecting them to our power, but Dr. Livingstone soon obtained their entire confidence. We were told by them that the Shire flowed out of a lake named by them the Shirwa, but we could not at that time proceed further. Returning again to Tette, for the purpose of refitting, but with the intention of returning to endeavor to reach Lake Shirwa, we found our comrades all well, and rejoiced to see us.

After remaining at Tette for two or three weeks, I erected the small sugar-mill, saw-mill, and stationary steam-engine which we brought from Glasgow, and got



all ready for a start in the sugar-making and wood-cutting lines. Having been supplied with a quantity of sugar-canes by Major Sicard, we set to work expressing the juice, to the great delight of the natives. But the wonder of wonders was the steam-engine and saw-mill, cutting the timber.

We started for the Shire once more on the 10th March, 1859, and proceeded again up to Murchison Falls, finding that the good character we had established on our former visit was now of very great service to us with the natives. This valley of the Shire we found abounding in cotton and large quantities of sugar-cane. The cotton the natives manufacture themselves into a coarse kind of cloth, and the sugar-cane they use as food, not knowing how to extract the sugar. We found also large numbers of the *lignum-vitæ* tree, of a great size, ebony and boaza trees. The bark of the last tree is of a fibrous nature, and is used by the natives for the manufacture of cordage. The river abounds in edible fish of various kinds, and hippopotami of a very large size frequent its banks. Ivory is very plentiful, and I have counted two hundred and two bull elephants in a single herd.

When we neared Murchison Falls, we met the head chief of the valley, named Chibiesa, whom we had not seen on our former trip, but who now received us most kindly. He informed us that his favorite daughter had been stolen by the Portuguese about two years before our visit, and was, he understood, now living at Tette, in the house of the priest; he asked Dr. Livingstone if he thought there was any possibility of recovering her from them, as her mother's heart was always bleeding for her child. Dr. Livingstone replied, that provided he found her at Tette, he had little doubt of being able to procure her freedom and send her home. After Dr. Livingstone's return from Lake Shirwa to the mouth of the Shire, as he himself was not going up to Tette, but down to the mouth of the Zambesi, he redeemed his promise by writing to Major Sicard to have this young girl, only fourteen years of age, set at liberty, and returned at his expense to her parents, which was accomplished, and she safely returned, to their great joy.

Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by Dr. Kirk, proceeded northward, and discov-

ered Lake Shirwa; while I remained in charge of the launch and the hands at the bottom of the Falls. Chibiesa having sent some of his own men to accompany Dr. Livingstone, he was every where kindly received and treated; but he found this Lake Shirwa not to be the source of the Shire, but a lake having no outlet, and consequently brackish; he was told by the natives that beyond Lake Shirwa there was another lake of immense extent, out of which Dr. Livingstone conjectured the Shire to flow; but he could not at present undertake this journey, his party returning all in good health to the launch, after an absence of thirty-five days.

After a few days spent at Tette to refit, we started again towards the end of June, with intention of reaching the great lake. We arrived at Murchison Falls about the end of August, 1859, and leaving the launch there, started on our journey. The exploring party consisted of Dr. Livingstone, Dr. Kirk, Mr. Livingstone, and myself, with about forty Makolo, accompanied by four of Chibiesa's men to act as our guides. They knowing the way, we experienced little difficulties, except those presented by an unknown country, and got along at about the rate of twelve miles a day. The Murchison Rapids extend about thirty-five miles, after which we found a deep navigable river all the way to Lake Nyassa. The river falls during these thirty-five miles about thirteen hundred feet, the scenery being grand, and the valleys very fertile. Above the Falls, the valley again spreads out to about eighteen or twenty miles in width, and the country abounds with the cotton and indigo plants, and the same useful woods that we had met with below the Falls—ebony, *lignum-vitæ*, etc. We also fell in with a soft wood, which I believe would be good for carpenter-work in general. It is also a well-watered country, very healthy. We were forty nights sleeping in the open air, and suffered no inconvenience, nor experienced any evil effects afterwards.

About three days' journey from the head of the Falls, being on the left bank of the Shire, we began to meet with slave parties, bound for the coast of Mozambique; and all the way up to the lake we met parties of slave-hunters, and found villages deserted, the inhabitants

fleeing to the woods at our approach, supposing us to be on the like errand. On finding this, Dr. Livingstone dispatched two of Chibiesha's men in advance, to inform the natives we were Englishmen—the black man's friends—which had every where the desired effect of allaying their fears.

And here it may be well that I should give some account of the slave-hunters' usual mode of procedure when on a stealing expedition. The men who follow this nefarious trade are all half-caste Arabs, blackguard-looking fellows, armed with muskets and cutlasses, and generally on foot. The hunting parties we met numbered from three to twenty or more, and were attended by a number of their own slaves. Stealing up during the night to some village marked as the scene of their depredations, they lurk about until morning, when the children and younger members of the community are beginning to move about; these they seize, one after the other, until they obtain a considerable number. The peaceful inhabitants having no firearms, are powerless either to defend or recover their stolen offspring. These are then secured by means of a long forked stick, the neck of the poor victim being placed between the prongs, and a piece of bamboo tied across in front of the throat. The slave-hunter then takes the extreme end of this cruel instrument of torture, and by means of it pushes them along, and should any of them prove refractory, a twist of his hand nearly strangles them. I have myself seen bands of them, four and five at a time—as we were told, newly captured—with their necks all chafed and bleeding, and their eyes streaming with tears, principally young men of ten to eighteen years of age, driven along in this inhuman manner. We also met a large party near Lake Nyassa on the seventeenth September, 1859—the same day on which we discovered the lake—consisting of between four and five hundred poor creatures, lately torn from their peaceful homes.

We were told by a native chief named Massasoweka, that this party was in his neighborhood, and he was afraid they might do us harm. While he was yet speaking, five of the slave-hunters, having heard of our being there, came up to us, supposing us to be of the same profession, bringing with them six children, boys and girls, of six to eight years of age, wishing

us to purchase them, and offered them to us for about a yard of calico apiece; but finding we were English, they at once decamped; and before daylight next morning the whole camp had disappeared, the mere mention of the English name being sufficient to put them all to flight. The slaves that we saw of this party were jaded and travel-worn, and some of them reduced to perfect skeletons.

From the information we obtained in the lake district, we understand that the country, from the sea-coast inland to the Shire and Lake Nyassa, is almost depopulated; and the slave-hunters are now crossing the Shire to the west, for the purpose of procuring additional supplies for the slave-trade along the coast from Quillimane to Zanzibar. Colonel Rigby, the English consul at Zanzibar, told me that nineteen thousand slaves per annum, to his knowledge, besides great numbers that he can not obtain proper account of, are brought from the district near Lake Nyassa. It is the opinion of Dr. Livingstone and all our party—and in conversing with Colonel Rigby, he concurs with us—that a single steamer placed on Lake Nyassa, and manned by British subjects, would be sufficient to put an end to most of the traffic.

The first to set eyes on Lake Nyassa was Dr. Livingstone himself, who shouted out: "Our journey is ended! Hurrah, my boys!" His men had before this been anxious for a termination to their very arduous toils.

Arrived at the shores of the lake, observations were taken by Dr. Livingstone, when we found we were in latitude fourteen degrees twenty-five seconds South. The lake is of immense extent, the Shire flowing out of it to the south; and the rise and fall of the river does not exceed two feet, according to observations made for two years, showing that the lake must be of immense extent to maintain such an equal flow. The length of this piece of water we had no means of ascertaining; but on inquiring at Massasoweka, a very intelligent old chief, seemingly about a hundred years of age, how long we might take to travel to the head of the lake, his first answer was a derisive laugh, and he said: "You can never travel to the end of this large water. Neither we nor our forefathers, after traveling four moons, could find or hear of the end, so white men need not try it."

The lake had every appearance of a great sea, for although the day was calm, there was a heavy deep swell setting in upon the shore. From all the information we could gather here and elsewhere, the whole of the slave-traffic from the west side of the Shire and Lake Nyassa to the Zanzibar and Mozambique coasts passes through between the northern end of Lake Shirwa and the southern end of Lake Nyassa, a space of only about ten or twelve miles broad; and a single steamer running from and to the Murchison Falls and on Lake Nyassa must cut off the entire traffic.

On the eighteenth September, we left the shores of Lake Nyassa, pleased and thankful that we had been the instruments in the hands of Providence to reveal to the civilized world this great and important country; and hoping that, ere long, we should be enabled to return to do something to advance civilization, and check the horrid traffic in human beings that prevails to such an enormous extent, well knowing that this was the object nearest our great leader's heart. On our return journey, we were everywhere treated with the greatest kindness by the natives; and when about thirty miles south of Lake Nyassa, on the eastern side of the Shire valley, arrived at Mount Zombo, one of a range of mountains many miles in length, which, although fatigued with our long journey, Dr. Livingstone, Dr. Kirk, and myself determined to ascend. This task we accomplished after great difficulty; and found by the aneroid the height of the mountain to be about seven thousand feet above the sea. The view from the summit was grand beyond expression. Near the summit, winding through the ravines, we came upon a considerable river, as broad as the Leven above Dumbarton, and which seemed to flow into Lake Shirwa. The water we tasted, and found sweet and palatable. While resting on the top, we sent on two of our men to inform the chief of our being on his ground, and he immediately sent back an invitation to visit him; his messengers bringing with them a present for us, consisting of three goats, half-a-dozen fowls, three large wooden bowls filled with meal, and some vegetables, which were all acceptable. We were obliged, for the present, to decline his invitation, but promised to give him a call next time we were in his neighborhood.

His head man assured us he had plenty of honey and milk, and wished to get the news from the sea. We found on the summit of this hill heath in bloom exactly the same in appearance as that found upon our Scottish mountains, and also wild brambles having the same flavor and appearance as those at home, only being rather smaller. Dr. Kirk, as botanist, examined both of them, and brought off specimens. Dr. Livingstone also cut and brought off a pepper-stick to make a walking-staff. We remained upon the top of the hill all night, sleeping in the open air, and in the morning woke up to find it extremely cold until sunrise, although this was the hot season. This was the greatest degree of cold I felt in Africa. We descended shortly after day-break, and joined our party, the same day, at a village about four miles from the bottom of the mountain.

We then proceeded onwards, meeting every where with a hearty welcome from the natives, until on the eighth of October we again got in safety to our launch, at the bottom of the Murchison Falls, having been absent forty days on this exploring journey.

Dr. Kirk being now deputed by Dr. Livingstone to proceed overland from the Murchison Falls to Tette, I started with him on that journey on the eighteenth October, accompanied by thirty of the Makolo men. This being a part of the country never formerly traversed by Europeans, and very thinly inhabited, our journey proved to be the most toilsome and difficult that we had yet undertaken. Immediately upon leaving the valley of the Shire we struck into the mountains lying to the south-west, and entered a barren country, through which we traveled three or four days without meeting any natives, or falling in with any of their villages, where we could purchase fowls or other food, so were entirely dependent upon the stock we carried with us, which consisted only of about a dozen pounds of salt pork. Water also was very scarce, we being sometimes a day and a half without getting any, and even what we procured was very salt and brackish, and in such very small quantities, that instead of quenching, it frequently only aggravated our thirst. On the fourth day, the man who carried our pork disappeared, having fallen behind our party, and we now experienced the pangs of hunger in

earnest; but most providentially, on the fifth day from leaving the Shire, towards mid-day, we reached a pretty large village where our wants were attended to, and where we remained the following night. In the morning, we purchased from these hospitable natives a sheep—for which we paid about a fathom of calico; six or eight fowls, paying for them about a yard of calico; and some meal for our men, which cost us about ten of our glass beads; and being once more provisioned, we again set out upon our journey, and found the same scarcity of water still prevailing; we occasionally met herds of antelopes, but could not get near enough to them for a shot. By this time we were drawing near to the Portuguese territory, and food was more easily procured, the country being here more thickly inhabited; and on the eighth day from our leaving Murchison Falls, arrived at Tette, where, after procuring supplies of provisions, and also some materials much wanted for the repair of our steam-launch, which we purposed executing at the mouth of the Kongone, where we could beach her, we started in the pinnace, early in November, to go down the Zambesi; and after fifteen days' sailing, met our leader with the launch, at Kongone, where he had arrived nearly two weeks before us.

H.M.S. Lynx, Captain Barclay, was also lying off the bar, and with the assistance of her engineers, we got the launch patched up and once more afloat; but after three days had again to beach her, other leaks breaking out as fast as we could stop up old ones; so we now had no other resource but stop up her leaks with clay, finding it quite impossible to keep her afloat any other way. We once more started, about the end of December, in the launch, for Tette, where we arrived after much difficulty and frequent stoppages to repair, about the beginning of February, 1860. It having been now decided by Dr. Livingstone that I should be sent home to procure a more powerful and portable steamer, to be specially adapted for the navigation of the river Shire above the Falls, and also Lake Nyassa, we left Tette for the mouth of the river on the 18th of February, where we expected to meet, according to appointment, one of her majesty's ships, in which I was to return to England. But on our arrival at the bar, about the

end of February, finding no ship due until the 15th of March, Dr. Livingstone sent me round to Quillimane, where we expected to find some ship in which I could get a passage home; but I had to remain there until the middle of June.

As the launch had by this time become perfectly useless, Dr. Livingstone, knowing that nothing could be done without a steamer, resolved to redeem his promise made to Seheletu on his former visit, by accompanying the Makolo men to their own country, a journey they of themselves could never have accomplished, on account of the dangers to which they would be exposed from neighboring tribes; and while I remained at Quillimane, I had letters from him, dated 15th May, in which he stated that on the following day he purposed leaving Tette, where he then was, accompanied by Dr. Kirk and Mr. Charles Livingstone, for that purpose. I also had letters from Major Sicard, in which he stated that he had news from Dr. Livingstone, then two days upon his upward journey, and that he had sent with him a number of natives to assist him in his progress. While I remained at Quillimane—as was to be expected from the low, marshy nature of the country—I had an attack of fever; and Dr. Livingstone being far away, I felt very much the want of that skill and attention which he was so well qualified and always willing to give. On the 14th of June, H.M.S. Lyra, Captain Oldfield, arrived at Quillimane. Captain Oldfield informed me that on the 2d he stood off the Kongone, and sent in two boats, expecting to find me there; and most unfortunately, when crossing the bar, one of the boats was swamped, and the pay-master drowned, a circumstance which gave me great grief. I was taken on board the Lyra on the 14th, which left Quillimane the same evening, and towards the end of the month reached the island of Johanna, where we fell in with a small schooner bound for the Mauritius, on board of which we shipped the cases of botanical specimens, and confided to the care of her captain Dr. Livingstone's dispatches; but for want of room he could not give me a passage. Captain Oldfield, indeed, was very much opposed to my risking a voyage in such a small vessel. After this, I cruised about on this station in the Lyra, whose particular duty was the prevention of the slave-trade, and whose captain was

a terror to all the slave-dealers on the coast, and I had the good fortune to assist in the capture of a slaver of three hundred tons, fitted up for one thousand slaves.

An American bark, the *Guide*, Captain M'Millan, having come into the port, bound for Aden, and as there was no prospect of my getting a passage to the Cape before December, I considered it the best way to carry out the wishes of Dr. Livingstone, and for the good of the expedition, that I should embark in her for Aden, and thence, per Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, to England, which I calculated would land me there by the middle of September.

We sailed from Zanzibar on the 30th of August in the *Guide*, hailing from Salem. Our ship's company consisted, as nearly as I can now recollect, of twenty Americans, besides three Spanish ladies, passengers, and myself. On September 4th, about midnight, the vessel struck, and went ashore at Rass Haffoon, near the Gulf of Aden. The boats were immediately lowered, the wind blowing fresh at the time, and we got biscuits and water put on board, and the passengers' private luggage, with the intention of pulling out to sea, so as to reach Aden; but the surf being very heavy, our boats were all swamped and knocked to pieces against the ship's sides, when we lost every thing of which we were formerly possessed. With great difficulty we again scrambled on to the ship's decks; and as daylight was now just beginning to break, we could see the land about two hundred yards distant, the ship being forced ashore by the action of the surf. As daylight increased, the natives appeared in hundreds, and by eight A.M. they succeeded in boarding us. At first, they pretended to be friendly to us; but on seeing that we were perfectly helpless, and our boats all destroyed, they commenced plundering the passengers and ship, tearing the earrings from the ladies' ears, and flourishing their long knives, as if they intended to massacre the whole of us. We then dropped over the ship's side into the water, which was now a few feet deep, and escaped to the shore during the excitement consequent upon the plundering of the vessel, taking with us only the clothes in which we stood, and about fourteen thousand dollars in gold pieces, divided amongst us, for the purpose of

aiding us to get away from the coast. We traveled along the shore towards the north-east, in search of water, and also to be out of the reach of ill-usage at the hands of the natives, who we now found were Sumalies, with a mixture of Arabs, all well armed with assegaias and long knives, and seemingly bent upon our destruction. On the first day we reached the rock of Rass Haffoon, where we wandered about for two days more, searching for water, and keeping a look-out, hoping to see some ship pass near us. On the evening of the third day from that of the wreck, five of the crew went off in search of water, which they expected to find near a green bush which we saw at a short distance. These men never returned, and we learned afterwards that they had all been murdered, and saw some of the natives wearing their clothes. Our sufferings at this time were indescribable, our tongues perfectly parched, and our voices so much altered, that we could scarcely understand what each other said. I scraped away the sand to fit my side, so that I might lie comfortably at night. On the third morning, Captain M'Millan and I started for the north side of the rock, in search of the men who had left us the preceding evening, and hoping also to fall in with fresh water. This, although only three miles distant, was, in our weakened condition, and with the hot glare of the sun reflected from the sand, a most painful and laborious journey; but our labor was in vain, as we could neither see nor hear of the missing men, found no water, and could see no ship.

On rejoining our companions in misfortune, despair was in every heart: six of the crew and the three ladies talked of destroying themselves by drowning. I was a few steps off when this was proposed. Captain M'Millan came to me, and said: "What do you think of the proposal?" My answer was: "I have not the slightest intention of doing so yet; as long as there is life, there is hope." By this time we were now approaching the others; the ladies had got to their feet, and were walking off to the water. Some of the crew then asked me: "How long can we live, Rae, without food or water?" My reply was: "At least eight or ten days; and if you remain here at rest, you may probably live longer." The ladies stood still hearing this conversation, and wishing us all to go into the water and

die together; but I opposed this, and said: "Come, let us try and get to the wreck." The men objected, saying: "Although we go to the wreck, we will just be killed—better die here than be murdered." I then said: "There is a chance of us not being murdered; and if we get back to the ship, we are sure of a drink of water, and perhaps some food."

The mate insisted that we should not go: "We will not be long a-dying here; we will be dead by to-morrow night." After some more argument and talking of the same sort, we all sat down, and it was now proposed to kill the captain's dog, which had accompanied us from the ship. The dog was instantly killed by a blow from an ax, and some of the crew ate a small part of the flesh. I put a small piece over my lips, to keep them moist, they being severely cracked and very painful.

After some further persuasion, on the part of Captain McMillan and I, they were all got upon their feet; but the ladies still insisted on destroying themselves, and walked towards the water. I followed, and caught hold of one of them, and carried her along; the others then turned and followed, and we all proceeded in the direction of the wreck, lying about seven miles distant, several of the crew showing symptoms of mental aberration.

To the best of my recollection, we reached the wreck on the fifth day, but from this time I lost all recollection of the days of the week or month. We went straight to the ship's side, and tried to scramble up, but in our weak state only a few of us succeeded. By this time the natives were again around us, and stripped us of our clothes, allowing us to retain only the shirt and trousers. I walked up to a tent made of our sails, where a pleasant-looking old woman was standing at the door, from whom I begged as much water as would wet my lips. She handed me a skin bottle nearly full of water, which I drained to the bottom, without removing it from my lips. The woman tried to seize it, but I turned round and avoided her. This draught of water revived me very much, and I again made for the ship's side, and attempted to scramble up, but fell back repeatedly into the water. On being observed by some of the crew who had got on board, they threw me a rope, and by their help I

succeeded in reaching the deck of the ship, and found every thing gone, except some pieces of salt pork kicking about the decks, and also a tank of fresh water, which the natives had not discovered.

By this time we had all got on board, and soon got a fire lighted, and the pork ready for eating; and we now learned that one of the chief's head men had arrived at the wreck from the interior. He inquired at one of the Spanish ladies if there were any English amongst us, on which she pointed to me, and said: "There is one man belonging to the Queen of England; that man must be saved, and sent back; and we hope that on his account you will spare us all." His reply was, that he had orders from his sultan, if there were any English, he was to protect them until the arrival of the chief. We lived for five days, with very little food, under his protection. After five or six days the chief himself came on board and asked for the man belonging to the Queen of England. I was immediately pointed out to him; he said in Arabic: "You are English? To-night I will send you a sheep." I asked him, was there any chance of our ever getting away from this place. He replied that he would do his utmost to get me and the ladies sent off, and after a long delay, dispatched us in an open boat, called in their language *dohw*, to Makullah, where we arrived on the 14th of October. We then went to the sultan, by whom we were received with great kindness. He gave us a house in which we all were to live, and provided us with food during our stay, and also sent cloth to make clothes for us.

On the 22d of October, having been provided with another *dohw* by the liberality of the sultan, we left Makullah, and on the 25th of October, 1860, arrived at the British settlement of Aden, and felt once more secure under the protection of the British flag. I then reported myself to Captain Playfair, the political agent at Aden, who told me he would send me second-class to Southampton as a distressed British subject; and accordingly, on the 29th October, I sailed in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer *Colombo* for Suez; thence overland to Alexandria; and home by the mail-steamer *Ceylon* to Southampton, where I arrived on the 17th of November, grateful to Providence for having so mercifully preserved me through so many dangers.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

### V.

HOW KING EDWARD VI. WENT FORTH BYTIMES INTO THE PRIVY GARDEN OF THE TOWER.—HOW HE THERE ENCOUNTERED THE YOUTHFUL LADY JANE GREY, AND OF THE PROFITABLE DISCOURSE THAT ENSUED BETWEEN THEM.

DURING the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., the Tower had been little more than a strongly-fortified, well-garrisoned state prison. Its dungeons were crowded with sufferers from the terrible statute of the "Six Articles," and with important state delinquents; but the grand apartments of the palace were closed, and the council-chambers in the White Tower but rarely visited. Never, indeed, since the luckless Catherine Howard was brought to the block, had the ruthless monarch set foot within the fortress. Well might he avoid the Tower, for its very stones would have cried out against him! He could not have passed over the open space in front of St. Peter's Chapel, and have marked that blood-sprinkled spot, where, according to tradition, no grass will grow, without thinking of the two lovely women who had there been put to death, after vainly suing to him for mercy. He could not have looked around at the various towers girding the inner ward, without recalling the hundreds whom he had there immured. To him the Tower must have been full of dreadful memories—memories of the noble, the wise, the good, the beautiful, and once-beloved, whom he had held in durance in its cells, or delivered over to the headsman. If all those who had perished by his decrees, by the ax or at the stake, could have been collected together on Tower-green, they would well-nigh have filled that spacious area. No wonder Henry, proof as he was against remorse, should shun the scene of his atrocities.

But the gloom that had so long hung over the blood stained fortress, making it an object of dread to all who gazed upon

it, was now for a time dispelled. Sounds of revelry and rejoicing, as we have shown, were once more heard within its courts. All the state apartments in the palace—a structure that, unfortunately for the lover of antiquity, has totally disappeared—were decorated anew and thrown open. The court was now held at the Tower, and such was the throng of visitants brought thither by the circumstance, that every available chamber in the fortress had an occupant, and many chambers—and these none of the largest—had several.

But not only were there more guests within the palace and in the different lodgings connected with it, but the military force ordinarily maintained within the Tower was trebled. These precautions were taken for the security of the young king's person. Not that any rising on the part of the citizens was apprehended, but such was the course usually adopted at that time on the accession of a monarch to the throne. Thus, in addition to the nobles and their retinues, the Tower was so crowded with archers and arquebusiers that it was wonderful where so many persons could be bestowed. The bastions bristled with cannon, and the ramparts were thronged with men-at-arms. Yeomen of the guard paraded within the outer ward, while troops of henchmen, sergeants of office, clerks of the king's house, marshals of the hall, ushers and sewers of the hall and chamber, minstrels, and serving-men, in rich and varied liveries, were collected in the courts of the palace, or at various points of the wide inner ward. Within and without, all was stir and animation. And if the hapless prisoners still languishing in the dungeons did not share in the general rejoicing, they did not interfere with it, since none save the jailors troubled themselves about them.

Early on the morning after Edward's

arrival at the Tower, while the extraordinary bustle just described prevailed throughout the fortress, the object of all this unwonted stir was walking, almost alone, in the privy garden attached to the palace. Garden and palace have long since disappeared, but at that time the former occupied a large triangular space between the Lanthorn Tower, the Salt Tower, and the Well Tower, and being inclosed by the high ballium wall, had a very secluded air. It was pleasantly laid out with parterres, walks, a clipped yew-tree alley, and a fountain, and boasted two or three fine elms, and an ancient mulberry-tree. But it must be recollected that it was now winter, and consequently the place was not seen to advantage; the trees were leafless, the water in the fountain congealed, the clipped alley covered with hoar-frost. Whenever the Tower was used as a royal residence, the privy garden was reserved exclusively for the king. Edward, therefore, had no reason to apprehend intrusion while taking exercise within it.

Notwithstanding the fatigue and excitement of the previous day, Edward quitted his couch long before it became light, and having finished his devotions, and heard a homily from his chaplain, which occupied some time, he repaired by a private passage, and attended by a single gentleman of the chamber, to the palace garden, where he supposed he should be undisturbed. The diligent young monarch, who never wasted a moment, did not seek this quiet retreat merely for the purpose of exercise, but, while walking to and fro, employed his time in studying the *Institutes* of Justinian, while another ponderous tome, namely, the venerable Bracton's treatise "*De legibus et consuetudinibus Angliæ*," was borne by his attendant for occasional consultation. Wrapped in a velvet gown, lined and bordered with sable, Edward did not seem to feel the cold half so much as his attendant, but continued to pore upon his book as unconcernedly as if it had been a morning in June, sometimes moving very slowly, and occasionally coming to a standstill, if a passage perplexed him.

The person with him, whom he addressed as John Fowler, had nothing very noticeable in his appearance. He was short and stout, by no means ill-favored, and wore a reddish sugar-loaf beard. Fond of good cheer, he had usually a ruddy, jovial

look, and a droll, good-humored expression of countenance; but his face was now pinched with cold, and his nose, large, knobbed, and mulberry-colored, was literally blue with cold, and he had much ado to prevent his teeth from chattering. He did not dare to utter a complaint, and, as a matter of course, was obliged to stop whenever his royal master stopped, and keep up his circulation in the best way he could. While Edward was buried in Justinian, how Master Fowler longed to be back at the great fire in the hall, heaped up with logs, which he had so recently quitted! how he promised to solace himself for his present suffering by a deep draught of mulled sack, and a plentiful breakfast on pork-chine, roast capon, and baked red-deer! Fowler had occupied the post he now filled during the late king's lifetime. Much trusted by the Lord Protector, he was placed near Edward in order that all the young king's doings might be reported to his uncle. Whether Fowler merited the confidence reposed in him by his employer will be seen hereafter.

Nearly an hour passed by in this manner, and all the creature-comforts so anxiously looked forward to by the half-frozen gentleman of the privy chamber seemed as far distant as ever. The young king still continued occupied with Justinian, and showed no signs of returning to the palace. He had come to a stand, and was conning over a passage of unusual perplexity, when another person entered the garden. This was a young girl of extraordinary beauty, wrapped like the king in a furred mantle to defend her tender person from the severity of the weather, and, like him, provided with a book, on which her eyes were studiously fixed—so studiously, indeed, that she did not appear to observe the young monarch and his attendant. On his part, also, Edward was equally unconscious of her approach, and never once raised his eyes to look at her.

It was the duty of the gentleman of the chamber to warn the fair intruder from the royal presence; but either he was too cold to discharge his office properly, or curious to see what would happen, for he contented himself with coughing slightly, and failing to arouse the king's attention, he took no other means of checking her advance.

By this time the fair young creature was within a short distance of Edward,



who, hearing footsteps, lifted his eyes from his book, and regarded her with some astonishment, but without displeasure.

At the same moment the young maiden looked up, exhibiting a countenance of wondrous loveliness. A slight blush suffused her features, and heightened, if possible, their beauty. She might have been a year older than the king—at all events, she was the taller of the two. Her high birth was proclaimed in her lineaments, in her carriage—which had a most charming dignity about it—and in her attire, which was such as became the daughter of one of the most powerful nobles of the land. Serene and gentle in expression, full of thought, and apparently free from any taint of humanity, her physiognomy presented that rare union of intelligence and beauty, which, when seen in perfection, as in the present instance, seems to raise its possessor to a level with beings of a higher and purer order than those of earth. Her look and smile were little less than seraphic. Such was the youthful Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, great-niece of Henry VIII., and granddaughter of his beautiful sister Mary, wedded first to Louis XII. of France, and secondly to the illustrious Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

"Good morrow, sweet cousin," said the youthful king, graciously returning Jane's lowly obeisance. "Marry, you are early astir. I should have thought, that on a frosty morn like this, a seat by the warm hearth would have been fitter for one so delicate as yourself than exposure to the keen air. But you seem to bear the cold bravely."

"I do not feel it," replied the young Lady Jane; "I am accustomed to exposure to all weathers, and take no hurt from it. Your majesty is mistaken in supposing that I am at all delicate. I am far harder than the slightness of my frame would seem to warrant. When I am at Bradgate, in Leicestershire, I ride to the chase with my father, and am never wearied by a long day's sport. Sport, did I call it?" she added, with a half-sigh—"hunting the deer is no pastime to me; but such it is generally considered, and so I must perforce style it. Then I rise betimes, for I am no lag-a-bed, and take my book, and stroll forth into the park, if it be summer, or into the garden if winter, and read and meditate till summoned to my slender repast."

"Much the same mode of life as I have passed myself," replied Edward, "though I have never yet had my fill of the chase. Now I am king I mean to gratify my inclinations, and kill plenty of deer in Windsor Forest and in Enfield Chase. But if you like not hunting, sweet coz, surely you must be fond of hawking? 'Tis a noble pastime!"

"May-be so," rejoined Jane, gravely, "but I like it no better than hunting; and I like coursing with greyhounds less than hawking, and angling less than coursing. Your majesty will smile when I tell you that I deem all these sports cruel. They yield me no delight. I can not bear to have harmless creatures tortured to make sport for me. It sickens me to see a noble hart pulled down, and I have rescued more than one poor crying hare from the very jaws of its pursuers. Poor beasts, I pity them. I pity even the mischievous otter."

"I do not share your sentiments, Jane," said the king, "but I admire them, as they show the tenderness of your disposition. For my own part, while hunting or hawking I become so excited that I feel little for the beast or bird. I have small liking for angling, I must needs confess, for that sport does not excite me, but I read by the river-side while my preceptors ply the rod and line. But, as I just now said, I will have a grand chase in Windsor Forest, which my uncle, Sir Thomas Seymour, shall conduct; and you shall come and see it, if you list, sweet cousin."

"I pray your majesty to hold me excused," replied Jane. "I have more hunting than I care for at Bradgate. But I should delight in roaming through Windsor Forest, which, they tell me, is a right noble wood."

"Have you not seen it?" cried Edward. "Nay, then, there is a great pleasure in store for you, sweet coz. Marry, there are no such groves and glades at Bradgate as you shall find there."

"That I can readily believe," rejoined Jane; "and the castle itself hath much interest to me."

"I shall not visit it until after a sad ceremony hath taken place in St. George's Chapel," observed Edward, with much emotion, "and the king, my lamented father—on whose soul may Jesu have mercy!—hath been placed by the side of my sainted mother in its vaults. But

when this season of gloom is passed, when I have been crowned at Westminster, when the Lord Protector and the council will let me remove my court to Windsor, then, sweet cousin, you must come to the castle. Marry, it will content you. 'Tis far better worth seeing than this grim old Tower, which looks more like a dungeon than a palace."

"Nay, my liege," replied Jane, "Windsor Castle, however grand and regal it may be, can never interest me more than this stern-looking fortress. Within these walls what tragedies have been enacted! what terrible occurrences have taken place! It must be peopled by phantoms. But I will not dwell longer on this theme, and I pray you pardon the allusion. Strange to say, ever since I set foot within the Tower, I have been haunted with the notion, which I can not shake off, that I myself shall, one day, be a prisoner in its cells, and lose my life on its green."

"That day will not occur in my time, sweet cousin," replied Edward. "It is not a place to inspire lively thoughts or pleasant dreams, and I must needs own that I slept ill myself last night. I dreamed of the two children of my namesake, Edward V., and their murder in the Bloody Tower. I hope you had no such dreams, Jane?"

"Indeed, my liege, I had — dreams more terrible, perchance, than your own," she rejoined. "You will guess what I dreamed about when I tell that, on awaking, I was rejoiced to find my head still on my shoulders. Hath your grace any faith in omens?"

"Not much," answered Edward. "But why do you ask, sweet coz?"

"Your majesty shall hear," she returned. "When I entered the Tower yesterday with the noble lord my father, and your grace's loving cousin, my mother, we crossed the inner ward on our way to the palace, and amongst the crowd assembled on the green I noticed a singularly ill-favored personage, whose features and figure attracted my attention. The man limped in his gait, and was clad in blood-red serge, over which he wore a leathern jerkin. Black elflocks hung on either side of his cadaverous visage, and there was something wolfish and blood-thirsty in his looks. On seeing me notice him, the man doffed his cap, and advanced towards me, but my father angrily ordered him back, and struck him with his

horsewhip. The man limped off, glaring malignantly at me with his red, wolfish eyes, and my father then told me it was Mauer, the headsman, and, as it was deemed unlucky to encounter him, he had driven him away. Doth not your majesty think that the meeting with such a man, on such a spot, was an ill omen?"

"Heaven avert it!" exclaimed the young king. "But let us change the topic. Tell me the subject of your studies, my learned cousin?"

"I can lay no claim to the epithet your majesty hath bestowed upon me," she replied. "But the book I am reading is Martin Bucer's *Commentary on the Gospels*."

"I have heard of it from my tutor, Doctor Cox, who describes it as an admirable treatise. You shall expound it to me, Jane. Doubtless you have read Bucer's *Commentary on the Psalms*?"

"I have, my liege, and I will essay to expound that work to you, as also the *Pirskoavol* of Paul Fagius, which I have been lately reading, if you be so minded."

"You could not please me better. I am certain to derive profit and instruction from your comments, Jane. The preparation is needful, for it is my purpose to invite Bucer and Fagius to England. His grace of Canterbury hath already spoken to me concerning them. It shall be my aim to make my court the resort of learned and pious men, and, above all, of such as are most zealous for the reform of the Church, and its complete purification from the errors of popery."

"Bucer and Fagius are both men of great learning and piety, sound and severe controversialists, able and ready to refute and assail, if need be, the adversaries of the good cause, and I am rejoiced that your grace intends to invite them to your court. You will do yourself honor thereby. But there is another person, not unknown to your highness, whom I think might be of service in carrying out the mighty work of the Reformation which you project. I mean the Princess Elizabeth's instructor, worthy Master Roger Ascham."

"I have not overlooked him," replied Edward. "Ascham merits promotion, and he shall have it. A man must needs be master of Greek to fill a professor's chair in St. John's College, Cambridge, as Ascham hath filled it, and his knowledge of divinity is equal, I am told, to his

scholarship. My wise and well-beloved father chose him from his acquirements to be Elizabeth's instructor—she is now reading Sophocles and Cicero with him—and when his task with her is finished, as it must be ere long, for she is a quick and willing scholar—I will have him near me."

"Your grace will do well," rejoined Jane. "Roger Ascham ought to be one of the luminaries of our age; and, above all, he is a godly man, and without guile. His latinity is remarkably pure."

"It must be so, if you commend it, my learned cousin," remarked the king, "for you are a very competent judge. Both Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox lauded your Latin letters to me, and said they were written with classic elegance and purity."

"Your grace will make me vain," rejoined Jane, slightly coloring; "but I am bound to state that my own worthy tutor, Master Elmer, made the same remarks upon the letters with which you have honored me. Talking of my correspondents—if I may venture to speak of any other in the same breath as your majesty—I am reminded that there is another person worthy of your attention, inasmuch as he would be an humble but zealous co-operator in your great design. The person I refer to is Henri Bullinger, disciple and successor of Zwinglius, and at this present a pastor at Zurich. Bullinger hath suffered much persecution, and would endure yet more if needful."

"Bullinger is an ardent Reformer," observed Edward. "He assisted, I remember, at the famous conference at Bern. You shall tell me more about him on some other occasion, and if you will favor me with a sight of his letters to you I shall be well pleased. Meanwhile, you may rest satisfied that he shall not be forgotten. You are a very zealous advocate for the Reformed faith yourself, cousin Jane."

"I have that in me which would enable me to die for the religion I profess, sire," she cried, looking upwards.

"I do not doubt your constancy, sweet cousin, but I trust it will never be put to the proof," said the young king, approvingly. "I came out to study Justinian and Bracton, but you have given me a far better lesson than any law-maker could afford. You must come often to our court, Jane, whether we be at Westminster, Shene, or Windsor."

"It will gladden me to comply with your majesty's injunctions, if I have my father's permission," she replied; "but he will probably think me much too young to appear at court. I have lived almost wholly in retirement hitherto, my education being far from complete."

"But if I command, my lord of Dorset must obey; and so must you, fair cousin," cried Edward, with a slight touch of his father's imperious manner.

"Your grace will command nothing that a loyal subject can not comply with—of that I am certain," rejoined Jane. "But your majesty seems to forget that you have a governor—and a strict one, if what I hear be true. Are you quite sure that the Lord Protector will allow you to choose your own companions?"

"Peradventure not, unless they are agreeable to him," returned Edward; "but he can not object to you, fair cousin, or to my sister Elizabeth. I will not ask him to let my sister Mary come often to me, unless she will abjure her errors, and conform to the new doctrines."

"Gentle persuasion may lead the Lady Mary's grace into the right path," said Jane. "No pains should be spared with one so richly endowed. Such a convert would be worthy of your majesty, and redound greatly to your honor."

"I despair of making a convert of Mary," replied Edward. "So stiff-necked and bigoted is she, that even the strong-willed king my father had enough to do to bring her to submission; and for a time she set his rightful authority at defiance. His grace of Canterbury will advise me as to the course that ought to be pursued with her, and I shall be guided by his counsel. Know you my younger uncle, Sir Thomas Seymour, Jane?"

"But little," she answered. "I have seen him with my father, and I could not fail to notice him yesterday, for by common assent he was judged the noblest-looking personage who vowed fealty to you. Now I bethink me, her highness the queen-dowager called my attention to him, and asked me what I thought of him. I told her I deemed him wondrous handsome, whereat she smiled very graciously upon me."

"He is wondrous handsome!" cried Edward, enthusiastically; "and I marvel not her majesty should smile to hear him praised, for he is a favorite with her, as, indeed, he is with my sister Elizabeth,

and with most people except the Lord Protector. To speak plain—for I dare speak plain to you, sweet cousin—I think the Lord Protector is jealous of him, and of his fancied influence over me. I would Sir Thomas Seymour had been chosen my governor. My elder uncle is good and kind, but he is austere, and—not exactly like Sir Thomas. He will keep all the power in his own hands, and leave little more than the name to me.”

“Perhaps it is for the best. Your grace is very young, and can have had but slight experience of state affairs.”

“But I shall not like the Lord Protector’s control,” cried Edward. “I feel impatient already, though he has scarcely begun to exercise it. But I *could* obey Sir Thomas without a murmur.”

“I begin to perceive that Sir Thomas’s influence over your majesty is by no means imaginary, and that the Lord Protector may have good cause for jealousy of his younger brother,” observed Jane, smiling. “But I must crave your majesty’s permission to retire. I have sufficiently interrupted your studies already, and will not trespass further on your valuable time.”

“Nay, I hold your discourse to be more profitable than my studies, as I just now told you, fair coz,” rejoined the youthful king. “I shall read no more now. Do not burden yourself longer with that book, but let Fowler carry it for you.”

And as at a sign from his majesty the gentleman in attendance respectfully advanced to take the books from his royal master and the Lady Jane, Edward observed that he looked very cold.

“I am well-nigh starved, an please your majesty,” replied Fowler. “I have no inward fire, like your highness and the Lady Jane Grey, to warm me withal.”

“What inward fire dost thou speak of, Fowler?” demanded the king, smiling.

“The fire of intellect, an please your majesty,” replied the other, “which burns so brightly in your grace and my Lady Jane, that you have no need of any grosser element to warm you—at least, it would seem so. For my own part, the little wit I possess is frost-bitten, like the point of my nose—if so blunt a nose can be said to have a point—and, if I tarry here much longer, I am like to lose both wit and nose.”

“Thou shouldst have advised me of

thy sorry case before, good fellow,” said the king, laughing. “Let us in, sweet cousin; or, while we discourse here at our ease, this dainty gentleman will be turned to ice.”

“Of a verity shall I, my gracious liege,” rejoined Fowler; “an I be not speedily delivered hence, I shall be fixed to the spot like yonder frozen fountain.”

‘And albeit thou mightst ornament the garden as a statue, I can not afford to lose a good servant, so I will take compassion upon thee. Come, fair coz.’

So saying, the young king gave his hand to the Lady Jane, and led her towards the entrance of the palace, followed by Fowler, upon whose features the anticipation of a warm fire and a plenteous repast had produced a very pleasurable expression.

## VI.

OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE LORD PROTECTOR AND SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR, AND HOW IT WAS ADJUSTED.

THE privy garden was bounded on the north by a long stone gallery, extending from the Lanthorn Tower to the Salt Tower, and communicating by a corridor with the royal apartments. From an upper window in this gallery two persons had for some time been looking down upon the youthful pair, and the window luckily being open, no part of their discourse escaped them. They listened to it with the greatest attention, and both seemed equally well pleased with what they heard. Though these eavesdroppers were wholly unobserved by the young monarch and his companion, they were not unnoticed by Fowler, who, having nothing else to do, was casting his eyes about in every direction; but, as he recognized in them the Marquis of Dorset, the Lady Jane’s father, and Sir Thomas Seymour, he did not think it necessary to give his royal master a hint of their proximity. Moreover, a sign from Seymour, with whom he seemed to have a secret understanding, served to make him hold his tongue.

Just at the point when Edward called to his attendant to relieve him and the Lady Jane from the books, the listeners withdrew from the window, and the gallery being empty at the time, Seymour said to the marquis, with a proud smile:

“What think you of what you have heard, my lord? How stand I with his

majesty? Have I overrated my influence with him?"

"Not a jot," replied Dorset. "You stand so well with your royal nephew, that it will be your own fault if you be not the first peer of the realm."

"What! do you place me above the Lord Protector?" cried Seymour. "Be-think you that the council have given him all the power?"

"I am not unmindful of it," replied the marquis; "but you have the king on your side, and unless the Lord Protector contrives to wean his highness's love from you, you must ere long gain the ascendancy."

"You are in the right, my lord of Dorset," said Seymour; "I shall both gain it and maintain it. And as I rise, others shall rise with me—that you may reckon on. A thought crossed me while I was listening to yon pretty pair, and I will make you privy to it. They seem made for each other. Why should they not be wedded when they arrive at a suitable age?"

"Even if I dared indulge the thought," replied the marquis, evidently well pleased by the suggestion, though striving to appear unconcerned, "his majesty's extreme youth and my daughter's tender years forbid it."

"What is to hinder their affiancement?" rejoined Seymour. "The alliance may be brought about, I tell you, my lord. Nay, to be plain, it *shall* be brought about, if we fairly understand one another."

"Nay, good Sir Thomas, there is nothing I would not do, if I felt sure my daughter would be queen; and I will own to you, since you put it to me thus, that my lady marchioness hath broached the matter to me. Women will talk idly, as you wist. After all, the match would not be unsuitable, seeing that the Lady Jane herself is of the blood-royal."

"The match *can* be made, and *shall* be made, I repeat, my lord marquis," said Seymour; "but I must have the disposal of your daughter's hand. My plans must not be interfered with. You must commit the Lady Jane entirely to my charge."

"To your charge, Sir Thomas?" exclaimed the marquis, greatly surprised.

"To mine," rejoined Seymour—"that is, to the charge of my wife, when I get one. I design to marry ere long, my

lord, and then I shall be able to receive your daughter."

"Accept my congratulations, Sir Thomas," said Dorset. "I doubt not that your choice hath been well made; nay, if it hath lighted on the very highest, it would not amaze me."

"I can not let you into the secret as yet, my lord," replied Seymour, smiling; "but thus much I will tell you. My marriage will assuredly not diminish my influence with my royal nephew or with the nobility. My rule, as you wot, is to make no step save in advance. You will hold it no discredit, but the reverse, to commit your daughter to the charge of her who may, perchance, condescend to take me for a husband."

"Methinks I can read your riddle, Sir Thomas, but I will not try," observed Dorset. "Enough, that you have convinced me. Have I your permission to consult the marchioness on this important matter?"

"Not as yet, my lord," rejoined Seymour. "Women are ill at keeping a secret; and though my lady marchioness be the discreetest of her sex, yet hath she, I doubt not, a certain proneness to talk, given her by nature, which would render her an unfit depository of a matter of this moment. Till all be settled, I must enjoin profound secrecy. I will give you a hint when to speak. Till then, let a seal be placed upon your lips. But see! the king and the Lady Jane are entering the gallery. Let us hasten to pay our devoirs to his majesty."

The undisguised delight manifested by the young king on seeing his favorite uncle would have satisfied the Marquis of Dorset of the place held by Seymour in his royal nephew's affections, if the conversation he had just overheard in the garden had left that cautious nobleman any doubt on the subject.

Hearing quick footsteps behind him, Edward turned to ascertain whence they proceeded, and the instant he beheld Sir Thomas, he quitted the Lady Jane's hand, which he had hitherto retained, and disregarding all ceremony—perhaps even forgetting in the impulse of the moment that ceremony was needful—he flew to meet his uncle, and without allowing him time to make any obeisance, or utter a word of remonstrance, he sprang towards him, and threw his arms affectionately round his neck.

Never, perhaps, did that ambitious man's heart beat higher than when he returned his royal nephew's fond embrace. He felt the effect produced by the demonstration on Dorset and his daughter, and though scarcely able to repress his exultation, he feigned to be overwhelmed by the king's condescension.

"Your majesty honors me far too much," he said. "Near as I am to you by relationship, dear as you are to me as a nephew, I am bound to remind you that the distance between us is much greater than it was, and that the marks of affection which you have been accustomed to lavish upon me, and for which I shall ever feel proud and grateful, ought now, by right, to be discontinued."

"Why so, gentle uncle?" rejoined Edward. "You do not love me less because I am king, do you? Certes, my love for you is not diminished by the circumstance. Wherefore should I put a mask upon my regard? Rather let me rejoice that I am now better able to prove its strength."

"I want words to thank your highness," said Seymour, with every appearance of the most fervent gratitude; "but the preference for me, which you so graciously exhibit, will, I fear, be distasteful to your new governor, who will expect you to reserve all your affection for him."

"I see not why he should; but if he does, he will be disappointed," rejoined Edward. "I may show him obedience, but I am not bound to give him the first place in my regard. I shall never love him so well as you, gentle uncle; that I can promise him. I have not yet had an opportunity of telling you how much my satisfaction was marred yesterday by learning that the council had not chosen you as my governor. Meseems I ought to have been consulted on the matter."

"Had your grace loved me less, or had I been less deserving of your love, because not so entirely devoted to you as I am, the council might—nay, would—have chosen me. But your uncle Hertford viewed me with a jealous eye, and the council were governed by his opinion."

"So I guessed," replied the king. "My lord of Hertford has gone too far. He will gain nothing by his opposition to my expressed desires. He knew full well whither my inclinations tended."

"And therefore 'twas he thwarted them," rejoined Seymour. "Your high-

ness must dissemble your regard for me, if you would keep peace between me and the Lord Protector."

"I hate dissimulation," said Edward, "and 'twill be hard to practice it. Yet I will try to do so to prevent all chance of difference betwixt you and my lord of Hertford, which would be greatly to be deplored."

"May it please your grace, his highness the Lord Protector comes this way," said the Marquis of Dorset, stepping forward.

As he spoke, the Earl of Hertford was seen advancing from the corridor, already described as communicating with the state apartments of the palace. From the magnificence of his apparel, and the splendor of his train, the Lord Protector would appear to have assumed a perfectly regal state. Preceded by a gentleman usher, and followed by a throng of esquires, henchmen, and pages, in superb habiliments, he was accompanied by the Constable of the Tower and Lord Lisle. His deportment was haughtier than it used to be, and now that he felt secure of his position, he seemed determined to assert his importance to the full.

"On my fay!" exclaimed Edward, "my uncle bears him bravely. One would think he were king, and not Lord Protector."

"Lord Protector is only another name for king, your highness," observed Seymour dryly.

"Stay with me, gentle uncle," said Edward. "His highness looks angry. I hope he will not chide me."

"Chide you, my liege!" exclaimed Seymour, almost fiercely. "He will not dare!"

"I am not so sure of it," rejoined Edward. "But stand nigh me, and then I shall not heed him."

"I do not quit your person without your majesty's commands," answered Seymour.

As he drew nearer, it was evident that the Lord Protector was much chafed, and unable to conceal his displeasure. Sir John Gage addressed some observations to him, to which he made a very brief reply, keeping his eye all the while intently fixed upon the king and Sir Thomas. The latter hoped there might be an explosion of rage on the part of his brother, by which he could not fail to profit, but Hertford was too wary to damage himself by any such display of passion.

Making way for the Lord Protector and his train, the Marquis of Dorset and the Lady Jane Grey stationed themselves near Edward, while the luckless Fowler, who had not yet been dismissed, remained standing behind the young monarch. Sir Thomas Seymour did not move from his royal nephew's side, but drew himself up to his full height, as if prepared for the encounter.

Arrived at the proper distance from the king prescribed by court forms, the Constable of the Tower and Lord Lisle came to a halt; but the Lord Protector stepped forward, and after a profound salutation, which was courteously returned by his royal ward and nephew, said, with forced composure: "I have just been to your grace's chamber, and it greatly surprised me to learn from your chaplain that you had gone forth, nearly an hour ago, almost unattended, to walk and read within the privy garden. Permit me to observe to your highness that such a proceeding, not being altogether in accordance with princely decorum and needful self-restraint, it will be incumbent upon you, henceforth, to keep your room until I am able to wait upon you, when I will decide how it is meet your majesty should go forth, and whither."

"By heaven! he will have your grace in leading-strings next," muttered Seymour.

"Does your highness mean to deny me all freedom of action?" cried Edward, somewhat sharply. "May I not walk forth at any hour I please—especially when disengaged? If so, I had better be back at Hertford than a prisoner in the Tower."

"Far be it from me to place any restraint upon your highness's movements," rejoined the Lord Protector; "and if it be your pleasure to walk forth early, you shall have no interference from me. Only I must give directions that you be properly attended, and that no one"—and he glanced menacingly at his brother—"be allowed to approach you without my consent."

"No one has approached me except my cousin, the Lady Jane Grey, and my uncle, Sir Thomas," rejoined the king. "Fowler will explain all to your highness if you question him."

"That will I," replied the gentleman of the privy-chamber, advancing a few steps, and bowing profoundly. "The Lady Jane Grey came forth to read in

the garden, and there encountered his highness, who was similarly engaged. It would have done your highness good to see how little those two exalted personages heeded the cold, though I was half perished by it."

"What makes the Lady Jane Grey abroad so early?" demanded the Lord Protector, bending his brows upon Dorset.

"You should keep her within her chamber, my lord. The privy garden is for the king's sole use, and none but he may enter it."

"I am well aware of that, your highness," replied the marquis. "I knew not that my daughter had so trespassed, and am sorry for it. Bear in mind what the Lord Protector has said, Jane."

"Doubt it not," she replied, meekly.

"I am not likely to forget the reproof administered by his highness; but it was in ignorance that I offended."

"You will walk in the privy garden whenever you list, Jane, so long as you remain in the Tower," said Edward, taking her hand. "I, the king, give you permission—let who will say you nay. You need not fear disturbing me, for I shall go there no more."

The Lord Protector bit his lips, and looked perplexed; but perceiving that his brother was enjoying his confusion, he turned his rage against him.

"How is it that I find you with the king, sir?" he demanded, sharply.

"Because I chance to be with his highness when you seek me, brother. I know no better reason," replied Seymour, coolly.

"I do not seek you, but I find you where I would not have you," rejoined Hertford, sternly. "Take heed, sir. As governor of the king's person, it is for me, and for me alone, to decide who is fit, or unfit, to approach him. I do not deem you a judicious counsellor, and therefore forbid you to come nigh his grace without my sanction."

The only answer vouchsafed by Seymour was a disdainful smile.

Still more enraged, the Lord Protector went on: "After this warning, if you seek by any indirect means to obtain an interview with his highness, I will have you before the council, to whom you shall answer for your disobedience to my mandates."

Seymour glanced at his royal nephew, whose spirit being now roused, he promptly responded to the appeal.

"Your highness is mistaken," said Edward, addressing the Lord Protector with great firmness; "my entirely beloved uncle Sir Thomas always gives me the best advice, and such as your grace and the council must approve, if you were made acquainted with it. I will not be debarred of his society. Tell the council so. Nay, I will tell them so myself, if needed."

"There are some of the council now present, who will doubtless report to their colleagues what your highness hath declared," said Seymour, glancing at the Constable of the Tower and Lord Lisle.

"Assuredly the council will take the matter into immediate consideration, if his majesty shall express any such desire," said Sir John Gage; "but bound as they are to uphold the authority of him they have appointed governor to his grace, I can little doubt their decision. I trust, however, that his highness the Lord Protector, in his wisdom and discretion, will withdraw the interdict he hath imposed on his brother Sir Thomas Seymour—the rather that it seems to me harsh and uncalled for, and liable to censure."

"I am of the same opinion with yourself, Sir John," said Lord Lisle. "If this interdict is bruited abroad, it will be said, and with apparent reason, that there is little brotherly amity between his majesty's uncles."

"I would not have that said, since it is not the truth—at least, so far as I am concerned," rejoined Hertford. "I therefore yield to your advice, Sir John Gage, which is ever judicious as honest, and leave my brother free intercourse, as heretofore, with my royal ward, only cautioning him not to put into his majesty's head a misliking of the government of the realm, or of my doings, so as to deprive my authority of its weight, and my counsels of their proper effect."

"That I will promise for Sir Thomas," said Edward. "May I not, gentle uncle?"

"Indeed you may, my gracious liege," replied Seymour. "I will instil nothing into your mind but what is right and just, and any influence I may possess with your highness will ever be directed towards preparing you for the exercise of the power you are one day fully to assume. Such conduct the council and his highness the Lord Protector can not fail to approve."

"I am heartily glad you are reconciled,

my good uncles both," said Edward, looking from one to the other, "and I trust no further difference will arise between you on my account, or any other."

## VII.

OF THE AFFRONT OFFERED BY QUEEN CATHERINE PARR TO THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD; AND HOW UGO HARRINGTON WAS SENT TO CONDUCT THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO THE TOWER.

THE reconciliation between the two Seymours was so evidently hollow, that it imposed on no one—not even upon their royal nephew. The arrogant and domineering tone suddenly adopted by the Lord Protector towards his brother would scarcely have been brooked by Sir Thomas, even if his nature had been less fiery; while the haughty and insolent manner of the younger Seymour was equally intolerable to Hertford, who now seemed to expect the submission ordinarily paid to the will of a sovereign. Instead of being allayed, therefore, their animosity was merely masked, and threatened a fresh and more decided outbreak.

Though quite aware how matters stood with his uncles, the amiable young monarch fondly persuaded himself he could keep peace between them; but besides having to deal with impracticable subjects, he himself unwittingly heightened the discord. From the ingenuousness of his nature, and from his extremely affectionate disposition, he was utterly unable to disguise the preference he felt for his younger uncle, and instead of soothing the Lord Protector's irritation, he still further exasperated him against one whom he was unable to regard in any other light than that of a dangerous rival. Already Hertford had resolved to remove his brother, as soon as opportunity offered: already Sir Thomas Seymour had determined, at any cost, to supplant the Lord Protector.

Another grand banquet was given that day, to which the young king, with the Lord Protector, the council, and all the nobles, knights, and ladies within the Tower, sat down. It was served with all the profusion and state of the times. A long grace in Latin was delivered by the Tower chaplain, both before and after the meal, to which Edward listened with devout attention, distinctly pronouncing the word "Amen," on both occasions, at the close of the prayer. The young king would willingly have dispensed with the



services of the numerous marshals and ushers, the officious cup-bearers and other officers of the table, but he endured their attendance with a very good grace. Excessively temperate in his habits, Edward drank nothing stronger than water, and did but scanty justice to the good cheer provided for him by the clerk of the kitchen.

At the commencement of the feast, a trifling incident occurred which somewhat marred the harmony of the proceedings, and gave the Lord Protector new ground of offense against his brother. The Countess of Hertford, a very beautiful and exceedingly proud woman, had fancied herself slighted at the banquet on the preceding day by the queen-dowager, of whom, in consequence of her husband's elevation to almost regal state, she thought herself entitled to take precedence. She therefore persuaded her husband, who was greatly under her governance, to assign her a seat near the king at the next banquet. The Lord Protector gave the requisite instructions to the chief usher, and the matter appeared to be arranged; but before Lady Hertford could occupy the coveted position, the queen-dowager appeared, and haughtily declining the seat offered her by the usher, took her customary place beside the king. In the execution of this step she was aided by Sir Thomas Seymour, who prevented his sister-in-law from sitting down, and ceremoniously ushered the queen to her chair. If the affront to Lady Hertford on the previous night had been undesigned on the queen's part, the same excuse could not be offered for her majesty's behavior on this occasion. She was pointedly rude to the countess, and made several cutting remarks on the Lord Protector, which he was unable to resent. Additional effect was given these sarcasms by Sir Thomas Seymour, who remained standing behind the queen's chair for some time to enjoy his sister-in-law's discomfort, and exerted all his great powers of wit and railery to lend force and pungency to her majesty's observations. Lady Hertford was even more mortified than her husband, but her indignation was chiefly directed against the queen, on whom she resolved to be revenged at the earliest opportunity. She also internally resolved to call the Lord Protector to task for not sufficiently asserting his dignity, and her own. As to Sir Thomas

Seymour, the position he had taken up enabled him to divide his attention between the queen-dowager and his royal nephew, and he performed his part so adroitly as to delight both.

The youthful Lady Jane Grey occupied a seat at the royal board next to her father, and not so far removed from Edward but that he was able, occasionally, to exchange a word with her. Jane ate as little as the abstemious young monarch himself, a point of resemblance between them not unnoticed by Seymour, who called the queen-dowager's attention to the circumstance. Catherine appeared greatly pleased with the young maiden, and, when the repast was ended, called her to her, bidding her come with her to her private apartments, and adding graciously that she had heard much of her, and desired to know her better. The invitation was equally agreeable to Jane and to the Marquis of Dorset, though the latter fancied he could tell by whom it had been prompted.

As the king was quitting the banquetting chamber with the Lord Protector, he expressed a desire that his sister Elizabeth should be sent for to the Tower; and, furthermore, that his two preceptors, Sir John Cheke and Dr. Cox, should accompany the princess. Though the request did not seem to be relished by his uncle, he made no objections to it; and Sir Thomas Seymour, who was evidently delighted by the notion, volunteered to go to Hertford for the princess. This proposal, however, was peremptorily rejected by the Lord Protector, but he at length agreed that his brother's esquire, Ugo Harrington, should be dispatched on the errand with a sufficient escort.

"I will go seek Ugo," cried Seymour, as soon as his brother's consent had been obtained, "and dispatch him at once to Hertford."

A grateful look from his royal nephew thanked him for his zeal.

But his haste to depart seemed to surprise and displease the queen-dowager, for she called out to him somewhat sharply, "Whither so fast, Sir Thomas? Methinks I have not yet dismissed you, and I counted upon your attendance for some little while longer."

"I pray you have me excused, gracious madam," he replied, in a deeply deferential tone. "I have his majesty's commands to send off an escort to bring the

Princess Elizabeth from Hertford. As soon as I have executed my commission I will return."

"Is Elizabeth coming to the Tower?" inquired Catherine, with a look of annoyance.

"Ay, madam," answered Edward. "The Lord Protector has kindly yielded to my desire to have my sister near me."

"I do not altogether approve of her highness's coming," observed Hertford; "but I can not say 'nay' to your majesty."

While this was going on, Seymour made a profound reverence to the king, bowed with equal respect to Catherine—contriving at the same time to direct a very devoted glance towards her—and departed.

Making his way as quickly as he could through the crowd of gentlemen, ushers, henchmen, grooms of the chamber, yeomen of the guard, and others that beset the corridors and passages which he traversed, he at last reached the apartments assigned to him in the Wardrobe Tower; a structure at that time connected with a portion of the palace known as the "King's Lodgings." On entering a circular stone chamber, garnished with arras, and so richly furnished that its original dungeon-like look was completely changed, Seymour found the person of whom he was in quest seated beside a table, on which a flask of wine and a silver goblet were placed. He was singing an Italian canzonet with much taste and execution, his voice being a very fine tenor, and accompanying himself on a cittern. On seeing his patron he instantly discontinued his song, laid down the instrument, and arose.

Tall and gallant-looking, Ugo Harrington might have been considered very handsome, had not a sinister expression detracted materially from his good looks. His age was somewhat under thirty. His frame was slight but very muscular, his complexion olive, his eyes dark and quick, his teeth beautifully even and white, and in strong contrast with his short, silky, raven-black mustaches and beard. His looks were more those of an Italian than an Englishman; and, indeed, his mother was a Florentine, while he himself had passed most of his youth in the Tuscan capital and Rome. He was richly attired in a doublet of russet velvet, with hose to match, and a furred velvet mantle was

lying beside him, ready to be put on when he went forth. On the mantle were laid a long rapier and a poniard, both forming part of the gallant esquire's ordinary equipments.

Respectfully saluting Sir Thomas, he waited till the latter had hastily explained his business to him, and then declaring he was ready to proceed on the errand at once, inquired if his patron had any further commands.

"Thou shalt take a short missive from me to the princess, Ugo," replied Sir Thomas. "Thou canst make such preparations for the journey as are needful while I prepare it."

Signifying his ready assent, the esquire retired to an inner chamber, while Seymour sat down at a table on which writing materials were placed, and commenced the letter.

Apparently what he wrote did not satisfy him, for, on reading it, he tore up the paper, and threw it into a wood fire, which was blazing cheerily on the hearth. He then began anew, but the second letter pleased him no better than the first, and was likewise consigned to the flames. The third essay proved more successful. Glancing over the note with a complacent smile, he muttered, "Methinks this will do!" and then placed it in a cover, secured the tender dispatch with a silken thread, and sealed it with his signet ring.

While he was writing the third letter, his esquire, habited for the journey, returned to the room, but remained standing at a respectful distance, watching him with a very singular expression of countenance.

"Deliver this into the princess's own hands, Ugo, at a convenient opportunity. Thou understandest?—ha!" said Seymour, giving him the missive.

"Perfettamente, monsignore," replied Harrington. "But I confess I did not expect to be the bearer of a biglietto amoroso at this moment, when I had reason to believe your lordship to be on the brink of an engagement in another quarter."

"Thy conclusion that it is a billet d'amour with which I have charged thee is altogether erroneous, Ugo," said Seymour, with a smile. "I have merely indited a few words of good counsel to the princess, which I think she ought to receive before she arrives at the Tower.

Presume not too much on my familiarity towards thee, amico, and, above all, never seek to penetrate my secrets. Be content to act as I direct thee, without inquiring into the motive. The time will come when thou wilt be well rewarded for any services thou mayst render me now."

"Per Sant' Antonio! I am sufficiently rewarded already," rejoined Harrington. "You have been a most munificent patron to me, monsignore."

"Nothing to what I will be, Ugo. But I must have blind obedience to my behests."

"You have only to command, monsignore. But I would I might prevail upon you to abandon this dangerous game, in which, I fear me much, you will fail; while you will assuredly jeopardize that of which you are at present secure. It seems to me a vain pursuit—*gettare la sustenza e prendere l'ombra*."

"I am resolved to risk it," cried Seymour, "be the consequences what they may. To speak truth, Ugo, I am so madly in love with the charming princess that I can not endure the thought of yoking myself to another."

"Your lordship was wont to be more prudent," observed the esquire, shrugging his shoulders. "*E perché questa subita mutazione? Una pollastrina non ancora buona per la tavola*."

"Hold thy ribald tongue!" cried Seymour. "My passion may overmaster my reason. But setting aside my uncontrollable love for the princess, which would carry me to any lengths, however desperate, she is a far richer prize than the other. Possession of her hand would place me near the throne."

"You are irresistible, monsignore—that I well know—and the princess, like any other donzella, will no doubt accept you. But that will avail you little. The council will never sanction the match, and by the late king's will their consent must be obtained."

"Thou prat'st in vain, Harrington. I am immovable. Let me win the princess's consent, and all the rest will follow. And by my halidame! I *shall* win it."

"To resolve to win, is to be sure to

win, monsignore. I am all obedience. Not only shall this letter be delivered with the utmost discretion to the adorable princess with the tresses of gold, which seem to have ensnared your lordship, and which I must needs own are most ravishingly beautiful, but I will lose no opportunity of sounding your praises in her ear."

"Note her slightest word and look when thou speakest of me, Ugo, and report them."

"You shall have every blush, every downcast look, every half-sigh of the divinity faithfully rendered, monsignore. 'Tis a pity I can not take my cittern with me, or I might sing her a love-strain which could not fail to move her. Luckily, the enchanting princess speaks Italian fluently, and if she will only encourage me, I will converse with her in the language of love, and then I shall be able to say more than I should dare utter in our rude northern tongue."

"Go, then, and success go with thee!" cried Seymour. "Thou must reach Hertford with the escort to-night, and set forth on thy return at as early an hour to-morrow as may suit the princess. Remember, her highness's governess, Mistress Catherine Ashley, and the king's preceptors are to come with thee, and make it thy business to stir up the two learned drones, that they occasion thee no needless delay."

"It shall be done, monsignore," replied Harrington; buckling on his rapier, and attaching the point to his girdle. Throwing his mantle over his shoulder, he then followed his patron out of the chamber.

An escort of some five-and-twenty well-mounted arquebusiers was quickly provided by Seymour, who at the same time ordered his own charger to be saddled for Harrington. All being soon in readiness, the gallant esquire crossed the stone bridge at the head of his troop, rode forth from the Bulwark Gate, and took his way towards Hertford, accomplishing the distance, about one-and-twenty miles, in less than three hours, which in those days, and in the winter season, was not bad traveling.

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE BURNING OF ST. ROSALIE.

In the penitential days of Louis XIV., when Madame de Maintenon had succeeded in putting the belles of his court in high dresses, and making the princes of the blood walk beside her sedan to mass, the dullness and devotion of Versailles, debarred from all the sweets of scandal, was somewhat enlivened by a tale which began to circulate regarding one of madame's most distinguished *protégées*. The young lady was in her nineteenth year, and would have been a court-beauty, had beauties been then acknowledged; but the mighty marchioness did not permit such things; and Mademoiselle de Bethune had been placed, nobody knew how, under her special protection. The blood of Sully and of Rohan mingled in the fair girl's veins. She was heiress to broad lands in Provence and Languedoc. Her birth, her beauty, and her fortune might have commanded one of the best matches on earth, or at least in France; but Madame de Maintenon and her friends, the Jesuits, were determined on making her a bride of Heaven.

Rosalie de Bethune's mother had early lost her husband in a duel fought in defense of her reputation. Subsequently, the bereaved widow was known as one of the gayest ladies at the court presided over by Madame de Montespan; but having survived her youthful charms, and come to the days of De Maintenon and devotion, she was converted to the most ascetic piety, and died, bequeathing her daughter with her whole fortune to the Convent of St. Rosalie. It had been founded by one of the young lady's ancestors, ages before the name of Huguenot was known to the Bethunes. Their patronage had been withdrawn from all convents since the Reformation, when they, as well as the Rohans, became Calvin's men; but the nunnery had held its ancient place on one of the dry sandy plains of Provence, leagues away from town or village, and also kept up the strict discipline of the holy St. Benedict.

Though of Calvinistic descent, the heiress had been reconciled to the Church in her early childhood, Madame de Bethune being too much of a court-lady to hold a faith frowned on by Louis le Grand. Even the piety of her patroness had never suspected the young heiress of the slightest leaning to heresy. Nevertheless, a life spent in the Convent of St. Rosalie was a prospect which no eloquence could recommend to her taste. In vain the spiritual fathers, old and young, of madame's chosen society set before her the sinfulness and vanity of the world; the risks her youth ran in the midst of its many temptations; and the special judgments she might expect for despising her mother's dying wish and solemn dedication of her to the saint whose name she had received in baptism. One assured her, that no honorable man would marry a woman with such terrors hanging over her; another found out, that there had been leprosy as well as heresy in her family, and both would certainly break out with renewed violence in the degenerate branch which dared to refuse the saintly vail; a third reminded her that, with her fortune and talents, she had every prospect of becoming an abbess, reigning over a community of obedient sisters, extending the fame and influence of the convent, and probably attaining to the honors of canonization.

Neither the wrath to be expected from Heaven, nor the distinctions the Church had to bestow, could move the obdurate heiress of the Bethunes. She respected her mother's dying wishes, she venerated the sanctity of the cloister, half her fortune was at St. Rosalie's service; but she had no vocation for monastic life, and into the convent she would not go. Unfortunately, Père Duroque, madame's ally and the king's confessor, was first-cousin to the Abbess of St. Rosalie; moreover, it was a triumph for the faith that the last descendant of two such heretical families should retire with all her wealth to the solitary

convent erected by her pious ancestor; yet, to give the sacrifice *éclat*, it must appear to be voluntary; and those ghostly counsellors were sufficiently acquainted with the world they despised and censured, to know that ladies rarely hold out against advice and persuasion so fiercely except there be a lover in the case. The usual machinery of espionage and inquiry was therefore set to work. Between her confessor, her maid, and some inferior instruments, it was discovered that a secret correspondence had existed for some time between the heiress and the Count d'Ambois. The count was a gentleman of ancient family and very reduced estate. The king had made him an officer of the bedchamber; and his mother had contrived to get him introduced to Mademoiselle de Bethune, with whom the count said he had fallen in love; the young heiress believed him; and his mother connived, encouraged, and assisted the romance, which was carried on with great privacy, for fear of the mighty marchioness. This being made out, the necessary steps were taken. The count and his mother were admonished to break off the affair, with a promise of place and pension if they obeyed, and *lettres de cachet* if they refused. In consequence, letters and locks of hair were returned with all speed. The count found out his heart had never been affected. He set forth the same day on a tour of Italy and Spain; and his mother employed all her credit to redeem out of the hands of a money-lending goldsmith, a richly-wrought crucifix, set with precious stones, and believed to contain a chip of the true cross, which she forthwith presented to the convent of St. Rosalie. The crucifix was an heirloom in the Ambois family, and according to the tradition of that noble house, had been presented to its first marquis by the famous Doge Dandolo, from the spoils of Constantinople. Their arms and quarterings were engraven on its reverse; it had descended from marquis to marquis with the château and estate; and long after these were gone, it served the family necessities with the said goldsmith and his congeners.

On this occasion, it served their fortunes also. The nuns of St. Rosalie sent back their thanks, and partly promised the good offices of their patroness above. Madame d'Ambois was taken into court favor, and got a pension; her son was

made keeper of the king's wardrobe; yet the point was not gained. In spite of the desertion of her lover, in spite of the fact that she was forbidden the court, that people had orders not to visit her, that her confessor placed her under an interdict at once from the mass and the theater—the heiress of the Bethunes held out, till her spiritual advisers agreed that the Huguenot blood was in her, and some pretext was sought for sending her to the Bastille. On the very day in which she had been admonished of this design, by a guard being privately placed over her in her family hotel, which she had continued to occupy with the old *maitresse* and servants, the heiress was sitting alone in one of the great salons, musing over her unlucky wealth, which left her no choice between the Bastille and the convent. Of course, her entire household had been long in the service of her enemies, and acted as so many spies. They were all apprised of the steps about to be taken, and rather satisfied that things were coming to a climax, when the three musketeers took their station at the foot of the grand staircase. But even the porter was surprised when, in the fall of the winter twilight, a monk presented himself, and demanded leave to speak with mademoiselle's confessor. The reverend father had been installed within doors in the deceased lady's time, and knew better than to give up his vantage-ground. The monk was introduced to his study without delay, and the confessor was somewhat startled when he presented a letter from the vicar-general, commanding that Brother Cyprian of the Society of Jesus should be permitted to speak privately with Mademoiselle de Bethune.

The reverend father had seen letters from the vicar-general before; the present was his hand and seal, and Brother Cyprian looked grave and trusty enough to be employed on such a mission. He was a man about middle height; no one could have guessed his age, but there was nothing of decay about him. His frame looked thin and wiry; his face had a fixed expression, like that given by death; and his eyes, which were at once sunken and fiery, had a keen searching power in them which the confessor did not care to meet. According to the rules of the society, Brother Cyprian was his superior for the time. The monk evidently knew it, and would give no inform-

ation touching his mode of procedure with the refractory heiress. The confessor had hoped for the glory of her reclamation; but the vicar-general's command must be obeyed, and Brother Cyprian was conducted to her salon.

The maid, who got absolution for peeping through the keyhole, saw them together, but could catch neither word nor meaning, except that her mistress looked first frightened, then thoughtful, and at last resolved; while the monk's face never altered; and the pious *femme* declared in her confession, that his eyes seemed to look through the door into her very heart. The conference did not last long, but it proved effectual. Within half an hour after Brother Cyprian's departure, which was accomplished so silently that the musketeers only saw him pass, mademoiselle announced her determination to fulfill her mother's dying wishes, and take the veil of St. Rosalie. The confessor ground his teeth over the honor and triumph he had lost, but at the same time made a vow of extensive tapers to the shrine of St. Cyprian, to whose special interference he attributed the remarkable success of the monk who bore his name. Madame de Maintenon and her pious coadjutors were more sincerely delighted, though no inquiry could discover who the envoy was, or whence he came. It was even reported that the vicar-general, in his first surprise, had positively affirmed he never wrote the letter, and knew nothing of Brother Cyprian, which it was not thought politic to persevere in, though the king himself suggested that a miracle might have taken place. What matter?—the spiritual victory was gained; and the lands in Provence and Languedoc secured, for the last descendant of the Rohans and the Bethunes took the veil, and became a nun in the Convent of St. Rosalie.

The circumstances which induced her to take the vows, and to which a strong tinge of the miraculous was imparted in the provinces, gave the event immense interest. It was not permitted to subside. The abbess and nuns who had welcomed with open arms this valuable accession to their community, soon began to publish such tales of the devotion and austerities of Sister Rosalie—the nun had chosen and been permitted to retain her saintly name—as made their convent famous throughout the south as the

dwelling-place of a probable addition to the calendar. It was asserted that, for weeks together, she never slept at all; that her prayers ascended night and day from their chapel altar; that the only bed she would consent to occupy was a flat tombstone; and her use of the scourge and haircloth, her prolonged fasts, and exhortations to do likewise, created a pious ferment of emulation among the sisterhood. Then came tales of a still more marvelous character: lights were seen in Sister Rosalie's cell which no earthly hand had kindled; voices were heard conversing with her when she prayed alone in the chapel; a plant in the convent garden, believed to be dying, revived and put forth new buds at her touch; and a nun, long bedridden, benefited so much by her prayers that she rose and walked to matins.

These miracles increased in number and magnitude as they went abroad. The powers of Sister Rosalie brought visitors from village and château to the convent. To secure an interest in her prayers for family hopes and troubles, the rich offered gifts to the altar; the peasantry, to the cellar or larder; and hundreds who labored under such visible difficulties as a withered limb or an unmanageable sore, supplicated healing from the touch of her holy hand. The list of miracles consequently extended every day, though numbers were disappointed for want of faith. The convent bade fair to be the richest in Provence. Its fame reached Versailles; and as a weight of sanctity was just then wanted to cast into the scale against Port Royal and the Jansenists, the whole court turned out in pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Rosalie and her chosen nun. Madame de Maintenon did not take the journey, neither did the king, for it was winter, and very bad weather; but they sent a great abundance of needlework from St. Cyr, and as the popular preachers came out that Lent on Sister Rosalie and her miraculous conversions, they got their full share of the glory.

The convent was still in the full blaze of its fame—the pilgrims were talking as much about the riches of its chapel, as of the miracles wrought there—when another blaze startled the scattered dwellers on the barren plain around it; for one dry, breezy night, the ring- ing of the ma-  
ushed

with a glare redder than that of the coming day, and the Convent of St. Rosalie was a flaming pile before the honest peasants could understand the cause. Substantial as it looked, the greater part of the old fabric had been timber, dry as time and that southern air could make it. The fire, therefore, made such rapid progress, and the hamlets were so far from the nunnery, that when the nearest neighbors reached the spot, the burning roof and part of the walls had fallen in, and out of the whole establishment no living creature escaped but the portress, the wood-cutter, and the convent dog. Their habitations being in the outskirts, they could give no account of the fire, but that the convent was in flames when the glare and the noise roused them from their sleep. It was too late to make their way into the inner passages; they thought they heard cries mingling with the roar of the flames; but none of the sisterhood ever appeared, and the miracle-working nun must have perished among the rest, for she was praying that night in the chapel, and it was first consumed. The wonders of the terrible calamity did not end here. Though guarded by the provincial police, and diligently sought over, no remnant of the costly plate or jewels with which the altar had been enriched could be found in the charred ruins. Gems, gold, and silver were known to be incombustible; but they had disappeared, though the ashes of the poor nuns were partly gathered. No inquiry, no investigation could throw light on the mysterious fire. The portress and the wood-cutter, though examined by bishops and priests, had no other story to tell; nor was any addition to their testimony ever obtained, except that of a solitary shepherd, who stated, that on the night St. Rosalie was burned, a pair of mounted travelers, with black horses of unusual size, and huge saddle-bags, had passed him on the heath, and inquired the nearest way to the sea. All along the southern coast, those travelers were watched and searched for in vain. The shepherd could give no account of their faces; he said the moon was under a cloud when they passed. The peasantry began to find out that Sister Rosalie's miracles had not been genuine; a question arose among them regarding the agency by which they had been performed. The unaccountable fire did not seem to them an event of

saintly origin. Nothing could be made of it, and it might encourage heresy; so the authorities, temporal and spiritual, did their best to get the convent forgotten, and the peasants of the plain took care to avoid its ruins after nightfall.

Years passed away. The Count d'Ambois and his mother kept the place and pensions they had gained by giving up the heiress of the Bethunes; but though devout and obsequious as the reigning marchioness could desire, they never advanced a step further in court favor. There was no more use for them. The strange and terrible conclusion of the business in which they had served cast an ominous shadow on them; the people in power did not care for the instruments of such a work, and what was worse, no eligible woman would hold parley with the count on matrimonial subjects. Little profit had been made by what Madame d'Ambois was in the habit of calling their great sacrifice; however, she was not the lady to be forgotten; and while just keeping clear of being troublesome enough to get banished the court, her claims were so often and so variously presented to royal notice, that at length, by way of pensioning them off, her son was appointed one of the *attachés* to the special embassy sent to Berlin, where the Elector of Brandenburg was about to be crowned first King of Prussia, and madame was permitted to accompany him.

It is said that Berlin was never so full of odd and unaccountable people as at the splendid coronation of the first Frederick. Adventurers from all corners of Europe crowded to the capital of the new kingdom. Traditions still exist of the high play and fatal duels which came off in the interludes of the royal festivities. The latter were on a scale so magnificent and prolonged as to tire the eyes and exhaust the patience of every body concerned, except the new-made king, whose love of pomp and pageant was insatiable. They wound up with a masked ball at the palace, to which all comers were welcome; and where, consequently, the police would be in attendance too. The company was immense, and the great salons a sight to be remembered, filled as they were with all varieties of costume. Madame d'Ambois and her son were there. The old Parisian dame, though verging on sixty, did not think herself past a mask; and it was with many complaints of the niggardly allow-

ance assigned them, that they assumed the characters of a monk and a nun, as the least costly; they went in a hired carriage, and mixed, unnoticed, with the motley throng. Nobody knew them, and they knew nobody. The gentlemen and ladies of the embassy were all present; but the count and his mother had come from court under a cloud, and they did not consider it necessary to acknowledge their existence any where, much less at a masked ball. The count was an agreeable man, and his mother could talk cleverly; but that night the damp of their fortunes fell on them. In spite of masks and the best intentions, they failed to interest anybody in the gay crowd, were pronouncing it a very dull evening, and talking of going home a little after midnight, when a veiled sultana, whose magnificent Eastern costume and matchless eyes, flashing through two slits in her veil, had been the admiration of the whole assembly, came up to the corner where they stood, entered at once into conversation after the manner of masks, and, as might be expected, addressed herself especially to the count. It was a lady's voice, and a finetoned one. A small and beautiful hand, evidently displayed for the purpose, gave further assurance of a true sultana. Perhaps her son had made an impression on some German princess; at all events, he could take care of himself, and Madame d'Ambois discreetly retired into a quiet chat with an old miner, who, she had reason to think, was a Hungarian nobleman, very tired of the masquerade, and waiting for his carriage; but she kept her eye, and her ear also, on the pair; heard the sultana offer to confess to the monk, and saw him follow her through the suite of salons, till she lost sight of them at a small side-door, covered with rich drapery, and leading to a private cabinet, where Frederick had given audience to his favorite upholsterers, and debated questions of dress and decoration for those crowning days. Madame watched and waited long, but they did not reappear. The miner left her, and went his way. She got into other chats, and did some small flirtation with the help of her court-training and some talent for the work, in spite of years and adverse fortune. But hours passed, the company

began to grow thinner, and still there was no return of her son. She explored the rooms in search of him and the sultana; no trace of either could she find. There might be modes of egress from that cabinet with which she was not acquainted. Out of the side-door they had not come. There might be snares laid for the count, though he was poor and prudent. It was six in the morning, and madame would wait no longer. She made her way boldly to the cabinet; the rich drapery covered the doorway; it was but a step from the great salon, yet nobody had thought of turning in there. A single lamp lighted the small but elegant apartment; it was hung with green damask, and festooned with flowers, and there was her son, alone, reclining on a sofa, with his monk's frock drawn closely round him. He seemed asleep; but as madame stepped up to wake him, her feet splashed in something on the floor: it was blood! The mother's shrieks brought company, servants, and police into the private cabinet, and the count was found reclining in an easy attitude, but stiff and cold, with a dagger driven deep into his left side. Its hilt was a crucifix richly wrought in gold, set with precious stones, and bearing on its reverse the arms and quarterings of D'Ambois. It was the very gift with which madame had propitiated the powers of the court, and the nuns of St. Rosalie. The unfortunate woman knew it at first sight, and the circumstance was believed to have upset her brain, for she lost her reason from that hour, and would never talk of any thing but the burned convent and Sister Rosalie. No research or inquiry after the veiled sultana was spared, but trace or tidings of her were never gained by the police in Prussia or elsewhere. One curious fact, however, came to light, which only involved the affair in deeper mystery—it was discovered that sundry jewelers and goldsmiths in the large German towns had purchased from passing travelers, supposed to be foreign noblemen, valuable plate and other costly articles, known to have been presented to the convent in Provence, which, though nobody could tell how, must have escaped the burning of St. Rosalie.



From the London Eclectic.

## LORD MACAULAY'S LAST VOLUME.\*

By the thousands of hands which will open this volume, it will be opened accompanied by very mournful feelings; this is the last portion we can possibly receive now from that gifted and glowing pen which has so often enchanted us. It can lay no additional escutcheon of glory or brilliancy upon the hearse of its illustrious author, but it sustains, of course, all the fame won by the previous volumes of the history. The reader will not find here any pictures so brilliant as those which startled and charmed the imagination in former volumes; there is no such painting as we had in the trial of the bishops, or the siege of Londonderry, or the marvellously-delightful panorama of the state of England during the periods of the later Stuarts and William; but it is all in the well-known style. The stately tramp and clang of the rapid sentences, the bright and vivid presentation of portraits and of scenes; and now that the work is done, it must be said, great as our regret may be, that we shall read of this delightful history no more. It has a perfect unity. Commencing with the circumstances which precipitated the Revolution of 1688, it closes in this volume with the death of William in 1702. No other hand has touched any of these lines, the great historian had himself given his final touches and corrections to all the pages within six of the close of the volume; and the remaining six, devoted to the death of the powerful prince, the statesman whose memory he has so embalmed, are here as he left them, nor do they need any words of apology; with a somber, but most appropriate grace, the curtain falls behind the silver-shielded coffin of the author's most beloved hero William; and the death-scene—the last hours of the king who served our nation in our need so well—are portrayed with all the historian's vigor and tenderness.

We shall not attempt any condensed analysis of this volume. The reader will perhaps find that the events which pass before the eye in the perusal of it are as important as most of those recorded in the narrative of preceding years. A mournful interest gathers round the prince, who, still encompassed with embarrassments, is preparing now to quit the scene. With a great deal of interest, the historian has brought out the question of standing armies, then beheld naturally by patriotic men with great jealousy and fear. Some of our readers may be more interested in those little episodes—with which of course, as usual, the history abounds—in which a domestic incident is made to give a color and light to a stream of political events. True to himself, Lord Macaulay, in this volume, finds some work for the members of the Society of Friends—the first volume contained the attack on William Penn; the second on George Fox; this last volume contains the story of Spencer Cowper, and the handsome Quaker, which, the reader will not fail to notice, does not lack the narrator's usual bitterness against his old associates and relations. We have referred to the story some few pages back. We believe, too, that it is capable of quite another rendering; but here, as a specimen of our author's effective power, we give it, as he gives it, in detail:

"At Hertford resided an opulent Quaker family named Stout. A pretty young woman of this family had lately sunk into a melancholy of a kind not very unusual in girls of strong sensibility and lively imagination who are subject to the restraints of austere religious societies. Her dress, her look, her gestures, indicated the disturbance of her mind. She sometimes hinted her dislike of the sect to which she belonged. She complained that a canting waterman, who was one of the brotherhood, had held forth against her at a meeting. She threatened to go beyond sea, to throw herself out of window, to drown herself. To two or three of her associates she owned that she was in love, and on one occasion she plainly said that the man whom she loved was one whom she never could

\* *The History of England*, from the Accession of James the Second. By Lord Macaulay. Vol. V. Longman & Co.

marry. In fact, the object of her fondness was Spencer Cowper, who was already married. She at length wrote to him in language which she never would have used if her intellect had not been disordered. He, like an honest man, took no advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and did his best to avoid her. His prudence mortified her to such a degree that on one occasion she went into fits. It was necessary, however, that he should see her, when he came to Hertford at the spring assizes of 1699; for he had been intrusted with some money which was due to her on mortgage. He called on her for this purpose late one evening, and delivered a bag of gold to her. She pressed him to be the guest of her family, but he excused himself and retired. The next morning she was found dead among the stakes of a mill-dam on the stream called the Priory River. That she had destroyed herself there could be no reasonable doubt. The coroner's inquest found that she had drowned herself while in a state of mental derangement. But her family was unwilling to admit that she had shortened her own life, and looked about for somebody who might be accused of murdering her. The last person who could be proved to have been in her company was Spencer Cowper. It chanced that two attorneys and a scrivener, who had come down from town to the Hertford assizes, had been overheard, on the unhappy night, talking over their wine about the charms and flirtations of the handsome Quaker girl, in the light way in which such subjects are sometimes discussed even at the circuit tables and mess tables of our more refined generation. Some wild words, susceptible of a double meaning, were used about the way in which she had jilted one lover, and the way in which another lover would punish her for her coquetry. On no better grounds than these her relations imagined that Spencer Cowper had, with the assistance of these three retainers of the law, strangled her, and thrown her corpse into the water. There was absolutely no evidence of the crime. There was no evidence that any one of the accused had any motive to commit such a crime; there was no evidence that Spencer Cowper had any connection with the persons who were said to be his accomplices. One of those persons, indeed, he had never seen. But no story is too absurd to be imposed on minds blinded by religious and political fanaticism. The Quakers and the Tories joined to raise a formidable clamor. The Quakers had, in those days, no scruples about capital punishments. They would, indeed, as Spencer Cowper said bitterly, but too truly, rather send four innocent men to the gallows than let it be believed that one who had their light within her had committed suicide. The Tories exulted in the prospect of winning two seats from the Whigs. The whole kingdom was divided between Stouts and Cowpers. At the summer assizes, Hertford was crowded with anxious faces from London, and from parts of England more distant than London. The prosecution was conducted with a malignity and unfair-

ness which to us seem almost incredible; and, unfortunately, the dullest and most ignorant judge of the twelve was on the bench. Cowper defended himself, and those who were said to be his accomplices, with admirable ability and self-possession. His brother, much more distressed than himself, sat near him through the long agony of that day. The case against the prisoners rested chiefly on the vulgar error that a human body, found, as this poor girl's body had been found, floating in water, must have been thrown into the water while still alive. To prove this doctrine the council for the crown called medical practitioners, of whom nothing is now known except that some of them had been active against the Whigs at Hertford elections. To confirm the evidence of these gentlemen two or three sailors were put into the witness-box. On the other side appeared an array of men of science whose names are still remembered. Among them was William Cowper, not a kinsman of the defendant, but the most celebrated anatomist that England had then produced. He was, indeed, the founder of a dynasty illustrious in the history of science; for he was the teacher of William Cheselden, and William Cheselden was the teacher of John Hunter. On the same side appeared Samuel Garth, who, among the physicians of the capital, had no rival except Radcliffe, and Hans Sloane, the founder of the magnificent museum which is one of the glories of our country. The attempt of the prosecutors to make the superstitutions of the fore-castle evidence for the purpose of taking away the lives of men, was treated by these philosophers with just disdain. The stupid judge asked Garth what he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen. 'My lord,' replied Garth, 'I say that they are mistaken. I will find seamen in abundance to swear that they have known whistling raise the wind.'

"The jury found the prisoners not guilty, and the report carried back to London by persons who had been present at the trial was that every body applauded the verdict, and that even the Stouts seemed to be convinced of their error. It is certain, however, that the malevolence of the defeated party soon revived in all its energy. The lives of the four men who had just been absolved were again attacked by means of the most absurd and odious proceeding known to our old law, the appeal of murder. This attack, too, failed. Every artifice of chicane was at length exhausted; and nothing was left to the disappointed sect and the disappointed faction except to calumniate those whom it had been found impossible to murder. In a succession of libels Spencer Cowper was held up to the execration of the public. But the public did him justice. He rose to high eminence in his profession; he at length took his seat, with general applause, on the judicial bench, and there distinguished himself by the humanity which he never failed to show to unhappy men who stood, as he had once stood, at the bar. Many who seldom trouble themselves about pedigrees

may be interested by learning that he was the grandfather of that excellent man and excellent poet William Cowper, whose writings have long been peculiarly loved and prized by the members of the religious community which, under a strong delusion, sought to slay his innocent progenitor."

All readers of Macaulay expect to be conducted to some of those brilliant portraits which adorn the stately edifice he rears. This volume is not wanting in such. With great power he has drawn the minister of Spain, Cardinal Portocarrero; and we should like the dark, and dreadful, and forbidding features to be well studied by our readers. They are the indications of a subtlety from which, in our own country, in our own age, we are not yet by any means safe:

"Portocarrero was one of a race of men of whom we, happily for us, have seen very little, but whose influence has been the curse of Roman Catholic countries. He was, like Sixtus the Fourth and Alexander the Sixth, a politician made out of an impious priest. Such politicians are generally worse than the worst of the laity—more merciless than any ruffian that can be found in camps, more dishonest than any pettifogger who haunts the tribunals. The sanctity of their profession has an unsanctifying influence on them. The lessons of the nursery, the habits of boyhood and of early youth, leave in the minds of the great majority of avowed infidels some traces of religion, which, in seasons of mourning and of sickness, become plainly discernible. But it is scarcely possible that any such trace should remain in the mind of the hypocrite who, during many years, is constantly going through what he considers as the mummery of preaching, saying mass, baptizing, shriving. When an ecclesiastic of this sort mixes in the contests of men of the world, he is indeed much to be dreaded as an enemy, but still more to be dreaded as an ally. From the pulpit where he daily employs his eloquence to embellish what he regards as fables, from the altar whence he daily looks down with secret scorn on the prostrate dupes who believe that he can turn a drop of wine into blood, from the confessional where he daily studies with cold and scientific attention the morbid anatomy of guilty consciences, he brings to courts some talents which may move the envy of the more cunning and unscrupulous of lay courtiers: a rare skill in reading characters and in managing tempers, a rare art of dissimulation, a rare dexterity in insinuating what it is not safe to affirm or to propose in explicit terms. There are two feelings which often prevent an unprincipled layman from becoming utterly depraved and despicable—domestic feeling, and chivalrous feeling. His heart may be softened by the endearments of a family. His pride may revolt from

the thought of doing what does not become a gentleman. But neither with the domestic feeling, nor with the chivalrous feeling, has the wicked priest any sympathy. His gown excludes him from the closest and most tender of human relations, and at the same time dispenses him from the observation of the fashionable code of honor.

"Such a priest was Portocarrero; and he seems to have been a consummate master of his craft. To the name of statesman he had no pretensions. The lofty part of his predecessor Ximenes was out of the range, not more of his intellectual, than his moral capacity. To reanimate a paralysed and torpid monarchy, to introduce order and economy into a bankrupt treasury, to restore the discipline of an army which had become a mob, to refit a navy which was perishing from mere rottenness—these were achievements beyond the power, beyond even the ambition, of that ignoble nature. But there was one task for which the new minister was admirably qualified—that of establishing, by means of superstitious terror, an absolute dominion over a feeble mind; and the feeblest of all minds was that of his unhappy sovereign."

The historian sketches, with his brilliancy of coloring, the effect of this priestly dominancy over the mind of Charles of Spain—especially pointing to the morbid tastes of the king and his ancestors:

"Meanwhile, in the distempered mind of Charles one mania succeeded another. A longing to pry into those mysteries of the grave from which human beings avert their thoughts had long been hereditary in his house. Juana, from whom the mental constitution of her posterity seems to have derived a morbid taint, had sat, year after year, by the bed on which lay the ghastly remains of her husband, appareled in the rich embroidery and jewels which he had been wont to wear while living. Her son Charles found an eccentric pleasure in celebrating his own obsequies—in putting on his shroud, placing himself in the coffin, covering himself with the pall and lying as one dead till the requiem had been sung, and the mourners had departed, leaving him alone in the tomb. Philip the Second found a similar pleasure in gazing on the huge chest of bronze in which his remains were to be laid, and especially on the skull which, encircled with the crown of Spain, grinned at him from the cover. Philip the Fourth, too, hankered after burials and burial-places, gratified his curiosity by gazing on the remains of his great-grandfather, the Emperor, and sometimes stretched himself out at full length like a corpse in the niche which he had selected for himself in the royal cemetery. To that cemetery his son was now attracted by a strange fascination. Europe could show no more magnificent place of sepulture. A stair-case incrustated with jasper led down from the stately church of the Escorial into an octagon situated just beneath the high

altar. The vault, impervious to the sun, was rich with gold and precious marbles, which reflected the blaze from a huge chandelier of silver. On the right and on the left reposed, each in a massy sarcophagus, the departed kings and queens of Spain. Into this mausoleum the king descended with a long train of courtiers, and ordered the coffins to be unclosed. His mother had been embalmed with such consummate skill that she appeared as she had appeared on her death-bed. The body of his grandfather, too, seemed entire, but crumbled into dust at the first touch. From Charles neither the remains of his mother nor those of his grandfather could draw any sign of sensibility. But when the gentle and graceful Louisa of Orleans, the miserable man's first wife, she who had lighted up his dark existence with one short and pale gleam of happiness, presented herself, after the lapse of ten years, to his eyes, his sullen apathy gave way. 'She is in heaven,' he cried; 'and I shall soon be there with her;' and, with all the speed of which his limbs were capable, he tottered back to the upper air."

But we must reserve a space for a farewell glance at the illustrious man who, in a period of much difficulty, served our nation so bravely. Lord Macaulay brings out in this volume William's determination to resign a throne which brought him only ingratitude, irritation, and annoyance. Somers, with difficulty, and only by the threat of his own resignation, induced the king to reconsider his. The death of James, and the acknowledgment of the Pretender by Louis XIV. as King of England, was no doubt a bitter disappointment to William; but it called forth, in our own country, a splendid burst of enthusiastic loyalty—it was a gleam of satisfaction round a dying man. Thus Lord Macaulay describes the last scene in the life of his hero, and with these words concludes his own history:

"The king meanwhile was sinking fast. Albemarle had arrived at Kensington from the Hague exhausted by rapid traveling. His master kindly bade him go and rest for some hours, and then summoned him to make his report. That report was in all respects satisfactory. The States-General were in the best temper; the troops, the provisions, and the magazines were in the best order. Every thing was in readiness for an early campaign. William received the intelligence with the calmness of a man whose work was done. He was under no illusion as to his danger. 'I am fast drawing,' he said, 'to my end. His end was worthy of his life. His intellect was not for a moment clouded. His fortitude was the more admirable because he was not willing to die. He had very lately

said to one of those whom he most loved: 'You know that I never feared death; there have been times when I should have wished it; but now that this great new prospect is opening before me, I do wish to stay here a little longer.' Yet no weakness, no querulousness, disgraced the noble close of that noble career. To the physicians the king returned his thanks graciously and gently. 'I know that you have done all that skill and learning could do for me: but the case is beyond your art; and I submit.' From the words which escaped him he seemed to be frequently engaged in mental prayer. Burnet and Tenison remained many hours in the sick room. He professed to them his firm belief in the truth of the Christian religion, and received the sacrament from their hands with great seriousness. The ante-chambers were crowded all night with lords and privy-councillors. He ordered several of them to be called in, and exerted himself to take leave of them with a few kind and cheerful words. Among the English who were admitted to his bedside were Devonshire and Ormond. But there were in the crowd those who felt as no Englishman could feel, friends of his youth who had been true to him, and to whom he had been true, through all vicissitudes of fortune; who had served him with unalterable fidelity when his Secretaries of State, his Treasury, and his Admiralty had betrayed him; who had never on any field of battle, or in an atmosphere tainted with loathsomeness and deadly disease, shrunk from placing their own lives in jeopardy to save his, and whose truth he had at the cost of his own popularity rewarded with bounteous munificence. He strained his feeble voice to thank Auverquerque for the affectionate and loyal services of thirty years. To Albemarle he gave the keys of his closet, and of his private drawers. 'You know,' he said, 'what to do with them.' By this time he could scarcely breathe. 'Can this,' he said to the physicians, 'last long?' He was told that the end was approaching. He swallowed a cordial, and asked for Bentinck. Those were his last articulate words. Bentinck instantly came to the bed-side, bent down, and placed his ear close to the king's mouth. The lips of the dying man moved, but nothing could be heard. The king took the hand of his earliest friend, and pressed it tenderly to his heart. In that moment, no doubt, all that had cast a slight passing cloud over their long and pure friendship was forgotten. It was now between seven and eight in the morning. He closed his eyes, and gasped for breath. The bishops knelt down and read the commendatory prayer. When it ended, William was no more.

"When his remains were laid out, it was found that he wore next to his skin a small piece of black-silk ribbon. The lords-in-waiting ordered it to be taken off. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary."

Now surely, among eminent writers, not one of our own day has attained to greater right to the homage of respectful

and critical regard than Macaulay. The qualities of his mind are of extraordinary brilliancy. His style at once heaves—like an ocean burning beneath the rising sun—with a massive magnificence, with a pomp and swell of diction, rolling and surging like an advancing tide; while its separate waves flash with a luster broken into ten thousand sparkling points. Refusing to be included among this great writer's *greatest* admirers, we, in common with millions, must admire the rare combination of two great powers, pomp and dignity, which reminds us of Milton, Hooker, or Sir Thomas Brown; and pertinency and sparkling point, which reminds us of Thomas Fuller. Never, in this department of literature, has popular power been united to so much brilliancy and to so much strength. There is doubtless a profusion of mental wealth of very varied orders—the discussions of a philosopher, the descriptions of a poet, the disquisitions of a statesman. The words, aiming at no especial purity of Saxon simplicity, are yet like the mind of England, and speak that mind; they fly fast and bright from the anvil of thought; they are strong, they are tender. You would not call them felicitous words; they are too mighty, too daring; but words, ideas, and images, all reflect a mind not only alive, but alert, intense in its determination, collected in all its powers; in short, a healthy giant, working.

A question has been debated with a great deal of intensity from time to time by literary men in various literary circles, as to the place to be assigned to Lord Macaulay in the kingdom of letters; this leads to another, namely, the distinctions to be drawn as separating the ministry of *taste* from the ministry of *genius*. We confess the subject has not appeared to us to be invested by so many difficulties as have been associated with it in the minds of disputants. Genius seems to us the originating power, the force whence springs the work of exalted mental excellence—Taste, the perceiving power, whence proceeds the work of discriminating the error, and developing the harmony of the greatness it could not produce. Genius is awed by its own volitions and creations. The magnificence of its own conceptions is enough for it; it does not need books; it does not *need* any auxiliaries; it will use them, but if it does, it uses them as a giant may use a staff, not

for rest, or as a necessity, but for its own satisfaction and amusement. It is the reverse of this with *taste*—the books, pictures, statues, and scenes, shoot volitions and thoughts into it; or they are reflecting mirrors, and it lights its torch at their focal fires. It has power, but it is derived power. Genius usually needs a middle man, a translator. But the office of taste is itself to translate; it reads with avidity and readiness the works of genius; it is a great linguist, but it can not construct a language. Thus it will be seen that taste lies nearer to the region of talent than genius. Genius can not so well tell you the laws by which it acts as talent and taste. We do not believe that even Shakspeare would have made a first-rate critic, any more than a planet could discourse of centrifugal or centripetal, or gravitation could define a law. Genius is a law-giver—sometimes it is an iconoclast. Taste points its finger constantly to the canon and the code; it detects what is fitting in arrangement; it has a fine eye for color and effect; it carries a vigorous consciousness into all its performances. Genius is on the contrary unconscious. It works frequently on principles it can not comprehend. The aim of taste is correctness. The aim of genius is the emancipation of the soul from its furnace of fire. Genius pours the color over the canvas, lives before the easel, and in the studio. Taste collects the canvases of genius, frames them, hangs them in the gallery, and reverently delights to be the cicerone to lead from painting to painting, pointing to the beauties, sometimes suggesting an improvement, but ever rousing the spectator by the tones and the colors which might otherwise have escaped the eye. Thus we feel that we must assign to Lord Macaulay a foremost place among great artists. We give him a most distinguished niche among the monarchs and masters of Taste.

We have referred to the *logical acuteness* of this writer. It is logic which sets the scaling-ladders of thought; it is logic which arranges, gives purpose to the ideas and the language with which a great writer may be charged; rhetoric is only another name for logical sequence; we almost expect the master of the one to be the master of the other; they both concern themselves with the arrangement and ordering of mental material. Logic is the rhetoric of thought; rhetoric is the

logic of expression. It is true the world has not been wanting in great and accomplished teachers, who have disdained the more obvious formularies both of the one and the other of these arts, but they were only able to do so in proportion as nature had endowed them with the real power without the artificial form.

Thus in his essays Macaulay shows himself to be a most admirable logician. Not, indeed, that we have any illustrations of scholastic dialectics—some kinds of logic resemble the tortuous process of grinding; the work is done surely enough, but it is a long task; you have to put your argument into the mill, and turn and turn, until you find the result in the deposit below; but other kinds of logic resemble a hammer, which breaks at once the rock, the stone, the fossil, and lays bare the secret within; Lord Macaulay's logic is of the latter order, and ah, with what spiteful spleen he brings down his hammer on the head of the unfortunate antagonist; he never thinks apparently of answering what he does not mean to crush. We might refer to many papers as illustrations of this, the combination of logic, imagination, and wit, but will especially notice that on Mr. Gladstone's relations of Church and State. With what admirable energy does he denounce that disposition, too common in many of us, to treat an abstract question as a settled truism:

"There is no harm at all in inquiring what course a stone thrown into the air would take if the law of gravitation did not operate. But the consequences would be unpleasant, if the inquirer, as soon as he had finished his calculation, were to begin to throw stones about in all directions, without considering that his conclusion rests on a false hypothesis, and that his projectiles, instead of flying away through infinite space, will speedily return in parabolas, and break the windows and heads of his neighbors."

You do not need to be told that there is a kind of wit which is of the highest order of logic in scientific dialectics; we advance, as it were, through a series of concentric rings, until we find the central heart of the question, but wit will often cut down through the heart of the question at once. The comparison between the ancient and modern philosophy in our author's *Analyses of the Genius of Bacon* is full of those which may be called logical intuitions. No writer so reminds us of Hobbes' Theory of Laugh-

ter—that it is a kind of glory. Every demolishing blow from the hammer of our dialectician seems to ring and reëcho back a kind of triumphant and defiant note; his sentences on those occasions stand like giants over the foe they have thrown to the earth, uttering a triumphant roar of laughter.

In our readings of any author, we must not expect from him what he has not to give; thank him for his literary wares, and let him go. In Macaulay, what we shall find will be strong common-sense, defended by philosophy, and illuminated and adorned by poetry, or rather by eloquence. More than this we shall not find, more than this we must not expect. Our writer would seem to know this; hence he never criticises those men and those works which demand for their knowledge and appreciation a fine spiritual insight and instinct. The bodies of the imagination on which he will lovingly dwell must be near to the region of the understanding. His literary heroes are only the men whose names are obviously identified with the suffrages of men. For such persons as Wordsworth, or Coleridge, or Keats; for Schiller, or Jean Paul, or even Goethe, he seems to have nothing to say. He has no taste for the abstract either in philosophy or poetry. He would not sit down to analyze the great work of Berkley with the pleasure he devoted to Bacon. Nor would he feel the delight in estimating the genius of Herder, or of Mendelssohn, which he felt in analysing the character and doctrines of Macchiavelli. If he ever listens to those voices which fall from the highest wonders of our world, or of other worlds, he only listens; they do not lead him away to any fields of indefinite speculation. His imagination is logic. He wears his ornaments like golden fetters. The most shining points of his discourse are always linked to the chief matters of it. And every movement of that eloquent pen adds something to the fact, and nothing to the fancy of the subject in hand.

In his richest descriptions, Macaulay derives his strength from his power of grouping all the parts and persons necessary to add to the interest of a picture together. He sketches a magnificent *tableau*; he omits nothing calculated to thrill or arrest the attention. The matchless portrait of the Puritans, the description of the trial of Warren Hastings, the

analysis of the genius of Burke are illustrations of this. We constantly see how much he is indebted to his memory; he is a fine illustration for those philosophers who hold the intimate relation and family dependency of memory and the imagination. As in the case of our friend, Captain Cuttle, "When found make a note on," seems to be his invariable principle. He transfers the simplest incident in a poor biography to his memory, and by-and-by centralizes it on some broad and magnificent canvas, compelling it to give life to a great historical event. His essays and portrayals are like great historical paintings, in which every living character is pressed into the service of the artist, and made to contribute his portrait. No event is so mean but he will make it the minister to some event of real importance. His curiosity is insatiable; and it must be said it is often concerned in very little things. It is frightful to think what tons of rubbish the man must have read; he must have threshed immense quarters of chaff, to be rewarded, one thinks, at the rate of one ear of wheat for every quarter. He watches dates, too, as a gryphon was wont to watch gold. His accuracy seems to be equal to his curiosity, so far as its verbal significance is regarded as accuracy. He has the power to plod like the most prosaic Dryasdust, and to paint with colors as vivid and with delineations more truthful than Walter Scott.

The reader will not have read so little of our author as to need to be told that his bitterness is intense; this gives the charm to his essays and to his history. One would say he kept always by him, on his study-table, a bottle of acetic acid, and a drop or two on a reputation or a character displeasing to him effectually blisters and burns. This is the chief characteristic of his wit; it is sharp, even to malevolence; it is often false, too, because he sacrifices to force and point, and epigrammatic brilliancy, every other consideration; hence, all his verdicts must be received with modification. We may cite a few illustrative and pointed sayings from the *Essay on the Works of Horace Walpole*:

"His writings, it is true, rank as high among the delicacies of intellectual epicures as the Strasburg pies, (among the dishes described in the *Almanack des Gourmands*.) But as that (the *pate-de-fois-gras*) owes its excellences to

the diseases of that wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good for nothing if it were not made of livers preternaturally swollen, so none but an unhealthy and disorganized mind could have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole. . . . His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations. His features were covered by mask within mask. When the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed, you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man. He played innumerable parts, and overacted them all. When he talked misanthropy, he out-Timoned Timon. When he talked philanthropy, he left Howard at an immeasurable distance. He wished to be a celebrated author, and yet a mere idle gentleman—one of those epicurean gods of the earth who do nothing at all, and who pass their existence in the contemplation of their own perfections. Every page of Walpole's works betrays him. This Diogenes, who would be thought to prefer his tub to a palace, and who has nothing to ask of the masters of Windsor and Versailles, but that they will stand out of his light, is a gentleman-usher at heart. Serious business was a trifle to him; and trifles were his serious business. To chat with blue-stockings—to write little copies of complimentary verses on little occasions—to superintend a private press—to preserve from natural decay the perishable topics of Ranelagh and Whites—to record divorces and bets—Miss Chudleigh's absurdities, and George Selwyn's good sayings—to decorate a grotesque house with pie-crust battlements, to procure rare engravings and antique chimney-boards—to match old gauntlets—to lay out a maze of walks within five acres of ground—these were the grave employments of his long life. From these he turned to politics, as to an amusement. After the labors of the print-shop and the auction-room, he unbent his mind in the House of Commons. And, having indulged in the recreation of making laws and voting millions, he returned to more important pursuits—to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrell."

This brilliant passage will convey to the reader's mind the idea of the peculiarities of Lord Macaulay's style—alike in its strength, and its pertinency, and its vice.

Here is an epigram on the men of the Revolution of 1688:

"The men to whom we owe it that we have a House of Commons, are sneered at because they did not suffer the debates of the House to be published. The authors of the Toleration Act are treated as bigots, because they did not go the length of the Catholic Emancipation Act. Just so we have heard a baby, mounted on the

shoulders of its father, cry out: 'How much taller I am than papa!'

Some of his epigrams will be well known to you. For instance, his characterization of Dr. Southey:

"Dr. Southey brings to his task two faculties which were never, we believe, vouchsafed, in measures so copious, to any human being—the faculty of believing without a reason, and the faculty of hating without a provocation."

Every body remembers his onslaught on Robert Montgomery's poems. Far too severe, we think, but very characteristic:

"His writing bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet does to a picture. There are colors in the Turkey carpet, out of which a picture might be made; there are words in Mr. Montgomery's writing which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will again make, good poetry. But, as they now stand, they seem to be put together on principle, in such a manner as to give us an image of any thing—in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

And that kind of poetry has been baptized the Turkey-carpet school ever since. Again:

"From the poetry of Lord Byron you may draw a system of ethics compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness; a system in which the two great commandments are, to hate your neighbor, and to love your neighbor's wife."

But if the reader would see all Macaulay's power of contempt, scorn, and bitterness, he must turn to the article on Barère. Truly he was a good hater. We must select two or three sentences from this fierce invective:

"We can not conclude without saying something about two parts of his character, which

his biographer appears to consider as deserving of high admiration. Barère, it is admitted, was somewhat fickle; but in two things he was consistent, in his love of Christianity, and in his hatred to England. If this were so, we must say that England is much more beholden to him than Christianity. . . . Mix together Thistlewood and Bubb Dodington, and you are still far from having Barère.

"We therefore like his invectives against us much better than any thing else he has written; and dwell on them, not merely with complacency, but with a feeling akin to gratitude. It was but little that he could do to promote the honor of our country; but that little he did strenuously and constantly. Renegade, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, murderer, hack-writer, police-spy—the one small service which he could render to England was to hate her: and such as he was may all who hate her be!

"We can not say that we contemplate with equal satisfaction that fervent and constant zeal for religion which, according to M. Hippolyte Carnot, distinguished Barère; for, as we think that whatever brings dishonor on religion is a serious evil, we had, we own, indulged a hope that Barère was an atheist. We now learn, however, that he was at no time even a skeptic, that he adhered to his faith through the whole revolution, and that he has left several manuscript works on divinity. One of these is a pious treatise, entitled 'Of Christianity, and of its Influence.' Another consists of meditations on the Psalms, which will doubtless greatly console the Church.

"This makes the character complete. Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are hateful, whatsoever things are of evil report, if there be any vice, and if there be any infamy, all these things, we knew, were blended in Barère. But one thing was still wanting; and that M. Hippolyte Carnot has supplied. When to such an assemblage of qualities a high profession of piety is added, the effect becomes overpowering. We sink under the contemplation of such exquisite and manifold perfection; and feel, with deep humility, how presumptuous it is in us to think of composing the legend of this beautified athlete of the faith, St. Bertrand of the Carmagnoles."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



From the British Quarterly.

## ICELAND AND ITS PHYSICAL CURIOSITIES.\*

THERE is an island on the borders of the Polar Circle, where the Frost Giants and the Fire King are engaged in perpetual conflict. Which shall have the mastery is a question still unsolved, though centuries have been consumed in the strife. So equally matched are the rival powers, that neither of them can acquire any permanent ascendancy. From its proximity to the North, we might expect that the furniture of this island would be of the wintriest description, and that its mountains would be covered with snow, its gorges filled with glaciers, and its streams congealed into "motionless torrents." But we find that some of its hills are smoking volcanoes, that others are fuming with sulphur, that many of its plains were recently flooded with molten lava, and that the soil is pierced in all directions with pools of boiling mud and fountains of scalding water.

If St. Helena has been styled a volcanic cinder, Iceland may be called a great volcanic block. Its whole substance has been poured out of the earth's glowing entrails. There was a time when the sea hung over its site; but the bed of the ocean was ruptured, and a huge mass of matter forced its way upwards, spite of the enormous resistance it had to encounter, until its steaming head was lifted high above the waters. What a magnificent spectacle this must have been, had

mortal eye existed to trace the grand acts of upheaval. In modern times we have known rocks rise from the womb of the deep, but who has ever witnessed any gigantic feats of parturition like those which gave birth to Iceland? In the year 1757 an islet, measuring a mile across, was thrown up about three miles from Pondicherry. In 1811 Sabrina was similarly formed in the neighborhood of St. Michael's, (Azores,) amidst terrible convulsions of land and ocean. Ferdinandea, (or Graham's Island,) near the Sicilian coast, Joanna Bogossowa, in the sea of Kamschatka, and several others, children of the submarine volcano, have also sprung up in the waters; but these have all been comparatively puny in their dimensions, and after a short sojourn at the surface, down they sunk into the depths from which they were so strangely protruded.

At what period the foundation-stone of Iceland was laid, and how many successive eruptions occurred before the whole forty thousand square miles were upheaved, are matters which belong to the unrecorded past. But at no time could this vomit of the volcano be regarded as a tempting territory. Even at the present day not more than one third of the island is available for agriculture, another third is fit only for the growth of heather, whilst the remaining portion is filled up with mountains, deserts, and lifeless tracts of lava. Looking at the interior, with its surface pimpled over with rugged hills and volcanic cones, its sandy solitudes where scarcely a blade of vegetation can be discovered, its horrible plains where the molten effusions of neighboring craters have congealed in the wildest forms, like a raging sea suddenly struck dumb, we should be disposed to say that, of all regions on the globe, this had been selected as the great battle-ground between Frost and Fire.

Now, that man should ever dream of settling in such an inhospitable place may well excite surprise. As a penal colony—

\* *Iceland: its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers.* By CHARLES S. FORBER, Commander R. N. London: John Murray. 1860.

*Northufari: or Rambles in Iceland.* By PLINY MILES. London: Longmans. 1854.

*Iceland: or the Journal of a Residence in that Island during the Years 1814 and 1815.* By Dr. EBENEZER HENDERSON. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Oliphant. 1818.

*Travels in Iceland.* By SIR GEORGE STEWART MACKENZIE, Bart. New edition. Edinburgh: Chambers. 1842.

*Journal of a Tour in Iceland in the Summer of 1809.* By SIR WILLIAM JACKSON HOOKER, F.L.S. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1813.

*Visit to Iceland and the Scandinavian North.* By Madame IDA FREYER. London: Ingram, Cooke & Co. 1853.

an insular jail—good. It is just the grimmer regions of the globe which ought to be set apart for the reception of rogues, instead of spoiling some of the fairer spots by copious importations of felony. If the governments of Europe had been in want of a nice little convict isle, a cesspool for the overflowings of their scoundrelism, we fancy that Iceland might have struck them as an extremely eligible quarter for the purpose.

But its destiny has been more fortunate. On this forbidding soil men sprung up as if by magic, and, instead of contenting themselves with a shivering sort of civilization, they laid it out as a kind of literary garden, and stocked it with such flowers of fancy that it became almost as gay and verdant as an academic grove. Not that its first visitors were the most promising of personages. The discoverer of Iceland was a freebooter of the name of Nadoddr, one of those vikings who thought that plunder was a part of the duty of man, and that a descent upon an unprotected town was an honorable feat which would prove a sure passport to Valhalla. Sailing towards the Faroe Islands in the year 860, this marauder missed his mark, but came in sight of the land of Geysers, which, from its wintry look, he christened Snow Land. There being nothing to steal and nobody to slay, Nadoddr returned to richer seas, and four years afterwards was followed by a brother of the same craft, Gardar by name, who explored the whole coast, and repaid himself for his trouble by putting his door-plate (so to speak) upon the island—from thenceforth it was to be known as Gardar's-holm. Pirate the second was, however, speedily supplanted by pirate the third—Floki of the Ravens, as he was afterwards called; for, having taken three of these birds on board, he sent them out at different times to guide him on his course, and at length, reaching the isle, he gave it the title it has ever since carried, and spent ten years in investigating its shores. Was not this as rare an act of abstemiousness in a man who lived by picking and stealing, as it would be for an Algerine corsair to devote himself to a course of quiet geographical research?

It was clear, however, that Iceland was no place for men of buccaneering mold. Colonists of a higher quality speedily followed. Just about a thousand years ago,

certain Norwegians found themselves uncomfortable in their native country. Their king, Harold the Fair, had made himself so troublesome to his subjects by his tyranny and extortionate acts that many of them resolved to seek an asylum beyond the seas. Whither? was the question. It was rumored that far away in the ocean there lay a peaceful little island where they might hope to escape the attentions of his troublesome majesty, and to live free, though self-banished. Under the leadership of a nobleman named Ingolf, but doubtless with heavy hearts, the exiles set sail in the year 874, and after a rambling voyage of seven or eight hundred miles, performed in slender skiffs, they reached what Arngrim Jonas, one of their chroniclers, styles "the Canaan of the North." A strange title to give to a country whose plains were scorched with fire, and whose mountain peaks were wrapped in snow. But an early visitor had told them in language worthy of a Scandinavian George Robins, that the streams were full of delicate fish, and that the very "plants dropped butter." Salmon and cod, indeed, they found in abundance, but the pastures which were to serve as natural dairies—the vegetables which were to churn them butter for the asking—were not to be discovered in any quarter of the island. Such, however, was the charm of independence, that the Norwegians flocked thither in troops, and at length his troublesome majesty Harold forbade any further emigration, being determined, like Louis XIV. on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, that his discontented subjects should neither enjoy peace at home nor be permitted to seek it abroad.

It was in the year 874, (A.D.) then, that the history of Iceland commenced. "History, indeed," the reader will exclaim, "if such a functionary as a state annalist exists on that volcanic mound, will not his story be as brief as Canning's Knife-grinder's, and his chapters as summary as Pontoppidan's on the snakes? What material could a Tacitus, a Gibbon, or an Alison find for his pen in a country which has had no kings with a host of vices to portray, and no warriors with a host of victories to record? What can a chronicler make of a region which even at the present hour has no fortresses to be taken by storm, and can not boast of a single civilized park of artillery? A

pretty place to think of having any history at all!"

Let us, however, overlook the presumption of the natives in this particular, and simply say, that for about half a century after Ingolf's settlement the colony subsisted under a species of patriarchal rule; but about the year 928 changes ensued, and the island was declared a republic. The new arrangements were admirable. Laws were carefully compiled; literature began to flourish; maritime discoveries (America included) were effected, and Christianity was established as the religion of the country. This was the Golden Age of Iceland. But, somehow or other, a golden age never lasts. In our weary world a lease of happiness, personal or political, never runs long. In the present case it was out in little more than three hundred years. Perhaps this might be a fair spell of national bliss, all things considered, but, at any rate, in the year 1261, King Hacon of Norway, who had frequently cast a longing eye upon the island, contrived to corrupt a number of its influential people, and to bribe them into a transfer of their allegiance. What won't men do to acquire a little gold or a little land? Verily, we believe there is scarcely an acre of enviable ground on the face of the globe which has not cost a soul or two at some period of its history. Handed over to Hacon in 1261, however, the island remained in the possession of the Norwegian sovereigns until 1380, when it was annexed to the crown of Denmark, and to the crown of Denmark it has ever since belonged.

But it is with the physical curiosities of the country, rather than with its history or its inhabitants, that we are now concerned. No sooner does an inquisitive traveler approach its shores than he feels an intense longing to visit its wonderful Geysers. Landing at Reykjavik, he finds himself in one of the funniest little capitals on the face of the globe. Iceland must of course have a metropolis. Why should it not, we should like to know? If it can not exactly indulge in a London, Paris, or a Yeddo, there is no reason why it should not have a small chief town consisting mainly of two streets—with a small cathedral, capable of holding nearly one hundred and fifty persons—a small governor's palace, originally intended for a prison—a small House of Parliament, of ample caliber for nearly thirty

senators—a small hotel, without either sign-board or name; and besides a few other public edifices, of a small number of private residences which look like warehouses, and of warehouses which look exceedingly like themselves. Nearly all of these tenements are made of wood covered with a dense coating of tar, so that the capital of Iceberg appears to be in deep mourning. Internally some of them are handsomely furnished, and Madam Pfeiffer discovered no less than six square piano-fortes in the place, but she maliciously surmises that Liszt and Thalberg would never have recognized their own music when executed by Icelandic hands. Many of the houses possess small gardens, where small vegetables are cultivated; but the botany of the island is so wretched, that good turnips, according to Sir W. Hooker, are about the size of an apple; and the largest tree in the country, according to Mr. Miles, was one on the governor's premises, which did not exceed five feet in height. No monster gooseberries of course are ever produced, (or rapturously reported), and it has been sarcastically affirmed that the gardens are kept clean simply because the weeds won't trouble themselves to grow. This small metropolis, too, has its small gayeties, for we hear of balls where the orchestra consisted of a violin, a rusty triangle, and a "half-rotten" drum; where ladies of fragile virtue appeared quite at home with the bishop of the island; where men walked about with tobacco-pipes in their mouths, and indulging in what Sir George Mackenzie politely terms the unrestrained evacuation of their saliva on the floor; and where waltzes were performed in such a funereal way that the spectator was reminded of soldiers stepping along to the music of the Dead March in Saul. Need we say further, that the population of Reykjavik scarcely exceeds that of many a British village—consisting as it does of about six hundred native residents, but increased by Danish traders and summer visitors from other parts of the country to about twelve hundred.

Having thus taken a hasty glance at the capital, let us start for those glorious steam-fountains which, were they transferred to British ground, would be sufficient to turn the head of the best English county. In Iceland you can not hire a cab, coach, cart, or other vehicle, for the simple reason that there are none to be

had. Nor can you travel on foot, for that would be considered almost as foolish as to proceed on all fours. Your plan is to purchase horses—some for yourself, some for the guides, and others for the baggage. There being no Golden Lions or Royal Hotels in the country, it is advisable to carry a tent, and to look after the commissariat as narrowly as if you were about to traverse the Great Desert. Milk may be procured; but, as you may have to proceed fifteen or twenty miles without seeing a cottage, the best policy is to victual the expedition at the outset, though it involves you in the expense of a complete caravan. The difficulties of travel, indeed, are great. The country is such, that neither General Wade nor Mr. Macadam could have tamed its rugged paths into easy turnpike. In some places the road is like the bed of a Highland water-course, in others your route might as well run through a stone-quarry. Too frequently, the traveler picks his way over a sheet of lava, stretching for miles, unrelieved by trees or vegetables, except a few sickly bushes, which have found a nest in some hollow where the wind has deposited a handful of soil. He finds that this lava is broken up into sharp blocks, or gashed with fissures which are so teasing that constant attention is required to prevent accidents. Or he may have to cross swamps and marshes, where the yielding nature of the ground is scarcely less trying to the temper; and if encumbered with much baggage, the beasts of burden need constant supervision as well as their apathetic guides.

Approaching Thingvalla, on his way to the Geysers, the visitor is startled by arriving at the edge of a precipice. A deep but narrow chasm, extending to a distance of more than a mile, suddenly yawns before him, as if the ground had been torn open by an earthquake. No warning is given him of its vicinity until he finds himself standing and shuddering upon the verge of the abyss. This is the famous ravine of *Almannagjá*, which is justly considered to be one of the most remarkable spots in Iceland. Its depth is about one hundred and eighty feet, its width may be the same in some parts, but in others it diminishes to a few fathoms. How to cross it is the question for the traveler? Told he must descend to the bottom, and, somehow or other, contrive to reach the opposing bank, he shakes his head, and

thinks it is a feat for a goat but not for a man. There is no help for it, however. Dismount, and you will find a sort of natural staircase, which conducts you giddily to the bed of the rift.

"Colossal blocks of stone, threatening the unhappy wanderer with death and destruction, hang loosely, in the form of pyramids and of broken columns, from the lofty walls of lava which encircle the whole long ravine in the form of a gallery. Speechless, and in anxious suspense, we descend a part of this chasm, hardly daring to look up, much less to give utterance to a single sound, lest the vibration should bring down one of these avalanches of stone, to the terrific force of which the rocky fragments scattered around bear ample testimony. The distinctness with which echo repeats the softest sound and the lightest footfall, is truly wonderful. The appearance presented by the horses, which are allowed to come down the ravine after their masters have descended, is most peculiar. One could fancy they were clinging to the wall of rock."

Not far from the village of Thingvalla, the vale of which is unrivaled in Iceland for its beauty, lies the most sacred spot in the whole country. This is the plain where the Althing, or General Parliament, held its annual sittings for nearly nine centuries. Here national affairs were discussed, public justice was administered, strangers met from all parts of the island, friendships were formed, marriages were contracted, quarrels were settled or originated, females convicted of child-murder were drowned in a neighboring pool, and culprits sentenced to be decapitated lost their heads on a little isle in the midst of the river. But in 1800 the Althing was abolished, or rather transferred to Reykjavik, and now this venerated seat of law consists of "a mere farm, and contains two huts and a very small church."

Two or three days are occupied in your jaunt to the Geysers. The scenery is singularly diversified, for there are charming meadows, and pleasant shrubberies, and beautiful lakes on the route, as well as frightful fissures and rugged tracts of lava.

At last, turning the flank of a mountain, you observe big clouds of steam curling into the air at a distance of about three miles; and if your pulse breaks into a transient gallop, how can you help it, when told that you are now within sight of one of the greatest wonders of the

world? Scampering across bog and stream, you arrive at the foot of a hill about three hundred feet in height, and find yourself amongst a colony of boiling springs and vapor fountains. Upwards of one hundred of these are collected within a space of little more than fifty acres. There is no difficulty in recognizing the chieftain of the group. Upon a mound seven feet in height there rests a basin which at first appears to be tolerably circular, its diameter being fifty-six feet in one direction and forty-six in another. The interior, from three to four feet in depth, is smooth and polished, and at the moment of your approach may be partially filled with water in a highly-heated condition. Through the clear crystalline fluid a funnel in the center of this gigantic saucer may be perceived. Its breadth at the top has been variously estimated at from eight to sixteen feet, but as it descends it narrows its bore, and when sounded—your time for this ticklish operation being just after an explosion—the pipe may be traced to a depth of sixty-three feet.

It may be necessary, however, to wait some time before the Gusher or Rager—that is the meaning of the word Geyser—will do you the honor to play. His movements are very fitful, and twenty or thirty hours frequently pass, nay, as many as three days have been known to expire, without any hearty and emphatic eruption. Upon the curious traveler this interval of suspense has quite an exciting effect. When Sir George Mackenzie lay down for the night he could not sleep for more than a minute or two at a time, his anxiety compelling him to raise his head repeatedly to listen, and when the joyful notice was given, up he started with a shout, and bounded across the space which separated him from the Geyser. And what a spectacle it is when the explosion *does* commence! With a roar and a rush which are deafening—the earth trembling beneath you as if it were about to open and give birth to some strange monster—the boiling water is driven aloft in a huge column, which breaks into different ramifications, and then drooping as its impetus is lost, each separate jet falls back in graceful curves to the ground. At the lower part the ascending stream may appear to some eyes to be blue or green, but at the summit it is torn into the finest, snowiest spray. Volumes of

steam accompany the discharge, and roll away in great clouds, which add to the somberness and majesty of the scene. After raging thus grandly for a few minutes, the Geyser relaxes his fury, and then ceases to eject either water or vapor. The fluid in the basin rushes down the well in the center, and slowly but surely this magnificent hydraulic machine begins to prepare for another eruption. Very different heights have been assigned to the jets. Olafson and Paulson, for example, estimated them at three hundred and sixty feet. Lieutenant Ohlsen took the measure of one by the quadrant, and found it two hundred and twelve feet; whilst Henderson saw some which he computed at one hundred and fifty feet; but other travelers have cut them down to one hundred feet at the utmost, and Forbes averages them at seventy or eighty.

So much for the Great Geyser. About one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty yards to the south you will meet with, and might possibly walk into, another of the principal fountains. This is the famous Strokr, or Churn, as that native name implies. Unlike the former, it has neither mound nor basin, and might easily be mistaken for an ordinary well, were it not for the furious bubbling of the water in its shaft. This shaft is about six feet in diameter, according to Forbes, with a depth of about forty-eight feet; but it is very irregular in its bore, and contracts considerably; it is also bent in its course, and therefore, as Mr. Miles suggests, resembles the Irishman's gun, which had the faculty of "shooting round a corner." The ejections of the Churn are more numerous than those of the Rager, occurring at least once or twice a day, and though its jets are less voluminous, they last for a longer period, and radiate in a still more tasteful manner.

Now Strokr possesses one interesting property. He can be made to discharge almost at pleasure; and not only so, but you may force him to extra activity, and extort an eruption of a much fiercer character than is his natural practice. The way to accomplish this is very simple. Collect a quantity of stones or sods, and shovel them into the pipe of the Geyser. Down they go, splashing into the fluid, which instantly ceases to boil, as if Strokr were astonished at your impudence. And well he may, for stones and sods are

things he abominates to such a degree that, collecting all his strength, he soon vomits them forth, and hurries them aloft in a pillar of water, which sometimes appears to reach to twice the ordinary elevation. Henderson, who stumbled upon this discovery, states that some of the jets rose to a height of two hundred feet, and that fragments of stone were propelled to a still greater altitude, the column of water being succeeded by a column of steam, which lasted for nearly an hour. This experimentalist narrowly escaped punishment for his temerity; for, whilst examining the pipe, the insulted Spouter, boiling with rage, shot up into the air a hissing torrent, which swept within an inch or two of his tormentor's face. Need we be surprised if prankish visitors can hardly resist the temptation to tease the Geyser? Spite of the grandeur of the spectacle, you feel a strong propensity to laugh at the idea of rousing Strokr, and throwing him into a profound passion. Mr. Miles literally "made game" of the spring, and when the exasperated phenomenon sought to relieve himself, was quite delighted to see his waters—stained and blackened with the clods—rising wrathfully to a height of one hundred and thirty feet. Commander Forbes subjected poor Strokr to a still greater indignity, for he compelled the Geyser to cook his dinner. Having invited the neighboring *curé* and farmer to a meal, he packed up a piece of mutton in the body of a flannel shirt, and a ptarmigan in each sleeve, and then flung the garment into the Churn, which was previously primed with a quantity of turf. For some time Strokr took the transaction in such high dudgeon that he refused to eject; but finding that preparations were making for another dose of sods, he launched his waters into the air with unwonted fury, and the traveler soon beheld his shirt flying upwards, "with the arms extended like a head and tailless trunk." On its descent to the ground it proved to be in such a scalding state that it was necessary to wait a quarter of an hour before dinner could be served, and then it appeared that though the mutton was done to a nicety, the birds were torn to shreds. The Churn, in fact, was a sort of Papin's digester, where the very twigs of turf received such a soaking of caloric that they came out in a sodden condition. A drunken man once fell into the spring—so

the legend runs—and after seething for a short time, was thrown up in a spray of human fragments.

Still further to the south—about one hundred and six yards from the Strokr—you arrive at the Little Geyser. It has a shallow basin like its big brother, but its pipe, thirty-eight feet in depth, is any thing but uniform in its shape. In the days of Mackenzie this fountain was not accustomed to cast up its contents to a greater altitude than four or five feet, but it made amends for its poverty of flight by spouting for an hour without intermission. When visited by Henderson the little fellow had raised his leaps to ten or twenty feet, and went through his gymnastics about twelve times in the course of the day. Mr. Miles (in 1852) found that he had shortened the intervals between his performances, and was then in the habit of exhibiting every half hour, though the spectacle was limited to five minutes at a time, and the column did not exceed eight or ten feet in height.

These are the principal springs at Haukadal, but the ground is pierced in all directions, and puffs of steam, jets of water, and pools of seething fluid tell the visitor that he is standing on a great caldron, the crust of which might be torn to fragments in a moment, were the riotous vapors denied the means of escape. He feels that hundreds of safety-valves are at work around him, and naturally wonders whether Iceland would not burst like a boiler if these should happen to be clogged or destroyed.

The larger fountains generally give notice of their intention to play. This is only reasonable, for otherwise a curious traveler, venturing too near the basin, might be drenched with scalding water by a sudden eruption; or, worse still, whilst peering down a tube, might receive the jet in his face, and recoil parboiled at a blow. The New Geyser, however, declines to give any intimation of his movements, and therefore, as Sir George Mackenzie remarks, it is necessary to deal cautiously with him, unless assured from a recent outbreak that his hour is not yet come. The notice served upon the public, in cases where due warning is given, consists of a series of detonations, which break on the ear like the report of distant artillery. The Head Geyser makes the ground quiver under your feet, as if an infant earthquake were gamboling below.

Gun after gun is thus fired at varying intervals, as much as to say that a grand performance is just about to commence, and then the water begins to bubble in the pipe or to heave in the basin. Very frequently, however, the visitor, who rushes up, panting and agitated, on hearing the subterranean signals, is doomed to disappointment, for after rising a few feet in a column, the liquid retires into the well, and leaves the spectator to ascertain (if the point is not already settled) whether patience is one of the virtues he really enjoys.

In other respects, too, as well as in the hours of display, these thermal fountains are somewhat capricious in their proceedings. The quantity of water ejected, the height to which it is propelled, the mode of evacuation adopted, differ according to circumstances which can not be accurately explained. The Geysers, in fact, are rather whimsy phenomena. Gradual changes must necessarily ensue from the violent wear and tear to which they are exposed, as well as from the deposit of silicious matter, and since earthquakes are incidents of common occurrence in Iceland, it is natural to suppose that their underground mechanism will frequently be disordered. Prior to 1789, there existed a lively rattling fountain, known as the Roaring Geyser, which flung out its contents every four or five minutes with unspeakable fury; but several shocks being experienced in that year, the Roarer was disabled, and in course of time subsided into a mild, tranquil pool, from which no noisy jet ever presumes to ascend. Sometimes, too, a concussion will open out new vents, as was the case in 1785, when thirty-five fresh springs were established at Haukadal, and the three leading performers began to play with augmented energy.

But how shall we account for the action of these intermittent fountains? Formerly it was supposed that steam was produced in certain subterranean cavities, and that it accumulated there until it became sufficiently powerful to expel all the liquid in the tube, and in the reservoir with which it was connected. But this theory, which might have suited a Geyser of regular habits, and with a certain amount of suavity in its manners, would not account for the spasmodic proceedings so frequently observed in the tribe. The underground boilers were therefore abandoned. Professor Bunsen in Germany,

and Professor Tyndall in England, have advocated a more probable solution. Under ordinary circumstances, water flies off in steam at 212° F., because its elastic force is then sufficient to overcome the weight of the atmosphere. But let the pressure upon it be increased, and its passage into the gaseous state is proportionately resisted—in fact, if a quantity of liquid were inclosed in a vessel of adequate strength, it might be heated, under compulsion of its own steam, until it became red-hot. The moment, however, that the fluid is freed from this pressure, it will burst into vapor, and as steam occupies seventeen hundred times the space required by water, it will explode with a degree of violence exactly corresponding to the unnatural constraint it has endured—the same law prevailing in mechanics or pneumatics which obtains in morals and politics. Now, remembering that a Geyser is furnished with a long shaft which gradually fills with water, and that the pressure on the fluid at the bottom of this tube must therefore become very considerable, we have only to suppose that a large amount of heat is brought to bear upon the lower portion of the pipe, when the following consequences may be expected to ensue. A quantity of liquid will receive a much higher charge of caloric than it ought to carry. Some of this liquid, rising in the shaft, must flash into steam when it reaches a point where the pressure is sufficiently relaxed, and hence the excitement in the basin, and the abortive eruptions which so frequently tantalize the traveler. But when, in consequence of the increase of the temperature—the tube being now full—the fluid below can no longer restrain its gaseous propensities, it explodes violently, and drives the superincumbent water before it with resistless impetuosity. And as the declining pressure releases more liquid from its bondage, jet after jet is produced until the apparatus is emptied for the time, or until the falling floods are so cooled in their rush through the air that they check the further development of vapor for the time. The Geyser, in fact, is a species of steam-cannon, which fires round after round of liquid missiles, just as Mr. Perkins's steam gun did leaden pellets. "Der Geyser (says Cotta) gleicht dann also einer grossen Dampf-Kanone welche statt mit Kugeln mit Wasser schießt." Professor Müller, of Freiburg,

contrived a little instrument which may serve as an artificial "Rager." Procure a metallic tube at least six feet in height, and surround it at the foot, and again at some little distance up the shaft, with wire cages capable of holding burning charcoal. The lowest cage should be the largest. Then fill the tube with water, light your fires, and in due time you will have a pretty little eruption from your miniature "Gusher." A basin attached to the top of the instrument to receive the liquid and return it to the pipe, will insure a succession of discharges, and save you the trouble of a voyage to Iceland. So a cork lightly fastened into the mouth of the tube, and afterwards blown out by the steam, will qualify you to talk of Strokr as if you had dosed him with sods and stones in person.

All modern accounts seem to agree that the reputation of these fountains has not been overrated. Travelers of every temperament are astonished at the giant gambols of the Geysers,\* and some resign themselves at once to literary despair, as if conscious that no language, however vivid, could adequately represent the magnificence of the scene. Even Mr. Pliny Miles declares that the first view of the Great Gusher excited him so much, although then in a quiescent state, that he shall never forget its appearance "whilst memory holds her seat," and that when in action, the spectacle was such as no words can describe, adding, that it even surpassed the Falls of Niagara in grandeur. But, alas! speedily relapsing into the dollar state of mind which is so characteristic of some Americans, he begins to speculate upon the uses to which all this native steam-power might be put, and wishes that Barnum "could collect the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the Niagara Falls, the Natural Bridge of Virginia, Fingal's Cave, and the Icelandic fountains within one fence," and "fury! what a show-shop he would open!"

Upon one race of people, however, the Geysers seem to make little impression. These are the natives themselves. Few

of the inhabitants ever visit the spot, and those who live in the vicinity treat them with a *nonchalance* which is quite disgusting. Reversing the well-known Millerism, the miserable creatures refuse to exhibit any feeling because they *do* belong to the parish of the phenomenon. The Great Geyser is no hero to his Icelanders. He has not even a staff of showmen, a troop of parasites, to fatten upon his glories. It is singular, too, that all the early annalists of the island are silent on the subject, though the first historian of the north, Ari Frodi, was educated almost within reach of their spray, (1075.) The most ancient notice of them is supposed to be that of Saxo-Grammaticus in his *History of Denmark*; but this is a mere curt recognition of their existence, such as an English topographer might vouchsafe to the hot springs at Bath, or the dropping well at Knaresborough. Great alterations will, of course, have occurred in the course of centuries; but as in Iceland the "pot" is always "kept boiling," spouting springs in different localities must have long been amongst the prominent marvels of the region.

In other parts of the island as well as Haukadal, boiling springs abound. In the valley of Reykum, or Reykir, about forty or fifty miles from the metropolis of the Geyser system—*vallis fontibus fervidis abundans*—upwards of a hundred may easily be counted within a circumference of a mile and a half. Some of these are, of course, mere Lilliputian pools, but many are caldrons of considerable bulk, from which the traveler may at any moment receive a scalding shower-bath, the water being occasionally spirted up without the least notice of coming hostilities. One of the head fountains in this region, the Little Geyser, was accustomed to erupt nearly every minute in Sir John Stanley's time; but having grown weary of this feverish work, it now contents itself with a blow-up every three hours, or according to Madam Pfeiffer, only twice or thrice in the day. Another, the Badstofa, plays every five or six minutes, the jets lasting for about a minute; but as they issue from beneath a shelving rock they assume an oblique direction, like an arched fan, and produce a magnificent effect.

Again—Iceland has its springs of mud as well as of water. The fluid which darts from the Geysers is generally lim-

\* At the British Association (1855) Dr. Stevenson Macadam proposed to explain the operations of a Geyser on the principle that liquids, on encountering a highly-heated surface, assume a spheroidal form, and afterwards blow up when the temperature reaches a certain level. But his theory required a double cavity in the ground, and a more complicated machinery than Bunsen's, which is at once simple and competent.



pid, and has frequently excited astonishment from the fact that it contains a large quantity of silica in solution. How such a refractory substance as flint could be dissolved, and then precipitated on the simple cooling of the liquid, was considered a kind of chemical puzzle. It is, however, well ascertained from the experiments of Dr. Fuchs, M. Kuhlman, and Mr. Ransome, on the production of water-glass, that if silica is fused with potash or soda, under certain circumstances, it will readily dissolve in boiling water, or if flint be exposed to the action of a strong solution of either alkali in a boiler, under high pressure, it foregoes its right to be regarded as the emblem of obduracy.

From Dr. Black's analysis of the water of the Great Geyser,\* it will be seen that silica is the largest mineral ingredient, and that soda exists in abundance both in a free and a wedded condition. When, however, the fluid cools, the flinty matter is deposited in the basins and channels, where it forms incrustations which are generally compared to cauliflower-heads of exquisite beauty. Not only stones, but twigs, grass, mosses, and other delicate objects receive such a coating that they appear to have been perfectly fossilized.

In some cases the fluid of these wells is still more singularly charged. What does the reader say to springs of soda-water? Such there are in various parts of the island, but one of the most celebrated is at a spot about two miles to the north of Roudemelr. The liquid there occupies two cavities in the ground, and is kept in a state of constant excitement by the bubbles of carbonic acid which are always ascending. Frisky and pungent, it is tolerably agreeable, and from the stimulant powers of the gas, the place is known as the Ol Kilda, or the Ale Well. How many a thirsty Englishman would be delighted to have a spring of this description, or, still better, a genuine well of Bass or Allsopp on his own premises!

Frequently, however, as already stated, mud is the only liquor in which a spring will deal. And some of these mud springs profess to a little business as Geysers. Very clumsily and uncouthly, without doubt; for how can we expect a thick pasty fluid to shoot aloft in graceful columns, or to fall in light elegant spray?

\* He found that a gallon contained 31.58 grains of silica, 5.66 of soda, 14.42 of muriate of soda, 8.57 of sulphate of soda, and 2.80 of alumina.

Near the sulphur banks of Krisuvik, for example, there is a pretentious spring of this description, which Mr. Miles describes as "an enormous kettle, ten feet across, sunk down into the earth, and filled within six feet of the top with hot boiling liquid. There it kept boiling and spouting, jets rising from its pudding-like surface ten and fifteen feet, and is kept constantly going." It was into a vile caldron like this that a horse once fell, and was never seen or heard of again. Still more striking are the mud springs in the neighborhood of Mount Krabla, in the north-eastern corner of the island. Dr. Henderson suddenly came upon the brink of a precipice, where he perceived below him a row of large caldrons, twelve in number, which were splashing, fuming, and thundering in such a hideous manner that he stood for a quarter of an hour as if petrified. The boldest strokes of fiction, the strongest flights of imagination, could not, in his opinion, describe half the horrors of that fearful spot.

There are places, too, where pure steam is emitted instead of water or mud. Amongst other curiosities of this kind, near Krisuvik a torrent of vapor, twenty feet in length, gushes out of the rock in a slanting direction, with a roar which may be compared to that of some monster locomotive when retiring from the toils of the day. Seen by Mr. Miles in 1852, and collated with the description given by Sir G. Mackenzie in 1810, this jet did not appear to have changed its physiognomy in the least, though for two-and-forty years it had probably been playing without intermission. At Hveravellir (famous for its thermal springs) there is a circular mound about four feet in height, from which a current of steam "escapes with a noise louder than that of the most tremendous cataract," and with a force so great that stones thrown into the aperture are shot out to a considerable height, as if fired from a mortar. The natives call it with justice the Roaring Mount.

Scarcely less striking than the boiling springs are the sulphur mines of Iceland. There are places where you seem to have literally strayed into a region of fire and brimstone. The most celebrated of these spots is a mountain about two or three miles from Krisuvik. The ascent has its own troubles. Toiling up a slippery bank

of clay and sulphur, almost stifled by the exhalations which the wind probably sweeps full in your face, you arrive at a great hollow, where the banks are covered with a fine yellow crust or powder. The ground is pierced with holes through which steam and smoke are constantly ascending. To walk over this treacherous surface is a task of considerable peril, for if the coating gives way, the traveler's feet may sink deep into the hot clay or scalding mud. Mr. Bright suffered much pain from an accident of this description, and Dr. Hooker plunged up to his knees in a half-liquid mass of sulphur and clay, and was only saved from further immersion by throwing himself upon the ground, and stretching out his arms over firmer soil. In the basin of this valley lies the great caldron already mentioned, which is filled with blue mud always on the boil, and always emitting a thick noisome vapor. Hot springs and steam jets abound in the mountain. The place, indeed, is prolific in horrors. "What between the roaring of this caldron," says Commander Forbes, though not in the choicest language, "the hissing of the steam jets, the stink of the sulphur, the clouds of vapor, the luridness of the atmosphere, the wildness of the glen, the heat of the soil increasing tangibly at every inch, I could not help occasionally glancing around to assure myself that his Satanic Majesty was not present, and nestled up to my companions to be ready in case of any such emergency as 'Pull devil, pull governor,' arising."

Extending over a space of twenty-five miles in length, (to say nothing of the *soufrières* and *solfaterras* at Namufiall, Mount Krabla, and in other northern parts of the country,) it will be seen that Iceland possesses in this region one treasure of very salable importance. Living as we do in a world where a mixture of saltpeter, charcoal, and brimstone is the grand specific for all political diseases, (coupled with copious bleeding,) sulphur must of course take high rank amongst the necessities of human existence. Talk of dispensing with it altogether? Certainly not! How could we carry on the business of the globe for a single year without the help of Schwartz's potent and persuasive compound? Surely, then, there is no probability that our stock of these ingredients will ever run out? Many

a good Briton, moved by patriotism and fine grandfatherly feeling, becomes quite uneasy when he asks himself whether our coal may not possibly be exhausted in the course of a few generations, and whether the day may not arrive in which no steam-engine can be kept in fuel except at a ruinous price. But imagine the horror of a man like the first Napoleon, or of any other owner of a fire-eating army, were he told that, in a few years, the supply of niter or brimstone might wholly cease. What groans that individual would utter!—what wailing there would be amongst his troops! Would not the poor planet, in their opinion, become quite bankrupt in glory? With our rifles all unloaded, and our cannon virtually spiked, should we have any more history worth narrating? It is difficult to believe. But let no hero despair. The military mind would make itself quite comfortable on this point could it survey the vast deposits at Krisuvik, and observe how the precious exhalations stream from the ground, as if there were a boundless magazine beneath. There is enough brimstone at this spot alone to fight fifty thousand battles. Such, indeed, are the sulphurous resources of Iceland, that it could supply all the armies of Europe, and enable them to take every town in the world if they liked.

Now, considering the commercial value of this mineral, it is surprising that the mines have been so languidly worked. The difficulty of transport, and the want of enterprise on the part of the natives, may, indeed, explain *their* indifference; but the Danes, who know more of the merits of gunpowder, might have been expected to turn the substance to lucrative account. A French traveler, M. Robert, not long ago called the attention of his countrymen to the subject, and hinted that it would be well to keep these valuable localities out of the hands of the British, lest they should furnish us with one of the great munitions of war—"Aussi doit il bien se garder de jamais accorder aux Anglais, qui l'ont sollicitée, la faculté d'exploiter ces *soufrières*." But, alas for poor M. Robert, Commander Forbes informs us that an Englishman, Mr. Bushby, has already purchased the sulphurous sublimations of the southern district, and obtained the refusal of those in the north.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## SALT, ITS SOURCES AND SUPPLIES.

THERE are few things, setting aside the pure elements of air, earth, fire, and water, that are of more essential importance in the economy of nature, as well as in household economy, than the simple substance *salt*. By this term I do not mean to speak of those chemical salts, such as potassium, sodium, etc., with which, in a tangible or appreciable form, we have most of us so little to do; but of that most valuable and important article which we call common salt, and without a supply of which the household of the poorest man in our land would be as much inconvenienced as would that of the queen herself—a gift from God to all so abundant, and so easily obtained, that none need ever be without it.

There are three kinds of common salt, namely, sea-salt, rock-salt, and salt drawn from briny springs. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that salt may be obtained in three manners: first, by evaporation from sea-water; second, from briny springs; third, it is found, nearly crystalized, in mines, and thence dug in a solid form. It is also found in wide plains already solidified; but its existence under such circumstances must be referred to the second head—evaporation from briny springs.

The mode of procuring salt from sea-water is by retaining the water in pits, prepared with much care, on low, marshy lands, which are overflowed by the tides. The best sea-salt is made in France. "The salt-marshes of Saintonge are well worth the attention of the traveler," says M. Quatrefages. "Having been established in a district which is not so warm as those parts of the South of France in which the other salt-works are situated, they have been arranged in such a manner as to compensate for a deficient intensity in the sun's rays. For this purpose the extent of surface has been greatly multiplied, whilst the arrangement of the tanks in which the water is collected for evaporation, is much more complicated

than at Gand or Hérault. Here each marsh is composed of seven distinct kinds of compartments, which are arranged at different levels, so that the liquid may easily pass onwards from the first to the last in the series. The marsh is a large square, inclosing on the side nearest the water the first basin or tank, which is about one yard deep, and called *jard*, in which the sea-water is allowed to deposit its sediment, by remaining at rest before it enters the *couches*, in which begins the work of evaporation. These couches are three very narrow basins, from six to eight inches deep, and arranged in such a manner that, in passing from one to another, the water is obliged to traverse the whole widths of the marsh in a zig-zag direction. The *mons* and the *tables*, in which the sea-water is subjected to a second and third evaporation, are of very nearly the same dimensions, and surround an oblong space occupying about the third of the marsh. This inclosure is divided into two parts by a broad basin about two inches in depth, called the *muant*. To the right and left of the latter are arranged the compartments known as the *nourrices*, which are only an inch deep. Here the solution, which has become more and more concentrated by its sojourn in the preceding compartments, undergoes its fourth and last preparation before it enters the inclosures in which it is supposed to crystalize."

The salt season is from the middle of May until the end of August, as, during that period, the sun pours forth its strongest rays, and the evaporation of the water, and consequently the crystalization of the salt, is more rapidly effected. The salt, when first taken from the pits, is brown; and for purposes of manure, as also for many other uses, it is sold in that state; but the white salt which we see at table, and in common use, is made by a process of refining, by boiling in large flat caldrons, which not only whitens it, but at the same time takes away its acrimony,

and also increases the quantity. That collected in Normandy is, however, not brown when first obtained, but white, and needs no refining. To make it, they gather a muddy sand from the flats of the shore which the rising tides have covered, and impregnated with salt for seven or eight days. This sand is thrown into pits, the bottoms of which are lined with straw, and through this straw the briny water contained in the sand filtrates, and trickles into vessels set to receive it. This water is then boiled in lead boilers, and the scum, which rises in abundance, is taken off, and more water thrown in, which again causes scum to rise. The salt thus procured, after it has granulated, is thrown into osier-baskets, where it lies until all humidity is drained off, when it is laid up in their magazines.

Very little sea-salt is made in England, there being such abundant brine-springs and salt-mines, in Cheshire, Worcestershire, and other counties, as not only to supply our own land, but also to afford considerable quantities for exportation.

The method of drawing salt from these springs is as follows: Near the spring is built a *saltern*, or boiling-house, which contains several flat pans, or boilers, each furnished with its grate and furnace. The brine being placed in the pan, and a fire kindled, the heat soon induces a rising of scum, which indicates that the liquor is ready to granulate. The scum is then taken off and placed in brine-tubs, that the brine which accompanies it may not be wasted; then, in order that the salt remaining in the water may precipitate, they shut up the vent-holes and door, and let the fire go out. In about twelve hours the salt falls to the bottom, and grows hard. The liquor left above it is again boiled after the salt has been removed, and yields yet a further supply. The salt from the pans is then raked up, and put into vessels, where it soon becomes hard, granulated salt. Some bake the loaves two or three times in an oven. Near Northwich, in Cheshire, is a spring which yields six ounces of salt from sixteen of water; and some in Staffordshire yield about a ninth part of very pure salt.

There is more or less of common salt to be found in most soils, and some plants absorb it more than others; but plants that have their habitats specially by the sea-shore, and still more those which grow beneath the water of the sea, absolutely

require it, and will not grow if removed from its influences. Saline plants will, however, grow in the neighborhood of salt-works, even at the distance of several hundred miles from the sea. Liebig says: "When we find sea plants near our salt-works, several hundreds of miles distant from the sea, we know that their seeds have been carried there in a very natural manner, namely, by wind, or by birds, which have spread them over the whole surface of the earth, although they grow only in those places in which they find the conditions essential to their life." The same author adds: "Numerous small fish, of not more than two inches in length, (*Gasterosteus aculeatus*), are found in the salt-pans of the granulating house at Nidda, a village in Hesse Darmstadt. No living animal is found in the salt-pans of Neuheim, situated about eighteen miles from Nidda; but the water there contains so much carbonic acid and lime, that the walls of the granulating-house are covered with stalactites; hence the eggs conveyed to this place, by whatever cause, do not find the conditions necessary to their development."

In the desert wilds of the Sahara, in North Africa, there is a vast salt-lake, or rather salt-plain, called El Sibhah, probably originating from brine-springs, inasmuch as it is in the very center of the hot and arid wastes of the desert, far, far from the sea. This, literally the "salt-plain," (as its name indicates,) is thus described: "The lake measures, from N.E. to S.W., about seventy English miles, with a third of the breadth; but it is not one collection of water, there being several dry places, like so many islands, interspersed over its surface, depending, however, as to their number and extent, upon the season of the year, and on the quantity of water in the particular season. At first, on crossing it, the grass and bushes become gradually scarcer; then follows a tract of sand, which some way beyond becomes in parts covered with a thin layer of salt. This, as you advance, is thicker, and more united: then we find it a compact and unbroken mass or sheet, which can, however, be penetrated by a sword or other sharp instrument; and here it was found to be eleven inches in depth. And finally, in the center, it became so hard, deep, and concentrated, as to baffle all attempts at breaking its surface, except with a pick-ax—the horse's shoe, in fact, makes no

impression on its stone-like surface." (The above extract is taken from *Richardson's Travels in Morocco*.)

Amidst this wild country, half sand, half salt, spring up, by the thousand, magnificent trees, rising to the height of from eighty to one hundred feet, their stalks branchless, their heads a canopy of verdure and beauty. The salt used by the ancients must of necessity have been one or other of the kinds I have already described: probably, in countries where salt-springs were found, they would have availed themselves of them; but the greater part that was consumed in the olden time, was probably drawn from the sea. Rock-salt was not known to them, the Polish mines, of which I shall speak more at length hereafter, not having been discovered until the thirteenth century.

Salt is mentioned early in the Bible. It seems to have been considered a most important and valuable commodity, and is used figuratively as the symbol of uncorruptness and integrity, as also of friendship; for God commands that all the sacrifices should be salted with salt. "Every oblation of thy meat-offering shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat-offering; with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt." (Lev. 2: 13.) And in Ezra we find, amongst the gifts which Artaxerxes commanded should be bestowed on Ezra and his companions who were engaged in rebuilding Jerusalem and the temple of God, we find a certain, but very large allowance of wine and wheat, and oil and salt, "without prescribing how much." From their use of salt in sacrifices, and in cementing a covenant, probably arose the well-known custom amongst the Arabs and other Eastern nations of considering the person of him who had eaten salt with them as sacred—a custom which exists in the present day. It may also have been considered as emblematic of healing, at least as such it appears to have been used by Elisha when he healed the waters. "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren. And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have

healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day." (2 Kings 2: 19-22.) The salt was here obviously used, not as a means of healing the waters, but as a symbol of purification. May it not be to us a symbol of the purifying effect of the "salt of the covenant" on the corrupted spring of man's heart and life?—of Christ the purifier? True believers in Christ are said to be "the salt of the earth," and exhorted to consistency of faith and conduct by our Lord, in the sermon on the Mount, under that symbol: "If the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" And again: "Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt." (Col. 4: 6.)

The salt so abundantly used in the service of the sanctuary was probably found in the land where it was required; for we read in Zephaniah of "salt-pits;" and "the valley of salt" is named several times in the Scriptures. In hot countries it is not uncommon to find the surface of the earth covered with a crust of salt. In Persia and Arabia this is constantly the case, extensive plains being found covered with a saline efflorescence. Some suppose this to be a result of atmospheric causes; but this seems doubtful. A salt lake in the north of Africa has been already described, but I can not refrain from transcribing the description of one in the South, near Caffirland, as given by Barrow: "On the evening of the 17th, we encamped on the verdant bank of a beautiful lake, in the midst of a wood of frutescent plants. It was of an oval form, about three miles in circumference. On the western side was a shelving bank of green turf, and round the other parts of the basin the ground—rising there abruptly, and to a greater height—was covered thickly with the same kind of arboreal and succulent plants as had been observed to grow most commonly in the thickets of the adjoining country. The water was perfectly clear, but salt as brine. It was one of those salt-water lakes which abound in Southern Africa, where they are called *zout-pans* by the colonists. The one in question, it seems, is the most famous in the colony, and is resorted to by the inhabitants from very distant parts of the country, for the purpose of procuring salt for their own consumption or for sale. It is situated on a

plain at considerable elevation above the level of the sea. The greatest part of the bottom of the lake was covered with one continued body of salt, like a sheet of ice, the crystals of which were so united that it formed a solid mass, as hard as rock. The margin, or shore of the basin, was like the sandy shore of the sea-coast, with sandstone and quartz pebbles thickly scattered over it, some red, some purple, and others gray. Beyond the narrow belt of sand round the margin, the sheet of salt commenced with a thin porous crust, increasing in thickness and solidity as it advanced towards the middle of the lake. The thickness in the middle is not known, a quantity of water generally remaining in that part. The dry south-easterly winds of summer agitating the water of the lake produce on the margin a fine, light, powdery salt, like flakes of snow. This is equally beautiful with the refined salt of England, and is much sought after by the women, who always commission their husbands to bring home a quantity of snowy salt for the table. We happened to visit the lake at a very unfavorable season, when it was full of water. About the middle it was three feet deep, but sufficiently clear to perceive several veins, of a dark ferruginous color, intersecting in various directions the sheet of salt. These were, in all probability, springs whose action had impeded crystallization, and brought up a quantity of ocreaceous matter. I caused a hole, four feet in depth, to be dug in the sand. The first two feet were through sand, like that of the sea-shore, in which were mingled small shining crystals of salt. The third foot was considerably harder and more compact, and came up in flakes that required some degree of force to break; and the last foot was so solid that the spade would scarcely pierce it, and one fifth part of the mass at least was pure salt in crystals. The water now gushed in, perfectly clear, and as salt as brine."

The varieties of salt that I have named have all exactly the same properties and characteristics, whether extracted from the waters of the sea or from brine-springs, or gathered on the salt-plains or in the mine.

The crystallization is also the same, the form of the crystal being that of a cube; which, when split or broken, divides into thin plates. The color, however, varies; some being in its original state brown,

some gray, and some of the purest white. Shaw also speaks of a kind found chiefly near Astracan, where the salt is red, and which emits an odor like that of violets. The Calmucks call it "The Golden Lake," from the color which its surface assumes when the sun shines on it.

The salt produced from mines (or, as it is usually called, "rock-salt;" and, scientifically, *Sal gemmi*) is found in many countries: its name (*Sal gem* or *gemmi*) is given to this salt on account of its exceeding hardness, and also because it sometimes assumes the colors and almost the transparency of precious stones. Mines of it are found in the Tyrol, in Spain, or on the summit of the Andes, more than two thousand fathoms above the sea-level; and last, though not least in importance to us in England, near Northwich, in Cheshire, where a mine was discovered in 1670, and has been extensively worked since that time.

We are told that "the first stratum, or mine, is from fifteen to twenty-one yards in thickness, and the color of brown sugar-candy. These mines lie from sixty to about one hundred and forty feet below the surface of the earth, in an undulating and wavy direction, and varying in thickness. This first brown stratum is so hard as to be with difficulty broken with pick-axes and hammers; so that the miners are obliged to have recourse to gunpowder to break it up. Beneath this is a layer of hard stone, mixed with rock-salt, the whole from twenty-five to thirty-five yards in thickness. Then comes a second mine of salt, from five to six yards thick; many parts of it perfectly white, and clear as crystal; others brown; but all more pure than that of the upper stratum. In forming a pit, a shaft is sunk much like that of a coal-pit, only more extensive.

"When the salt is reached, a cavity is made, and a roof of solid rock, perhaps some twenty feet or more in thickness, is left; and as the workmen proceed, they hew pillars out of the rock, to support the roof, and then, with gunpowder, break up the part they intend to raise, and this is drawn up in large craggy lumps to the surface of the ground.

"The wonders of the Cracow mines must now occupy our attention. Truly, they must be most wonderful, in many respects; but scarcely less from their immense depth and capacity than for the glories of their jeweled halls and galleries.

"Grand as were the dimensions of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, and grander still as are those of its more beautiful sister on Sydenham Hill, they dwindle into utter insignificance when compared with the extent of the Crystal Palace at Wieliczka, with its suites of vast and lofty halls, its vaulted chapels, its long range of spacious galleries, the quiet lakes spread like mirrors within its walls, and its deep, dark, and mysterious museums of natural wonders."

The salt-mines of Wieliczka, or Wielit-ska as it is more frequently spelt, are situated at about two leagues south-west of Cracow, at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, and when Poland was divided between Prussia, Russia, and Austria, this rich portion fell to the lot of the last-named power. The descent of this "labyrinth of crystal halls" is by broad flights of steps cut in the superincumbent masses of marl, clay, etc., which run far down into the salt. There are many hundreds of different halls, passages, galleries, etc. One hundred of these halls measure from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height, and are from eighty to one hundred feet in length and breadth; each of them has its own peculiar name—usually that of some saint, or of some king or emperor who may have visited the mines. The grandest of these chambers is the ball-room, which is "adorned with slender columns, with ornamental capitals, with pieces of sculptured foliage, and a chandelier formed of rock crystals sixty feet in circumference." It is in this magnificent hall that *fêtes* are given, when the mines are honored by the visit of any very august personage. One of these *fêtes*, given to Augustus the Second of Poland, is described as having exceeded any thing ever done on the *surface* of the earth in splendor and magnificence. The thousands of lights with their rays reflected on the glittering crystals which stud the walls and pillars and roof and ground of the hall, together with the brilliancy of the saline gems in themselves, must indeed be "exceeding magnificent."

There are chapels as well as a ball-room amidst these subterranean labyrinths—one a large excavation, of Gothic structure, in which not only the altar, the crucifixes, the statues of saints, and all the other garniture of a Roman Catholic place of worship are hewn out of the glittering salt, but the very doors, walls, and

niches, the roof and the floor are formed of the same beautiful mineral. This chapel is dedicated to St. Anthony, and in former years mass was said there for the miners every morning; now, however, it is only celebrated once a year, on the third of July, which is a great festival amongst the miners, and all appear in their holiday garb, and, after the service, dine together in some of the halls.

Many of the chambers as well as the chapels are adorned with ornaments sculptured in crystals of salt; one of the most striking of these is a trophy formed of all the instruments and tools which are used by the miners; but another, which far exceeds it in intrinsic value, is a statue of King Charles Sigismund of Poland, sculptured out of one single block of crystal, the largest ever hewn out of these mines. The blocks are, in general, not much more than about a cubic foot in size. These blocks of crystal salt, or *sal gemmi*, are found intermixed with the common kind, and are considered so precious as to be reserved for the disposal of kings and emperors. Sometimes plates, of such faultless purity that they are almost equal to plate-glass, are found. The works are said now to extend over an area of thirty-five thousand square fathoms, the length of galleries, passages, etc., altogether being about thirty-seven English miles. They consist of three divisions, corresponding to the three epochs in their history. These "fields," as they are called, consist of five stories one above another, "comprising vast ranges of chambers communicating with each other by numerous horizontal galleries." The lowest level is three hundred feet below that of the sea, and five hundred and eighty below that of the Vistula.

When the salt occurs in large masses, the miners prepare with chisel and pick, a perpendicular chamber, or wall in the chamber in which they are working, rendering it smooth and uniform to a height of about twenty feet; such a surface is called a *mirror*, and along the whole face of these mirrors are then cut narrow grooves or furrows, of twenty or thirty inches in depth, and at intervals of three feet from each other. By means of these grooves a number of small iron wedges are then introduced on each side of the strips marked off; and the wedges being all raised at once, the huge mass of salt is thus loosened from the wall, but re-

mains standing until thrown down by main force. In the fall the salt pillars of course break into fragments, and these are subsequently cut on the spot into different forms, according to their size. It is calculated that four hundred cubic fathoms of rock give one hundred thousand cwts. of salt, and the annual yield of the Wieliczka mines being, on an average, seven hundred thousand cwts., an additional space of two thousand eight hundred cubic fathoms, or a chamber measuring eighty feet in height, length, and breadth, is added every year to the mines. The horses which work in these mines are stabled and kept in them, extensive stabling being set aside for their use; but the miners return, when their work is over, to the regions of pure air and light above ground. The noted and eccentric General Suwarrow, however, chose on one occasion to establish his head-quarters here for three days, signing papers and writing dispatches on blocks of salt. The clean and dry state of the mines must make a visit to them more pleasant than one to those of other minerals; for, although they hold in their depths about twenty small lakes, each several hundred feet long, and from fifteen to twenty-four deep, there is a total absence of that moisture and slushiness which renders mines in general so disagreeable. No water here trickles from the walls, gathering in pools round the workmen's feet; the greatest cleanliness and neatness reign through-

out the subterranean chambers, and though pools of water are sometimes discovered in some little cavity, they are speedily drained off so as to create no discomfort. The air in the mines is remarkably dry, which is demonstrated by the fact that the works of art sculptured in salt, which have stood there for centuries, are not perceptibly injured. The effect of the air in salt-mines acts on dead bodies as a preservative, carcases of horses that have died and been left in the mines for many years having been found in a state of entire preservation.

The exact time of the discovery of these most valuable mines is unknown, the first mention of them being found in history early in the thirteenth century. For ages the inhabitants of the Carpathian Mountains and their neighborhood drew their supplies of salt in small quantities from foreign lands, ignorant of the wealth which lay below their very feet. It is, however, believed that, although comparatively few mines have been opened, yet the whole district of the Carpathians, of Transylvania and Moldavia, is underlaid with salt-fields. Many articles of interest are found in these mines, which will probably be found to lead to much geological discovery when duly investigated—I mean such as sea-shells of different kinds, and charred and petrified trunks of trees, etc. For much of this account of the Wieliczka mines I am indebted to a writer in *Chambers's Journal* for 1854.

THE *Messenger* of Nice mentions a melancholy catastrophe which has occurred in the commune of Lienesolo. An avalanche of immense extent suddenly fell from the top of the mountain called the Merlier, carrying every thing before it. Fourteen cottages were swept away, four hundred head of cattle perished, and twenty families were reduced to misery. Three persons were buried beneath the ruins; when got out, one was still alive, though dreadfully injured, and the other two were dead.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—Since the rage for dress and finery set in; since extravagance became a womanly beauty, and to live beyond one's means a social requirement; since the loom and the workshop have taken the place of birth and refinement, and the moneyed vulgarian is counted higher than the penniless aristocrat; since women have been ranked by what they wear and not by what they are, and a be-

coming toilette is accounted equal to a personal grace; since none but a chosen few dare to be simple, none but a remnant of the faithful dare to hold themselves aloof from luxury and fashion—more families have been ruined than has ever been known before, and the boasted happiness of the English home is fast becoming a fable and a myth.—*London Review*.

A PERFECT MAN.—The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than for himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constantly while he breathes, and break when he dies.



From Sharpe's Magazine.

## PARTED BY A HAIR'S-BREADTH.

"A sign and a trophy, he holds it up, a single hair, long, white, and shining. It is not the hair of his mother, nor of his father; neither is it a memento from the venerable head of the Gamaliel at whose feet he was wont to sit. Where did he get it, and why?"

My lady Patterdaile sits in the large drawing-room of her place down in Blankshire, and listens to the rain which falls drip, drip, upon the stone terrace without. My lady is not there from choice, but by reason of her medical tyrants. In her listless hand is a novel, which she does not read. Now and then she glances at the fire, which is there not because it is cold, but because the place in Blankshire is dreary; a dampness hangs about it, and a chill; a queer sort of creeping, as though the dead Sir Oliver still lay in state on the hearse-like bed of crimson velvet in the western chamber.

My lady's own companion sits behind her, occupied in a mysterious fancy-work called tatting; but it is not upon her that those wandering glances fall as they leave the fire; it is upon two figures at the other end of the room—so far away, that in the dim light they can rather be imagined than seen, and their voices are inaudible. These are the daughter and the nephew of my lady Patterdaile.

By-and-by their conversation is finished, and they come up and stand together opposite my lady's great chair on the hearth.

"George Haughton," said her ladyship, "why are you looking like a caged lion?"

"Twelve months ago," replied the young man, "my cousin bade me wait patiently a year, a whole, long year. It expires to-day, and I am here to know my fate."

"Speak lower, George Haughton."

"She tells me," he went on, with a gesture of impatience, "that she can not fetter herself yet; that I am still a boy, and must serve yet another year for her."

"To which you have agreed," interposed a softer voice, while a little white hand touched his arm.

"To which I have agreed. It is no boy's love I have given you, Catherine, but my whole life. You must not think I do not know you; it is because you love admiration, because you would be accounted free to exercise your fascination over others, that you hold back from keeping your promise. I can wait; but do not try me too long. You are mine and I am yours for happiness or misery, and the one shall not suffer without the other."

My lady Patterdaile bent her false eyebrows into a frown as he finished.

"These are strange words for a lover, young Haughton." Then the haughty face softened with a sudden gleam of tenderness, and he took both the hands of his betrothed in his own strong, earnest grasp.

"Catherine knows," he said, "that I love her as my own soul."

He was gone. My lady's book slipped slowly down to the stool at her feet, for she was watching her daughter. A strange look came into the eyes of the young girl as she pressed her clasped hands together, and felt the touch of George Haughton's ring.

"You are wise, Catherine," said her ladyship. "When we go back to town you will have many a better *parti* at your feet."

"That is not it," exclaimed Catherine, scornfully. "And the man does not live whom I should think worthy to compare with him."

My lady bent her uncertain old eyes to look into her daughter's face.

"You are endowed with a singular power of fascination," she said. "You would flirt, my daughter, in your shroud."

A shudder passed over the beautiful crouching figure, and the poor companion made a false move in her tatting.

"But do not trust to it, Kate; with youth and beauty it passes away—ah, so quickly!"

Then my lady rang for lights, and began to reckon up the days and weeks which must elapse before she would dare to go back to town and gayety, from the dreary place in Blankshire.

So that year also went by, and then another, and another, leaving the promise unfulfilled; and still George Haughton repeated as firmly as ever, "I can wait;" while the hope that had ripened youth, was withering away his manhood.

Four years more had he served for her, this was the fifth. And my lady was back again at her place in Blankshire, but no longer alone with her unread novel.

She had filled the house with fashion and youth and beauty. There were daughters and sons to be merry, and matrons to gather round the card-table of Lady Patterdaile, and to squabble over the cards which she touched lovingly with her trembling old fingers, while the dancing went on around her.

On such an evening it was that George Haughton again entered the large drawing-room of the place in Blankshire. He stood in the door-way watching the light clouds of gauzy blue and pink and white, with the black coats that relieved them. George Haughton's head was higher than any there; he leaned in his lazy strength against the wall, watching, with a smile to which years of disappointed hope had given a sort of despairing bitterness, while his cousin drew near, and stopped with a gesture of surprise.

George made her a low bow, and then offered his ungloved hand.

"Have you forgotten the day of the month?"

"Let me speak to you a moment," he said, taking her apart from the rest.

When they came back she was looking up at him, laughingly.

"When will you give me up, George Haughton?"

"When that beautiful black head is streaked with silver," retorted George.

She heard a new sound in his voice, and shrank from it; but the next moment all her gayety came back, for she said to herself imperiously: "He knows not my power; he *can not* forsake me."

"One word more," said George. "You call that young lady who left you just now your friend, do you not?"

"Oh, yes—my dearest friend."

"Well, and the fair-haired young fellow leaning over the *prie-dieu* is a stranger to you?"

"He was till this evening."

"But not to me. When I came in, you were flirting with him. When I tell you that he is engaged to your 'dearest friend,' will you spare him?"

With a laugh she broke from the light restraint of his hand. He looked after her, and smiled at the folly of asking such a question. He drew himself up, and pressed his knuckles together; and he muttered to himself fiercely, "I will: I swear it."

So this year George Haughton did not take himself and his answer away as usual, but he stayed on day after day, patient and watchful, amongst the other guests of his aunt.

One evening the poor companion knocked, with her tatting in her hand, at the door of Catherine's dressing-room, and entered, trembling at her own boldness.

"My dear," said the poor lady, and all the rows of curls on her forehead quivered with agitation, "forgive me, but I could not help it."

"Help what?" asked Catherine, gently.

"My dear, my dear, an old maid's life is not always a happy one. I do not say that mine is unhappy, but others are differently constituted; yourself for instance—if such a thing were to happen."

A laugh interrupted her; but clasping her hands, with one point of the tatting needle running into them, she went on more earnestly:

"Alas, alas! you would be so miserable! Smile at me if you will, for taking such a theme upon my old lips; but I know what it is to trifle with a man's heart, and—Heaven help me! to lose it."

The last words were but a faint murmur, and the old lady was gone.

"An old maid!" Catherine laughed again; she sprang up lightly, and stood before the glass, radiant and beautiful, repeating the words scornfully.

I look once more. The laugh of the fair cousin has ended in a little cry of amazement; a look of horror has chased away the radiant smile. What is it? Only that she has seen reflected there a white hair, only one, but startlingly white, gleaming like a silver trail down the black locks.

She turned away; but still she saw it; every where she saw it—down the walls, on the gilt frames of the pictures, on the door, every where. It lay along the dark-green of the Venetian blind; and when she raised that impatiently, it cut in two the prospect from the window.

Then she threw herself on a couch, and covered her face. There seemed to be before her then herself, yet not herself; bearing a shadowy resemblance, but horrible to behold; a gaunt figure, a lonely desolate woman, unlovely and unloving; with nothing but the bitter remembrance of past pleasures to fill up the yearning in her heart; with none to live for, no voice to answer hers, no lips to smile for her; alone with the phantoms of the past, which mocked her wretchedness.

Then the picture changed. Earnest eyes were looking into her own; a loving hand clasped hers; whispers of tenderness filled the air around her, and the tears came stealing through the hands clasped over her face.

That evening George Haughton saw that his cousin was more beautiful than ever; that there was a new grace about her, a something almost akin to humility; that she was strangely quiet and reserved. But he only smiled bitterly as he saw it, and thought of his vow.

Once only she addressed him—when he was passing her, to leave the room. Never looking at him, or even turning towards him, she ventured to ask why he was going away so soon. He had letters to write, he said; he was going to the library.

But he did not write them. He stood on the rug, leaning his elbow on the mantle-piece; he seemed to be weaving pictures out of the dull glimmer of the fire; but they could not have been pleasant ones, his face was so stern and bitter.

He looked up impatiently as the door opened, but it was the figure of his cousin which stood there to interrupt him.

For a moment the old, long-cherished love clamored at the door of George's heart, and cried out with piteous pleading to be taken in; but the keeper of that door answered sorrowfully: "Too late."

She was near him now—downcast, but resolute.

"The time has arrived, George Haughton.

I come to give you back your bond: to set you free."

George looked at her earnestly.

"Is this all your pride can say to me, Catherine?"

All! Oh no, it needed but a word from him to call forth the whisper of a better and a happier love than she had ever known before, but that word would never come. Looking into his face she choked back the half-uttered "Forgive me."

"I remind you of your own declaration, whether it was jest or earnest. The silver streak has come; look here, George Haughton."

He saw it at once as she bent her head before him—the one white hair, glistening on the black locks.

He said to her, as calmly as he could, always looking down upon her, as she stood there: "This, then, has gained a victory which seven years of devotion could not gain! Give it to me. Catherine, I told you once that it was not my love I offered you, but my own life. You accepted it; you took, and offered it up to vanity and frivolity. Think what it is to have withered a man's life up."

"Forgive me," murmured Catherine.

"I do. I accept my release at your hands. Catherine, when I came here four days ago, my heart was full of the old love. Again you put me off as though I were indeed no better than a play-thing. Than I swore that I would free myself; but no effort was needed, I *was* free; your voice had no power to move me, nor your touch: you had withered up all I gave to you, and nothing remained but bitterness—nothing.

"The past is like a dream, which I can remember without being able to bring back the emotions which filled it. They will never come to me again. Those two, the saddest words a man's tongue can utter, are all that come to me as I look at you, and think what might have been—'Too late.'"

He paused, but there was no reply. Then a sign and a trophy, he holds it up—the long white hair.

"This, then, brought you to me, too late. Catherine, good-by; for if ever we meet again it will rise up as a ghost between us, and we shall be strangers!"

LOUIS SAND.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## SPORTING ADVENTURES AT SPITZBERGEN.\*

MR. LAMONT, of Knockdow, Argyleshire, satisfied himself on the occasion of an incidental trip made to Spitzbergen, in his yacht *Ginevra*, in August, 1858, that there was wonderful sport, and that of a most original description, to be obtained there by any one who would go at the proper season, with a suitably equipped vessel and proper boats, manned by a crew of men accustomed to the ice and to the pursuit of the walrus and seal.

Full of these impressions, to which he adds dignity by saying that there were some geological evidences of gradual upheaval in these remote and wintry islands to lend support to his friend Sir Charles Lyell's theories, Mr. Lamont proceeded in the spring of 1859 to make those preparations which will show us what was a properly equipped vessel, where a crew accustomed to the pursuit of the walrus was to be found, what was the proper season, and what the wonderful sport to be obtained.

The vessel was a Hammerfest "jagt," which, he tells us, is a small sloop without a topmast, a rig very general amongst the Scandinavian coasters, and which was manifestly the original of the modern family of "yachts." The "jagt" was to be suitably planked, and provided with a square topsail and every thing requisite for a summer's campaign against the "*feræ naturæ*" of the Arctic regions, and to include casks to stow their blubber in, for Mr. Lamont expected to be reimbursed for at least a part of the heavy outlay these preparations entailed by the proceeds of skins and oil. Two suitable walrus boats were also to be constructed at Hammerfest, of a size slightly larger than those commonly used, and finally two skillful harpooners, and men enough to man the boats and navigate the "jagt," English sailors being, we are told, almost as useless as their boats for this description of work.

Lord David Kennedy, "renowned as a sportsman with the rifle and the spear on the plains of India," agreed to join in the excursion, and entered "with heart and purse" into the arrangements. It is needless to follow our yachtsmen from Leith to the salmon-renowned Namsen, and from the Namsen to Hammerfest. Arrived at that most northerly of European towns, the "jagt" *Anna Louisa* was found to smell so strongly of putrid walrus oil that they sent her off first, and determined to stick to the *Ginevra* as long as possible. They must indeed have had almost enough of walrus at the onset, but the odor was diversified by *acres* of cod, ling, and seythe, or coal-fish, and boileries of seal and blubber for the manufacture of "cod-liver oil." A short way out at sea, too, on leaving for Spitzbergen, they found a small vessel fishing with seal's blubber for bait for the Arctic shark, which affords more "cod-liver oil" than any other fish; nearly, indeed, its own bulk of fine oil. To what strange lines of business does the progress of civilization and new modes of treating disease give rise!

On the second of July they sighted Spitzbergen, and they sailed up the great gulf or sound called Stour Fiord, or Wybe Jan's Water, which, at a short distance, they found to be covered with drift ice. Two small vessels were in the gulf "fishing," as they term killing walruses, seals, bears, or any thing almost that presents itself. They also got a boat out and rowed amongst the ice for six hours, but they only saw three seals, all of which managed to save their blubber. They were soon after joined by the *Anna Louisa*, and her people being of opinion that their best chance of sport lay to the north-east of the so-called "Thousand Islands," (there are, in reality, only some hundred groups of trap rocks,) where there are extensive submarine banks much affected by the walrus, they sailed from the ice-bound gulf in that direction. On getting into the open sea the ice was

\* *Seasons with the Sea-Horses: or Sporting Adventures in the Northern Seas.* By JAMES LAMONT, Esq., F.G.S.

found, however, a great deal too thick for the *Ginevra*, and they were obliged to shift their quarters into the *Anna Louisa*.

Shortly after parting with the yacht, the look-out man reported walrus on the ice, but they were all old bulls in small troops of two to four, and so extremely shy that they could not get near enough to harpoon them. The next day, however, Lord David shot a cow-walrus through the head as she was shuffling off the ice. She immediately sank, but floated up again in a few seconds, when she was harpooned and secured. This was the first of forty-six. The outer edge of the ice-pack was so closely wedged together at this point that they had, when going in pursuit of the walruses, to drag the boats with great labor for fifty or sixty yards, until they got into opener water inside the pack. The same day Mr. Lamont shot his first cow, after it had rolled two young ones one after the other like barrels into the water, and thus saved their juvenile blubber. This walrus sank to rise no more, but the two young ones came up again and again, as if looking for their dam, but they were precocious enough not to allow their enemies to approach too closely. Nothing, it may be observed, was visible ashore but snow, with desolate patches of bare brown earth peeping through it here and there, or the bare rocks on some "wind-loved peak," from which the snow had been blown. The greater part of the eastern coast of Spitzbergen was found to be covered with a succession of enormous glaciers, which descended down to the water's edge, and even protruded far into it. These prodigious masses of ice generate fogs, which are more prevalent on the east than on the west side of the country.

On the ninth they spoke a Norwegian sloop, with six men on board, picked up in a boat the day before, after being three weeks drifting about (their sloop had been lost in the ice) with nothing to eat but the dry seal-skin muffings of their oars! The captain had both his feet badly frost-bitten, and the *Anna Louisa* could not receive him; but luckily a small schooner that had her cargo nearly completed did, and took him over to Hammerfest, where his life was saved by the amputation of the greater part of both his feet. "It is a terribly hard and dangerous life," says Mr. Lamont, "these Spitzbergen walrus-

hunters live, and I observe that they have all a restless, weary look about the eyes—a look as if contracted by being perpetually in the presence of danger. They are a wild, rough, reckless lot of fellows; bold, hardy, and enduring of cold, hunger, and fatigue; active and energetic while at sea, and nearly always drunk while at home. So many bad accidents have been caused by their having brandy on board, that of late the owners have supplied them with tea and coffee instead, and it is found that men work quite as well, and stand the climate quite as well, upon these as upon spirits; but this enforced temperance seems to cause a sort of reaction whenever they get the opportunity of indulging to excess."

Nor did "sport," as our *outrémanche* friends have it, appear to be all "pleasure" with our own countrymen. Whenever a single animal was observed from the ship, they took it by turns to go after it, and they always slept in their clothes, as they were obliged to be ready at a moment's notice, at any hour of the day or night, to start whenever the watch on deck reported any thing in sight. By this mode of proceeding a day seldom passed without their bagging at least a seal.

"The pursuit of the great Spitzbergen seal," says Mr. Lamont, "although it lacks the wild excitement of the chase of the sea-horse, is a very delightful amusement. The great seal will never allow himself to be 'caught napping.' I do not think I ever saw a sleeping seal which did not, about once in every three or four minutes, raise his head from the ice, and look uneasily around, so that he can not be harpooned in his sleep, like his more lethargic congener the walrus. I imagine this greater watchfulness on the part of the seals to arise from the greater cause they have to apprehend being 'stalked' by the bears, while taking their siesta; however this may be, recourse must be had to the rifle before the harpoon comes into play, in the case of the *Phoca barbata*, and to make good work with them requires the perfection of rifle practice, for if a seal be not shot stone dead on the ice, he is almost certain to roll or jerk himself into the water, and sink or escape, and as a seal never lies more than twelve inches from the edge of the ice, the most trifling spark of life is enough. The only part of the huge carcass in which a bullet will cause the re-

quisite amount of 'sudden death' is the brain, and this, in the biggest seal, is not larger than an orange."

A seal, it is further to be observed, will seldom let a boat approach nearer than fifty yards, and the shot must be made, the boat heaving and the slab of ice on which the orange is lying heaving also. A full-sized Spitzbergen seal is about nine and a half or ten feet long, by six or six and a half feet in circumference, and weighs six hundred pounds or upwards. The skin and fat amount to about one half of the total weight, and the fat yields about one half of its own weight of fine oil. In the water the seals come up boldly to the boat, but then it is a most difficult thing to shoot and secure them, and from one half to two thirds of the seals that are shot in the water are lost. The head harpooner, Christian, indeed, acknowledged he had one day shot dead eighteen immense seals, and lost every one of them!

On the twelfth of July, the fog being very thick, they were tantalized by hearing the snorting and bellowing of a great many walruses in the immediate vicinity, although they could not find them in the fog; but it fortunately cleared up for a little in the forenoon, and enabled them to see a great herd reposing on several large flat slabs of ice.

"We instantly (Mr. Lamont relates) went after them in both boats, and although they were very shy we each succeeded in killing a cow and a calf. The cow killed from my boat had a good harpoon and line sticking in her back; it had not been long in the walrus, and appeared to have been lost by the slipping of the knot at the inner end of the line. According to the laws of the ice, both walrus and tackle—even if the former had been dead—were a fair prize of the captors, although Christian said he knew very well to whom the harpoon had belonged.

"I never in my life witnessed any thing more interesting and more affecting than the wonderful maternal affection then displayed by this poor walrus. After she was fast to the harpoon and was dragging the boat furiously amongst the icebergs, I was going to shoot her through the head, that we might have time to follow the others; but Christian called to me not to shoot, as she had a 'junger' with her. Although I did not understand his object, I reserved my fire, and upon looking closely at the walrus when she came up to breathe, I then perceived that she held a very young calf under her right arm, and I saw that he wanted to harpoon it; but whenever he poised the weapon

to throw, the old cow seemed to watch the direction of it, and interposed her own body, and she seemed to receive with pleasure several harpoons which were intended for the young one. At last a well-aimed dart struck the calf, and we then shortened up the lines attached to the cow, and finished her with the lances. Christian now had time and breath to explain to me why he was so anxious to secure the calf, and he proceeded to give me a practical illustration of his meaning by gently 'stirring up' the unfortunate junger with the but-end of a harpoon shaft. This caused the poor little animal to emit a peculiar, plaintive, grunting cry, eminently expressive of alarm and a desire for assistance, and Christian said it would bring all the herd round about the boat immediately. Unfortunately, however, we had been so long in getting hold of our poor little decoy-duck, that the others had all gone out of hearing, and they abandoned their young relative to his fate, which quickly overtook him in the shape of a lance-thrust from the remorseless Christian.

"I don't think I shall ever forget the faces of the old walrus and her calf as they looked back at the boat. The countenance of the young one, so expressive of abject terror, and yet of confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under her wing; and the old cow's face showing such reckless defiance for all that we could do to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety as to the safety of her calf!"

The plan of getting hold of a "junger" and making him grunt to attract the others, is, it appears, a well-known "dodge" amongst the hunters; and although it was not rewarded on this occasion, Mr. Lamont says he has several times seen it meet with "the full measure of success due to its humanity and ingenuity."

The wondrous productiveness of the Arctic Seas—the great receptacles of marine life—and which for that reason have so much attracted the attention of writers on the natural history of the sea, as with Mignet and his predecessors, is exemplified in the following:

"I opened the stomach of a seal of aldermanic proportions, who looked as if he had lately been attending a civic feast, and found in it, not a turtle, but about a bushel of beautiful prawns, evidently just swallowed, and so fresh that we might have reëaten them ourselves, but for an unworthy prejudice. How animal life must swarm in these cold seas to maintain such a multitude of voracious animals! The keeper of the 'Talking Seal' in London told me that they 'gave her fifty pounds of fish a day, and that she *would eat* one hundred pounds if she could get it'; so we can form some idea of what the thousands of seals here must devour. The basis of all this gormandizing is undoubtedly

the Medusæ, or jelly-fish, which in places are so numerous as actually to thicken and discolor the sea! Conspicuous amongst these are the small black animalcula, popularly known to the Norwegian frequenters of these regions as 'Hvalspise' or 'Whales' food' (*Olio borealis*)."

The little animal here alluded to has a body like a tadpole, but it is provided with a pair of wings like those of a bird, with which it propels itself through the water by a sort of flying motion. The sea is literally blackened in some places by the swarms of these molluscs; and they need be numerous, if, as we are assured, they constitute the chief food of whales.

At three in the morning, of the thirteenth of July, they were aroused by the cheering cry of "Hvalruus paa Ysen!" (walrus on the ice.) Both got up immediately, and from the deck a curious and exciting spectacle met their admiring gaze:

"Four large flat icebergs were so densely packed with walrus, that they were sunk almost awash with the water, and had the appearance of being solid *islands of walrus*!"

"The monsters lay with their heads reclining on one another's backs and sterns, just as I have seen rhinoceroses lying asleep in the African forests; or, to use a more familiar simile, like a lot of fat hogs in a British straw-yard. I should think there were about eighty or one hundred on the ice, and many more swam grunting and spouting around, and tried to clamber up amongst their friends, who, like surly people in a full omnibus, grunted at them angrily, as if to say, 'Confound you! don't you see that we are full?' There were plenty more good flat icebergs about, but they always seem to like being packed as closely as possible for mutual warmth. These four islands were several yards apart, and after feasting our eyes for a little on the glorious sight, we resolved to take them in succession, and not to fire at first; but the walrus had not been long enough on the ice to have got properly sleepy, and the discontented individuals in the water gave the rest the alarm, so that we only managed to secure four altogether.

"Solomon, our untried harpooner, acquitted himself pretty tolerably on this his first fair trial, for he killed one out of the first herd, and two at a time out of the second; but on the latter occasion he as nearly as possible upset the boat, by allowing one of the lines to run over the gunwale aft of the notches, at the bow; the boat most certainly would have been upset, had it not been that it was ballasted with the blubber of the one already killed; as it was, she was half filled with water, and Lord David and the crew were on the point of jumping out, when fortunately she righted again.

"This herd consisted chiefly of cows and

young bulls, and they then dispersed or got out of reach amongst the ice."

Notwithstanding the abundance of game, they soon began to find these long, dreary, foggy days intolerably irksome, the more especially as their cabin was singularly ill adapted for passing much idle time in, not to mention the awful effluvia caused by the commingling of putrid walrus oil and bilge water. Add to these little *agréments* that the thermometer averaged forty degrees in the cabin, and it will be conceded that they were paying pretty dear for the pleasure of hunting walrus in the Arctic Seas.

Still the number of these gregarious *algiveræ* or *fuciveræ*\* appears to have been very great. On the fifteenth they again came in sight of a long line of low, flat icebergs, crowded, Mr. Lamont says, "with sea-horses." We might object to the epithet that Mr. Lamont himself constantly speaks of the males as bulls, of the females as cows, and of the "jungers" as calves; that they are to the sea what the manati are to the river there is, however, no question, and if the one is a river-cow, the other is a sea-cow. But as certain pachyderms are called hippopotami, or river-horses, so the trichechus, walrus, or seal, for such it really is, may be dignified, from his style of bearing, as a "sea-horse." Neptune's car might not be a very picturesque object in the eyes of the prejudiced, drawn by walrus, yet they would be more appropriate than land-horses at sea. Mr. Lamont, however, says that it ought to be called sea-elephant instead of sea-horse. The Norwegians, we have seen, called them whale-horses.

"There were at least," says Mr. Lamont, "ten of these bergs, so packed with walrus that in some places they lay two-deep on the ice." There can not have been less than three hundred in sight at once, but they were very shy and restless; and although they tried every troop in succession, as carefully as possible, they did not succeed in getting within harpooning distance of a single walrus.

The walrus is an inoffensive creature if let alone, but hunting them is far from being child's play, as the following sad story will show:

\* We so designate them; but the whale horse, or hval-ros, as Oeher, the Norwegian, called them before Alfred, appear to eat fish, crustaceæ, and molluscs, as well as algæ and fuci.

"About ten days after the exciting *chasse* which I have just described, the skyppar of a small schooner, which was in sight, came on board to ask us for the loan of a gun, as he had broken all his, and he told us that a boat belonging to a sloop from Tromsø had been upset two or three days before in our immediate vicinity, and one of the crew killed by a walrus. It seemed that the walrus, a large old bull, charged the boat, and the harpooner as usual received him with his lance full in the chest, but the shaft of the lance broke all to shivers, and the walrus, getting inside of it, threw himself on the gunwale of the boat and upset it in an instant. While the men were floundering in the water amongst their oars and tackle, the infuriated animal rushed in amongst them, and selecting the unlucky harpooner, who, I fancy had fallen next him, he tore him nearly into two halves with his tusks. The rest of the men saved themselves by clambering on to the ice until the other boat came to their assistance.

"Upon another occasion, I made the acquaintance of the skyppar of a sloop, who had been seized by a bereaved cow-walrus, and by her dragged twice to the bottom of the sea; but without receiving any injury beyond being nearly drowned and having a deep scar plowed in each side of his forehead by the tusks of the animal, which he thought did not wish to hurt him, but mistook him for her calf, as he floundered in the water.

"Owing to the great coolness and expertness of the men following this pursuit, such mishaps are not of very frequent occurrence, but still a season seldom passes without two or three lives being lost one way or another."

On the sixteenth they beat back to the "Thousand Islands," as the Norsemen thought that the great herds of walrus had gone that way. They dined that day, for the first time, upon stewed walrus veal, and describe it as very good meat, without the disagreeable fishy flavor of seal, but slightly insipid.

One Monday morning (they did not shoot on Sundays) they saw their first bear—"Gamle Eric," as the Norsemen said; they never speak of a bear as Biørn, but as old Eric, "the party in the brown jacket," "the old gentleman in the fur cloak," etc.; they have far too much respect for him. Landing amidst crowds of gulls, fulmars, eider-ducks, and other palmigrades, our sportsmen soon drove Bruin out to sea, then overtook him and shot him. As to the eider-ducks and fulmars, they allowed themselves to be killed by being knocked off their nests with sticks and stones! Mr. Lamont also says he saw the singular appearance called "red snow," and he declares it to be

caused by the coloring matter contained in the droppings of millions of little awks; these birds, he says, feed almost entirely on shrimps, and, consequently, void a substance bearing a strong resemblance to anchovy sauce. Unluckily for this theory, the so-called "red snow" has been found in spots where awks have no existence, as in the Alps and Pyrenees, and, examined by competent persons, has been stated to be a vegetable growth: the first germ of life, as it were, not on inanimate rock, but on inanimate and yet enduring snow. Bauer called it *Uredo nivalis*; Wrangel and Agardh, *Leprasiakermesina*; Fries, *Chlorococcus*; and Greville, *Protococcus nivalis*. Ross found it covering mountains eight miles in length, and six hundred feet in elevation.

Mr. Lamont, who will not believe in snow fungi, is yet weak enough to give credit to the superstition that Polar bear's grease turns the hair white!

High up Deeva Bay our yachtsmen found fast ice, of last winter's growth, covered with snow of dazzling whiteness, showing off to great advantage some hundreds of minute black dots, which the telescope detected to be so many seals.

"There were seven or eight huge fellows all lying close to the outer edge of the ice, and we first opened approaches in form against them. They were very shy, and would not allow the boat to come within shot; but no sooner had they dived into the sea than their unfortunate habit of curiosity got the better of them, and every one of them came close around the boat, popping up their heads like 'Jacks-in-the box,' and flourishing their heels in the air contemptuously as they dived again. I never enjoyed more exciting sport than I had for a couple of hours or so, for as fast as I could load and fire there was a great round bullet-head standing like a target in the water ready for me, and as the sea was calm nearly every shot was successful. Without the boat going a hundred yards from the spot, I shot dead fifteen seals of the very largest size; but although I took the utmost pains not to fire until the boat's head was directed straight towards the seal and within thirty yards of him, still I had the perverse bad luck to lose twelve out of the fifteen, and generally had the additional vexation of seeing them sinking out of reach of the harpoon, just a second of time too late. We managed to get hold of three immense fellows."

After this, Mr. Lamont took to harpooning his own seals, and with, he says, great success. It certainly did seem useless butchery to slay these huge ani-



mals, and strew the muddy bottom of Deeva Bay with their carcasses, for no purpose whatsoever. A bushel or so apiece of small fish, about five or six inches long, were found in the stomachs of these seals. Excepting cetacea there are no fish of any size found in the Spitzbergen seas. Polar bears live on seals, seals on small fish, and cetacea on molluscs. Mr. Lamont does not give credit to the first-named animal—which he declares to be the largest and strongest carnivorous animal in the world, that is, stronger than a lion!—for much courage. Like all other wild animals (with the exception of rare occasions, and in this view of the matter we quite agree with him) he will never face a man if he can help it. Scoresby relates a very amusing instance of the inoffensive character of a Polar bear, that climbed into a boat and took its seat coolly inside, without offering to hurt the crew that hung on outside the boat, which they had vacated for Bruin. If they are not very courageous, they are, like the morse, affectionate to one another, and especially to the “jungers.” This our yachtsmen had an opportunity of testifying to.

Besides bear, walrus, and great Arctic seal, (*Phoca barbata*), two other seals are met with at Spitzbergen, (literally “sharp-topped mountains,”) one the small seal (*Phoca vitulina*) which lies on rocks—a thing the great Spitzbergen seal never does—and drops in the water; the great seal tumbles in, whale fashion, like the walrus; and the springer, (*Phoca hispida*), also called Jan Mayen seal, from its abundance in that island, a gregarious animal, so mild that four hundred have been killed in a single afternoon by the simple process of knocking them on the head. Poor things! what were they born for? Yet has the likeness of seals to human beings given origin to the fabulous mermaid—the mermaids of poets, not those of Mr. Lamont, who most ungallantly likens mermaids to demons:

“The upper lip of the walrus is thickly set with strong, transparent, bristly hairs, about six inches long, and as thick as a crow-quill; and this terrific mustache, together with his long white tusks, and fierce-looking, blood-shot eyes, gives *Roemarus trichecus* altogether a most unearthly and demoniacal appearance as he rears his head above the waves. I think it not unlikely that the old fable of the mermaid may have been originated by their grim resemblance to the head of a human being when in this position.”

The walrus, it appears, is being gradually exterminated:

“From all the information which I have been able to collect on the subject, I calculate that about one thousand walruses and twice that number of bearded seals are annually captured in the seas about Spitzbergen, exclusive of those which sink or may die of their wounds; so that some idea may be formed of the numbers of these curious and useful amphibious monsters still existing in that country; but it is quite clear that they are undergoing a rapid diminution of numbers, and also that they are gradually receding into more and more inaccessible regions further to the north.”

The reindeer still abounds in most parts of Spitzbergen, and in every valley which affords vegetation a troop of from three to twenty is generally to be met with. They do not grow to such a large size as the tame reindeer of Lapland, nor are their horns quite so fine, but they attain to a most extraordinary degree of condition. The flesh is delicious, second only to that of a fat eland, but third to the Lapp (*Cavia paca*) of the West Indies, which Mr. Lamont declares to be the best “culinary animal in the world.” There are no wolves in Spitzbergen, so the reindeer have a tolerably happy life of it, and they are so tame that on one occasion when one was shot, he turned round and butted a companion, evidently under the impression that the bullet-wound was the result of a treacherous prod from the horns of a friend! In conclusion, after chronicling, as our yachtsmen did on one of the cabin beams of the *Anna Louisa*, that they had slain on this trip forty-six walruses, eighty-eight seals, eight Polar bears, one white whale, and sixty-one reindeer, we must say that the narrative is not only most amusing reading, but it adds a very great deal to what was previously known of the habits of the animals in question, especially of the walrus. Mr. Lamont, it may be observed, is a decided advocate of the progressive development theory, but while he believes that a common bear may by force of circumstances become a Polar bear, and that a Polar bear may for want of other food swim with its mouth open devouring molluscs, he is not quite prepared to admit that bears may be rendered “by natural selection more and more aquatic in their structure and habits, with larger and larger mouths, till a creature was produced as monstrous as a whale!”

From the London Review.

## THE WOMEN OF INDIA AND CEYLON.\*

To the sympathies of English people India is the most popular of foreign lands. This age may be said, by a very painful process, to have re-discovered that country; and curious inquiry is now diving into every nook and corner of its social life. Soldiers, statesmen, and *savans* have furnished a plentiful supply of books for the purpose; and the manifold administration of the government, and the literature and philosophies of India, have been freely discussed; sometimes in a partial, but often in a masterly manner. "Our Correspondent" has contributed his share. His opinions have won respect in high places, and his acknowledged influence has extorted, in behalf of the estate of which he is a member, courtesies which are a new thing in India. But, excepting only ancient travelers, the missionary is our oldest friend. To him we are indebted for almost all we know of the popular superstitions, the social and domestic life, of our Indian empire. It was the missionary whose letters interested or whose speeches thrilled us; whose graphic narratives, of tongue or pen, filled our young

minds with information as to how the Hindus lived, and what they worshiped. His interesting tales, of pity or of horror, are an ineffaceable remembrance, engraven in our minds as "with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever." We retain much of our early relish for all this, and still turn to the missionaries as our oldest and most competent caterers of Eastern information.

Mr. Robinson is an accomplished author, in the ordinary sense, but he possesses special qualifications for producing a good book on Indian topics. He served an apprenticeship among the Hindus of North and East Ceylon; and being at that time "a reverend bachelor," with a thoughtful turn of mind, he improved his opportunities by taking notes for the goodly volume which now lies before us. This kind of literature would be greatly enriched if the missionaries generally followed the example of our author; jotting down at the time, and before familiarity had made them common, those manners and customs of the Asiatics which strike by their novelty. Mr. Robinson has brought to his subject a keen observation, considerable research, and what is less common in such books, an attractive style. Reading and observation have made him a full man, and much practice in writing has made him exact. As to complete and trustworthy information, and attractions of style, there is not, as far as we are aware, the equal of this book in our language. It is unique in its subject, excellent in its execution, and most seasonable in its appearance. If the work has any fault, it is that of excessive condensation; but a fault which authors, with all their faults, so seldom commit, may be forgiven. Here is compressed an amount of matter which would have respectably furnished a volume twice its size; and not unfrequently important information is given in a graceful allusion, implying, on behalf of readers, an acquaintance with the subject which may possibly be found in India, but

\**The Daughters of India: their Social Condition, Religion, Literature, Obligations, and Prospects.* By the Rev. EDWARD JEWITT ROBINSON. Glasgow: Murray and Son.

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*Education Dispatch of July 19th, 1854.* By Sir CHARLES WOOD.

*Education Dispatch of July 7th, 1859.* By Lord STANLEY.

*Correspondence relating to the Education Dispatch of 1854.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, February 12th, 1858.

*Ditto, Ditto, ordered ditto, August 11th, 1859.*

*The Central School Commission for the Instruction of the Population of Ceylon.* Report. 1856-7.

*Reports of several Protestant Missionary Societies.* 1860.

which English people generally do not possess.

Mr. Robinson must, however, forgive us one other word. He wields a keen weapon, and sometimes needs to restrain the sharpness of criticism. With reference to pages two hundred and sixty-five and two hundred and sixty-six—and we designedly select an extreme passage—we might ask, Is there a sufficient cause? Candor compels the confession that we know of none; and we have lived in India, and taken practical interest in female education in that country. Our author gives his "hints" with a vengeance. But he loves this cause too much to pen a line or a letter to its prejudice; he is the last man who would discourage the noble women who are about to embark, or are already engaged in it; and we trust that, in a second edition, (which we hope the work will soon reach—with pictorial illustrations, we beg leave to suggest,) he will rid the text of some of those obnoxious adjectives which bristle like the porcupine, and pierce like its quills. But, having dealt candidly with its faults, which are but trifling spots in the fair disk of this attractive volume, we give *The Daughters of India* the strongest recommendation in our power.

There are from seventy to eighty millions of women in our Indian empire. What is their social and religious condition, and what are their prospects with regard to Christian education? These important questions are very fully answered by our author, from personal observation, or the credible testimony of others. In five-and-twenty interesting chapters, of which we shall not attempt any analysis, he traces the fate of the daughter of India, from her unwelcomed birth to her unwept exit from the world, by infanticide, suttee, or miserable age. Not of her were sung those touching lines:

"On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,  
Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee  
    smiled:  
So live that, sinking on thy last long sleep,  
Thou then may'st smile, whilst all around thee  
    weep."

A child is born. "Girl or boy?" "Nothing," the Rajput would say, if the infant was a daughter. The author relates the following about his own native servants. "Why is Pedru pulling such a long face

to-day?" "His child is born, Sir." "Then congratulate him, and tell him to make himself merry." "It is a daughter, Sir." We know the parties, and vividly picture to ourselves poor Pedru's elongated face. It is a girl. The bewildered father begins to speculate about her future marriage. He sees, looming in the distance, the extortions of match-makers, and the dowry he must perforce provide. The dowry system which prevails among the Hindus of North Ceylon, is one of the greatest social evils of the country. In compassing the settlement of his daughter, the Hindu must see to it that she is married early and suitably; married at thirteen, say—for that touches his honor; and married to a man of his own or of a higher status—that concerns his caste. But, on the other hand, parents with eligible sons put on the bride's father every species of pressure, and alternately hang back and come forward, until they have extorted the uttermost farthing of dowry the wretched man can pay. The notary is called in to close the contract. If a Hindu be unfortunate enough to have several daughters, by the time the last is married the dowry necessity has stripped him of every thing, and left him a beggar.

In marriage the girl has virtually no choice, nor is the case much better with the bridegroom. But the young couple manage, except in rare instances, to get at least a sight of each other, before the Brahmin or the Missionary joins them in wedlock. Facilities for this are more numerous among the Christians than among the heathen, though there is not, even in the most advanced Christian communities, any usage approaching the *courtship* of the West. There are the convenient opportunities which public worship affords, when the dark eye of a comely youth may be seen seeking a glimpse of a particular face, as the girls are marched to or from the mission chapel; and when, from beneath the folds of snowy muslin that fairly hide her charms, the Hindu maiden shoots a timid glance, quick as a flash of light. Not unfrequently a grave young man calls on the missionary's wife, and requests permission to see—literally to look at—a certain girl who is a pupil in the boarding-school. The girl is sent for, detained in conversation by the lady for a few minutes, and then dismissed, the young Cælebs not having spoken to her. Of course, this

episode is among the preliminaries; but the candidate is generally prepared to commit himself to marriage on the further testimony of the missionary. He judges for himself of her person; he accepts a certificate of character; and hence have sprung some of the very happiest marriages. It should, however, be stated, that first of all the youth and his friends satisfy themselves that an alliance with the girl's family would be a desirable connection. The following is a Tamil proverb: "Knowing the mother, marry the daughter;" a maxim not unworthy of regard in the lands of the West.

It is well known that, in the East, the men entertain no flattering opinion of the other sex. Every morning the proud Jew thanks God that he "did not make him a woman;" and his humble spouse thanks God that he did not make her any thing worse. The Caliph Abu Bekr used to say, "The women are all an evil; but the greatest evil of all is, that they are necessary." Omar offers this counsel: "Consult women, and do the contrary of what they advise." By Hindu writers women are declared to be "the cause of all the evil in the world;" and, instead of being graced with those celestial epithets which we apply to them, are compared to "fiends." "One may trust poison, a river, a hurricane, the fierce elephant, the tiger, the angel of death; but if one trust a woman, he will become a beggar." The *Skanda Puran* says: "Falsehood, cruelty, bewitchery, folly, covetousness, impurity, and unmercifulness, are woman's inseparable faults." "Woman is on no account to be trusted, though, *for the delight of her lord*, she may be clothed with ornaments." Then follows this very superfluous precept: "Let not women be much loved!" The poet disposes of the whole case in the following summary manner:

"But why expect what Nature has withheld?  
The lotus blooms not on the mountain's brow,  
Nor bears the mule the burden of the horse;  
The grain of barley buds not into rice,  
Nor dwells one virtue in the breast of woman."\*

Unfortunately for the women of India, this theory is remorselessly applied in daily life. Dr. Caldwell informs us that in the Telugu language—the language of fourteen millions of people—there is no

feminine pronoun; no word in the ordinary spoken dialect signifying "she!" The only pronouns of the third person commonly used are *vadu*, "he," and *adi*, "it." "He" denotes the lords of creation, of course; and "it," women, cattle, and irrational things in general! There is a similar usage in the spoken Tamil. Such are the opinions of the men. Now for "a woman's thoughts about women." Avveyar, or Ouvvay, as our author writes the name, the renowned female sage of Tamil literature, says: "Never listen to the advice of your wife." And yet, when it was desirable to turn the tables on the men for libeling her sex, she could utter the following impromptu:

"All women were good, if left alone—  
They were spoiled by those who rule them;  
And by men might a little sense be shown,  
But the women so befool them."—P. 168.

Generally speaking, the Hindu women think humbly enough of themselves, and accept without remonstrance the degraded position assigned them by the ancient Shasters and the customs of the land. The equality of the sexes is a doctrine utterly repugnant to native ideas. The women recoil from it even more than the men; and any attempt to show the Hindu female that respectful preference which is accorded to the sex in this country, is deemed a violation of decorum which fills her with confusion or with resentment. Mr. Robinson mentions the singular fact that the Jews refuse the evidence of women, on the ground that the word "witnesses," in Deut. 19:15, is in the masculine gender! In our Indian courts, however, the evidence of women is admissible; but whenever a woman is interrogated there, she gives her testimony with the most abject self-depreciation. "What can I know? I, who was born a woman!"\* No Hindu woman ever dreamt of the "rights" of her sex—ever dreamt that there was for her a higher and a happier lot.

We have adverted to marriage, an affair which Manu has guarded by manifold restrictions. Not only must a man marry in his own caste, but he must also

\* The women of Bengal worship Krishna in the following strains: "O that I were the water in which thou wastest thine hands! or the sandal-wood which anoints thy feet! or a garland of red flowers to adorn thy neck for ever! But, alas! instead of all this, I am only a woman and a wife!"

mate with a girl "whose form has no defect, who has a graceful gait like that of a flamingo, or a young elephant." How the daughters of India are to acquire this approved carriage without dancing, calisthenics, or drill, becomes a curious question.

After all that has been said above, a virtuous wife is extolled as the highest blessing. The Hindu moralist says: "A house without a wife is like the Sudu-Kadu"—the place of cremation. The Hindu drama has the following passage:

"A virtuous wife and a respected lord,  
Are each to either all—kindred and friends,  
Wealth, love, and life, and all the heart could  
covet."

The following from Manu would adorn any code: "She must always live with a cheerful temper, with good management in the affairs of the house, with great care of the household furniture, and with a frugal hand in all her expenses." But the one duty of her life is to take care of her husband, whom she must revere as a god; and this duty is enforced by the certain knowledge that, in case of his death, nothing remains for her but a life of misery, or infamy, or both. Once they would have burnt her alive. "Here is the moral! The law makes woman the property of man; her fate is slavish drudgery whilst he lives, and death upon his funeral pyre when he dies."\*

The prince of Tamil poets is unquestionably Tiruvalluvar. He was, moreover, a model husband, and possessed in Vasugi a model wife. It is said of her that she "never disputed her lord's will." Of course she was an exception to something like a rule; for Manu provides for the application of a rope's-end, or a switch—the old lawgiver is thus specific—to a refractory "wife," as well as to "a son, a servant, a pupil, or a younger brother;" only the stripes must be laid on "the back part of their bodies, and not on a noble part by any means." Such is the law. Practically, the women of India are treated like pets; well fed, well clothed, well hung out with jewels, and "rarely beaten when they don't deserve it."

The religion of India has deteriorated

\* *Life in Ancient India*, by Mrs. Spiers. It has, however, been proved that the practice of widow burning has no authority from "the law," but is founded on a mistaken interpretation of it. See Bushby on *Widow Burning*.

with the lapse of ages. Between the popular superstitions of modern times, which are founded on the Purans, and the worship of ancient India, which is recorded in the Vedas, the distance is immense. Those deities which hold the first rank in the Vedas, such as Agni and Indra, take the lowest place in the Purans; and the Dianas of modern Hinduism are either never mentioned at all in those ancient records, or, if mentioned, are invariably thrust into the humblest niches of the great pantheon. So with the social position of woman. There is evidence enough to show that she has been degraded from that status of something like equality with man, which she held in Vedic times. "A thousand years B.C., Hindu women appear to have been as free as Trojan dames, or the daughters of Judea." The wife of the chief accompanied her lord on the midnight foray. The wives of men of rank were "splendidly attired." The following figure implies an amplitude in the costume of the ladies of ancient India which may suggest to Western husbands the reconciling thought that there is nothing new under the sun: "*The bushes wave to and fro like a woman in a chariot.*"

Three thousand years ago, women sat in the assemblies of learned Brahmins, and took part in the discussion of the knottiest points of theology and metaphysics.\*

But those were the olden times. Such is the present state of feeling, that Hindu women have been known to perish rather than violate the custom which requires strict seclusion. In 1841 Major Broadfoot escorted seven hundred native ladies from Loodiana to Cabul, and during the journey one of the poor creatures fell a victim to this prejudice. Her camel came to the ground; she was entangled among the furniture, and crushed to death by the struggles of the beast, rejecting with shrieks of horror the assistance which British officers hastened to afford.†

\* Mrs. Spiers produces from Colebrooke the following conversation between a sage and his wife:

Maitreya entreats her husband to communicate to her the knowledge which leads to immortality.

"Dear art thou to me," replies her spouse, "and a pleasing sentiment dost thou make known; come, sit down, I will expound; do you endeavor to comprehend."

† The Rajah of Mysore was in great tribulation for one of the widows of his father, whom he loved as his own mother. She was afflicted with a cancer

Our medical missionaries in India save the lives of hundreds of women every year; but the number they save by skillful aid rendered at a critical period bears hardly any proportion to the number of those who fall victims to prejudice and the treatment of native empirics. The following case occurred in the neighborhood of our own residence: The wife of an influential Sivite was fast sinking under the exhaustion consequent on protracted parturition. Two of her brothers were educated Christian men. Without naming it to any member of the household, they ventured to introduce the medical missionary, as the only chance of saving their sister's life. It is impossible to describe the scene which followed. The midwives were almost beside themselves with rage; the women of the family screamed aloud; and the wretched husband looked like one stupefied. The missionary was compelled to beat a retreat. The next day a funeral procession started from that house. Both mother and child had perished.

It would be a great error to suppose that the women of India, depreciated by the Shasters, and depressed by custom, have little or no influence in their families. The wives and mothers of India have probably as much influence in their own homes as the wives and mothers of England have in theirs. The children are committed entirely to their care; they bring them up with every fond indulgence, and form their morals. Mr. Robinson, speaking of the Hindu mother's love of her offspring, says: "She never corrects her child, but humors it to the utmost. Its little mouth is now at her breast, now at her cheroot."\*

in the breast, for which the Rajah entreated the aid of the resident surgeon. He himself accompanied this gentleman to the Rane's apartment, and bowing with much veneration before the purdah, or screen, behind which the lady was concealed, entreated her to admit the surgeon to her presence. But all that could be obtained from her, was permission to feel her pulse, for which purpose a hand was put out from behind the screen. In vain the surgeon represented the impossibility of affording aid without inspection, and in vain the Rajah renewed his entreaties. The princess was inflexible; and her life actually fell a sacrifice to this unreasonable etiquette. "Which, after all," observed the Rajah, "is no custom of ours, but purely a Mussulman usage."—*Canon Trevor.*

\* This is literally true. All India smokes—men, women, and children. Hindu mothers nurse their children until they are three years old, or more. We have often seen one of those infants lolling on

The home influence of the women of India is directed by a firm faith in certain popular delusions—the evil eye, omens, spells, sorceries, pilgrimages, and festivals. The unlettered wife and mother, sincerely attached to the prevalent superstitions, is often strong enough to impose her authority on her husband and sons, whom education has taught to renounce Hinduism, without embracing any thing better; and the Brahmin still finds generous entertainment in the house of the man who laughs his pretensions to scorn. The wife often restrains her husband from an open avowal of religious conviction. A respectable farmer in Tinnevely, who had long desired to attend church, but was opposed by his wife, at last made a strong attempt at decision, and actually went to the service. The following Sunday he did not make his appearance; and when the catechist inquired the reason, he said he could not come any more, for his "wife cried all night!"

We may repeat, however, that those of our readers who desire the amplest information on the social and religious condition of the daughters of India must obtain Mr. Robinson's book. We confidently reckon on their thanks for our recommendation.

What is the future of Hindu women to be? What are their prospects? the prospects of the women of a country which numbers a population of nearly two hundred millions of souls? That female education is essential to the improvement of any country, and that, until we have raised up a race of instructed Christian wives and mothers in India, it is vain to imagine that its teeming millions will be leavened by the influence of Christianity, are points which no one controverts. Mrs. Mason's words, "Burmah will never be converted until the women are," are true of India, and of every country under heaven. The Hindus themselves entertain strong objections to the education of their daughters.

the side of its nursing mother, and taking alternately with its mother's milk, a whiff or two from the cigar which she holds in her mouth. The habit then formed is retained through life.

Smoking is not the worst habit which Eastern mothers teach their offspring. Among the Afreedeas, a wild tribe in the Peahawur valley, the women are accustomed to pass their infants three times through a hole in the wall of the house, repeating each time, "Be a thief!" The smiles of the younger women are always reserved for the most desperate robbers of the tribe.

ters. Some of their prejudices are amusingly absurd, and all of them are destitute of any just foundation. When Mrs. Caldwell commenced her girls' school in Tinnevely, some of the heathen asked sarcastically: "Are you going to teach the cows next?" The question was more pertinent than at first appears; for even Manu ranks slave-girls with "cows, mares, and hens."

The popular belief of India is, that the rigid seclusion of their women, and the refusal to them of all education, are imposed not less by their ancient Shasters than by universal custom. As we have seen, this notion is completely refuted by authentic Hindu history. Professor Wilson has clearly shown that, in the times of the Veda, women frequented public assemblies, and went abroad without reproach; and a later age boasts of Hindu ladies learned in art and science, and skilled in sweet song. In fact, women are *directed* to read the Purans and books of law, though, like the Sudras, they are interdicted from reading the Vedas. Vyasa composed the Bharata for women. The Tamil language is rich in ethical compositions—richer, in this lore, than even the Sanscrit, the work of female authors. Avveyar, the sweet moral teacher of South India, whose expressive aphorisms are prattled by the infant offspring of ten millions of people, was a woman. Her writings, and those of her distinguished sisters, are extensively read, and much admired. The learned Jesuit missionary, Beschi, the peerless master of idiomatic Tamil, pronounces Avveyar's "moral sentences to be worthy of Seneca himself." Another critic says: "She sung like Sappho, not of love, but virtue." Besides composing several works on morals and religion, she wrote treatises on medicine and metaphysics. Of three of her works, Mr. Robinson has given us translations, elegantly and accurately done. Hence it seems more than probable that the practice of strict seclusion and non-education of women is an innovation on the ancient system. Perhaps it dates from the Musulman period, and sprang from a just fear of the violence of their Mohammedan masters, or from a desire to imitate their manners.

The Governments of India and Ceylon, the Protestant missionary societies of England, America, and Germany, and a few private individuals amongst the natives

themselves, share the credit of whatever has been attempted for the education of the rising population of our Eastern dominions. But, "as a nation, we have done little—nay, less than little—to enlighten the darkness of India." This utterance of the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury will pass unchallenged by the Christian conscience of England. But it can hardly be said that the East India Company attempted nothing for the education of its subjects. As early as 1781, Warren Hastings founded the Mohammedan College at Calcutta; eleven years later, Lord Cornwallis established the Sanscrit College at Benares; and the faithful who believe in the Koran, and the disciples who follow the Shaster, were carefully taught by a costly staff of moulvies and pundits. The last acts of the Company were perfectly consistent with this early care of the ancient faiths and languages of India. When Dr. Max Müller submitted his proposals to bring out an edition of the *Rig Veda*, under the auspices of the Government, he received the following encouraging reply: "The Court consider that the publication of so important and interesting a work as that to which your proposals refer, is, in a peculiar manner, deserving of the patronage of the East India Company, connected as it is with the early religion, history, and language of the great body of their Indian subjects." The East India Company have received the cordial thanks of many Western scholars for their munificence in this matter; but the work is intended chiefly "for those, *amongst the natives of India*, who are still able to read their own *sacred books* in the language of India." In fact, the old Company was setting up a little Bible Society of its own, for putting into the hands of such of the natives of India as understood Sanscrit "their own sacred books." These efforts at education in the sacred tongues of India were continued until 1835, when the empire was ruled by Lord William Bentinck—as benevolent, upright, and courageous a statesman as ever occupied that high position.\* Some years before, a general

\* We have said that Lord William Bentinck was one of the best rulers that ever governed India, but he was a stern maintainer of "strict neutrality;" and the advocates of that policy might claim him as their model man. He was more than scrupulous—he was even punctilious. In reply to an address which the Bengal missionaries presented to him on his departure from India, he says: "I have the more reason to feel flattered by your kindness on this occasion, inasmuch

committee of public instruction had been constituted, "with a view to the better instruction of the people—to the introduction among them of useful knowledge, and to the improvement of their moral character." In 1835 Macanlay was President of the Educational Committee. In a very able minute, he gave the death-blow to the Oriental system, which wasted the public moneys in teaching and printing Arabic and Sanscrit, which are but showy sepulchres, containing nothing better than dead men's bones. "I believe," says the eloquent reviewer, "that the present system tends, not to accelerate the progress of truth, but to delay the natural death of expiring errors. I consider that we have at present no right to the respectable name of a Board of Public Instruction. We are a board for wasting public money; for printing books which are of less value than the paper on which they are printed was while it was blank; for giving artificial encouragement to absurd history, absurd metaphysics, absurd physics, and absurd theology."

The reformation inaugurated by the Governor-General in council, in 1835, and which his successors have since maintained, was restricted to "the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India, through the medium of the English language."

The class-books of the government colleges and schools comprise some of the best works in our language. Bacon, Milton, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Hallam, and other names represent literature.

Indophilus says: "The law is a school-master to lead us to Christ, and the study of the writings of Bacon, Milton, and others, establishes this law in their minds." We must say this is a roundabout way to school, a very indirect method for the school-master to take with his pupils when he aims to "improve their moral character." But we readily allow that it is an immense improvement on the former practice. Most of the authors above named assume the truth of the Christian religion, and many of the works specified are largely pervaded by a sound Christian morality; and for these reasons the pres-

ent system of education, very defective and an "altogether secular" education though it is, has been gratefully accepted by the intelligence of the country. It is well, *as far as it goes*. It serves admirably well for the refutation of the Shasters; for the work of demolition, which may be accomplished without the aid of the Bible. To use the expressive phrase of Dr. Duff: "It tears up Hinduism by the roots." Unfortunately it ends there—it is *simply destructive*. But whilst the *system* stops short, many of the pupils have pressed forward in the right direction, until they have confidently rested in an experimental knowledge of the highest truth. Sir C. Trevelyan, in his evidence before the House of Lords in 1853, makes this striking statement: "Before leaving Calcutta, I caused a list to be prepared of Christian converts from the educated class, and I found that the majority were from the Hindu college." He further states his belief, that the conversion of India will be effected by "direct missionary instruction, and, indirectly, *through books* of various kinds." There can be no doubt that a Christianized literature, like a Christian community, is an evangelistic agency of great power.

The celebrated *Education Dispatch* of 1854 is a document abounding in liberal sentiments. It contains a handsome recognition of "the noble exertions of Christians of all denominations to guide the natives of India in a way of religious truth;" and directs that the Bible be placed in the libraries of the colleges and schools, that the pupils may freely consult it, and "ask explanations from their masters on the subject of the Christian religion; provided that such information be given *out of school hours*."

If the subject were less serious, the wording of this dispatch might provoke a smile. Having placed the Bible on the shelf, and given the pupils permission to read it just where he has no power to prevent their doing so, Sir Charles Wood naïvely adds: "This is as it should be!"

India now has its universities, constituted on the model of the University of London; a large number of affiliated colleges, including several missionary institutions; besides provincial schools, high schools, normal schools, etc. The dispatch of 1854 provided for the introduction of the grant-in-aid system throughout India; and last year Sir C. Wood informed the

as it proceeds from those with whom, in their public capacity, I have carefully abstained from holding any communication. The professed object of your lives is conversion. The fundamental principles of British rule—the compact to which Government stands solemnly pledged—is strict neutrality."



deputation of the Bible Education Committee, that "all the schools may benefit by the grants if they please; and that, practically, the missionary societies do get by far the larger portion."

The dispatch of 1854 did not omit the subject of female education; and the references to it in the correspondence relating to that dispatch show that it has not been entirely neglected by the governments of India. The last education dispatch to India is dated April 7th, 1859, and was written by Lord Stanley. His lordship had before him the "most recent reports;" but that from the North-West Provinces was for 1854-5; that from Bombay for 1855-6; and those from Bengal and Madras for 1856-7 only. Then follows a statement of the number attending the government colleges and schools, "a statement which, from the want of adequate information, and from defective classification and arrangement, is extremely unsatisfactory." Nor is this all: the Secretary for India adds: "The statement is, in fact, for all practical purposes, useless." This condemnation of it by such authority, combined with the fact that it "excludes female schools," renders it unnecessary for us to produce it. Subsequently to the dispatch of 1854, which declared that grants would be made to all schools, whether male or female, the managers of which complied with certain conditions, the Court of Directors gave their cordial sanction to "an order of the government of India that female education should be considered to be as much within the province of the Council of Education as any other branch of education." But in 1859 Lord Stanley could say, with but too much truth, that, "even including the results of missionary exertions, little progress has as yet been made with female education in India."

In 1850 Mr. Drinkwater Bethune established in Calcutta a school for Hindu female children. After his death the Marquis of Dalhousie adopted the school; and when that great pro-consul left India, it was taken up by the government, and is now supported from the public funds. It never accomplished much. Since 1856 it has been managed by a committee of Hindu gentlemen, but with what result we are not informed. Grants in aid were sanctioned for female schools established by the local community at Dacca and Howrah. Mr. Woodrow, an inspector, re-

ported the attendance of nineteen Brahmin girls at a school in the eastern educational division of Bengal.

In 1855 Pundit Gopal Sing, a deputy inspector, initiated a remarkable movement in furtherance of female education in the Agra district. The pundit established a small school, to which his own daughters and those of his immediate friends were sent. The example acted like a charm, and female schools sprang up as under the wand of a talisman. Girls "of all classes of Hindus," including a considerable number of Brahmins, and of all ages, from six to twenty years old and upwards, flocked to these schools; until, in January, 1857, there were two hundred and eighty schools in full operation, with an attendance of five thousand girls. This movement extended to the Muttra and Mynpoorie districts. So much for the influence which one enlightened native of high social position may exert over his countrymen. The strongest things in India are *caste* and *custom*, and yet both have been made to give way. A few girls' schools have been opened in the Bombay Presidency. At Ahmedabad, a native gentleman founded two girls' schools on a munificent scale.

This movement in the Agra district could not fail to attract Lord Stanley's attention; and he says, (par. 30,) "There is no reason to doubt that the officers of the department have availed themselves of such opportunities as offered to promote the object;" and, by implication, expresses his regret that, except in the case of Agra, "active measures" have not been taken for the establishment of female schools, in which the home authorities and the several governments of India take such "special interest." And yet (par. 46) "Her majesty's government" are desirous of information "as to the *genuineness of the change of feeling* which appears in some localities to have taken place regarding it, and as to the nature and degree of the influence which may safely and properly be exerted by the officers of the department of education, to promote the extension of schools for females." That a "change of feeling" has taken place among the natives, with reference to the education of their daughters, can not be doubted.

Sir H. Edwardes observes, "that the educated natives in all the capitals of the presidencies have become sensible of the

error of keeping their women at so low a level; and in many homes fathers and brothers are secretly teaching the females of their families." Captain Lister, inspector of the Deccan division, says: "The prejudices against female education are fast disappearing, and there will soon be no more difficulty found in establishing female schools than in those for boys." But Mr. Woodrow gives it as his opinion, that the encouragement of government will be necessary, "as the people are opposed to the elevation of females from their present degraded position." Our impressions coincide with the testimony of the last witness; and we fear that native prejudices are not vanishing quite so fast as Captain Lister's language would lead us to suppose. In certain schools, established by the natives themselves, there have been difficulties regarding inspection, etc. The founders of one school at Agra had, from the first, "a strong aversion to any male person, even though he be a Brahmin, inspecting" their institution. At a later period they refused to admit "any female" who might be deputed for that purpose; and although they furnished the pundit with a list of the pupils, they expressly stipulated that it should not be submitted to government.

The countenance and aid, and, we will add, the *forbearance* of government, "active measures" by the department, and the hearty coöperation of other officials, will long be necessary to foster this cause. Gopal Sing expresses his sense of great obligation to the Collector of Agra, Mr. Drummond; and justly observes, that it "can not but be evident to every one that the assistance of such persons is invaluable."

As to Ceylon, it is important to bear in mind one fact. "India's utmost isle" has always been under the rule of the Colonial Office. This fact is the key to the present prosperous condition of that magnificent dependency. Its institutions, the comparatively enlightened condition of its population, and its material prosperity, are all rendered intelligible by this one fact. Ceylon has enjoyed an advantage which India never possessed—the direct and continuous influence of the Christian opinion of England; and this difference between the two countries affords the true explanation of almost every other. When the Central School Commission

was organized in 1841, it was estimated that the island contained about two hundred and thirty thousand children, two thousand of whom were found in existing government schools. The Commission consisted of nine members. Five were government officials, and the rest were an Episcopal clergyman, a Presbyterian minister, a Romish priest, and a missionary from one of the five Protestant Societies having establishments in the colony. Of this body, the Bishop of Colombo, Dr. Chapman, was for some time president; an office which he suddenly resigned, because the governor appointed a Wesleyan missionary to the post of Head Master of the Colombo Central School. The Commission had to grope its way, for this painful reason, that it was blind to the real wants of the country. The fifth clause of its constitution restricts its labors to "the education in the *English language* of their fellow-subjects of all religious opinions in the colony;" and in the seventh clause it is declared, that "the general education of the *whole population* is the duty of the Commission." Strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless literally true, that the Governor of Ceylon proposed, and the Secretary for the Colonies approved, a scheme by which the soft and mellifluous vernaculars were to be virtually suppressed, and the whole population to be educated, if educated by the government at all, in the English language! We have given dates, which obviate the necessity of giving names. After the experience of four years, the Commission discovered that it was necessary to make arrangements to supply the elementary schools with the means of giving instruction in the vernacular, "so as to afford the necessary preparation for English education." Then arose a Normal Training School, at the head of which was placed one of the most industrious, tenacious, and successful teachers that ever graced the Commission's staff, Dr. Andrew Kessen. In this institution were to be trained vernacular teachers, "for those villages where there is, as yet, no demand for English." Faithful to the constitution, the Commission resolved to make these vernacular schools "essentially subsidiary to the English schools." Before the present School Commission was constituted, the Bible was in regular use in all the government schools, and in 1841 the governor was in

a position to say: "Whatever may have been the defects of the late Commission, it will be found that in their schools *the Scriptures are read without objection by all*:" and the *all* included Buddhists, Hindus, and Mohammedans.

The schools of the Commission entirely failed in Jaffna. The teachers could not hold their ground against the missionary establishments of the American, Wesleyan, and Church of England societies. In 1843 the Secretary of the Commission sought the counsel of the missionaries, and, after some correspondence, the government schools were abandoned, and the sum of five hundred pounds voted for distribution among the three missions above named. The education of the population of the peninsula was left in the hands of the missionaries: no restrictions of any kind were imposed. Subsequently, the Romanists received a grant. In 1855 the deputation from the American Board visited Ceylon. "Our Prudential Committee," said they, "have a decided objection to receiving government grants for mission schools, whether from our own or from foreign governments;" and the grants, which had been received for ten years, were thenceforward declined.\* The Wesleyans, who are troubled by no such scruples, have had their grant increased to two hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

It may strike our readers that less than seven hundred girls, out of a population of a million and three quarters, are not a large number to have in the public schools. But the explanation to be offered is, that the operations of the Commission have been very feebly conducted as a whole; for its female schools have been quite as successful as any of its institutions.

The several Protestant Missionary Societies, both in India and Ceylon, have long directed their attention to this matter of female education; and the wives of many missionaries have labored in the cause with singular devotion, satisfied with the approval of Him "who seeth in secret." Boarding-schools have been much more successful than day-schools; and, under the present circumstances of India, and probably for a long time to come, experienced missionaries will con-

tinue to prefer those schools into which girls are received at a tender age, where they have the advantage of a thorough *Christian training*, and from which they are not generally dismissed until their marriage. As far as possible all such schools should be of an industrial character. Mrs. Caldwell taught the first pupils of her boarding-school at Edeyen-koody to make lace; lace-making has now become a flourishing branch of manufacture, and a source of considerable profit to the school. The Tinnevely lace has an excellent sale; the girls in the school and the Christian women who have married from it can not make it fast enough to supply the demand. This, therefore, is a becoming and remunerative employment, exactly suited to the habits and capabilities of Hindu women. In Madras and Ceylon, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Agnew, and other ladies, have successfully introduced crochet work, shirt-making, etc., into the boarding-schools under their care. For the pieces of crochet work, in particular, there is a great demand; and many of them are equal in point of execution to any thing of the kind we have ever seen. We remember a visit which the late Sir Henry Ward, then Governor of Ceylon, paid to the American boarding-school at Jaffna. Two large antimacassars, in which were delicately worked figures of her majesty and the prince consort caught the eye of the governor. Sir Henry Ward was the most loyal of men. "Let me have them," said he, "and I will send them to the queen!" His excellency paid the price, and carried them off. Such an incident would touch the queen's womanly heart. And we are certain that it can not be otherwise than gratifying to our transatlantic cousins to know that there hangs on some royal couch or chair at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, or Balmoral, a graceful fabric wrought by the fingers of Hindu girls trained in a school of the American Board.\*

This cause of female education took root in a most unpromising soil, and has pros-

\* Whilst engaged in writing these lines, we received the intelligence of the death of Sir Henry Ward. He was a very eminent man. His successful administration in Ceylon was fitly recognized by his promotion to the wider sphere of Madras. His talents were equal to any position. He wrote and spoke like a statesman, and, in developing the resources of Ceylon, worked like a horse—to the utmost of his strength.

\* The Baptists, though diligent educators, have ever refused government assistance.

pered in spite of much discouragement. At first the parents objected that it was "not the custom" to teach the girls to read; that it was not respectable; ("Do you want our daughters to be like dancing girls?") and that it was unnecessary. "Can not a woman cook rice"—the whole duty of woman in their estimation—"without learning to read and write?" These stereotyped objections were urged by the early converts as well as by heathens; and both parties were surprised that reasons so entirely satisfactory to themselves did not satisfy the missionaries. The first girls that were received into the Jaffna schools were bribed by presents, and retained under instruction by the promise of a dowry. This dowry, about four pounds sterling, the Americans gave for years to every girl who married from the school with their approbation. In the day-schools it was long the custom to give lunch daily—rice cakes or fruit—and a few yards of calico at Christmas. But the three missions in North Ceylon have entirely discontinued presents of every kind in the boarding-schools; and in the day-schools, where lunch is given at all, it is restricted to those children who come from a distance, and who, if allowed to go home at mid-day, would not return for needlework in the afternoon. Not only are those boarding-schools full of girls, but the girls come from a much higher grade than that from which the first pupils were drawn; and the kutcherry clerk, the well-to-do farmer, the thriving tradesman, and, of course, the educated native preacher, each in his turn, comes to the lady in charge in search of a wife. And Hindu parents, quick enough in appreciating the social advantages of a respectable marriage, now earnestly seek education for their daughters, and are well content to commit them to the absolute guardianship of the missionary and his wife. "I give this child to you, she is no longer mine, you are her father and mother." More than this: those parents are now paying a proportion of the cost of the education and maintenance of their girls. The Americans, since the visit of their deputation in 1855, have discontinued the practice of requiring payment; but in the Church of England and Wesleyan schools the practice is still maintained.

The efforts of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East are entitled to grateful recognition. This society,

founded on broadly catholic principles, has nobly fulfilled its mission, having sent out ninety female teachers since 1834.

The Established and Free Churches of Scotland, too, have their ladies' societies, their orphanages and day-schools for females; and their agents in the East have been a race of singularly zealous and able men—we might add, and of women; for Mrs. Wilson of Bombay was worthy of association with John Anderson of Madras and Dr. Duff of Calcutta.

To the "Ladies' Committee" we give a cordial and respectful welcome. This youngest sister of the societies was organized about two years ago, and is connected with the Wesleyan Missionary Society. The ladies who led the movement which issued in the formation of this committee, have long been engaged in promoting female education in the East; and they bring to the new society the experience of many years, and the obvious advantage of a wide range of missionary friendships and correspondence. The name of one lady, the wife of the Senior Secretary of Wesleyan Missions, is held in warmest remembrance in India; and in the palm groves of Ceylon nestle beautiful school-houses erected by contributions called forth by her ever-active pen. This "Ladies' Committee," having for its object the systematic direction of the power of a great community like the Methodists, will doubtless secure for itself the cordial sympathy of all ladies within the pale of its own Church, and the best wishes of all the friends of India beyond.

There is one fact which we venture to put before that committee, because of its bearing on the future prospects of the women of India. It is of startling import; but it indicates a want which it lies within the scope of the Ladies' Committee to supply to the extent of its means. Female teachers who devote their attention to boarding and day-schools meet the case in part only. What is to become of those very few girls who pass through the day-schools? Before they reach a certain age, say ten or eleven, they are removed from the school, and secluded, by inexorable custom, for life. Unless Christian women can be found to follow them into their forced retirement, they will never receive another Christian lesson. Preaching never reaches them; no woman is ever seen listening to a sermon in the bazaar, or under the shade of the village tree; no heathen

woman ever appears within the walls of a Christian temple; and they are virtually inaccessible to missionary teaching in their own homes. We boldly assert—and let the statement be pondered by those whom it may concern—that heathen girls who have left the day-schools, and girls who have never been to any school whatever, in short, the adult female population of India, do not, under the present system, ever hear the Gospel at all! We hear much, now-a-days, of woman's mission; and if we are not greatly mistaken, we have here stumbled upon a most important part of it. Let English ladies "haste to the rescue." Let English ladies of social position and education devote themselves to the work of teaching, from house to house, their adult Hindu sisters, who are literally perishing for lack of knowledge, none caring for their souls.\*

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\* The Zenana Schools of Bengal have yielded encouraging results. Intelligent Baboos have admitted governesses to teach their wives and daughters, and also paid for their services. That venerable missionary, Lacroix, just before his death, wrote to Dr. Duff: "For a long time to come, I feel assured, the best way (because most in accordance with the feelings of the people) to promote female education in India, will be through means of domestic instruction." The Rev. John Fordyce, speaking of these Zenana Schools, observes: "If the Lord be pleased to raise up agents to carry out this plan on a large scale, it will go far to unlock many a prison home, and to solve one of the most perplexing of missionary problems."

In some quarters this suggestion will be denounced as Utopian: we do not care to reply to such an objection. Where, out of a female population of upwards of seventy millions,\* there are but twenty thousand under instruction, and most of those are withdrawn from school before they have reached their teens, we are not to be told that the only earthly means by which the case of those women can be met are impracticable and Utopian. We would ask Miss Marsh, Mrs. Wightman, and Mrs. Bayley, to show us their opinion.

Free from the anxious cares of domestic life—"the unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord"—a female member of the mission family on each central station would have the protection and comforts of a home; as the colleague of the missionary's wife, she would have a ready passport to the homes or harems of the daughters of India; welcomed as an angel visitor, she would sit among her darker sisters, and teach them the story of the cross.

We can not doubt that many a Christian woman will rise from the perusal of these pages with a very thoughtful heart, and we venture to hope that at no distant day some sister of mercy, "fired with a zeal peculiar," will inaugurate a new era in the evangelization of the East.

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\* If the population be taken at two hundred millions, of course the number of women would be considerably more than we have stated.

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RATHER TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—M. de Sevastianoff, who has passed three years at Mount Athos, engaged in photographing the curiosities of art preserved there, has just returned with no less than four thousand five hundred designs, representing views of all the convents, with their curious and interesting architectural features; manuscripts of the greatest antiquity, paintings produced many centuries ago, all have been copied with the most scrupulous fidelity. He has reproduced entire MS. Bibles, page by page, with all their naïve illuminations; complete plans of churches, from original designs by unknown artists; geographical maps, which date from the earliest Christian times. There are

also collections of splendid initial letters taken from antique manuscripts, church ornaments of various epochs.

THE London *Dispatch* says there are more British admirals than ships, more generals than regiments, more captains of artillery and engineers than guns. Louis Napoleon is charged by the same authority with an increasing annual expenditure of seventy millions of dollars per annum, and an annual increase of the public debt of fifty millions of dollars.

NOTHING is really troublesome that we do willingly.

## PORTRAIT AND SKETCH OF HENRY CLAY.

[MANY readers of the *ECLECTIC*, we are quite sure, will welcome the tri-portrait engraving of the three eminent men whose life-like lineaments adorn our present number. We are aware that many other portraits of these distinguished men have been published and are extant. But as they were cotemporaries and prominent actors together on the great theater of public life in our national affairs, it seems quite fitting to place their portraits together in one view on the plate. The resemblance to their originals will be found very accurate. We had the honor of knowing them personally, and have so often seen them that their portraits seem almost life-like. The figure of the chair in which Mr. Clay appears to be sitting is a photograph of the one in which he sat when his portrait was taken. Mr. Sartain, the *ECLECTIC* artist, was familiar with the faces of the originals, and his engraving of the portraits can hardly fail, we think, of proving highly satisfactory to all their numerous friends and survivors. A brief biographical sketch will add interest to the portraits.]

HENRY CLAY was born in Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777. He was the seventh son of a clergyman who died when Henry was very young, leaving his widow and family but scantily provided for. Having received a common-school education, Henry obtained a situation as copying clerk in the chancery court of Richmond. Here he probably received a certain amount of initiation in legal proceedings, so that, although he was nineteen years of age when he formally commenced the study of the law, he was when only twenty admitted to practice at the bar. The tide of migration was then setting strongly westward, and the young advocate thought that the fertile valleys of the West offered for him also a promising field of labor. He accordingly removed to Lexington, Kentucky, and there, in October, 1799, he fairly commenced his legal career. As an advocate he quickly achieved a marked success. Young Clay,

it was soon seen, not only possessed great natural ability, and doubled its value by constant diligence, but had the more marketable talent of knowing how to manage a jury. Yet though he found himself on the road to fortune, his ambition was directed rather towards political than professional success. The convention for framing a constitution for the State of Kentucky soon afforded him the opportunity he desired of taking a prominent part in political movements.

His political career was now fairly begun, and for nearly fifty years his life may be said to have been devoted to the service of his country. His first election to Congress was in 1806, but it was only for the remaining portion of a term; and in 1807 he was again elected to the General Assembly of Kentucky, of which he was chosen speaker; an office he held till he was in 1809 elected for an unexpired term of two years to the Senate of the United States. In 1811 he was sent as a Representative to Congress, and on the meeting of the House of Representatives he received the very remarkable honor of being elected speaker, though he was now for the first time a member of the house. But his speeches in the senate, and his conduct as speaker of the Kentucky Assembly, had established his reputation; and so well satisfied were the members with their choice, that he was five times reelected speaker. During this period he took a prominent part in the great questions of the day, but especially distinguished himself by his earnest denunciation of the English claims to right of search and other maritime prerogatives; and as he was one of the prime instigators to the war with England, so during its continuance he remained one of its strongest advocates. He was in 1814 appointed, avowedly in consequence of the leading part he had taken in the discussion on the war, one of the commissioners to negotiate the treaty of peace; and for him is claimed the credit of having by his adroitness obtained for America some advantageous concessions. In France he was

treated with much distinction, and on his return to America he was at once re-elected to Congress.

He now directed his energies to home legislation; but when the question of South American independence was mooted, Mr. Clay eagerly urged its immediate recognition; he was already promulgating his favorite idea of the eradication of every species of European authority from the American continent. While engaged in a decided course of opposition to the general policy of President Monroe, there were two great measures which specially occupied his mind. One was the establishment of a national system of internal improvements, which the president opposed as unconstitutional, but which Mr. Clay successfully vindicated from that objection; the other was the return to a modified protective system. Both of these measures were carried, and the successful issue of his exertions placed Mr. Clay, in the estimation of a large portion of his countrymen, in the very first rank of American statesmen. He was now looked to by many as the probable successor to the presidential chair, and it was well understood that he himself coveted that elevated post. That he might be in a better position to bear the increased expenditure its acceptance would necessarily entail, he resigned in 1819 his seat in Congress and returned to the active pursuit of his profession, in which he promptly regained a highly lucrative practice. But when the conventions began to consider the claims of the candidates for the presidency, it was apparent that Clay would not be chosen; his name was therefore withdrawn, and he returned in 1823 to the House of Representatives, by whom he was immediately restored to his place as speaker. Three candidates went to the vote for the presidency, but as neither could obtain the absolute majority required by law, the election lay ultimately in Congress, and there Mr. Clay exerted all his influence in favor of Mr. Adams, who was chosen, and he in return appointed the secretary of state. This office he held until 1827, and during his occupancy of it discharged its duties with marked diligence and vigor. The independence of the republics of Central as well as South America was promptly recognized by him, and he exerted every nerve to further the dogma of the annihilation of European influence in Ameri-

can affairs. His conduct as secretary was the subject of virulent attacks by his political opponents; and on one occasion he was provoked to challenge Mr. Randolph on account of some strong remarks in the House of Representatives; happily neither of the combatants was injured. Clay had, many years before, when speaker of the Kentucky House of Assembly, challenged and fought a political opponent who had expressed himself with too much freedom in a debate.

On the election of General Jackson in 1829, he retired for awhile into private life, but in 1831 he was elected to the United States senate. In 1833 he was again an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency. He had now to renew the struggle for his protective tariff. The entire subject was reopened, and the country was agitated from end to end. South and North were almost in open conflict. At length Clay brought forth his "Compromise bill;" it was accepted by both parties, and modified protection to national interests became the established law of the United States. His subsequent tour through the Middle and Eastern States was a continued triumph. Passed over at the presidential election of 1836, at that of 1839 his claims were again put forward; but though his party was now in the ascendency, at their convention he was set aside by them for General Harrison, who was accordingly elected. He remained a member of the senate till 1842, when, finding that his strength was insufficient to sustain him in his arduous course of self-imposed labor, and vexed at President Tyler successively vetoing measures which he had succeeded in persuading Congress to adopt, he took a formal leave of the scene of his prolonged labors and triumphs in a speech which produced a powerful impression on the senate and on the country. It was generally felt that the veteran statesman had scarcely been treated by his countrymen as his long and on the whole unquestionably popular course of public service deserved. It was acknowledged by his party that in their presidential conventions the honorable claims of their really great man had been set aside, and the coveted honor bestowed on obscure mediocrity. "Justice to Clay" was adopted as a rallying cry, and in the election of 1844 he was put in nomination and supported by the full strength of his party. But this time the majority was on the other side,

and Polk was elected. Clay remained in retirement till 1849, when he again returned to the senate. To him was due the famous slavery "Compromise Act" of 1850, which for a brief space quieted the bitter strife which the question of slavery had enkindled in the Union. But it only for the moment allayed the storm; and Mr. Clay lived long enough to perceive that as a permanent measure his project was a failure. He had labored beyond his strength in endeavoring to reconcile the irreconcilable, and now he longed only for

rest. But his was not to be a rest on earth. He resigned his office as senator, but before the day named for his resignation to take effect, he had ceased to live. He died June 29, 1852, aged seventy-five. He was buried with unusual pomp. In the chief towns of Kentucky every external honor was paid to his memory. At New-York business was suspended in the city, the shops were closed, and the shipping carried their flags half-mast high during the day.

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From Colburn's New Monthly

## THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

She comes, she comes! your sunny portals  
Unclose, ye chambers of the South!  
Green life for Nature, joy for mortals,  
She laugheth from her rosy mouth;  
Northward she travels, deftly twining  
A rich-hued rainbow o'er her head,  
The very air around her shining,  
Beams from her limbs of beauty shed;  
Before her white doves wheel and glance,  
Behind her light-heeled fairies dance.

She comes, she comes! hoar Winter seeing,  
Gives a last groan, and seeks his tomb;  
Away the King of Frost is fleeing,  
The Tempest spreads his wings of gloom:  
Before her sunshine softly breaketh,  
And genial airs are wafting balm;  
No more the famished bittern shrieketh,  
The thrush soft piping 'mid the calm;  
She makes a mirror of each stream,  
On walking, an incarnate beam.

She comes, she comes! ne'er bowed or hoary,  
Her form enduring as the sun,  
Which gives her face a softened glory;  
And light as she had just begun  
To tread the vales, and skim the mountains,

Her silver-sandal'd feet are seen;  
Her eyes, like stars beheld in fountains,  
Are mildly brilliant and serene;  
Her hair, in ripply waves outrolled,  
Is floating wide in living gold.

She comes, she comes! and earth is showing  
A resurrection 'neath her eyes;  
Where her white foot is falling, glowing,  
Flowers from the dead, dark soil arise:  
Where her hand waves, the forest quickly  
Puts on its cloak of leaves and bloom,  
And the wide heath, late dun and sickly,  
Is gay with celandine and broom;  
And still, as glides fair Spring along,  
Heaven is all fragrance, earth all song.

She comes, she comes! sweet angel shining  
All fresh from Eden; round her brow,  
With rose-tipped fingers, garlands twining,  
The only angel left us now;  
Oh yes, a paradise she bringeth,  
Glad earth again seems young and new;  
And as the heart of Nature singeth,  
The soul of man is lightsome too;  
Away dark thoughts our spirits fling,  
Rejoicing with rejoicing Spring.



From Chambers's Journal.

## CONCERNING DOCTORS.

ON entering the chamber of a French marquis one morning, whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, Dr. Bouvart was thus accosted: "'Good-day to you, Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me.'

"'I am sure it has,' replied Bouvart, dryly. 'The very first expression you used convinces me of it.'

"'Pray explain yourself.'

"'Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your *dearest friend*; as you began to get better, I was your *good Bouvart*; and now I am Mr. Bouvart: depend upon it, you are quite recovered.'

It is but too certain that the behavior of a large class of society towards their doctors affords a parallel to that of this French nobleman. Our "county families" can not make up their minds even to visit their doctor in the country, through which neglect he is often thrown upon the companionship of farmers and other persons of no education, to whose condition he sooner or later assimilates himself, and is thereby, with reason, placed out of the "gilded pale" of society. But when sickness comes to the "Park," and the doctor visits *them*, there are no bounds to the friendly demonstrations of the county families. The "best circles" exhibit their want of good sense as well as of good taste in indulging in this haughtiness. Even if the doctor be a dull fellow, skilled in nothing but his profession, he has an advantage over the soldier, sailor, clergyman, and lawyer in the same melancholy position. What he does know must needs be interesting to his hearers, not only since they may themselves be victims to the very miseries he describes, but because his experience of life, however prosaically narrated, must needs awaken interest in any heart that can feel for others. The professor of Healing has a claim to the respect and honor of every man. His object, unlike that of every body else, with the excep-

tion of the minister of religion, is unmixed benevolence; and even the minister does not spread, as *he* does, his benefits broadcast over Christian and heathen. It is true that there are quacks, and pompous fools, and bears, and flatterers of the great to be found among medicine-men, as elsewhere; but if we would know how gentle, and kind, and generous the majority of them are, we must ask the poor. However unjustly, though not unnaturally jealous of the rich the poor man may be in his hour of deepest want, his wrath excepts the doctor, who has been his friend when all the world deserted him. A stingy or grasping doctor is exceedingly rare, although there is no obvious reason why such should not hug his money as closely as the attorney or the Ebrew Jew; he certainly works as hard for it as any man.

The famous Dr. John Lettsom began life in the West Indies by liberating all his slaves, who formed his sole fortune; he was the founder of more than twelve of the principal philanthropic institutions of London; and in spite of the immense income derived from his profession, he had to part, at the close of his life, with his beloved country-seat, because he had impoverished himself by lavish generosity to the unfortunate. "As Lettsom was traveling in the neighborhood of London, a highwayman stopped his carriage, and putting a pistol into the window, demanded him to surrender his money. The faltering voice and hesitation of the robber showed that he had only recently taken to his perilous vocation, and his appearance showed him to be a young man who had moved in the gentle ranks of life. Lettsom quickly responded that he was sorry to see such a well-looking young man pursuing a course which would inevitably bring him to ruin; that he would give him freely all the money he had about him, and would try to put him in a better way of life, if he liked to call on him in the course of a few days. As the doctor said this, he gave his card to the

young man, who turned out to be another victim of the American war. He had only made one similar attempt on the road before, and had been driven to lawless action by unexpected pennilessness. Lettsom endeavored in vain to procure aid for his *protégé* from the commissioners for relieving the American sufferers; but eventually the queen, interested in the young man's case, presented him with a commission in the army; and in a brief military career, that was cut short by yellow fever in the West Indies, he distinguished himself so much that his name appeared twice in the *Gazette*."

So great a success as Lettsom's, although combined with such benevolence, was not to be forgiven by the rest of the Faculty—who form, by-the-by, by far the most quarrelsome and scandalous fraternity extant—and the good doctor was, of course, accused of copious manslaughter; to this charge he good-humoredly replied in the well-known lines :

"When patients comes to I,  
I physica, bleeds, and meats 'em;  
Then—if they choose to die,  
What's that to I?—I lets 'em."  
I. LETTSOM.

The celebrated Dr. Radcliffe outdid his brethren in the manufacture of scandal, by uttering a libel upon Dr. Gibbons (whom he always called Nurse Gibbons) not only in words and printer's ink, but in enduring monumental stone. "John Bancroft, the eminent surgeon, who resided in Russell-street, Covent Garden, had a son attacked with inflammation of the lungs. Gibbons was called in, and prescribed the most violent remedies, or rather the most virulent irritants. The child became rapidly worse, and Radcliffe was sent for. 'I can do nothing, Sir,' observed the doctor, after visiting his patient, 'for the poor little boy's preservation. He is killed to all intents and purposes. But if you have any thoughts of putting a stone over him, I'll help you to an inscription.' The offer was accepted, and over the child's grave, in Covent Garden church-yard, was placed a stone sculptured with the figure of a child laying one hand on his side, and saying, 'Hic dolor,' and pointing with the other to a death's head, on which was engraved 'Ibi medicus.'"

There is a long period, however, in the  
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early career of all medical practitioners, when no man takes the trouble to libel them, and success seems far off indeed. It is, however, above all things necessary to appear to have success, and to be in brilliant circumstances. "Who has not heard," says Mr. Jeaffreson in the amusing volumes now before us,\* "of the darling doctor who taught singing under the moustachioed and bearded guise of an Italian count, at a young ladies' school at Clapham, in order that he might make his daily west-end calls between three P.M. and six P.M. in a well-built brougham drawn by a fiery steed from a livery-stable? There was one noted case of a young physician who provided himself with the means of figuring in a brougham during the May-fair morning, by occupying the box, and condescending to the garb and duties of a flyman during the hours of darkness. It was the same carriage at both periods of the four-and-twenty hours. He lolled in it by daylight, and sat on it by gaslight. The poor fellow's secret was discovered by forgetting himself on one occasion, and jumping *in* when he ought to have jumped *on*, or jumping *on* when he ought to have jumped *in*."

The doctors who made the greatest fortunes in old times were mostly fashionable quacks, such as St. John Long, but now and then some very vulgar practitioners indeed came in for a share. Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter, was enabled to pay her professional visits with four horses and outriders; and Joanna Stephens, the "wise woman," actually obtained five thousand pounds from Parliament for divulging the secret of her famous powder—made of calcined egg-shells and snail-shells—although the time was coming when it grudged a reward to Jenner, and haggled about the purchase of Hunter's Museum. The Elizabethan surgeon, Bulleyn, must have been as great a quack as either of these, although he may not have been so well aware of it, since he believed in pearl electuaries, and even had a famous recipe of his own for the concocting of them. "*Electuarium de Gemmis*.—Take two drachms of white perles; two little peeces of saphyre; jacinth, corneline, emerauldes, granettes, of each an ounce; setwal, the sweate roote doronike, the rind of pome-

\* *A Book about Doctors*. By J. C. JEAFFRESON. Hurst and Blackett.

citron, mace, basel seede, of each two drachms; of rodde corall, amber, shaving of ivory, of each two drachms; rootes both of white and red behen, ginger, long peper, spicknard, folium indicum, saffron, cardamon, of each one drachm; of troch. diarodon, lignum aloes, of each half a small handful; cinnamon, galinga, zurbeth, which is a kind of setwal, of each one drachm and a half; thin pieces of gold and sylver, of each half a scruple; of musk, half a drachm. Make your electuary with honey emblici, which is the fourth kind of mirobalans with roses, strained in equall partes, as much as will suffice. This healeth cold diseases of ye braine, harte, stomack. It is a medicine proved against the tremblunge of the harte, faynting and souning, the weaknes of the stomacke, pensivenes, solitarines. Kings and noble men have used this for their comfort. It causeth them to be bold-sprited, the body to smell wel, and ingendreth to the face good coloure." Mr. Jeaffreson justly remarks, that Dr. Bulleyn was quite as worthy of being suspended from practice as that unfortunate physician of modern times, who, during the railway panic in '46, thus prescribed for a nervous lady: "*R. Great Western*, three hundred and fifty shares; *Eastern Counties*, North Middlesex, a—a ten hundred and fifty; *Mft. Haust.* one. *Om. noc. cap.*"

The ladies have been always great admirers of the doctors, and have married two or three of the more fashionable ones in spite of themselves. St. John Long scarcely saved himself upon the plea of having a wife already; Sir John Eliot painted a death's head upon the panels of his carriage to scare away his patronesses, in vain; and Dr. Cadogan was espoused to a lady he did not like. She was very jealous, of course, and entertained besides the agreeable idea that her husband would one day poison her. "On one occasion, when surrounded by her friends, and in the presence of her lord and master, she fell on her back in a state of hysterical spasms, exclaiming: 'Ah! he has killed me at last. I am poisoned!'

"'Poisoned!' cried the lady-friends, turning up the whites of their eyes. 'Oh! gracious goodness!—you have done it, doctor!'

"'What do you accuse me of?' asked the doctor with surprise.

"'I accuse you—of—killing me—ee!'

responded the wife, doing her best to imitate a death-struggle.

"'Ladies,' answered the doctor with admirable nonchalance, bowing to Mrs. Cadogan's bosom associates, 'it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and then you'll discover the calumny.'"

This adoration of the fair sex was never paid, however, until the object of it had achieved eminence and popularity, and there were many humiliations to be undergone before that pinnacle was to be attained: not the least of these (and they occur unto this day) were those encountered in the canvassing for medical appointments. "While a candidate for a place on the staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Dr. Barrowby entered the shop of one of the governors, a grocer on Snow-Hill, to solicit his influence and vote. The tradesman, bursting with importance, and anticipating the pleasure of getting a very low bow from a gentleman, strutted up the shop, and, with a mixture of insolent patronage and insulting familiarity, cried: 'Well, friend, and what is your business?' Barrowby paused for a minute, cut him right through with the glance of his eye, and then said, quietly and slowly: 'I want a pound of plums. Confused and blushing, the grocer did up the plums. Barrowby put them in his pocket, and went away without asking the fellow for his vote.' This same doctor is the hero of another electioneering story. Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were contesting Westminster. "Barrowby, a vehement supporter of the latter, was then in attendance on the notorious Joe Weatherby, master of the 'Ben Jonson's Head,' in Russell-street, who lay in a perilous state, emaciated by nervous fever. Mrs. Weatherby was deeply afflicted at her husband's condition, because it rendered him unable to vote for Lord Trentham. Towards the close of the polling-days, the doctor, calling one day on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed by the nurse and her assistants.

"'Heyday! what's the cause of this?' exclaims Barrowby. 'Why are you up without my leave?'

"'Dear doctor,' says Joe in a broken voice, 'I am going to poll.'

"'To poll!' roars Barrowby, supposing the man to hold his wife's political opinions; 'you mean—going to the devil!'

Get to bed, man; the cold air will kill you. If you don't get into bed instantly, you'll be dead before the day is out.'

"'I'll do as you bid me, doctor,' was the reluctant answer. 'But as my wife was away for the morning, I thought I could get as far as Covent Garden Church, and vote for Sir George Vandeput.'

"'How, Joe! for Sir George?'

"'O yes, sir; I don't go with my wife. I am a Sir George's man.'

"Barrowby was struck by a sudden change for the better in the man's appearance, and said: 'Wait a minute, nurse. Don't pull off his stockings. Let me feel his pulse. Humph—a good firm stroke! You took the pills I ordered you?'

"'Yes, sir; but they made me feel very ill.'

"'Ay, so much the better; that's what I wished. Nurse, how did he sleep?'

"'Charmin'ly, sir.'

"'Well, Joe,' said Barrowby after a few seconds' consideration, 'if you are bent on going to this election, your mind ought to be set at rest. It's a fine sunny day, and a ride will very likely do you good. So, bedad, I'll take you with me in my chariot!'

"Delighted with his doctor's urbanity, Weatherby was taken off in the carriage to Covent Garden, recorded his vote for Sir George Vandeput, was brought back in the same vehicle, and *died* two hours afterwards, amidst the reproaches of his wife and her friends of the court party."

A vote was once gained in the House of Lords in even a still more singular fashion. The practice of phlebotomy was very general in the middle of the last century, and the Lord Radnor of that time had an exceeding fondness for letting blood from his friends with his amateur lancet. Far from accepting a fee, of course he was willing to remunerate such as were courageous enough to submit themselves to his treatment. Lord Chesterfield actually suffered this nobleman to bleed him—there being nothing whatever the matter with him—for the purpose of gaining his vote as a peer on the same evening, and his self-sacrifice was rewarded as it deserved. "I have shed my blood for the good of my country," said he, with literal truth.

Of the slow promotion in medical ranks, even in the case of the most skillful and deserving, the earnings of Sir Astley

Cooper afford a striking example. "In the first year he netted five guineas; in the second, twenty-six pounds; in the third, sixty-four pounds; in the fourth, ninety-six pounds; in the fifth, a hundred pounds; in the sixth, two hundred pounds; in the seventh, four hundred pounds; in the eighth, six hundred and ten pounds; and in the ninth, the year in which he secured his hospital appointment, eleven hundred pounds." The highest amount he ever received in any one year was twenty-one thousand pounds, but for many years his average income was over fifteen thousand pounds. For going over to St. Petersburg and inoculating the Empress Catharine and her son, in 1768, Dr. Dimsdale received twelve thousand pounds down, a pension for life of five hundred pounds, and had the rank of a baron of the empire conferred upon him. A more recent emperor, of Austria, put down an equally royal fee in payment for his death-warrant. When a-dying, the Emperor Joseph asked Quarin his opinion of his case; the physician told the monarch that he could not possibly live forty-eight hours. In acknowledgment of this frank declaration of the truth, the emperor created Quarin a baron, and gave him a pension of more than two thousand pounds per annum to support the rank with.

It is probable that none of our successful surgeons have been in reality so rude and discourteous as they are represented to have been, and that the impression was rather produced by the contrast of their independent and confident manners with the insinuating address of their less fortunate brethren; but certainly Abernethy must have had a terrible reputation to have reduced a patient—and a female one—to such a state of taciturnity as this:

"A lady on one occasion entered his consulting-room, and put before him an injured finger, without saying a word. In silence Abernethy dressed the wound, when instantly and silently the lady put the usual fee on the table, and retired. In a few days she called again, and offered the finger for inspection. 'Better?' asked the surgeon. 'Better!' answered the lady, speaking to him for the first time. Not another word followed during the rest of the interview. Three or four similar visits were made, at the last of which the patient held out her finger free from bandages and perfectly healed.

'Well?' was Abernethy's monosyllabic inquiry. 'Well!' was the lady's equally brief answer. 'Upon my soul, madam,' exclaimed the delighted surgeon, '*you are the most rational woman I ever met with!*'"

It is beyond all doubt that Abernethy, as well as certain other stars of the Faculty—both alive and dead—have given themselves most unnecessary airs, and especially in their intercourse with the junior branches of their own profession. A medical student, naturally audacious, or armed perhaps with the resolution of despair, did, however, under examination, once get the better of the great surgeon in a tournament of words. "What would you do," bluntly inquired the surgeon,

'if a man was brought to you with a broken leg?'

"Set it, sir."

"Good—very good—you're a very pleasant, witty young man; and doubtless you can tell me what muscles of my body I should set in motion if I kicked you, as you deserve to be kicked, for your impertinence."

"You would set in motion," responded the youth with perfect coolness, 'the flexors and extensors of my right arm; for I should immediately knock you down.'"

To Abernethy's credit as an appreciator of humor as well as courage, be it recorded, he passed the candidate triumphantly, when a baser man would probably have plucked him for his impudence.

## ON THE ART OF ENGRAVING.

[THE ECLECTIC, in its onward progress for the past seventeen years, has been enriched and beautifully embellished with numerous works of art, in great variety of portrait and historic engravings, which have added interest and value to the Magazine. Nearly all these engravings are the works of Mr. JOHN SARTAIN, whose talents and genius have contributed largely to the advancement of works of art. He may be justly called the father of Mezzotinto Engraving in this country. His works, as they have appeared in the ECLECTIC, have been greatly admired. They have often been the subject of remark and discussion among our patrons. It is due to Mr. Sartain, and due to the subject of mezzotinto engraving, to record its history on our pages as a matter of interest and instruction.]

THE invention of the art of *type-printing* has been productive of such strikingly important results, that it is continually kept present to the mind through frequent mention by multitudes of writers in every variety of connection. It has been termed, not inaptly, "the art preservative of all arts;" but in this conservative power

there is another invention which may justly claim an equal share, and yet the mention of which is seldom or never met with: we refer to the art of *plate-printing*.

Let us suppose that some complicated and unique machine has been destroyed or lost, and that the reproduction of one like it depends on an existing record of the general structure and constituent parts of the wonderful combination. Certainly the description printed from words in type would furnish less assistance to the mechanic in refashioning the extinct fabric, than would a pictorial description printed from an engraved plate, representing all the parts in their relative place and proportions, one to the other. This is only one of many cases that will at once occur to the reader in which the art of plate-printing may fairly challenge her proud rival's assumption as "the art preservative of all arts," and demand, in the words of Dryden, that she

"yield the prize,  
Or else divide the crown."

Many celebrated original works of fine art, which have in various ways perished,

would have been totally lost but for the art of engraving, rendered serviceable through the art which is termed *Chalco-graphy*.

The discovery of Photography in these later years, does not, as might at first appear, supply the requirements; for in the copy of a picture by this process, all the colors that approach violet or pale blue are rendered lighter than they ought to be, while the yellow, the red, or the warm brown tints, are too black or obscure; thus changing very materially the artist's scheme of light and dark masses. A mere view of a completed machine taken from any direction photographically, is not near so intelligible for mechanical uses as the representations prepared for this purpose by the engraver. But until the heliographic processes were developed, without plate-printing, the architectural, sculptural, and pictorial works existing in remote places would have been as much a sealed book to the untraveled millions, as are now the thousands of curious old unprinted manuscripts stored away in different libraries of the Old World.

The art of printing on paper from engraved plates was invented in the city of Florence, Italy, in or about the year 1460, by Tommaso Finiguera, an eminent goldsmith. One branch of the business of this ingenious artist consisted in engraving pictorial representations of religious subjects on silver paxes, for the churches. These were finished in *niello*; that is, the lines engraved into the silver were filled with a dark composition, partly metallic, (which melted at a lower temperature than that required for silver,) and being afterwards ground off and polished, presented the appearance of a picture made with inlaid metals. Finiguera was at the head of his profession, and the works he produced were many of them engraved with wonderful minuteness and elaboration. It was therefore quite natural that he should feel desirous of obtaining a transcript of his plate before it passed finally from his hands. He accomplished this by means of a cast in melted sulphur, and the black lines were made with soot mixed with drying-oil, which was of course done before the last completion with *niello*. This suggested to him the idea of taking impressions from the plate on paper by means of a roller passed over it under very severe pressure. The engraving of pictures in a cheaper metal than silver,

for the express purpose of printing, followed as a natural consequence.

The engravings done on copper for the purpose of printing still continued to be executed in the same manner as they had been before; that is, by the rude and obvious means of grooves or furrows plowed into the face of the plate with an instrument termed a burin or graver. These lines were repeated in parallel courses to represent the shadows of objects, while the blending of the lights into the shades was effected by a number of stabs or digs with the graver.

The next step in advance was made by the great painter Parmegiano, who, dabbling in Alchemy, stumbled on the art of etching on copper. If he was not really the inventor, he was at all events the first who practiced it in Italy, and it imparted to engraving all the freedom and playfulness of handling that belongs to a drawing on paper with pen and ink. In this method the plate is covered with a bituminous varnish, called etching ground, and the lines composing the picture being drawn through this with a sharp steel point, aqua fortis (nitrous acid and water) was poured over the work, and thus the copper was dissolved away except where protected by the varnish from the corrosive action. The printed result resembled a pen-drawing, but some delicacy was obtained by cutting additional lines with the graver in the strong parts, and by scratching lines with the etching-point in the lights. This latter was termed *dry pointing*.

Through all this early period it was not attempted to do more than present the composition, drawing, and simple light and shadow of the objects in a picture. That is, the *chiaro-scuro* and local tints were deemed beyond the reach of the engraver's art, and all objects were shown as being of one color, varied only by natural and direct light and shade.

But that powerful and original genius, Rembrandt, burst through these restricted limits, and by newly-invented methods of his own, dazzled the world with engravings after his own paintings, in which broad masses of obscurity covered the greater part of the surface, while the light was confined, but vivid, faintly echoed in muffled repetitions, and dying off into the dark by almost imperceptible degrees. It is to be regretted that the style of engraving termed *Mezzotinto* had not been invent-

ed during his life, for what *he did* accomplish with the aid of skillful and artistic printing, notwithstanding the most disheartening difficulties of execution, indicates what wonders he would have achieved. Or rather, considering his prints, and regarding his processes, it seems wonderful that he escaped inventing it himself.

Mezzotinto engraving being thus foreshadowed as it were by the prints of the great Hollander, the actual invention speedily followed. It is reasonable, too, to infer, that the capabilities of engraving to convey the rich breadth of effect of a picture, as seen in Rembrandt, being established, some simpler and easier mechanical operation would be sought, than the bundle of etching - points tied together with which that artist scratched and scored his plates to produce the dark masses. The philosophic and ingenious architect, Sir Christopher Wren, of England, was no doubt the inventor, but with the habitual indifference to personal credit which characterized that great and good man, he freely communicated this, as he did so many other things, to his friends. Thus, it is thought, Prince Rupert came to know it, and intentionally or not, had the invention attributed to him.

A book published about seven years ago, entitled *Leading Pursuits and Leading Men*, contains an account of the process which is, perhaps, the best and clearest to be found, and therefore we can not do better than extract it.

"MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVING.—The general principles of the method pursued in executing this manner of engraving, are so clearly exhibited in the anecdote related in connection with the invention, that we can not do better than relate it here. The origin of the art is attributed to Prince Rupert, and the locality of its conception, no other than a military camp. The general is said to have one day, in a moment of listlessness, observed a soldier polishing an old rusty sword. The corroding rust had been, on some parts of the blade, entirely removed, while on others it remained in all its roughness; other portions had been partially polished. This accident suggested to the reflective mind of the prince, (who had a natural taste for the fine arts, and was curious about the processes,) that a rapid and effective style of engraving might result from roughening the surface of a metal plate so that it should be capable of holding printers' ink, and then removing the roughness again in places, by scraping and burnishing for the half-tones and lights of the picture.

The expectation was, that when thus finished and the plate covered with printing-ink, the ink could readily be wiped away from the smooth lights, while it would cling to the rough darks; thus furnishing a pictorial impression on paper placed over it, and passed through a copper-plate press. Accordingly, he procured a roller, covered with multitudes of small steel points inserted all round it, points outward, and by means of a handle at each end, passed it backward and forward over a plate of copper, rolling it in every direction with moderate pressure, until every part of the surface of the plate was punctured with small dots. The matted surface thus obtained acquired the name of the *ground*. The outline of the picture being next sketched with delicacy upon this ground, by means of the blunt point of a burnisher, the middle tints were then produced by rubbing down and scraping, and the pure whites and high lights by burnishing, till the picture was completed. The experiment was successful, and the new method at once took a permanent place among the arts, under the title of *Mezzotinto* engraving—a compound term, signifying in English *half-tint*, and was so called from the subdued softness of the effect.

"For laying mezzotinto grounds, the use of the roller was speedily abandoned, because no way could be contrived for sharpening the points when once dulled or broken out. The cradle - tool or *rocker* was then substituted, which has continued in use for this purpose ever since. It consists of a piece of steel formed like a chisel, two inches wide, set in a handle, grooved all over one side with lines parallel to its length, close along side of each other, and of equal depth. These form a saw-like edge of teeth when the tool is sharpened off at the end to a bevel, and being ground to a curve, can be rocked on the plate without digging in the corners, when held nearly upright, which is the right position for use.

"To lay the ground, guide-lines are drawn with a pencil of charcoal across the plate, parallel to each other, and not quite as wide apart as the breadth of the tool. The cradle-tool is then rocked across the polished plate, advancing slowly, and by the swing of the hand stopping as near as practicable to the line right and left. When all the spaces in one direction have been thus gone through, draw fresh parallel lines in another direction in like manner, and thus proceed till the plate is fully dotted black, avoiding as much as possible to repeat exactly the same direction.

"Having got your outline on this ground, either by sketching it with a burnisher, aided by division squares, or by transferring an outline drawing to the plate by means of a roller press, then scrape away the ground throughout the lights and middle tints, more or less, according to the degree of light required, and afterwards burnish where pure white is wanted. The scraper used for this purpose is a simple band of steel, three eighths of an inch wide,

and not quite thin enough to spring or bend in using, sharpened lancet-like towards the end where it is applied to the plate, both edges being used. They have no handles, and are four or five inches long. A correct judgment can be formed of the plate by occasionally obtaining proofs during progress.

"Formerly, when copper was the only metal used for the manufacture of engravers' plates, this style was employed chiefly on large and important compositions, the impressions from which would bear a high price, the limitation to the number of prints from such soft metal rendering this necessary to cover the cost. But the introduction of decarbonized steel plates as a material for engravers' use opened a wider field to this branch of art, and the attainment of its perfection in the hands of Samuel Cousins. It is very seldom that mezzotint is executed now without an admixture of both stipple and line-engraving, which add to its force and durability. The practice of this style in Europe has been mainly confined to France and England, but chiefly to the latter. Many of the large French plates, attributed to that style, are done in *aquatinta*, a totally different method. In America, the early history of the art is inseparably associated with the name of John Sartain of Philadelphia, who first introduced it here in the year 1830, and for more than ten years after was the only one in this country who practiced it. In his hands it underwent a change in its application, and consequently in its methods, in adapting it to the production of small book embellishments, for which it had not been used before. From the broad effects of large framing prints, it was forced down to the expression of the most minute details, on the diminutive scale of pictorial books; and we count by hundreds the steel plates engraved in this style since that time, all the product of one prolific hand. The facility of its execution, its inexpensiveness, the richness and softness of its effects, all tended to extend its popularity; and its use, doubtless, hastened the diffusion of that rapidly-growing taste for prints in this country, every where observable."

The other styles of engraving remaining to be mentioned, are *aquatinta* and *stipple*. The latter is the same in its process as line-engraving, only that dots are used instead of lines. The commencement is by an etching with the steel point through a bituminous coating, which is eaten into the metal with aquafortis, and finished up with the graver and point, aided by occasional partial rebittings with acid. *Aquatinta* is done entirely with acid. The plate is covered with a granulated coating of rosin, and the aquafortis corrodes the metal *between* these particles, the rosin being of a nature to resist the action of the acid and protect the surface

where these granules adhere. The several gradations of tint, from clear light to deep shade, are produced by painting over the lights (technically termed *stopping out*) with varnish, as soon as the biting with acid has proceeded but a short time, and by repeating this between each successive biting, as the shades, one after another, are found to have reached a sufficient depth. There are two distinct methods of granulating the rosin on the plate. One is, to dissolve the rosin in alcohol, and pour this fluid over the plate: the spirit rapidly evaporates and leaves the varnish of rosin with minute cracks pervading every part, and through these the acid reaches the plate and corrodes it. In the other method, a shower of fine rosin dust is caused to fall on the plate, which is made to adhere by the application of heat from beneath. Prints in this style closely resemble drawings made with washes of Indian-ink.

There are other modes of engraving, as soft ground etchings—engraving *à la roulette*—chalk-engraving, etc., but these are not of sufficient importance to demand attention in a notice of the art so brief as this must necessarily be. The later inventions of Lithography in its various branches are also passed over.

The style of engraving most practiced at this time, especially in England for large framing prints, is what people continue to call Mezzotinto, (although the name is inappropriate,) because the methods of that style form a part of the mixed manner of proceeding, and for the reason, also, that no suitable appellation has yet been adopted by which to designate it. It might with propriety be called the Eclectic style, for it is composed largely of line-engraving, partly of stipple, and in part (but not mostly) of mezzotinto. It is invariably done on *steel*; and yet, with singular perversity, the ignorant in art matters, when designating what the intelligent correctly term a *line-engraving*, and which is still frequently executed on copper, call it a *steel-engraving*. Now, the fact is, the term expresses exactly nothing, for any of the styles that have been mentioned may be done on steel or on copper, and no difference results; except that a larger number of impressions can be obtained from the harder of the two metals, before it is worn out by the necessary friction in the process of printing. But it is amusingly and ingeniously ab-



surd to exclude that style from the title of being a steel-engraving which is never any thing else, and at the same time apply it exclusively to that which sometimes is not.

Mezzotinto proper, as practiced originally, and in its peculiar mode of dealing with the art of *chiaro-scuro* according to the system of those masters in the art, George Earlom, Samuel Reynolds, Henry Meyer, and John Bromley, may be said to have ceased between forty and fifty years ago, and about the period of the introduction into use of steel in place of copper. Prior to that, Rembrandtish contrasts of light and dark were regarded as a necessity of the style, breaking out occasionally into the richness of Rubens as the utmost that could be done in the direction of clearness. But with Samuel Cousens, who was a pupil of Samuel Reynolds, commenced the era of purity of tints in the lights, clear, open daylight effects, and the most exquisite finish. The painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, produced broad, deep, and powerful effects in his pictures, combined with strongly marked character. His successor to the scepter of fashion in England, Sir Thomas Lawrence, was all elegance, brilliancy, and refined delicacy. The first was copied by Samuel Reynolds with such wonderful spirit and truthfulness, that, excepting the want of color, his prints are perfect transcripts of the style of the great master of effect; while the pupil was equally successful in copying Lawrence. They are fair representatives of the old and the new in Mezzotinto, and each is also the head of his class in point of talent.

The works of Cousens are too well known to need particular mention; they have excited universal admiration equally with the fastidious connoisseur and the people generally, and even with that most difficult body of men, the Royal Academy of England. That powerful and influential corporation, composed of the forty best artists in the kingdom, selected him as the representative of the entire engraving profession, when they lately elected him as Academician, the first engraver admitted to the honors since the original foundation of the institution nearly a century ago. This action is also indicative of the preference of that body for the capabilities of mezzotinto as a means of copying a picture more faithfully than by the other modes of engraving. Moreover, Cousens does not mingle the modes after the pre-

vailing manner of the present day, but preserves the style pure; for his way of introducing etching is only in the shadows and parts of strong emphasis, and then of a character perfectly homogeneous with the rest of the work, avoiding carefully the insertion of lines in regular courses.

A wide difference of opinion exists as to the propriety of uniting the various styles in one plate; one party contending that each should be preserved pure and—what they call—legitimate, while the others assert that all means are legitimate that are most readily available for representing with the nearest resemblance to natural surfaces, the picture to be copied. The lyre, say they, with its original five strings, is a less comprehensive instrument than the harp, and the harp than a full orchestra including every possible variety. The colors used by the ancient Egyptians express a severe and appropriate grandeur, but nevertheless the full pallet of the Venetian painters possessed wider range, as well as greater delicacy and truth. Pre-Raphaelism in modern art finds numerous admirers, but a still larger number will continue to expect and demand the employment of principles developed since Raphael, as well as those known before him.

It must, however, be borne in mind, that the enormous expensiveness of the finer qualities of line-engraving has not a little to do with its disuse in very many instances. Frith's picture of "Life by the Sea-side" cost the Art Union of London twenty thousand dollars: that is the sum paid to the proprietors of the plate for it. "John Knox Preaching before Mary Queen of Scots, at St. Andrew's Church, Glasgow," engraved by Doo, after Wilkie, cost fifteen thousand dollars, and Burnet's engraving of the "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo," after the picture by Wilkie, cost ten thousand dollars. The two last named were on copper. These are not, however, the best that can be done in their way. Probably the perfection of execution in the art of line-engraving may be said to be reached in the plate by J. H. Watt after Leslie's picture of "May-Day in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," but to enjoy its beauties, it must be seen in a good impression.

Thus in a rapid and cursory manner we have said as much on the subject of engraving generally, and its claim to be

regarded not only as an art estimable in itself, but as "preservative of other arts," as the brief space allotted to it will permit. However unsatisfactory, it may at least indicate to the curious, but uninitiated in such matters, the direction in which to look for fuller and more detailed information.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## W A R I N G ' S      C O U R T S H I P .

BY W. E. W.

AT one of the large packet stations on the south coast of England, there is an uncomfortable looking room, where intending travelers may wait for the time of sailing, and meditate on the forthcoming miseries of the voyage. It is just one of those rooms where one knows from intuition that the *London Directory* will be lying on the table, and that there will be a framed Insurance Company's almanac above the mantle-piece; a bad, uncompromising apartment, which plainly declares, in the stiffness of its furniture and the severity of its paper pattern, that comfort is not guaranteed by a public company to the public, and is therefore only to be expected by utterly unreasoning and unreasonable persons. Round a tolerably good fire in this room there were assembled, one bleak and wintry afternoon towards the end of November, a number of people, whom business or some other necessity had obliged to leave their homes and cross the channel that divides us from our friendly enemies. They were of the ordinary character of individuals that are usually to be met with under such circumstances—generally speaking middle-aged; decidedly on the average not agreeable-looking; much wrapped up in themselves and railway rugs; men who feel that hope is an absurd chimera, and "making the best of it" a false and ridiculous delusion. And can they be blamed for not at that time presenting a more fascinating exterior? for are they not, most of them, turning over in their minds the many infallible re-

ceipts that they have read or been told of, for averting that calamity which respects none, from the Prince-Consort downwards? *There* was the man who imagined that a recumbent position with his eyes shut would save him from the enemy; and *there*, too, was the man who, on the advice of some false friend, had just finished an extensive dinner, which he fondly hoped would take his part, and save him; but which, it is to be feared, would prove traitor, and go over to the enemy, in more ways than one.

It may well be imagined that a party composed of such elements as these would be neither inclined to be particularly pleasant or unusually communicative, and this was very much the case; for, with the exception, now and then, of a remark on the prospects of the weather, and the voyage, the time was either spent in gazing gloomily into the fire, or studying the advantages of insurance, before undertaking a journey, from the almanac above the fire, or looking out of the window, where the clouds, torn to pieces, and racing one after the other, the white-tipped, waves, and the steamboat in the harbor rolling to and fro, did not offer subjects from which either comfort or satisfaction could be drawn, and consequently melancholy reigned with undisputed sway over all.

The papers of that day had brought before the public a more than usually brutal case of wife-beating, where the unfortunate victim had survived but a few days the treatment she had met with from

the man who once had solemnly sworn to love, honor, and protect her. The group round the fire had gradually thawed a little, and got into conversation on this case, which diverged into a discussion on the numerous cases of the sort that were constantly coming before the magistrates, and their particularly heartless character. As this was going on, a gentleman, one of the circle, who had not before joined in the conversation, asked whether there were any circumstances under which a man would be justified in striking a woman. The answer was a decided negative, and the faces of his hearers expressed some surprise at his having any doubt on the subject.

"Nevertheless," was his reply, "I have heard of a man who once struck the woman he was engaged to, between the eyes, with his clenched fist; yet his conduct met with universal approval, and her father, who had until then withheld his full consent to their marriage, was induced to give in, and they were actually married, through this affair, much sooner than they would have been had it not occurred."

This announcement produced so much astonishment that the gentleman laughed; and on being asked for an explanation, he said that it certainly had a strange appearance; but he thought that he could soon bring all to agree with him in heartily commending this curious application of the art of self-defense.

"It was customary," said he, "in olden times, for story-tellers to beguile with their romances the tediousness of those hours which could not be devoted to the activity of out-door sports and occupations, nor, from the rudeness and ignorance of the times, be spent in any of the refined accomplishments of the present day. We are now, for an hour or so, like our ancestors; in this most uncomfortable apartment we have no means of employing our minds; and I will, therefore, with your permission, take the office of story-teller, and read to you, from a manuscript I have in my pocket, the history of this blow, its giver, and its victim: it is called 'Waring's Courtship,' and is in two chapters."

The party were only too glad to have their thoughts turned from the English, into a more attractive channel, and accepted the offer with thanks. He accordingly drew a roll of paper from his pocket, and read as follows:

#### CHAP. I.—WARING IS STRUCK.

THERE is on the east coast of England a little town, which I shall call Sandborough, and which was once a place of some importance, and carried on a brisk coasting-trade before railways were invented, but which could not stand competition with them, and has degenerated into a place where fishing and oyster-catching are the chief employments of its inhabitants, who are, with a very few exceptions, entirely of the lower orders. This town lies on the north bank of a river, which, in its palmy days, was navigable up to the stone bridge which joined the town to the opposite bank, and which was perhaps half a mile from the sea. This harbor had, however, from want of care, been long choked up, and was only deep enough for the fishing-boats which, small as they were, were often left high and dry on the mud. The two piers which formed the entrance to the harbor still remained in very good condition, and formed a pleasant promenade for the few visitors that its extensive sands and its quiet retirement brought down every summer to this humble little watering-place. For these individuals' accommodation there were a few lodging-houses, built at the top of the cliff to the north of the town; but at that time there were none of the usual attractions for sea-side visitors, and libraries, concerts, and donkeys were not to be had for love or money.

The gentleman who provided for the spiritual wants of this place was a widower of about seventy, of kind and courteous manners and benevolent appearance, and much liked by his parishioners. He had one daughter, who was, at the time I am speaking of, about eighteen, a fair and very pretty girl, almost equal to a curate in the help she gave to her father among the poor and in the village school, and equally beloved with him by all the population. Having spent her life in this village with scarcely any society, and away from the usual attractions that are so much thought of among girls of her age, she had grown up entirely simple, natural, and unaffected, was scarcely conscious that she was extremely pretty, and was totally ignorant that, from her *naïveté* and innocence, she would prove a dangerous companion to any youth of the opposite sex with whom she might be much associated.

Among the visitors to this place, one autumn, there arrived a party of young men, with their tutor, who had determined to put themselves out of all temptation to desert their reading, by locating themselves at a place which they knew to be distinguished only for its unmitigated dullness. One of these young gentlemen, Arthur Waring by name, brought with him a letter of introduction to the rector; and the day after their arrival he walked down with it to the rectory, imagining that the result would possibly be an invitation to dinner, where he would meet the lawyer and the doctor of the place, and be more bored than ever. The rectory was nearer the town than the houses on the cliff; not within its limits, but just sufficiently out of them to command a country view—which, by the way, was like that of most sea-side places, not particularly interesting—and surrounded by a large garden and shrubbery, which shut out the town and its chimneys from view, and gave the place a pleasant, country appearance.

When Waring opened the garden-gate, a girl of slight figure, and in a gardening costume, which was picturesque as well as useful, drew herself up from the stooping position which the proper doctoring of some pet plant required, and looked with some curiosity to see who the intruder might be. No, Miss Vere: it is not the butcher's boy; nor is it the doctor's assistant, in whose bosom rumor has enshrined your fair self; nor is it your father; no, it is a stranger, young, not unhandsome, well-dressed, and, above all, from "wide-awake" to "balmorals," a thorough gentleman.

When Waring rung the house-door bell, an old servant appeared, who told him that "the rector was out, but that Miss Margaret was in the garden; would he go and speak to her."

Waring thought he would, and out he went. Margaret came forward to meet him, a figure very unlike the young ladies he had lately been accustomed to: a not very new brown straw hat—a fashion or two behind the day in shape—was half on and half off a small, well-shaped head, the brown hair of which formed a curling and rather—no, not untidy, but charmingly disarranged frame for a very lovely portrait; and yet it was by no means a pretty face—the nose was a little too much inclined to rise, the mouth was the

merest trifle too small, the eyebrows might have stood a shade more penciling. It was just the more charming for its imperfections, which proved that it was the face of one who was "no angel, but a dearer being."

Waring had sufficient of the poet and the artist in his composition to thoroughly appreciate her, as she came to meet him in all the picturesqueness of her half indoor, half out-door costume, and altogether, to his eyes, as charming looking a girl as he had ever seen. Lifting his hat, he explained the object of his visit, and informed her who he was.

"I am sure my father will be very glad indeed to see you," said she. "I have often heard him speak of his old college friend Waring, and the pleasant hours they spent together in Christ Church."

"I, also," said Waring, "have heard lively recollections of Mr. Vere. They have met, I think, since?"

"Yes, once in the Strand, and another time on King's Cross Station."

"Oh," exclaimed Waring, "fancy the reviving of old reminiscences of youthful days, with the 'move on' of policemen, and the 'take your seats' of railway guards dinning in your ears! But, Miss Vere, I am afraid that your *protégée* yonder will suffer from your absence, and I could not really have the death of that small vegetable on my conscience; so I will wish you good-by for the present, and shall hope to meet Mr. Vere another time."

As he spoke, the garden-gate opened, and the rector himself appeared—a tall, clerical-looking old gentleman, who, seventy though he was, walked as straight and strong as a lifeguardsman. He was evidently somewhat puzzled as to who was, or what chance had brought there, the gentleman who was talking to his daughter; and, as Waring came to meet him, he was about to bow in a formal manner, when a gleam of intelligence came over his expression, and he said, "If you are not a Waring I am very much mistaken!"

"You are right, Sir," said Waring; "I am your old college friend's eldest son."

"And you're like your father—very like, with just his eyes and smile. I am glad to see you, Sir: come in and lunch with us, and tell me how my old chum is getting on."

In they went, and Margaret did not at all fall in Waring's estimation when she

appeared, the picture of neatness and simplicity, at her father's table, and did the honors of the frugal meal which they dignified with the name of luncheon.

If Waring's friends, who by this time had half-found out the dullness of Sandborough, and were contemplating with any thing but satisfied feelings the pale ale, which, after much difficulty, had been procured for them from the one inn on the hill, had seen him eating bread-and-butter, and drinking water, in a manner not merely indicating content, but even considerable pleasure, they would have been tolerably astonished. Waring, however, forgot every thing but that he was in the company of two educated and refined people, who, in every thing they said, and all around them, evinced the fact that the general rustiness of Sandborough had not penetrated into the rectory; but that, retired as it was, somehow or other its inmates were as well qualified to talk on all the topics of the day as if they had lived in the heart of Belgravia.

While we leave Waring in this pleasant society, let us describe his friends. They were three in number: first Brown, the coach, a double first, and, notwithstanding, a good fellow; then young Martindale, who cared much more for Tennyson than for Euclid, and did a good deal of lying about in the sun with his hat over his eyes; and lastly, there was Johnson, the sporting-man of the party, who was always going out with his gun and a cheerful smile, and generally—from the poor sport-supplying character of the place—coming back much depressed, and halfinclined never to go out again. Waring was the Crichton of the quartett: he could, when he liked, beat Brown at Greek, and Martindale at English verse, and wipe Johnson's eye in a way that almost brought tears to that ill-used member. Just as the little party at the rectory sat down to luncheon, the one up at the lodging did the same; but the views of that meal taken by each were very different.

"I say," said Martindale, as he extracted an only too willing cork from a bottle of beer, which did not at all assist the parting between them, "look here, you fellows, here's the secret of the time it has been in coming—this stuff was in the cask five minutes ago, notwithstanding that it comes to us with this certificate of character."

"It's too bad," cried Johnson; "but

it's just on a par with every thing else in this hole of a place. I have been all round, and there's not a shop where you can buy a cigar, except at the linen-draper's, and he sells cheese too!"

"Johnson," said the tutor, most emphatically, looking up from his book, "if you attempt to smoke a cigar, bought under the circumstances you describe, in this room, I'll leave the place at once!"

"Now, Brown," said Johnson, in a soothing manner, "don't be agitated: take something to calm yourself. I would advise a little differential calculus, or a conic section or two. But, by-the-by, Waring has been an unconscionable time paying that visit! What can have kept him?"

"Perhaps," suggested Martindale, "there may be a daughter in the case: we all know our friend's weakness on such points!"

"Ten to one that's the thing," said Johnson. "Let's have the landlady up, and worm it out of her. My dear," he began to the girl who answered the bell, "tell Mrs. Robinson to step up."

The lady referred to accordingly appeared—a widow of course—in black satin—also of course—and curtsied to Johnson, who, from a certain old-looking appearance, she fancied was officer in command.

"Oh, Mrs. Robinson," he began, "who is the clergyman of this place?"

"Mr. Vere, Sir: he is a very nice gentleman, Sir; and so is Miss Margaret his daughter!"

"Unprecedented fact in natural history!" observed Johnson (*sotto voce*) to his friends. "But Mrs. Robinson," continued he, "is there no Mrs. Vere?"

"No, Sir, she died many years ago, when Miss Margaret was quite a little girl."

"And she takes care of her father's house, then?"

"Yes, Sir, and she does a deal of good among the poor besides."

"Indeed," said Johnson. "Well, Mrs. Robinson, we wont detain you further. There," said he, triumphantly, "didn't I say so? You wont get much grind out of him now, Brown: he's done for. But perhaps the opening of his young affections may prove an interesting study, unless it should only happen to be 'an embassy of love to—' what's that your friend Tennyson says, Martindale?"

"For heaven's sake," said Martindale, "don't add the crime of murder to your many sins! Keep your sacrilegious hands off Tennyson, whatever you do!"

If there was one thing that Brown enjoyed more than another, it was the getting what he called a "poetical rise" out of Martindale, and he therefore grinned with delight at that youth's indignation.

The party had come down with the strongest and firmest of resolutions as to reading, and this being the first day, they were carried out tolerably well. Accordingly, luncheon over, they began the two hours which they had previously determined to devote during the afternoon to study, and this was half-over before Waring appeared, with all the air of a man very well satisfied with his morning's work. He was at first inclined to be very reserved as to the details of his visit, but his companions were no novices in the art of "pumping," and soon found out all they wanted; and, as he warmed with his subject, and expatiated on the general charmingness and beauty of the rector's daughter, his tutor listened with mixed contempt and despair—contempt at the weakness of man's nature, and despair when he thought of the poor chance there would now be of knocking sufficient into his anorous pupil for him to "pass" next term.

#### CHAP. II.—WARING STRIKES.

SOME one once said, that, put a man in a country-house, away from the excitement and temptation of society, with a young woman staying in the same house at the same time, and that young woman, whether she were the plainest of the plain or not, would, if she liked, in a fortnight's time have *that* man at her feet. Was it, therefore, extraordinary, or at all to be wondered at, that Waring was very soon Miss Vere's devoted slave? And was it not within the boundary of chance that his feelings were reciprocated? Such was the case, and, to the rector's utter astonishment, he was informed of the fact one morning by the principals themselves. Such a thing had never entered his head as that his Margaret should leave him; and he could not endure the thought when it did come: besides, Waring was so very young, and all young men are so very fanciful; and, on the whole, he

thought that it would be better that there should be no settled engagement, but that Waring should finish his Oxford education, and then, if he felt in the same mind, he could come down to Sandborough, and they might talk more about it. Although not satisfactory, it was better than a regular refusal; and notwithstanding the rector's advice, they were, to all intents and purposes, engaged—if constant reading, talking, and walking together constitutes it. Among the places which they most frequented was the pier on the north side of the harbor mouth; for, owing to the cliff above, it was hidden from the inquisitive gaze of the telescopes on the terrace, and was very little frequented by any except a few old pilots, who were generally on the look-out for vessels in the offing. One very lovely afternoon, towards the end of August, they were, as usual, slowly walking up and down this pier, the only occupant of which, besides themselves, was a very weather-beaten and aged pilot, who was sleepily leaning over the pier-head and smoking a short black pipe. This individual had about as much idea of love-making as Barkis of happy memory, who, by the way, in his constant inquiries as to whether the object of his affections was "comfortable" or not, showed the aim and object of marriage in that class of life, namely, the giving and receiving, not so much of love as of comfort. It may be imagined, then, that this ancient mariner did not take the smallest interest in the couple near him, and therefore did not at all disturb their privacy by over-inquisitiveness. The sea was almost perfectly calm, and the stillness of the day was only broken by the soft sound of the water lapping gently against the piles of the pier, the occasional crowing of a distant cock, and the boat-builder's hammer in the town. They were thus walking quietly to and fro, when, too much absorbed in each other to notice where they were going, they gradually got nearer and nearer to the edge of the pier, and all of a sudden Waring felt Margaret's arm slip suddenly out of his, and before he could catch her she had fallen into the water below. His first impulse was to immediately jump in after her, but the imminence of the danger brought with it a calmness that would have been, if he could have thought about it, astonishing to himself. Running up to the pilot, he pointed to Margaret strug-

gling in the water, and said, "A boat as quickly as possible!" The old man, aroused from all his lethargy by the urgency of the case, immediately ran off, and Waring, throwing off his coat and waistcoat, sprung into the water. When he came to the surface he found himself three or four yards from Margaret, who was throwing her arms about and shrieking for help. In vain he called to her to be calm: all presence of mind seemed, from the suddenness of the accident, to have left her; and Waring was in utter despair as to what he should do. He did not dare to go near her, for he was only a very indifferent swimmer; and he knew, if she once got her arms around him, they would both go to the bottom without a chance of being saved. He looked at the pier near him to see if there was any thing he could cling to for support; but there was no hope of any thing of the sort from the long row of gaunt, black piles, slippery to an extreme degree with green, slimy seaweed. He at once saw that it was useless to think of that side. And could he swim across to the other? that was the question. The sight, however, of a large iron ring, used for mooring boats, made him resolve to attempt it; and he immediately began to consider how it should be accomplished. Margaret still continued the throwing of her arms about with apparently unabated vigor; and Waring knew that, unless she were perfectly calm, it would be quite out of the question to attempt the passage across. He shouted again and again; but it was of no use, and he began to think that they were then and there to end their too short courtship. All of a sudden an idea came into his head, which he at first indignantly repelled, but which, from its evidently being the only thing to be done, returned again and again. What if she were to be rendered temporarily insensible? He could then carry her across without danger, and they would be saved.

Waring was a very strong man, much given to athletic sports, among which boxing was a very favorite one. Gathering all his strength together, then, he drew back his right arm, and, waiting his opportunity, he struck the being he loved best in the world right between her eyes with his clenched fist! She immediately fell, perfectly calm and still, on the surface of the water. In mental agony not to be described, he seized her with his right arm, and began his passage across; but it was only by an almost superhuman effort that he accomplished it; and when, at last, he had his arm through the welcome ring, he had scarcely strength left to support himself. Luckily he had not to wait long: the sound of the sharp stroke of oars came on his ear, and in a little while he was pulled into a boat, with his insensible burthen, when he immediately fainted away.

It is satisfactory to have to relate, that no more harm came from this adventure than a few days' care and quiet could cure. Margaret certainly went about for some time with a very decided pair of black eyes, the sight of which invariably made Waring so miserable, that the doctor insisted on his going home for a fortnight, and on his return he found his *fiancée* as lovely as ever. The rector, after this incident, could no longer refuse his consent to a regular engagement; and Waring went back to college, determined to work for honor and Margaret!

"Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the little tale that has been confided to me: I hope that it has proved to you that there is a case where a man may strike even his wife, and be commended for the blow!"

There was no denying this; and the boat being announced as ready to start, the gentleman was thanked for his pleasant beguilement of the time, and the whole party prepared for their prospective miseries.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

[THE name, character, and history of this eminent statesman are almost too well known over this land and the political world to need any personal sketch to accompany his portrait which embellishes our present number. Yet his public life forms a part of our current history in this age, and a brief sketch can not fail to interest as a matter of reference. We have only room for a brief outline of this great American statesman.]

DANIEL WEBSTER was born in the town of Salisbury, New-Hampshire, January 18th, 1782. His father, Major Ebenezer Webster, was one of the pioneers of the settlement in that quarter. He served with credit in the old French war, and also in the war of the Revolution, especially under Stark, at Bennington. Major Webster established himself in a newly-granted township at the confluence of the Winnipisiogee and Pemigewasset, after the peace of 1763. In this region, then lying almost in a state of nature, the great orator and statesman was born, and passed the first years of his life. His opportunities of education were very deficient, and he was indebted for his earliest instruction to his mother, who was a woman of character and intelligence. For a few months only, in 1796, he enjoyed the advantages of Phillips's Exeter Academy. Here his education for college commenced; it was completed under the Rev. Dr. Wood, of Boscawen. He entered Dartmouth College in 1797, and during the four years of his study there gave plain indications of future eminence. Soon after his graduation he engaged in professional studies, first in his native village, and afterward at Fryeburg, in Maine, where at the same time he had the charge of an academy. He eked out his frugal salary by acting as a copyist in the office of register of deeds. He was moved to these strenuous exertions by the wish to aid his brother to obtain a college education. Having completed his law-studies in the office of Governor Gore, of Boston, he was admitted to the bar of Suffolk, Massachusetts, in the year 1805. He immediately commenced the practice of the

law in his native State and county. His father, a man of sterling sense and character, who for the last twelve years of his life had been a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, died in 1806, but not without enjoying the satisfaction of hearing his son's first speeches at the bar. In 1807 Mr. Webster removed to Portsmouth in his native State, and soon became engaged in a most respectable and extensive but not very lucrative practice. In 1812 he was chosen one of the members of Congress from New-Hampshire, and in due time was reelected. Although among the youngest members of the House of Representatives, and entirely without legislative experience, he rose at once to the front rank, both in the dispatch of business and in debate. Among his associates in the House were Clay, Cheves, Lowndes, Calhoun, Forsyth, and other members of great ability. It was soon felt and admitted that he was worthy to be named with the ablest of them. It was the remark of Mr. Lowndes that "the South had not his superior, nor the North his equal." Finding the professional fields at Portsmouth inadequate to the support of a growing family, Mr. Webster removed to Boston in 1816. His professional reputation had grown as rapidly as his fame as a statesman. He placed himself at once by the side of the leaders of the Massachusetts bar. He had already appeared before the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington. By his brilliant argument in the Dartmouth College case, carried by appeal to Washington in 1817, he took rank among the most distinguished jurists in this country. In 1820 Mr. Webster was chosen a member of a convention called for the purpose of revising the constitution of Massachusetts. No one exercised a more powerful influence over its deliberations. He was offered about this time a nomination as a senator of the United States, but declined. In 1822 he yielded to the most pressing solicitations to become a candidate for the place of representative of the city of Boston in the eighteenth Congress, and was chosen by a very large majority. This



step involved a great sacrifice of professional interest. He took his seat in Congress in December, 1823, and early in the session made his celebrated speech on the Greek Revolution, an effort which at once established his reputation as one of the first statesmen of the age. In the autumn of the same year he was reelected by a vote of four thousand nine hundred and ninety, out of five thousand cast. In 1826 he was again a candidate, and not a hundred votes were thrown against him. Under the presidency of Mr. Adams (1825-29) he was the leader of the friends of the administration, first in the House of Representatives, and afterward in the Senate of the United States, to which he was elected in June, 1827. His great speech on the Panama mission was made in the first session of the nineteenth Congress. When the tariff law of 1824 was brought forward, Mr. Webster spoke with great ability against it on the ground of expediency. He represented one of the greatest commercial constituencies in the Union; and his colleagues, with a single exception, voted with him against the bill. This law, however, forced a large amount of the capital of New-England into manufactures; and in 1828 Mr. Webster sustained the law of that year for a more equal adjustment of the benefits of protection. The change which took place in his course in this respect was the result of the circumstances alluded to, and was approved by his constituents. Mr. Webster remained in the Senate under the administrations of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, a period of twelve years. During this time the most important questions were discussed, measures of the highest moment to the country were brought forward, and political events and combinations of the most novel and extraordinary character succeeded each other. Under all changes of men and measures, Mr. Webster maintained the position of a constitutional and patriot statesman, second to none who had ever devoted himself to the service of his country. In 1830 he made what is generally regarded the ablest of his parliamentary efforts, his second speech in reply to Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina. This gentleman, in a speech on a resolution moved by Mr. Foote, of Connecticut, relative to the surveys of the public lands, had indulged in some personalities against Mr. Webster, had commented with se-

verity on the political course of the New-England States, and had laid down in rather an authoritative manner those views of the constitution usually known as the doctrines of "Nullification." Mr. Webster was accordingly called upon to defend himself from the insinuations of the distinguished senator from South Carolina, to vindicate New-England, and to point out the fallacies of Nullification. To accomplish these objects, he employed all the resources of the most skillful rhetoric, polished sarcasm, and acute argument. The records of modern eloquence contain nothing of superior force and beauty. The second speech of Mr. Webster in this debate may be regarded as the greatest effort of this consummate orator. Shaping his public course by principle, and not by the blind impulse of party, Mr. Webster, though opposed to the administration of General Jackson, gave it a cordial support in its measures for the defense of the Union in 1832-33. The doctrines of the President's proclamation against the theories of South Carolina were mainly adopted from Mr. Webster's speeches, and he was the chief dependence of the administration upon the floor of Congress. When, however, the financial system of General Jackson was brought forward and fully developed, it was strenuously opposed by Mr. Webster. He foretold with accuracy the explosion which took place in the spring of 1837, and contributed materially to rally the public opinion of the country alike against the first phase of the new financial system, which was that of an almost boundless expansion of paper currency, issuing from the State banks, and against the opposite extreme, which was adopted as a substitute, that of an exclusive use of specie in all payments to or by the government. Mr. Webster maintained with great force of argument and variety of illustration, the superior convenience of the financial system which had been adopted in the infancy of the government, with the approval of every administration, from that of Washington down, namely, that of a mixed currency of specie and convertible paper, kept within safe bounds by the law requiring all payments to be made in specie or its equivalent, and regulated by a national institution acting as a check upon the State banks. The clear and forcible manner in which these principles were inculcated by Mr. Webster contrib-

uted materially to the downfall of Mr. Van Buren's administration. In 1839 Mr. Webster made a short visit to Europe. His time was principally passed in England, but he devoted a few weeks to the continent. His fame had preceded him to the Old World, and he was received with the attention due to his character and talents at the French and English courts, and in the highest circles of both countries. On the accession of General Harrison to the presidency, Mr. Webster was placed at the head of his cabinet, as Secretary of State. His administration of the department during the two years he remained in it was signalized by the most distinguished success. The United States was at that time involved in a long-standing controversy with Great Britain, on the subject of the north-eastern boundary of Maine. To this had been added the difficult questions arising out of the detention of American vessels by British cruisers on the coast of Africa. Still more recently, the affair of M'Leod, in New-York, had threatened an immediate rupture between the two governments. The correspondence between the United States Minister, in London, in 1841, Mr. Stevenson, and the British Secretary of State for foreign affairs, Lord Palmerston, was of an uncompromising character. Other causes of mutual irritation existed, which the limits of this sketch do not permit us to enumerate. Shortly after the accession of General Harrison, the Melbourne administration was overturned in England, and Sir Robert Peel returned to power. This contemporary change of government in the two countries was favorable to a settlement of the long-standing difficulties. Mr. Webster, after coming into the department of state, intimated to the British Minister that the government of the United States was convinced of the impossibility of settling the boundary-line by adhering to the course hitherto pursued—that of topographical explorations, with a view to the literal execution of the treaty of 1783—but was prepared to adopt a conventional line, on the basis of mutual gain and concession, if such a line could be agreed upon. The new ministry, taking advantage of this overture, immediately determined to send Lord Ashburton as a special envoy to the United States, to negotiate upon this and the other subjects in controversy. Massachu-

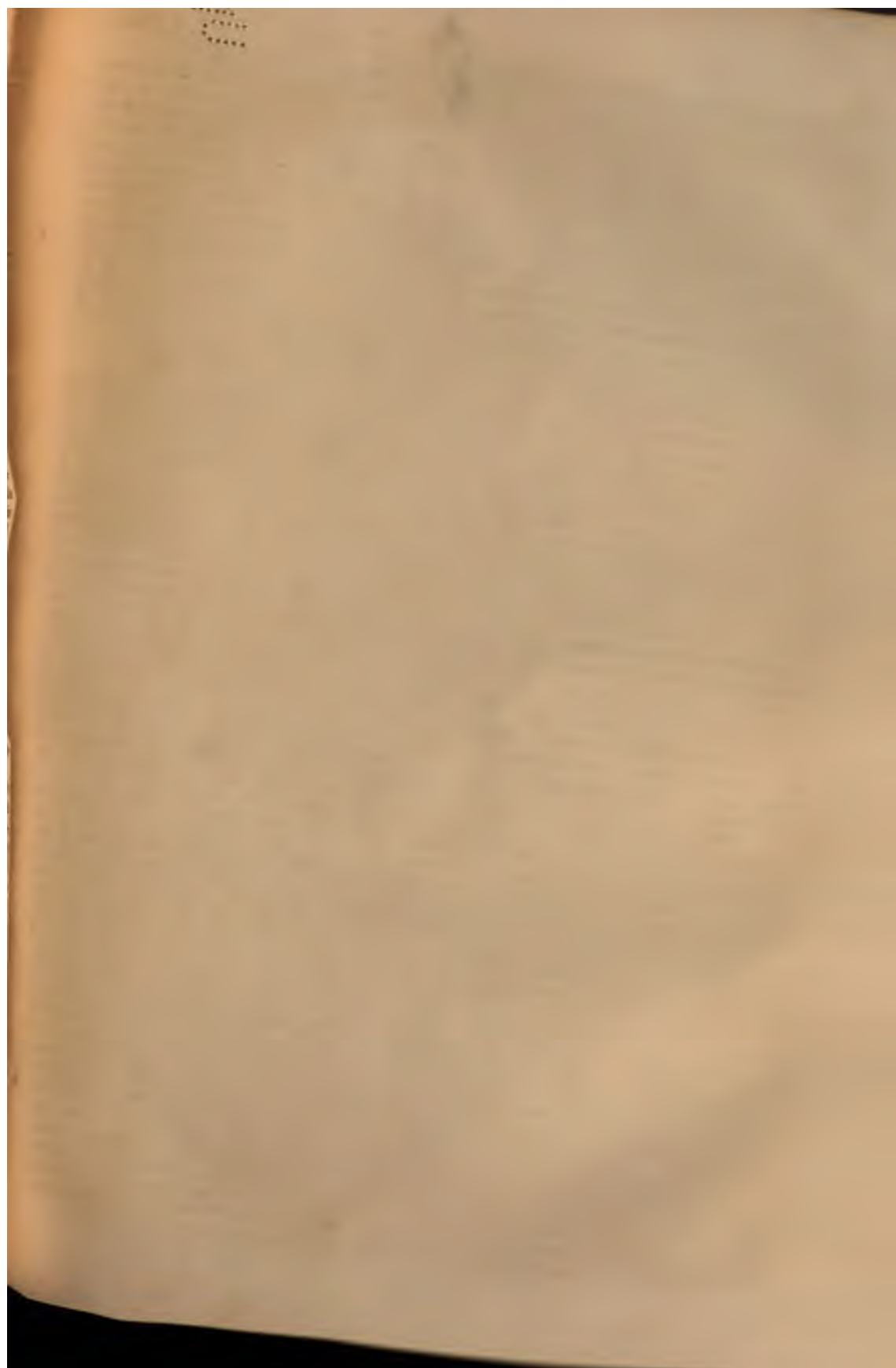
setts and Maine were invited to take part by their commissioners in the negotiation; and on August 9th, 1842, the treaty of Washington was ratified by the Senate. By this treaty the boundary dispute, which had lasted fifty years, was happily adjusted. An amicable and efficient arrangement was made for joint action in the suppression of the slave-trade, and an agreement entered into for a mutual extradition of fugitives from justice. The other subjects of discussion at that period, between Great Britain and the United States, with the exception of the Oregon boundary, were happily disposed of in the correspondence accompanying the treaty. The terms of this important treaty were equally honorable and satisfactory to both parties. Mr. Tyler's cabinet was broken up in 1842, but Mr. Webster remained in office till the spring of 1843, being desirous of putting some other matters connected with our foreign relations in a prosperous train. Steps were taken by him in the winter of 1842-3 which led to the recognition of the independence of the Sandwich islands by the principal maritime powers. His last official act was the preparation of the instructions of General C. Cushing, as commissioner for negotiating a treaty with China. With the commencement of Mr. Polk's administration, Mr. Webster returned to the Senate of the United States. He remained a member of that body during the whole of the administration of Mr. Polk, and till the death of General Taylor. Though unconnected with the executive government, he rendered the most material service in the settlement of the Oregon dispute. It has been publicly stated by Mr. M'Gregor, the distinguished member of parliament for Glasgow, that a letter written to him by Mr. Webster, and shown to the British Ministers, led them to agree to the adoption of the line of boundary which was established in 1846. Mr. Webster opposed the Mexican war on principle, and in the full persuasion, which events have confirmed, that acquisitions of territory would disturb the balance of the Union, and endanger its stability. He, however, concurred in granting the supplies which were required for the efficient conduct of the war. His second son, Major Edward Webster, with the entire approbation of his father, accepted a commission in the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers,

and sunk under the exposures of the service in Mexico. He was a young man of great promise. In conformity with Mr. Webster's anticipations, the acquisition of Mexican territory led to agitations on the subject of slavery, which, during the years of 1849-50, seriously threatened the Union. The question whether slavery should exist in California seemed likely to lead to the renewal of the Missouri controversy, aggravated by all the bitterness which has grown out of the struggles of the last fifteen years. Mr. Webster entertained the most serious apprehensions of an inauspicious result. The convention of the people of California having unanimously adopted a constitution by which that question was disposed of, without the interference of Congress, Mr. Webster conceived the hope that, by mutual concession on other and less important points, the harmony of the South and North could be restored, and a severance of the Union averted. With a view to this consummation he made his great speech of March 7th, 1850. A very powerful influence was exerted by this speech on the public mind. While the debates on what have been called the "compromise measures" were in progress in the Senate, General Taylor died. The chair of state was assumed by President Fillmore, who immediately called Mr. Webster to the department of state. His administration of the office was marked with characteristic ability and success. In a series of public addresses of unsurpassed ability, made in different parts of the Union, he enforced the great duty of mutual concession, in reference to the sectional controversy which so seriously alarmed the country. In December, 1850, the famous Hülsemann letter was written, to which Kossuth has applied the epithet of "immortal." In the course of the next year, Mr. Webster, by his firm and judicious manner of treating the Cuba question, obtained of the Spanish government the pardon of the followers of Lopez, who had been deported to Spain. About the same time he received from the English government an apology for the interference of a British cruiser with an American steamer in the waters of Nicaragua. This was the second time that the British government made a similar concession at the instance of Mr. Webster. The first was in reference to the destruction of the *Caroline*, at Schlosser. It has been

affirmed that these are the only occasions on which the British government ever apologized for the conduct of its affairs. Mr. Webster's intellectual efforts were not confined to politics. He filled a place second to none of his contemporaries at the American bar, and his discourses upon various historical and patriotic anniversaries are among the brightest gems of modern eloquence. Mr. Webster paid much attention to agriculture. His residence, when not engaged in the public business, at Washington, was either at Marshfield, in Massachusetts, or at the place of his birth, in New-Hampshire.

[His funeral obsequies were attended at Marshfield, October 29, by an immense assemblage of citizens and friends from all parts of the country, numbering from six to eight thousand persons. The sun shone brightly on the scene as vast crowds passed to take a last look of the face of the great statesman whose embalmed remains lay in the coffin on the lawn in front of his house, beneath the shade of a silver-leaved poplar. A long procession formed and followed the funeral car along the quiet avenue on his farm to the mausoleum a half mile distant from the house. The vaulted tomb is built of massive granite, and had already received the deceased members of his family. The hearts and sympathies of the whole country seemed to be there, and formed the most impressive and imposing funeral we ever remember to have attended.]

The closing scenes of Mr. Webster's life were full of memorable interests. He had left Washington in the summer in impaired health from his long and arduous labors, and retired to his favorite and chosen home at Marshfield. But his health and strength were not restored. He continued to walk and ride about on his extensive farm without material change till the autumn. Early in October his health suffered still more, but without exciting anxiety or alarm till the middle of October, when he became manifestly worse, and the sympathies of the whole land were awakened by the almost daily bulletins of his decline. He continued to sink till the morning of October 24, 1852, at twenty-two minutes before three o'clock, when he ceased to live. He continued in the full possession of his reason and consciousness till the last, when his spirit quietly passed away.—Ed.]



ABRAHAM W. MASON

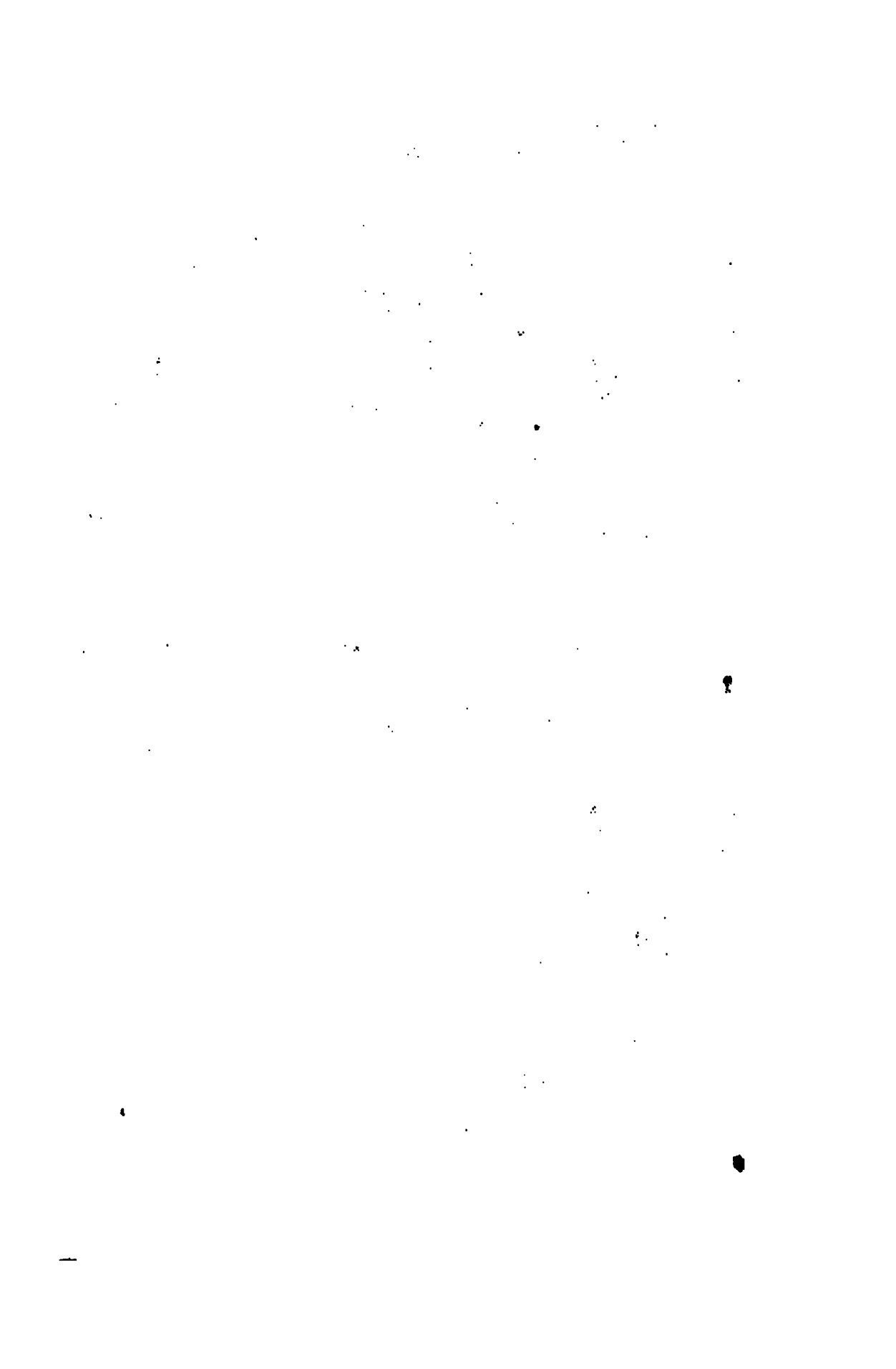
*One third for the Relief of John, Stephen, and*

JULIA ESTHER, 1837, 1838, and 1839.

THEODORE T. MASON







## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENERAL JACKSON.

[THE portrait of this renowned man, which will be found at the head of this number, was engraved from a painting from life during the second term of his presidential administration of the government of the United States. This is an accurate likeness at the time, though later portraits present the lineaments of more advanced age. We only make room for a brief outline sketch, of course very imperfect, of a man whose history forms a part of the history of the country. We copy from the *English Cyclopædia*.]

ANDREW JACKSON, the American General and President, was himself a native of the United States; although his father, of the same name, was an Irishman, the youngest of the four sons of Hugh Jackson, a linen-draper near Carrickfergus; and either the linen-draper himself, or one of his recent progenitors, had come over from Scotland. Andrew Jackson went over to America in 1765, taking with him a wife and two sons. With them he established himself in the Waxhaw settlement in South Carolina; and here his third and youngest son, the subject of the present notice, was born on the fifteenth of March, 1767. Andrew Jackson died five days after the birth of his son; and his widow found herself left with a half-cleared farm, without slaves, whereupon to bring up her three sons.

Andrew, her latest born, appears to have been his mother's favorite; and the original destination of the future General and President of the United States was to be a clergyman. With this view, after having finished his school education, he was sent to the Waxhaw Academy; and here he seems to have studied theology for some years. When the War of Independence, however, made all Americans soldiers, the young Jacksons did not hold back. His eldest brother was killed at Stons. Andrew is recorded to have fought, along with his next eldest brother Robert, under Sumter in his attack on the British garrison at Rocky Mount, on the sixth of August, 1780; at which date he would be little more than thirteen.

And from this time he is stated to have taken a part in the campaigns as long as the war lasted. Nor did he escape the usual dissipated habits of a military life; but, with the decision of character which was his most remarkable characteristic, he suddenly changed his course before it was too late, and, collecting what remained of his means, put himself, in the winter of 1784, into the hands of Spruce M'Cay, Esq., an eminent advocate, and afterwards a judge, to be instructed in the practice of the law. This new study he prosecuted with so much success, that in 1787 he was appointed solicitor for what was then called the Western District of North Carolina, and is now the State of Tennessee. The circumstances of the time, however, did not suffer him, even if he had been so inclined, to throw off his military character, or to let the experience he had gained in camps and campaigns go to rust. Although the war with the mother country was over, the borders of the republican territory were still infested with another most troublesome enemy in the original occupants of the soil; and Jackson, although he would only serve as a private, is said to have so much distinguished himself in the contest with these natural rivals of his race, that he was honored among them with the titles, or descriptive appellations, of Sharp Knife and Pointed Arrow.

He continued to be thus employed till the year 1796, when, after having first acted as one of the members of the Convention for establishing a constitution for the State of Tennessee, he was, under that new arrangement, elected to a seat in the House of Representatives. The next year he was chosen a senator; but he resigned his seat after holding it for one session. He was then appointed by the Legislature of Tennessee judge of the Supreme Court in that State; having also been shortly before chosen a Major-General of the State forces. But he soon resigned his judicial office; and, settling himself on a farm, a few miles from Nashville, on the Cumberland River, he resided there in retirement till the breaking out of the



war with England in 1812. With that event commences the most memorable portion of Jackson's career.

His first command was that of a body of between two and three thousand volunteers, who had assembled on his invitation, and with whom he was directed to proceed down the Mississippi for the defense of the lower country. This was in November, 1812. The next year he greatly distinguished himself by a campaign against the Creek tribes, who were repeatedly afterwards defeated by him. The war was terminated in August, 1814, by a treaty, by which they agreed to lay down their arms.

In 1814 Jackson was appointed a Major-General in the service of the United States; and, among other operations, he succeeded in taking Pensacola on the seventh of November, and raised himself to the highest point of reputation and popularity among his countrymen by the repulse of the British forces in their attack on New-Orleans, on the eighth of January, 1815. The next military command which he held was that of the war against the Seminole Indians of Florida in 1818.

General Jackson acted as commissioner on the part of the United States in the negotiation with Spain for the transference of Florida; and after the arrangement of the treaty to that effect he was, in 1821, appointed the first governor of the province. He held this post for a year, and was again elected a member of the Senate for the State of Tennessee.

When the election of a new President came on at the end end of 1824, General Jackson was a candidate, along with Mr.

Adams, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Crawford; and on the first vote he had a large majority over the nearest of his competitors. No candidate, however, having the majority required by the constitution, the election devolved upon the House of Representatives, and Adams was elected. Jackson, however, was elected in 1828, and again in 1832; so that he was at the head of the government of his native country for the eight years from 1829 to 1837. His presidency was distinguished by the rapid growth and extension of democratic tendencies of all kinds; and, at the same time, of both the spirit of territorial extension and of the influence of the Southern States; but the subject in regard to which the President personally came forward in the most conspicuous manner, was in the affair of the United States Bank. This bank, the renewal of the charter of which was the ostensible matter in dispute, was a powerful instrument in the hands of the general government; and hence the renewal of its charter, though supported by both Houses of Congress, was resisted, and successfully, both by the popular voice and by the President whom that voice had placed in office, and who had been one of the most hardened and resolute of the Democratic leaders throughout his life.

General Jackson survived his presidency about eight years, and died at his seat called the Hermitage, near Nashville, in Tennessee, on Sunday, the eighth of June, 1845. He was married, but had no issue. A colossal statue has been erected to his memory in President's Square, Washington.

**THE COMING CENSUS.**—In 1751 the population of Great Britain was estimated at 7,392,000. In 1801, when the first British census was taken, it was proved to be nearly 11,000,000, and the population of the United Kingdom amounted to more than 16,000,000. Up to 1841, notwithstanding the ravages of war and sickness, it increased at the rate of some two or three millions every ten years. Manger Irish famine, pestilence, and wholesale emigration, and cholera on this side of St. George's Channel, during the next ten years, the population of Great Britain and Ireland was almost 28,000,000 in the "Exhibition Year." In the same balmy month in which the first Crystal Palace was opened, news arrived in England of Mr. Har-

greaves's discovery; and during 1851 and the next two years it seemed as if all the young blood of Britain would be sucked into the vortex of the Victorian gold-scamble. Since 1851, moreover, we have again had cholera, and thousands of British corpses have crumbled in Crimean soil. Nevertheless, the Registrar-General's reports have gone on showing an increase of births over deaths, and a large increase in the population during the last ten years may be expected. The enumerators' labors on the 8th of April will, we hope, enable us to ascertain, with very close approximation, its exact amount, and (amongst other valuable information) indicate the classes which have contributed to the increment.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

From Chambers's Journal.

## S C I E N C E   A N D   A R T S .

THE approach of Spring, as usual, wakes up the artists ; and photographers as well as painters are making, or preparing to make, the best use of the days of sunshine. Of course, some of the oft-mooted questions are again revived ; and in the fact that more than twelve hundred pictures were sent in for exhibition to the British Institution, and that one half were rejected for "other reasons" than want of wall-space, some see a motive for increasing the number of exhibitions, and thereby giving a chance to every picture. There are some people who like bad pictures, and why should they not have opportunity to see a collection all at once ? The scheme might be worth trying, if only for the sake of convincing a considerable number of "artists" that they are much more likely to succeed as house-painters or furniture-decorators, than as rivals of Rubens or Claude. It may be said that we do *not* want more painters of pictures, but we *do* want more artists with a knowledge of those principles by which house-painting may be made harmonious in its details and effects ; aspiring architects, too, may remember with advantage that they have ample scope for the exercise of real ability in the *building* of houses, in contradistinction to what is called running them up.

Of noticeable facts in Photography, one is that the exhibition of the Photographic Society is remarkably good, and that a fac-simile copy of *Domesday Book* is about to be taken under the direction of Colonel Sir H. James, in the Photographic Office of the Ordnance Department at Southampton. We mentioned some time ago the process by which these copies could be taken and multiplied, and would take leave to suggest that it should be applied to any of our national archives that show signs of decay. We have seen copies of ancient documents which are under the care of the Master of the Rolls, differing in no respect from the originals, except that they are sound and fresh ; and we may believe that Englishmen of the future, who will look back on

our times through as long a vista as we look back on the Conquest, will thank us for handing down to them a perfect image of William the Norman's wonderful book.

In a small work published at Paris, M. Testelin shows, while discussing the theory of the formation of the photographic image, that it is a physical, *not* a chemical effect, dependent on well-known physical laws which are recognizable in other phenomena. He considers "electric polarity" to be the exciting cause, and thus puts forth the question to undergo discussion by those photographers who have most studied the effects produced on their interesting operations by cosmical or meteorological causes.

A subject which seems likely to have an important bearing in investigations of atmospheric phenomena, has been treated of by Dr. Tyndall in lectures before the Royal Institution and Royal Society. Starting with some of the experiments made by the late Professor Melloni of Naples, he has examined the effects of heat-radiation, and obtained remarkable results demonstrative of the power possessed by certain transparent and impalpable media of absorbing or intercepting rays of heat. For instance, if olefiant gas be placed between the source of heat and the galvanometer by which the amount of heat is measured, an immediate check is observable, and scarcely a trace of heat passes. This result is the more surprising, because of the extreme transparency of the gas ; and at first sight it appears hardly credible that the passage of heat should be stopped by something which is invisible. Similar results are obtained with sulphuric ether, and other kinds of gas, and Dr. Tyndall has tabulated them as a basis for further experiment. It should be explained that the heat-rays here in question are derived from an obscure, not an illuminated source—from, in fact, a small cistern of water kept at a boiling temperature. It is thought that meteorologists and astronomers will be able to turn these results to account when studying the phenomena

of our own atmosphere, or that of remote planets.

The discussion on the Origin of Species shows but little signs of abatement, for whatever may be the merits of Mr. Darwin's theory, his book has, to use a popular phrase, supplied "a want," and set many intelligent minds thinking on a profoundly interesting subject. The discussion has extended to the continent, and crossed the Atlantic to New-England, where it has been earnestly taken up, as may be read in the *Proceedings* of the Boston Academy of Sciences. According to Professor Gray, unity of origin is much more likely to be demonstrated in the case of plants than of animals, seeing that the former have such immense powers of multiplication to start with; but to insure a fair solution of the question, a wider and more accurate knowledge of palæontological botany than at present prevails is absolutely essential. "It could be shown," said Agassiz, taking part in the discussion, "that the present distribution of animals was linked with that of earlier periods in a manner which excluded the assumption of extensive migrations, or of a shifting of the floræ and faunæ from one area to another." The fact is now well established, that many plants of the present era were in existence before the "glacial period;" and the Vaudoise Society of Natural Sciences at Lausanne, having had an unusually large reindeer horn brought before them, which was found three feet below the surface in excavating for a railway, argue, that when ice prevailed from Lapland to Switzerland, the reindeer then existed contemporaneously with the cavern-bear and the mammoth; but when, by the change of climate, the plants needful for sustenance of the reindeer perished from the lowlands, the animal also perished, and left its bones to illustrate the history of geology.

The *Proceedings* of the American Geographical Society contain interesting particulars concerning the arctic expeditions which sailed last year from New-London and Boston. Dr. Hayes, whose object was to search for the open Polar Sea which has long been supposed to exist in the highest circumpolar latitudes, and which was seen by the Russian explorer, Admiral von Wrangell, in one of his adventurous journeys, had written from Upenavik that his prospects were en-

couraging, that he hoped to winter at Cape Frazer, Grinnell Land, latitude  $79^{\circ} 42'$ , and then carry forward his equipments and provisions as far towards the Pole as possible, and there leave them, in readiness for traveling-parties in the spring of the present year, who are to push northwards, and, if possible, discover the mysterious sea. Possibly, they may have a chance of getting to the Pole.

The other expedition is still more striking. Mr. C. F. Hall, a printer of Cincinnati, a man of dauntless spirit, who has taken especial interest in recent arctic voyages, impressed by the notion that Sir Leopold McClintock has not exhausted the search for relics of Sir John Franklin's unhappy party, sailed last June in a whaleship for Davis' Strait, where he intended to pass the winter at Cumberland Inlet, in acclimatizing himself, and acquiring, as far as possible, the habits and language of the Esquimaux. This accomplished, he purposed starting in the spring with a boat, convertible at pleasure into a sledge, accompanied by a few picked natives and a good pack of dogs, for King William Land; and having made certain explorations on the way, he will then devote himself to a careful and minute examination of the route taken by the crews of the Erebus and Terror, including the mainland about the mouth of Great Fish River. By this means, employing two or three years if desirable, and sojourning, from time to time, among the natives, Mr. Hall hopes to hear of or discover every trace and relic which may yet remain of the Franklin expedition; and we heartily wish him success. If, as we hope, he be alive and well, he is now probably thinking of his start, and making preparations. Excepting natives, he anticipated being quite alone, and he will need courage and endurance to carry him through his self-imposed task in so desolate a region, and to sustain him until he shall return to the shore of Davis' Strait, to watch for some whaler that will give him a voyage home. Should Mr. Parker Snow persist in his intention of exploring the same country, he may now calculate on meeting with a companion.

The culture of the Vine is becoming more and more an object of attention in North America. The Academy of Science at St. Louis, Missouri, has published an able paper thereupon, in which it is shown that there are, in the southern parts of

that State, along the banks of the Osage; the Niangua, and in lands bordering on the Missouri River, five million acres of soil excellent for vineyards. It is a limestone region, and bears wild-grapes of good quality, and if we may judge from a lithographic drawing, has a striking resemblance to the scenery of the Rhine. The author of the paper shows that this extent of acres equals that of the grape-bearing districts of France, and that if planted with vines, it would employ two million people, and yield one thousand million gallons of wine annually, worth five hundred million dollars. Besides the money value, there might be a promotion of sobriety, by the substitution of pure grape-juice for the villanous compounds so largely sold in the States as wine and brandy.

Some of our readers will be interested in learning that agricultural improvement is not neglected in the United States, as appears from an official report, which is published in the form of a stout octavo; the results are given of the operations carried on in the government experimental and propagating garden at Washington; fertilizers are treated of, breeds of sheep, plants used for food by man, the culture of vegetable fiber, and, for the benefit of the agricultural population, there is a well-written chapter on the best way of building farm-houses, and how to inhabit them without the slovenliness that too often appears in backwoods' dwellings. Acclimatization of animals and breeding of fish are largely noticed; and we commend to the attention of our newly formed Acclimatization Society, a passage concerning the Golden-Breasted Agami of South America. "It is a bird," says St. Hilaire, "that has the instinct and the fidelity of the dog; it will lead a flock of poultry, or even a flock of sheep, by which it will make itself obeyed, although it is not larger than a chicken. It is not less useful in the poultry-yard than in the field; it maintains order there, protects the weak against the strong, stands by young chickens and ducks, and divides among them their food, from which it keeps away others, and which itself will not even touch. No animal, perhaps, is more easily taught, or naturally more attached to man." The Society might, moreover, inquire for that Siamese bean, named *áo-fao*, which contains so much caseine that it can be made into cheese.

A paper read before the Society of Arts by a brother of the indefatigable Mr. Ledger, to whom Australia is indebted for the Alpaca, gives an interesting account of the habits of that animal, its breeding, and trade derived therefrom in Peru, and briefly, of Mr. Ledger's toils and privations during the nine years that he was occupied in gathering a flock together, and driving them by tedious and round-about ways, to evade the Peruvian authorities, until he at length arrived at Copiapo, and there shipped three hundred and twenty-two of the valuable animals for Melbourne. We trust that no colonial jealousies will prevent his receiving his well-earned reward. At present, the flock is taken in charge by the government authorities of Victoria; and by a moderate calculation, it is shown, that in fifty years hence the number of alpacas will be five million and a half, producing forty million pounds of wool every year, worth two shillings a pound.

Among lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, one by the Rev. A. D'Orsey of Cambridge, "On the Study of the English Language as an Essential Part of a University Course," has been much talked of in literary and scholastic circles, because of the obvious truths which it enunciates. Many a graduate who can tell you to a fold what was the disposition of a Roman toga, is unable to write grammatical English, or even to spell correctly. It is a scandal that those who have to write, teach, or speak a language so rich and forcible as ours, should take so little pains to cultivate it. English oratory, to quote the lecturer's words, presents us with "nominatives in vain search of missing verbs—verbs pursuing nominatives without success; plurals and singulars joined in ungrammatical wedlock; premises laid down from which no conclusions are drawn; and with conclusions with most vehement 'therefores' drawn from imaginary premises!" Mr. Faraday has given a lecture on Platinum at the same place, exemplifying St. Claire Deville's method of fusing that intractable metal in a lime-furnace, an important discovery which we noticed some months ago. Apart from its scientific details, this lecture was remarkable for the burst of emotion with which the audience received Mr. Faraday's affecting intimation that his career as a lecturer was well-nigh ended.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE RUSSIANS AS THEY ARE.

DRAWN BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

It is a curious fact, that while the Russians are so touchy if any outer barbarian dare to express his doubts as to the correct working of their governmental system, whenever a Russian takes the pen in hand himself he proves the severest critic his country can have. Gogol's satires went home, and were bitterly felt; Alexandre Herzen has also inflicted terrible wounds on the pride of the Russ; while last, but not least, Saltikow, in his descriptions of provincial life in Russia, has laid bare the ulcers which prey on the vitals of the nation. It is to the last-named work that we shall confine our attention on the present occasion, as we think that it contains much matter which must prove novel to the English reader at a period when Russian social progress is so loudly vaunted.\*

The plot on which these sketches are based is simple enough: the author is supposed to be a government official in the small provincial town of Krutogorsk, where he has opportunity to survey every class of society from the highest to the lowest. Undoubtedly, however, the most interesting portion of his volumes is that devoted to the police, and we will, therefore, direct our attention more particularly to this, as Mr. Sala, in his *Journey due North*, analyzed every class of society with which he came in contact, but was fortunate enough to keep out of the clutches of the police.

At the outset, the author allows that he took money; and why should he not? Surely it is better to have an encouragement which greases the wheels of justice. Now-a-days all this has been altered: the police are bountiful in promises, but, somehow or another, business does not progress so satisfactorily. In those times, if you had lost all your money at cards you

went to the captain of the district to help you, and, after scolding you, he would order you to go into some county and collect the taxes. Perhaps the czar came off rather short, but, at any rate, your children did not starve. The way in which it was arranged would be this: the peasants, after scratching their heads for a while, would depute one to ask the government official whether he could not make it convenient to wait till harvest time—of course they made it worth his while—and he would go home, say, with four hundred rubles, a very agreeable morning's work, and much more humane than locking the poor fellows up as defaulters.

Another excellent source of revenue was to institute an inquiry, suppose about a horse theft: the rascal was plucked, and then allowed to go. In a month or two he was sure to be back; then he was plucked again, and, at last, when he had not a feather left, why, he was sent to prison. Some moralists might consider this tampering with justice, but the real fact is, that it is the purest humanity, for as the policemen are sure to nail their man when they want him, it would be hard to deny him a little pleasure for his money. Here, again, is a very clever mode of raising the wind, worthy of Vidocq:

"In our circle there was a great merchant, a millionaire, who had a cotton factory, and carried on a roaring trade. We might try what we liked, but we could make nothing out of him. He kept his ears sharpened, if ever man did. At times he asked us to tea, or cracked a bottle; but that was the whole profit. We thought for months how we should get this rogue of a merchant in the trap; but it was of no use, although every thing was tried, even to cunning. Our man saw this, never moved a feature, and kept as calm as if he noticed nothing.

"Now, can you believe it? One day I went with Iwan Petrowitch to an examination: a

\* *Skizzen aus dem Russischen Provinzialleben von Saltikow.* Deutsch von A. Mecklenburg, Kaiser: Russ: Oberlehrer. Berlin: Springer.

corpse had been found not far from the factory. So we drove past it; talking on the way of the difficulty in trapping the scamp. All at once Iwan became very thoughtful, and, as I placed great confidence in him, I thought, 'He's got something in his head;' and, in fact, he had invented a grand scheme. The next morning we were sitting together, and trying to recover from our last night's drunk.

"What do you say? Will you give me halves if the merchant pays up to you two thousand?"

"What do you mean, Iwan? You can't be in your senses! Two thousand?"

"Well, you shall see. Sit down and write:

"To the Merchant of the First Guild, Stephanow Tropkurow, at Iswienowogersk, charge: According to the evidence of such and such peasants, the above-described body was sunk in your pond last night, after being murderously dealt with. Hence you will allow us to inspect the pond for the purpose of verification."

"But, good gracious, Iwan Petrowitch, the body lies there in a cabin near the high road!"

"Only do what I tell you."

"Then he hummed his favorite air, and as he was sensitive, and this song always affected him, he began crying a little. Afterwards I learned that he had bidden the hundred-man conceal the body temporarily in a ravine. The obstinate man read our document and almost fell in a fainting-fit. In the mean while we followed it up, and entered his court-yard. He came to meet us, quite pale.

"Would you take a glass of tea?"

"What tea, brother?" Iwan said. "We have naught to say about tea, but do you let the pond off."

"Have mercy, little father! Why do you wish to ruin me?"

"Ruin you? Look ye! we have only come to make an investigation. We have orders."

"One word brought on another: the merchant saw it was no jesting matter. 'Will you have it so? Good. Then let the water off at once!' Well! he paid up three thousand, and the matter was settled. After that we drove round the pond, thrust hooks into the water, and naturally found no corpse. At dinner, though, when we were all drunk, what did Iwan Petrowitch? He told the merchant the whole story! and the miser, I assure you, grew so angry that he was unable to move. Yes, yes, sin and ingratitude are to be found in man."

This Iwan Petrowitch was a curiosity in his way, and surgeon of the circle: so, of course, he left no stone unturned to gain an honest penny. One of the most successful was to order a general vaccination of the children, which has a horror to the superstitious peasant women; so they paid up a rouble apiece to be let off. Of course many schemes were employed to

catch him in the fact, but he managed to escape by his cleverness. On one occasion a recruit was planted on him, who offered a bribe to escape, while witnesses were placed to overhear the transaction; but Iwan, assuming a stern tone, ordered him off at once to the army, had his head shaved, and would not listen to the protestations of his parents. The only sin this excellent man had on his conscience was, that he hurled a stranger into ruin. The matter was so characteristic that we must quote it:

"As you are aware, gentlemen, our district is well covered with wood and a great many people from other parts, chiefly Finns and Mongols, reside in it, a well-to-do and honest race. The only thing is, they are so uncleanly, whence so many foreign diseases are rife among them, that they are handed down from generation to generation. They kill a hare, for instance; they merely take the skin off, and thrust it in a pot just as it is; the kettle, too, is never cleaned; in short, the stench is unendurable; but they do not trouble themselves a bit about it, but eat with the best possible appetite. Such a race is hardly deserving of any polite attention, for it is stupid, ignorant, and dirty—a sort of hogs. Now, one of these foreigners went to shoot a squirrel, and was so clumsy at it that he wounded himself in the shoulder. An investigation was, of course, necessary, and the court decided in the case that it must be left to the will of God, and the peasant be handed over to the physician to be cured. Iwan Petrowitch received orders to proceed slowly—terribly slowly. All at once he remembered that the peasant was rich; so, after waiting three weeks, as some other business took him to those parts, he visited him on this occasion. In the mean while his shoulder had grown quite cured. He walked in and read him the authority.

"Take off your coat," he said.

"Why, papa, my shoulder is quite well," the peasant replied—"five weeks ago."

"But, do you see this here? Pagan, do you see this ukase? Don't you see the order to cure you?"

"There was nothing to be done: the peasant stripped, and the other probed his shoulder heartily. The fool yelled for mercy, but the doctor only laughed and pointed to the paper. It was not till the peasant handed him three gold pieces that he left off.

"Now," he said, "God be with thee."

"So soon as Iwan Petrowitch wanted money again, he went to the stranger's to cure him, and in this way he tortured him for more than a year, till he had quite cleaned him out. The peasant grew thin, ate nothing, drank nothing; the doctor sat on his soul. When the latter, however, remarked that the source was dried up, he no longer went out. The peasant recovered, and began to be jolly again. One day,

however, a perfectly strange official drove through the village, and happened to ask how this little fellow was, (for he was known to many officers on account of his hospitality.) This was told the peasant, and what do you think he did? He fancied that the doctor wanted to cure him again, ran home, said nothing to any body, and hanged himself in the night."

Well may the author complain of these good old times being past! The police were no common cutpurses or thieves: no! they were the real friends of the people. At present, they are forbidden to take bribes; it is just like finding a heap of money on the high road, and not picking it up. Ah, it all comes from the spread of enlightenment.

The town-captain at Krutogorsk was a terrible man—a goose with claws. His name was Feuer, and he was descended from a German stock. He had no perception for a joke, and when he ordered a thing it had to be done. He was the man to make a rope of sand, and strangle the culprit with it. This is the practical way in which he managed affairs when appointed to the town, and it certainly did him credit:

"So soon as he was appointed, Feuer summoned all the manufacturers, and we had about fifty of them in the town.

"'You used to pay the old man,' he said to them, 'ten rubles apiece, but that is too little. I would spit on ten rubles. I must have seventy-five from each proprietor.'

"'They wouldn't hear a word of it. 'We have seen hundreds of such quill-drivers,' they said.

"'He was just on the point of bursting out.

"'Well,' he said, 'so you wont pay seventy-five apiece?'

"'Five,' they shouted, 'not a kopek more.'

"'Very good,' he said.

"A week later he went to inspect the shop of one of them, a tanner by trade.

"'The hides you have here, friend, are stolen property.'

"'Stolen or not, the present owner would not tell whom he had them from.

"'Well,' he said, 'you wouldn't pay seventy-five, so now hand over five hundred.'

"The man almost fell on his knees, but a smaller sum would not do: the other would not hear of it. He sent him home with a hundred-man, and he fetched money under the idea that Feuer would be merciful, and take two hundred. But he only counted the money, and put it in his pocket.

"'Now go and fetch the other three hundred.'

"Once more the trader began to bow humbly, but in vain. Feuer did not swerve. And he did not let him go till he had paid every doit.

"The other fellows saw that matters were going

queerly. They threw stones into his windows, poisoned his watch-dogs, smeared his doors with tar, but all of no use. Then they began to feel sorry, and came with excuses, and each with seventy-five roubles in his hand. But it was no go.

"'No,' he said, 'you did not give the money when I asked for it, and, as matters stand, I demand nothing.'

"And he really did not take it. He openly declared that he should settle affairs more comfortably with each in detail."

The most interesting idea of the Russian official system will be found in a short history of the life and adventures of one Porphyrius Petrowitch. He was a man who had gained golden opinions from the whole population of Krutogorsk, and they lauded their good fortune in possessing so inestimable an official amid them. And yet he did not attain this enviable position without trouble. But his greatest merit was that he had never spotted his character by one queer action, as will be seen from the few incidents we are enabled to string together.

His papa was a village sexton, his mamma—well, sextoness, of course. Porphyrius was decidedly fortunate in possessing the latter parent, for through her he obtained the favor of a great man. He grew apace, and displayed remarkable qualities at school. His protector he kissed, and called pappy, but he could not endure the sight of his drunken old father. Indeed, he used to play him all sorts of tricks, to the great amusement of his mother. They lived, not exactly poorly, but untidily and dirtily. Parashka (the mother) had any number of silk gowns, but hardly a decent chemise. She would go to the market and buy a rouble's worth of pastry when there was not a loaf in the house. In consequence of this, Porphyrius was often hungry enough, and generally went about, winter and summer, barefooted and in a torn sheepskin.

One day he found in the street a griwennick (ten kopeks); he picked it up and hid it. Another time his protector gave him one, which he also concealed. He took a pleasure in money, for at home nothing else was talked about. When his drunken father had slept off his vodka, he incessantly complained because he had no money; if the mother paid a visit to the benefactor, she also ever complained of want of money.

"A fine thing must money be!" Por-

phyrius thought; "and I only possess two griwennicks! Ah! if I had a whole chest full, I would build a hut and sell lollypops. When the schoolboys went past, I would say, 'Do not despise our goods, honored gentlemen. Of course, as a stick of barley-sugar costs ten kopeks, you will pay me thirty kopeks for it.'"

Soon after he began to indulge in little thefts. When his father, for instance, received his wages, he went straight to the public to pay his respects to the landlord. Thence he came home more drunk than vodka itself, fell on the bench and snored; whereupon Porphyrius crept up, emptied all his pockets, and hid the proceeds in the loft, wrapped in a piece of rag. Soon after, Parashka inspected her husband's pockets in her turn: "Where have you left your money?" But he could only twinkle his eyelids. Of course, a drunken man, what can you get out of him? He has either drunk it or lost it.

In his thirteenth year Porphyrius was sent into an office, not so much to write as to run to the nearest pot-house for vodka for the clerks. In this he was principally engaged, and it must be allowed that his life was not very jolly at that period; one pulled his hair, another poked him in the ribs; for any mistake blows rained on him directly; in such a place a fellow would sooner be dead. And for all this tyranny he received a rouble and a half in paper as wages.

Through his readiness and skill he gained the confidence of the captain to such an extent, that he took him with him to criminal inquiries. On such occasions he displayed extraordinary qualities: the captain, for instance, could sleep the sleep of the righteous while Porphyrius settled the people off, received the thanks, and arranged every thing properly. When he reached the age of twenty, the captain himself began to call him Porphyrius Petrowitch.\* The clerks, too, had long ago left off thrashing him, and, indeed, hardly dared to look him in the face. At the same time he established such regulations in the court, that even the governor, on inspecting the books, could not find a single defect, but drove off again.

One morning the captain of the circle was sitting at home drinking his tea, and feeling as jolly as possible. He was engaged with pleasant dreams—how the

governor pressed his hand for his distinguished services, and promised to secure him promotion. But the dreams are dispelled by the entrance of Porphyrius Petrowitch:

"'Welcome, welcome!' Demian Ivanowitch exclaims. 'I was almost asleep, my dear friend, over delicious dreams. Have you any request to make?—if so, speak.'"

"'Yes, I have,' Porphyrius Petrowitch replies, in some embarrassment.

"'What is it?'"

"'Well, it is that it no longer suits me to remain with you. The pay is small, and I shall soon reach the first class. Such a position is not fitted to my talents.'"

"'I am sorry to part with thee—really sorry. Little can be done, as thou knowest, without thy assistance. Well, if thou hast ambitious views, I am not angry with thee.'"

"'I am sorry, very sorry, Demian Ivanowitch—for your sake, I feel sorry: but that is not the point.'"

"'What dost thou desire?'"

"'Will you have the kindness to hand me two thousand roubles; not as a loan, but merely as a reward for my exertions?'"

"'I am curious to know why I owe thee this money.'"

"'Various documents are in our hands——'"

"'Demian Ivanowitch opened wide his mouth.

"'Documents! What documents?' he yells.

"'What nonsense art thou talking to me, impudent fellow? Thou hast invented some swindle.'"

"'There are several documents in existence, all of your handwriting. You granted me your confidence, and of course I could not destroy your notes, for that would have been indelicate, for you were my superior. Now, be kind enough to remember how a merchant killed a workman by misadventure; you wrote me a note, bidding me to settle matters. Do you fancy, Demian Ivanowitch, that a man would give up such documents under two thousand? It is of no use, I tell you at once. I only do it out of respect for you, because you are my superior, and treated me kindly. Well, I have a heart, too.'"

"'The captain all but had a paralytic stroke. He sank back on the sofa, and did not rise again. Water was poured on his face, however, and he gradually recovered.

"'God has punished me for my sins,' he sighed; 'that was the reason I nurtured such a viper.'"

"'Really and truly, Demian Ivanowitch, a viper; but be good enough to remember that your sins are not trivial. On that occasion you let a murderer free, and brought an innocent man to the lash; and you have compromised me, a very lamb, in these matters. You see, then, that looking rightly at it, two thousand are not dear, especially as all the documents are in evidence, as well as witnesses. I must tell

\* In the addition of the father's name, "Peter's son," respect is indicated.



you, though, that I require the two thousand absolutely. Judge for yourself: I am going to the governmental town; I wish to obtain a situation worthy of my talents; without recommendations nothing can be done, and these will have to be bought.

"What was the result? Demian Ivanowitch gave him the money, and his curse in the bargain."

Armed with two thousand solid recommendations, Porphyrius dressed himself decently and went to the chief town. Here the governor deigned to remember his extraordinary attention in his old situation, and gave him an appointment, in which he distinguished himself by his miraculous honesty, and was a curse to all the office. Still, he fancied that he did not advance with sufficient rapidity, so he hit on a new plan. The governor had the fault of being terribly jealous of his *cara sposa*, and, of course, Porphyrius worked himself into her confidence. She soon revealed to him that she indulged in a sentimental attachment for the tutor of her children, and by degrees he induced her to intrust him with the letters that passed, in perfect innocence, between them. Armed with these, Porphyrius revealed all to the governor, who gave his wife a most tremendous thrashing, and placed unbounded confidence thenceforth in Porphyrius. Thus secured, the confidential clerk began to grow more indulgent, and the result was that, within ten years, Porphyrius was regarded as a man worth two hundred thousand roubles. But he never made the mistake of lowering himself; if a man wanted to bribe him, it always began with fresh caviare; and what followed was a mystery between himself and his host. But no one had to complain of breach of confidence; if Porphyrius took any thing, he always kept his word, and was naturally on velvet. It might be an expensive luxury, still, the result was arrived at much more rapidly. No wonder that Porphyrius lived respected and respectable; married a rich widow, and is in strong hopes of being raised to the "Tchin" ere long.

Hitherto we have only dealt with the satirical portion of our author's work, and indeed, it is rather difficult to find any thing else in it. Still, we may be allowed to quote the following touching episode from his account of the Russian prisons, as proving that he has a heart susceptible of better feelings:

"In the village of Berisino a fire broke out. There was no doubt of its being the act of an incendiary, and all that was left was to discover the culprit. During my inquiries, a peasant and a woman, both quite young, came to me and accused themselves of the act. At the same time they told me all the circumstances connected with it fully and clearly.

"What induced you to cause this fire?" I asked.

"Silence.

"Are you man and wife?"

"It was proved that they were strange to each other, but both no longer free, for either was married.

"Do you know the punishment you may expect?"

"We know it, pappy—we know it!" they both said; and appeared rather pleased.

"One thing was curious to me. From what cause could a peasant and a woman, hitherto strangers to each other, agree to commit such a crime as arson? Had this doubt not existed, all that would have been left me to do was to verify their statements, and hand over the affair to the courts. But I can never satisfy myself till I have examined a matter from Alpha to Omega. In fact, it was proved that the affair had happened exactly as they had stated, but I learned more on inquiry: the two culprits had long lived on intimate terms.

"Why, then, the arson?" I asked them, after detecting this fact.

"It was a long time ere they would speak, till I told them that an explanation of the motives might, perhaps, lead to the sentence being mitigated.

"And what punishment shall we receive?" the peasant asked.

"I told him, and both seemed very miserable. After much persuasion, I made them say that they loved each other passionately, and had committed the crime in the sole hope that they would be transported to Siberia, where they could be married.

"You ought to have seen their despair, and heard their groans, when they learned that the crime would not avail them. I was, myself, dispirited at my discovery, for, instead of finding a reason to mitigate the sentence, it might be easily doubled in severity. I confess that the struggle with my conscience was a heavy one. On one side, I said to myself that the arson was purely an interlude, and that the crime, however heavy, aroused a sympathetic feeling; but, on the other hand, a voice spoke loudly to me—the voice of duty and service—which proved to me that I, as inquisitor, had no right to judge, much less to display sympathy."

The author is very careful ever to insist on the fact that his sketches refer to the past alone; and, indeed, in the last chapter the past is buried. It is notorious, however, that the Emperor Nicho-

las, even with his iron will, was unable to suppress the official corruption among his people; then, can the present czar, in five short years, have so entirely eradicated it that it may be reckoned among the things that have passed away?

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

DISCOURSES ON SACRAMENTAL OCCASIONS. By ICHABOD S. SPENCER, D.D., author of *A Pastor's Sketches*, etc. With an Introduction by Gardner Spring, D.D. New-York: Published by M. W. Dodd. 1861. Pp. 468.

THIS volume contains twenty-six discourses from the pen of this able divine and minister of religion. Those who knew the man and the Christian minister in his earnest fidelity to the great cardinal doctrines of the Gospel—the power of his intellect, the vigor and strength of language in which he robed his ideas, the fullness and richness of the themes, and the solemn appeals which he was wont to send forth in his public ministrations, will need no persuasion promptly to obtain a copy of these discourses, and treasure them up as sources of instruction and profit in time to come.

CURRENTS AND COUNTER-CURRENTS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE, WITH OTHER ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard University, etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861. Pp. 406.

THIS is a volume of seven addresses relating to the various opinions and views which are entertained of medical science and kindred topics by medical men. The second address is entitled *Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions*. This application of the word "delusions" to a department of medical science, a practice or treatment which so many physicians of character and talent have adopted, seems to smack somewhat of arrogance, on the part of the author. It may be a delusion or it may not be; we shall not sit in judgment in the case; but men of learning and science are hardly thus deserving of a place in the category of deluded men. Dr. Holmes is a man of eminent and acknowledged talents, and fills a post of high honor in a leading university. This volume of addresses sparkles with many brilliant thoughts in a style quite characteristic of their author. The friends and admirers of Dr. Holmes will hardly fail to purchase and read his book. We have come to the opinion from long observation, that books published by Ticknor & Fields must be, of course, worthy of purchase and perusal.

"THE OLD WOMAN."—Look into yonder window: what do you see? Nothing *new*, surely; nothing but what the angels have looked smilingly down upon since the morning stars first sang together; nothing but a loving mother hushing upon her faith-

ful breast a willing babe, whose little life hangs by a slender thread. Mortal lips have said, "The boy must die." A mother's *hope* never dies. She clasps him closer to her breast, and gazes upwards; food and sleep and rest are forgotten, so that the little flickering taper die not out. Gently upon her soft, warm breast she woos for it baby slumbers; long, weary nights, up and down the cottage floor she paces, soothing its restless moaning. Suns rise and set—stars pale—seasons come and go; she heeds them not, so that those languid eyes but beam brightness Down the meadow—by the brook—on the hill-side—she seeks with him the health-restoring breeze. God be praised! health comes at last! What joy to see the rosy flush mantle on the pallid cheek! what joy to see the shrunken limbs grow round with health! what joy to see the damp, thin locks grow crisp and glossy! What matter though the knitting lie neglected, or the spinning-wheel be dumb, so that the kite or ball but please his boyish fancy, and prompt the gleeful shout? What matter that the coarser fare be *hers*, so that the daintier morsels pass *his* rosy lips? What matter that *her* robe be threadbare, so that *his* graceful limbs be clad in Joseph's rainbow coat? What matter that *her* couch be hard, so that *his* sunny head rests on a downy pillow? What matter that *her* slender purse be empty, so that *his* childish heart may never know denial? Years roll on. The mother's eye grows dim, her glossy locks are silvered, her limbs are sharp and shrunken, her footsteps slow and tottering. And the boy? the cherished Joseph? he of the bold, bright eye, and sinewy limb, and bounding step? Surely from his kind hand shall flowers be strewn on the dim, downward path to the dark valley; surely will her son's strong arm be hers to lean on; his voice of music sweeter to her dull ear than seraphs' singing. No, no! the hum of busy life has struck upon his ear, drowning the voice of love. He has become a Man! refined, fastidious; and to his forgetful, unfilial heart (God forgive him) the mother who bore him is only—"The Old Woman!"—*Fern Leaves*.

A TRAVELER'S TALK: PYRAMID OF SERPENTS.—A traveler in South America writes: "In the savannas of Izacubo, in Gulana, I saw the most terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it is not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveler has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passage, while I preferred to skirt the great forest. One of the blacks who formed the vanguard returned at full gallop, and called to me: 'Here, Sir, come and

see the serpents in a pile!" He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the savanna, or swamp, which looked like a bundle of arms. One of the company then said: "This is certainly one of the assemblages of serpents which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest; I have heard of these, but have never seen any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near." We were within twenty paces of it; the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which none of us were inclined. On a sudden, the pyramid mass became agitated; horrible hissings issued from it. Thousands of serpents, rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of their circle their hideous heads, and presented their enormous darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to draw back; but when I saw this formidable phalanx remaining at its post, appearing to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode around in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then sought what could be the design of this numerous assemblage, and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded some enemy, which might be the great serpent, or cayman; and that they reunited themselves after seeing this enemy, in order to resist in a mass."—*London paper*.

**THE CAMPANA MUSEUM AT ROME.**—The celebrated museum which was collected by the Marchese Campana with so much artistic and scientific intelligence, and with a passion which has never been exceeded, has been divided, lotted out, and sold. One of the most interesting features of this splendid museum was that it was a continuous monumental history of art—a history at the same time through thirty centuries of the civilization of Italy and the world. It has been, therefore the special object of Campana to preserve it in all its entirety, and several advantageous offers have been made for the purchase of portions of the collection, which were, however, refused. Thus, the British government made an offer, I am informed, of £30,000 for a part, and the French government offered 3,000,000 francs for a selection of the articles of the museum, both of which were declined when the museum was the property of Campana. At this political crisis, however, when money is wanted for oppression, the Papal government, into whose hands the collection has passed, from circumstances well known to the world, has permitted the Emperor of Russia to make a selection of the gems of the museum, for 150,000 Roman scudi. At the moment the contract was being drawn up, an offer arrived from another government, I believe the French, for the purchase of the *entire* museum at the price of 7,000,000 francs; but the Emperor of Russia has carried the day, and has been permitted to rifle the collection of its gems, giving 150,000 scudi as hush-money—for to speak of such a sum as the value of the articles would be absurd. The Papal government, by such an act, has not only done an injury to Italy by thus destroying its monumental story—has not only consulted badly for its pecuniary interests by selling articles of inappreciable value for a mess of pottage, but has broken faith with Campana. When the Marchese Campana gave up the collection, under the unhappy circumstances so well known, a verbal notice was given to him, I am assured, by the Minister of Finance, the Cardinal-Secretary of State, and the Pope, that the collection should be preserved entire and kept in the country. He has, therefore, made a protest against the sale both to the Papal government and

to the Minister of Russia, though, as you may believe, without producing any results. The Emperor makes no account of it, and the Pope king is not bound by his word. The objects sold to the Emperor of Russia are as follows: 21 primitive vases, 14 with black varnish; 138 Etruscan vases of the primitive style; 10 Rithon; 35 Aretini; 35 Nola vases; 24 Cuma vases; 35 vases of Rome and Magna Græcia; 23 candlesticks—bronzes; 4 trophies; 7 pieces of arms; 3 ditto; 6 candelabra; 20 looking-glasses; 14 different objects; 22 vases; 14 pieces of sculpture. Statues, busts, sarcophagi, an object in gold, 79. All this for the precise sum of 150,000 scudi; 734 pieces, which, as each constitutes a portion of a complete collection, destroys the peculiar value of the entire museum. Amongst the statues, it is asserted, are the Nine Muses, which are much superior to those of the Vatican.—*Letter from Rome*.

**WILL OF THE LATE DUCHESS OF KENT.**—The will of her royal highness the Duchess of Kent was proved in the principal registry on the third of this month by the Prince-Consort, the sole executor. This will, emanating from so distinguished a personage as the mother of her Majesty, will, we (*Illustrated News*) are assured, be read with great interest by all classes. Under this conviction we give the document entire: "This is the last will and testament of me, Victoria Marie Louise, Duchess of Kent and Strathern. I hereby revoke all other wills and codicils made by me at any time heretofore. I give, devise, and bequeath to my dearly-beloved daughter, her Majesty Queen Victoria, all my real and personal estate whatsoever and wheresoever whereof I may be seized, possessed, interested in, or entitled unto at the time of my decease, to hold the same unto my said daughter, her successors, and assigns absolutely. I appoint my dearly-beloved son-in-law and nephew, his royal highness Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince-Consort, sole executor. In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand this 26th day of March, 1860.—VICTORIA." "Signed and declared by her royal highness the Duchess of Kent and Strathern as and for her last will and testament in the presence of us, who, in her presence, (all being present at the same,) at her request, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses.—G. Couper, principal equerry to her royal highness the Duchess of Kent, Frogmore; Ramsay H. Couper, clerk in the War-office, residing in Frogmore." The will of her late royal highness exhibits a perfect specimen of beautiful penmanship. It is written in a style of remarkable neatness and perspicuity, and is so exceedingly brief as merely to occupy a portion only of one side of foolscap paper. The personality was sworn under £30,000.

**TIME-GUN AT EDINBURGH CASTLE.**—It is expected that before the close of the present month the audible time signal at Edinburgh Castle will be brought into daily operation. The time-gun is established in connection with the time-ball on the Calton-hill, which was set up some years ago as a time signal for the benefit of the city of Edinburgh and also for the port of Leith. It was found, however, that frequently the signal was invisible through fog or haze, and Mr. Howat, a merchant in Edinburgh, some time ago suggested that the signal, which is worked from the Observatory on the Calton-hill, should be connected by means of an electric wire with a gun on the Castle battery, which should be discharged simul-

taneously with the fall of the time-ball. The suggestion is now being carried into execution. A gun has been granted by government for the purpose, but otherwise the expense of putting up and maintaining the signal has been undertaken by the citizens, and a subscription has been commenced in order to constitute a fund for the purpose. The apparatus is in course of construction by Messrs. Ritchie, Edinburgh, and one part of it is to consist of a single strand of electric wire suspended from the Calton-hill to the Castle in one stretch of 1400 yards, and which, being elevated about 100 to 120 feet above the level of Princes-street, will be quite invisible to the eye. The directory map of Edinburgh and Leith, about to be published for 1861-62, will be marked with a series of circles showing the exact time that will elapse between the discharge and the sound of the gun reaching any point upon the map. The institution of this ordnance signal in connection with the time-ball at the Calton-hill Observatory is looked forward to with great interest, and should the experiment prove successful it will probably lead to its adoption elsewhere.—*London Star*.

**THE CHAPEL ROYAL IN THE SAVOY.**—The ancient Chapel Royal in the Savoy, which is in connection with the Duchy of Lancaster, has been opened by two services, at the first of which the Archbishop of Canterbury preached. The restoration of the church is in every way complete. The beautiful heraldic devices on the ceiling have been brought out with great effect, and are perhaps the finest specimen of such works of art in the kingdom. For a long series of years they were hidden under repeated coats of whitewash, but in 1843 Mr. John Cochrane, a bookseller in the Strand, having been appointed chapel warden, brought his antiquarian knowledge to bear on the neglected ceiling. His exertions were rewarded by the discovery of those exquisite devices which, from the south to the center, are those of the houses of York and Lancaster, while those from the center to the north represent various incidents connected with the cross and passion of the Saviour. Two new panels and several pipes have been added to the organ. One or two modern monuments at the south end, which were injured by the fire, have been restored. All the ancient monuments at the north end were uninjured.

**THE NEW RHINE BRIDGE.**—The inauguration of the bridge of Kehl, connecting the Strasburg and Baden railways, took place on the 6th inst., as announced. A train arrived at Strasburg from Paris the preceding evening with the persons invited, and the next morning, at nine, another train proceeded to the bridge with the guests. After crossing the bridge the train stopped, and the company alighting examined the works in every part. The train afterwards returned to Strasburg, where a grand banquet was given in the evening, at the Hotel de Paris. The dinner lasted nearly three hours, and at the desert toasts were proposed to the health of the Grand-Duke of Baden, the Emperor Napoleon, and to the intimate alliance of France and Germany. Speeches were delivered by M. Perdonnet, on the side of France, and by the Minister of Baden on the side of Germany. Next day a grand *fete* was to be given at Baden.

THERE is no such thing as an easy-chair for a discontented man.

**A FRENCH VETERAN.**—The oldest General in France is just dead—namely, the Baron de Bruno, who had reached the age of ninety-five. He was born at Pondicherry, and brought to France by his uncle, M. Law, of Lauriston, and placed in the Artillery School at Douai. When the Revolution broke out he was suspected of Royalism, and only escaped the scaffold by entering the Legion of La Nievre. He made the campaigns of 1793-5; served in the army of the Alps in 1796; in Italy and Switzerland in 1797-8; in 1806 he became aid-de-camp to Louis, King of Holland, who in 1808 made him a General of Division, and Master of the Horse. After the fall of Louis, the Baron returned to France, and served in the campaigns of 1811-12. He was of the *avant-garde* of the King of Naples during the fatal retreat, when the latter had five horses killed under him; and he was one of the Sacred Battalion charged to watch over the life of the emperor. He was a prisoner in Hungary in 1813-14. He commanded a brigade of light cavalry at Waterloo, and, says the *Moniteur de l'Armée*, "it was this brigade which destroyed the famous column of English dragoons that had traversed like a whirlwind a portion of the French army." Baron de Bruno retired in 1833. He leaves one son a General in the army, and another Inspector-General of Finance.

**A NEW TUNNEL THROUGH THE ALPS.**—A Piedmontese commission has just been charged to examine the question of a tunnel through the Alps which separate Italy from Switzerland. Different plans have been laid before it, passing by the Saint Gothard, the Lukmanier, the Splügen, the Bernardino, and the Septimer. The commission will have to decide through which of the above mountains the tunnel can be most easily and most advantageously cut. The Lukmanier appears to promise the greatest facilities, as it is lower than any of the others, but as a set-off, the line of railway to be connected with the tunnel through that mountain would be 154 kilometres (five eighths of a mile each) in length, while if it were to pass through the Saint Gothard it would only be 133, and through the Splügen 120. The two lines by the Saint Gothard and the Lukmanier are each estimated at a cost of ninety millions of francs, and that by the Splügen at one hundred millions. If, in the examination of the question, the only object were to put Italy simply in communication with Central Switzerland and Basle, the Saint Gothard would certainly have the preference, but if this line is to open an easy road to Germany and Belgium, Genoa and Turin will advocate the line of Lukmanier, and Milan that of the Saint Gothard.

VERY interesting and important discoveries in Egyptian antiquities have recently been made at Memphis, under the direction of M. Manette. Upon a limestone slab were found the names of sixty-three kings anterior to the construction of the Pyramids. The temple of Edfon, the oldest and best preserved in the whole world, has been exhumed, and it is so magnificent as to excite the astonishment of all who have seen it.

**OBSTINACY OF THE SEA-HORSE.**—The walrus is an obstinate animal, and does not fly on the approach of man; on the contrary, forming themselves into a body, they go and meet him, and resist any attempt on his part to proceed. When a company of travellers meet these animals on the shore, they are forced

to fight their way through them; and if the walruses are pelted with stones, they gnaw them with their teeth, but afterwards attack the men with redoubled fury, rending the air with the most tremendous growling. These animals seem to be fully aware of the effect of united resistance and attack, and also of the utility of keeping in masses and ranks; for should any one of them attempt to retreat, those in his rear fall upon and compel him to keep in the ranks, or kill him. Sometimes it happens that, when one walrus attempts to stop another, who is retreating, they all begin to suspect each other of being inclined to fly, and, in that case, the contest often becomes universal. When two are fighting with one, the others come to the aid of the weaker side. While they are thus fighting on the land, others that are in the water raise their heads, and look on for a time, till they also become enraged, swim to shore, and join in the combat.—*Cassell's Illustrated Natural History.*

**RECOVERY OF AN ANCIENT GUN FROM THE THAMES.**—While an anchor was being dragged recently, near the Blythe Sand, in the Thames, a very old cannon of antique form, and greatly exceeding in length those used at the present day, was picked up. It is said that for nearly two hundred years the fishermen on the river have been sufferers by losing their nets on the spot where the gun was picked up, it having presented an obstruction which, from generation to generation of fishermen, has always been called "The Wreck." It was found in nine fathoms of water, in a part much frequented by trawlers, and was much corroded and partly covered with old nets.

**GLASS CASKS.**—A new kind of cask has just been invented which is replacing, it is said, in the South of France, those now made of wood. They are made of glass, and of different sizes to contain from five to one hundred litres. Among the advantages they possess may be mentioned that they are proof against all leakage and evaporation, and keep the liquid placed in them fresh and pure to the last. They are stronger, when kept stationary, than the wooden casks, having in the experiments made withstood a pressure which shattered the ordinary casks to pieces.

**WOMAN'S WIT.**—There is a quality infinitely more intoxicating to the female mind than knowledge—this is wit, the most captivating, but the most dreaded of all talents; the most dangerous to those who have it, and the most feared by those who have it not. A woman who possesses this quality has received a most dangerous present, perhaps not less so than beauty itself; especially if it be not sheathed in a temper peculiarly inoffensive, chastised by a most correct judgment, and restrained by more prudence than falls to the common lot. Those who actually possess this rare talent can not be too abstinent in the use of it. It often makes admirers, but it never makes friends.—*Hannah More.*

**PHOTOGRAPHS OF DEFACED WRITING.**—A facsimile of a MS. has been reproduced photographically by M. Silvy. It was the "Sforza Manuscript." Not only is the copy more legible than the original, but certain passages which could not be deciphered on the old parchment have been actually revived; and this is particularly visible on the last page,

where a note, written in German under the signature, has become both visible and legible, while there is not a trace of it left on the original. M. Fiquier, who mentions this circumstance in the *Presse*, explains it as follows: "During the photographic process, the brilliant and polished parts of the parchment reflect light much better than those where the ink has been deposited. However colorless it may appear, the ink has not lost its anti-photographic qualities, opposed to the photogenic ones of the parchment; and, thanks to this opposition, black characters may be obtained on the sensitive surface, in return for much paler ones on the original."—*Galigan.*

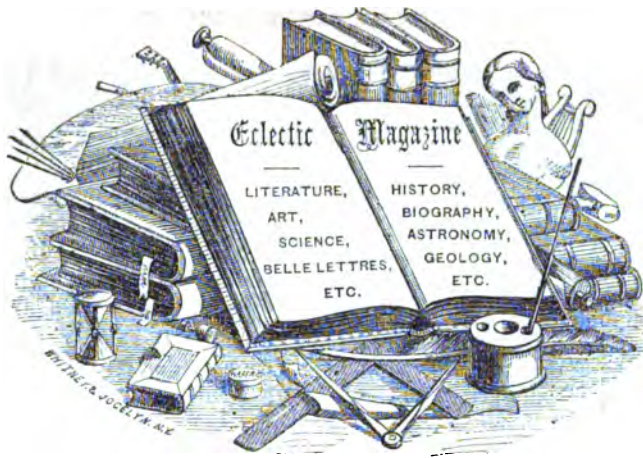
**HUMBOLDT AS A COURTIER.**—His connection with the Court was the snare, the vexation, and humiliation of Humboldt's life. The wise always knew it must be so; the world now knows that it was so. The King and Court were not to blame for this. It was honorable to the King to honor intellectual achievement in Humboldt; and he paid his homage as well as he could. If the philosopher did not assert the value of his own leisure and quiet, how was any body in a different position in life to understand it? Savans and philosophers understand it; but princes can not. I know that when Humboldt came over in the King's train, to the baptism of the Prince of Wales, the scientific and literary men who met him were concerned and humbled at the spectacle. That grand and noble head was out of place in a courtier train; the philosopher's time was not his own, nor his freedom to go and come. He who was at the head of the realm of knowledge was dis-crowned in the presence of political royalty; his thoughts were subject to the beck and call of another; his will was not his own; and his ribbons and stars were but counterfeit decorations in his case.—*Once a Week.*

**SPOTS ON THE SUN.**—There are now five distinct clusters of spots traveling the disk of the sun, visible through an ordinary and slightly-smoked telescope. During the hot summer of 1807 it is recorded that there were many of great magnitude; and during the cold and wet summer of 1823 there were none; but then in the cold and backward seasons of 1836 and 1837 these spots appeared frequently, as they have done throughout the present cold and stormy weather. To suppose, therefore, that these remarkable excavations exercise any influence on our atmosphere is a popular fallacy, or at any rate premature.

**A DAY TOO LATE.**—La Fontaine was so absent as to call and visit a friend whose funeral he had attended. He was much surprised at first; but recollecting himself, said: "It is true enough, for I was there."

**A SIMILE.**—The old Duke of Cumberland was one night playing at hazard at Beaufort House, with a great heap of gold before him, when somebody said "he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf, both."

**HOW TO RISE EARLY IN THE MORNING.**—"I do wish I could be cured of lying in bed so late in the morning," said a lazy husband, lounging upon his pillow. "Well, I will try the water cure," said his wife, pouring a pitcherfull on him.



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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JULY, 1861.

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From the London Review.

## THE SEA AND ITS LIVING WONDERS.\*

To us haughty islanders the sea is so much of a home that when foreigners write books upon it, and think it worth their while to publish them in our sea-girt England, our first emotion is one of astonishment at their audacity. On finding, however, that one of them is of that stalwart young nation which inherits our own maritime predilections, and even contests our own maritime supremacy, we are not disinclined to listen to his discoursing ;

but what can a German tell us about thalassine affairs that we did not know before ? Truth to say, nothing : nothing but what he has gathered from other authorities, that were as patent to us as to him.

Lieutenant Maury's book, on the other hand, is the production of a master. The grand field of oceanic physics is one in which he has no rival and no second ; he is the Humboldt of the Sea. His observations come to us loaded with facts ; grand facts of his own accumulating, and many of them of his own discovering ; while his eminence and zeal in this research constitute him the acknowledged and legitimate center to which the ever-augmenting streams of new fact flow. As Linnæus from his chair at Upsal sent forth a host of young, ardent, and enterprising pupils

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\* *The Physical Geography of the Sea.* By M. F. MAURY, LL.D., Lieut. U.S.N., Superintendent of the National Observatory, Washington. 8vo. London : T. Nelson & Sons. 1859.

*The Sea and its Living Wonders.* Translated from the Fourth German Edition, and partly rewritten by the author, Dr. G. HARTWIG. With numerous wood cuts and twelve chromoxylographic plates. By HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS. 8vo. London : Longmans & Co. 1860.

to scour the world for specimens and facts, which he used as raw material for his *Systema Naturæ*, so Maury has his scholars in all the navies of the civilized world, who perpetually collect in every sea, and pour at his feet, the observations out of which he is continually weaving the great web of a *Systema Maris*.

Oh! it is a glorious subject, that mighty Sea! When we stand alone on some lofty cliff, some bold headland that juts out into the waste of water which roars and boils in hoarse rage far below, and gaze out to the vanishing horizon on three sides, with no land to break the continuity but the narrow strip beneath our feet, that fades to a blue line behind, an awful sense of its grandeur steals over the mind. But still more is this impression heightened to him who, in the midst of the Atlantic, climbs to the main-topmast cross-trees of some goodly ship at day-break, and watches the bursting of the sun from out of the sparkling waves. A sense of majestic loneliness in the vast unbroken waste is felt: the deck is so far below that it is reduced to a small area, and its sounds scarcely reach so high; the horizon is immensely expanded; perhaps the winds are hushed, and the boundless waste is sleeping in glittering stillness; not a speck interrupts the glorious circle: a solemn awe pervades the devout gazer's mind, as he recalls the words, "This great and wide sea!"

We have sometimes pleased our fancy as we have stood on the beach of one of our south-western bays, with the thought, that if we could send forth a little bird, with the power of unflagging flight, straight out to seaward, strictly forbidding the pinion to be closed until land was beneath her, we might welcome her again to England, without her course of twenty-five thousand miles having deviated sensibly from her original departure. Right away would she stretch, on something like a south quarter west course, keeping between the meridians of ten and thirty degrees west, across the line on twenty degrees, away through the South Atlantic, crossing the horrid pole, and then up, up, through the Pacific, leaving New-Zealand on the right and Australia on the left—over that coral sea, where the isles, though they look thickly studded on our maps, are widely enough separated by vast horizons—over the still more desert North Pacific, in the meridian of one

hundred and seventy degrees west—across the scattered Aleutian chain—through Behring's Strait, and over the Arctic pole, giving as wide a berth to Spitsbergen on the one hand as to Iceland on the other—till she folded her wings on our own fair land once more, having performed her weary stretch of ocean almost in a straight line.

But even this uninterrupted length, vast as it is, will give us but an inadequate notion of the world of waters, unless we consider its area also. By what comparisons shall we grasp an idea of this? It will take a diligent traveler several years of almost constant railway journeying to form a tolerably adequate notion of the extent of England. Then let him essay to cover the expanse of ocean with Englands, and he will have to lay down two thousand five hundred side by side, and end to end, before the watery plain is covered. Or let a vigorous pedestrian set out on a journey to follow the windings of the coast line, whithersoever its indentations may lead him; he may omit the shores of the smaller islands, and yet a quarter of a century will have elapsed before he have finished his task, allowing him fifteen miles every day.

But "the depths of the sea!" What is in that quiet bosom, that placid, unfathomable heart, far below the superficial rufflings of the storm? We have often looked down from the taffrail of a ship becalmed in the midst of the ocean—down, down, into the clear, pellucid blue—and wondered how far it was to the solid bottom, and what sort of a floor it was, and what was going on in those solitudes. The world beneath the waters has beauties of its own, and not a few observers have remarked the high gratification with which they have gazed into its recesses, when these have not been so profound as to be beyond the exploring power of the eye. In the quiet lagoons of the coral isles of the South Sea, as a canoe glides over the smooth surface, scarcely dimpling it with its progression, so transparent is the water that every feature of the bottom, though many fathoms deep, is distinctly traced. The groves of living coral, branching in fantastic imitations of the shrubs and trees of the land, and bearing in their thousands of expanded polypes, crimson, green, orange, and yellow, what seem to be brilliant composite

flowers in profusion, form a strange submarine shrubbery of the gayest colors. The gorgeous shells—those fine cones, and cowries, and olives, that form the pride of many an European cabinet—are crawling idly over the brainstones and madrepores, each partially covered with its fleshy mantle, and expanding its broad undulating foot, which are glittering in still richer painting than even the porcelain shells. Long ribbon fishes, that gleam like burnished silver, dart by; and parrot-fishes, colored with the bright hues of the birds whose names they bear, peacefully browse and nibble the young tips of the growing coral. Fantastically-formed little shrimp-like beings, almost as transparent as the water itself, and invisible but for the crimson and violet marks that bedeck their bodies, are sailing or shooting through the weedy groves; and tiny squadrons of pellucid jelly-fishes, and innumerable other strange creatures, now reflect the beam of the vertical sun, and flash into radiance, then relapse into invisibility and secrecy again. Then, like the demon of the paradise, comes stealing along the grim and hateful shark, turning up his little green eye of concentrated malignity, as he passes under your boat, and making your very soul shudder at that gaze.

So, again, in the Caribbean Sea, whose crystalline clearness attracted the admiring notice of Columbus, we have stood with delight on the bowsprit of a ship, as she thrived her perilous way through a channel of the coral reef, so narrow as scarcely to allow her sides to pass without rubbing, and marked the sea-life that studded those stony walls. Then, emerging upon a deep bay, where the distant bottom of yellow sand seemed only a few yards beneath the eye, we marked the dark-purple, long-spined *Echini*, and vast, sluggish, red *Urasters*, and huge *Strombi* and *Cassides*, go straggling along; while here and there some enormous tree of coral, or shapeless mass of brown sponge, rose from the sandy waste, like solitary bushes in the desert, and flexible coral-lines waved their long arms to and fro, in the gentle swell of the ocean.

The Sicilian seas, according to Quatrefages, from their habitual stillness and transparency, afford peculiar facilities for exploring the submarine world. As he leans over the side of his boat, the philosopher glides over plains, dales, and hil-

locks, which—in some places naked, and in others carpeted with green or brownish shrubbery—remind him of the prospects of the shore. The eye distinguishes the smallest inequalities of the piled-up rocks, plunges a hundred feet deep into their cavernous recesses, and clearly discerns the undulations of the sand, the worm-holes of the rugged stone, and the feathery tufts of sea-weed, defining all with a sharpness that seems to reduce to nothing the intervening stratum of fluid, and makes the observer forget the unearthly character of his picture. He seems to be hanging in mid-space, or looking down, like a bird from the air, upon the landscape below. Strangely-formed animals people these submarine regions, and give animation to them. Fishes, sometimes singly, like the sparrows of our streets, or the warblers of our hedges, sometimes uniting in flocks like starlings or pigeons, roam among the crags, wander through the thickets of the *algæ*, or disperse and shoot away in all directions, as the shadow of the boat passes over them. *Caryophyllia*, *Gorgonia*, Sea-anemones, and thousands of other zoöphytes, with flower-like petals, blossom beneath the tempered rays of the sun, enjoying his undimmed brightness, without his raging heat. The long and feathery kinds stream out from the hollows of the rock, in a homely gray garb by day, but all lustrous with sparks of living flame by night. Enormous dark-blue *Holothuria* creep slowly along on the bottom, or mount the perpendicular rocks by means of their thousand vesicular feet; and crimson and purple star-fishes stretch out their long radiating arms, or curl them hither and thither, as they sit on the projecting angles.

The *Mollusca*, some encased in stony shells, others whose unprotected nakedness is compensated by their gorgeous colors or elegant forms, go gliding along; while awkward, long-legged sea-spiders run over them in their oblique courses, or pinch them with their far-reaching claws. Other shapes, resembling our lobsters and prawns, gambol among the weeds, seek for an instant the surface, to touch the thin air, and then, with one mighty stroke of their broad tail-plates, instantly disappear, with the rapidity of birds, under some friendly arch or overhanging tuft. And strange beings are there, unknown to our colder seas: the



*Salpæ*, curious mollusk-, of glassy transparency, which, linked together, form long swimming chains; *Beroes*, like globes of pure crystal, marked with meridian lines; *Diphyes*, so transparent as only to be distinguished from the water in which they float when the eye catches the reflection of light from their sides; and *Stephanomia*, long wreaths or strings of glassy flowers, adorned with bright tints, but so evanescent that, when transferred to a vase, they presently wither away, and leave no trace, no cloud, no sediment behind, to tell that a living form had recently tenanted that vacuity of clear water.

Not as on the land, where the charm of variety is chiefly given to the landscape by the vegetation, the luxuriant apparel of the submarine prospect is mainly dependent on the profusion, the gayety, and the elegance of the animal life; and this particularly in the warmer seas. Characteristic as is the luxuriant development of vegetable life of the sea-floor in the temperate zones, the fullness and multiplicity of the marine *Fauna* is just as prominent in the intertropical and subtropical regions. Whatever is beautiful, wondrous, or strange in the great and populous tribes of fishes, molluscs, crustaceans, stars, jellies, and polypes, is crowded into the tepid and glowing seas of the tropics, rests on the smooth white sands, clothes the rough cliffs, clings, even when the space is before occupied, parasitically to the tenants already in occupation, or swims through the free depths and warm shallows—while the vegetation holds a very subordinate rank, both as to variety of form and species, and also as to abundance of individuals. It has been recognized as a law in the upper world, that animal life, being better adapted to accommodate itself to outward circumstances, is more universally diffused than vegetable life, or at least can survive the privation of conditions ordinarily essential to vitality, longer than vegetation; and hence we find the sub-polar seas swarming with whales, seals, birds, fishes, and immense multitudes of invertebrate animals, when every trace of vegetation has disappeared in the rigorous climate, and the frosty sea nourishes no sea-weed in its bosom. The same law appears to prevail in the depths of the ocean; for, as we descend into its profound recesses, vegetable life ceases at a moderate depth; while from the recesses

to which no ray of light has ever struggled, *Foraminifera*, *Infusoria*, and other classes of animal existences, are brought up by the sounding-line in vast profusion.

Sir Arthur de Capell Broke has drawn an interesting picture of the singularly transparent sea on the coast of Norway. "As we passed slowly," he observes, "over the surface, the bottom, which here was in general a white sand, was clearly visible, with its minutest objects, where the depth was from twenty to twenty-five fathoms. During the whole course of the tour I made, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary as the inmost recesses of the deep, unveiled to the eye. The surface of the ocean was unruffled by the slightest breeze, and the gentle splashing of the oars scarcely disturbed it. Hanging over the gunwale of the boat, with wonder and delight I gazed on the slowly-moving scene below. Where the bottom was sandy, the different kinds of *Asterias*, *Echinus*, and even the smallest shells, appeared at that great depth conspicuous to the eye; and the water seemed, in some measure, to have the effect of a magnifier, by enlarging the objects like a telescope, and bringing them seemingly nearer. Now, creeping along, we saw, far beneath, the rugged sides of a mountain rising towards our boat, the base of which, perhaps, was hidden some miles in the great deep below. Though moving on a level surface, it seemed almost as if we were ascending the height under us; and, when we passed over its summit, which rose in appearance to within a few feet of our boat, and came again to the descent, which on this side was suddenly perpendicular, and overlooking a watery gulf, as we pushed ourselves gently over the last point of it, it seemed as if we had thrown ourselves down this precipice; the illusion, from the crystal clearness of the deep, actually producing a start. Now we came again to a plain, and passed slowly over the submarine forests and meadows, which appeared in the expanse below; inhabited, doubtless, by thousands of animals, to which they afford both food and shelter—animals unknown to man; and I could sometimes observe large fishes of singular shapes gliding softly through the watery thickets, unconscious of what was moving above them. As we proceeded, the bottom became no longer visible; its fairy scenes gradually faded to the view, and

were lost in the dark green depths of the ocean."

But none of these peeps beneath the surface give us the slightest idea of the depths of the ocean. Where and what is the ocean floor in "blue water?" Until within a very few years this question remained without an answer, and deep-sea soundings were only a delusion and a snare. Many enterprising officers in the navies of Europe had made essays to get bottom in the open ocean; some with the common "deep-sea line," some with spun-yarn, and some with a slender thread of silk; but all had proceeded upon the assumption that, as soon as the weight touched the bottom, either the shock would be perceptible to the hand, or the line would instantly slacken, and cease to run off the reel.

These assumptions were, however, fallacious. It is found that the diminution of weight, caused by the resting of the lead, when vast lengths of line are out, is not perceptible to the human hand; and, moreover, that there are currents in the profundities of the sea which belly-out and carry away the line long after the plummet is at rest; and this even when, owing to the freedom from the current of the superficial strata, the line appears to be perpendicular. Thus immense lengths of line were run out, but no satisfactory soundings were obtained.

Then other devices were projected. One thought that a charge of powder, in a sort of shell, might be exploded by the shock of striking the bottom, and that the reverberation being heard at the surface, a judgment might be formed of the depth, from the rate at which sound is known to travel through water. But the experiment did not answer expectation. The shell exploded, but the surface gave no sign. Sounding-plummets were constructed, having a column of air within them, which would indicate the amount of pressure to which it had been subjected. In moderate depths these answered well; but in great deeps, just when their aid was wanted, they failed; for the instrument could not be constructed of sufficient strength to withstand the enormous pressure of a weight equal to some hundred atmospheres.

It was proposed by one mechanician to adapt the principle of the magnetic telegraph to deep-sea soundings. The wire, properly coated, was to be laid up in the

sounding line, and to the plummet was attached machinery, so contrived that at the increase of every hundred fathoms, and by means of the additional pressure, the circuit would be restored, and a message would come up to tell how many hundred fathoms the plummet had traveled down. This brilliant idea could not, however, be made sufficiently simple for practical avail.

Lieutenant Maury had a curious contrivance executed under his own direction. To the lead was attached, upon the principle of the screw-propeller, a small piece of clock-work for registering the number of revolutions made by the little screw during the descent; and it having been ascertained, by experiment in shallow water, that the apparatus in descending would cause the propeller to make one revolution for every fathom of perpendicular descent, hands, provided with the power of self-registration, were attached to a dial, and the instrument was complete. Mr. Maury says that it worked beautifully in moderate depths, but failed in blue water, from the difficulty of hauling it up if the line used were small, and of getting it down if it were large. But we do not see, from his description, how it was to be known when the plummet was at the bottom.

As in all such cases, difficulties and disappointments only stimulated invention. Somebody suggested that a quantity of common wrapping-twine, marked off into lengths of a hundred fathoms, and rolled on a reel in a definite quantity, would make a good deep-sea line, with a cannon-ball for a plummet. It was thought that as soon as the ball was on the bottom, the reel would stop; then the twine being cut away, and the remainder measured, the length run off would be known, and the depth obtained at the cost of a cannon-ball and a few pounds of shop-twine. The simple suggestion was presently adopted, and some very deep casts were reported; thirty-four thousand, thirty-nine thousand, forty-six thousand, and fifty thousand feet of line were run off, but no bottom found, except in the third of these cases, upon which circumstances afterward threw doubt. It was only now discovered that in great depths the line would never cease to run out of its own accord; so that there were no means of knowing whether the shot had reached the bottom.

These experiments were not, however, lost labor. For by invariably using a ball

of the same form and weight, and twine of the same make, it was found that the rate of descent was according to a regularly diminishing scale. This having been well ascertained, it could be determined with approximate accuracy when the shot ceased to carry out the twine, and when it began to run in obedience to the current alone; for this latter power was uniform, while the former was regularly retarding.

Though the depth of the profound sea was thus ascertainable, no tidings as yet had come up from it. The ball and twine were sacrificed, as it was impracticable to weigh the ball with so slight a thread, from so vast a depth. But a beautiful contrivance was now invented by Lieutenant Brooke, U.S.N., by which the long desired object was at length achieved, and specimens were brought up from the very floor of the ocean. It is a most simple affair. The ball (a 64 lb. shot) is perforated perpendicularly, to admit a rod, which is hollow at the end, and armed with grease, to slide freely through it. The rod at its upper end bears two arms working on hinges, to which the sounding-line is attached, and which, while the line is strained, are kept projecting obliquely upwards. A tape suspends the ball, fastened by two rings, which are slipped over the ends of the arms. The moment the end of the rod touches the bottom, the line slackens, the arms drop, the rings slip off, and the ball is loose. Then the rod alone is drawn up, with a specimen of the sand or mud, or whatever else may be at the bottom, adhering to the "arming," as the grease is called.

What, then, is the result? That in no case in which reliable soundings have been obtained, does the depth exceed twenty-five thousand feet, or something less than five miles. This is in the North Atlantic; but experiments are yet far too few to allow it to be predicated with certainty that much greater depressions do not exist in other oceans.

Across this ocean it is found that a remarkable causeway or elevated ridge of table-ground runs, connecting the shores of the British Isles with Newfoundland. The availability of this causeway for a submarine telegraph was instantly seen, and it has received the name of the Telegraphic Plateau. The bold attempt to connect the two sides of the ocean with an electric wire, its transient success, and its subsequent failure, are fresh in the minds of our

readers; and we need not further allude to these facts, except to say that, in the judgment of men best acquainted with the subject, there is no doubt of the practicability of the scheme, when certain elements of failure, already recognized, are eliminated.

According to Maury, the coating of iron wire coiled around the conductor should be omitted, as serving no good purpose, as immensely increasing the size and weight, and therefore the difficulty of manipulation, as well as the cost, and as throwing a needless strain upon the straight conducting line of copper wires. He would adopt the "Rogers cord," which consists of a conducting wire braided, whip-cord fashion, with bobbin or twine, after insulation, and then protected with a cement, which shields the gutta-percha from injury; the whole cord being so slender and easily handled that a single ship may carry the whole, and "pay" it out as she proceeds. The weight of the Rogers cord is so slight as to carry it down at the rate of a mile or two per hour; it is not stouter than the ordinary log-line, so that it can be readily paid out. The amount of "slack" required to feed the currents is not nearly so great as is generally supposed, because the set of the Gulf Stream lies so nearly parallel with the course of the wire, that for a great part of the way the current would scarcely throw the cable out of its proper line. Supposing, however, a current of two knots an hour, for the entire distance, and its course to be at right angles to the cable, the cord, being paid out with ten per cent. of slack, will sink at the rate of two miles an hour; the current may be granted to extend to the maximum depth of half a mile; any given part of the cord, therefore, as it goes out, occupies a quarter of an hour in sinking through this distance. During this interval alone is it subject to the current, which sweeps it half a mile to the left of the ship's course, going eastward; after which it sinks perpendicularly through the still water, till it reaches the bottom.

The result would be, not a sinuous but nearly a straight course, only running uniformly half a mile to the left of the track of the ship.

But what proof is there of the existence of such a stratum of still water at the bottom? A beautiful and convincing proof, derived from the organisms that have been brought up from this very

plateau by Brooke's sounding apparatus—its first trophies. The naval officer who made the casts removed from the cup of the rod a little column of what he judged to be a smooth unctuous clay. This, according to his instructions, he carefully labeled and preserved, and on his return to port transmitted the specimens to the proper board. They were immediately sent for examination to eminent microscopists in Europe and in the United States, and proved to be of great interest. The whole of the little packets of supposed clay were found to be actually composed of minute shells of microscopic animals, not a particle of sand or gravel or mud being discoverable among them. The great majority of these shells were of a calcareous nature, and belonged to that group of lowly animals known as *Foraminifera*. There were, however, among them a few silicious shells of those disputed organisms which are so keenly occupying the attention of microscopic savans—the *Diatomaceæ*. These exquisitely-formed shells consist of films of lime and flint, so delicate that a very little abrasion, a very slight degree of violence, is sufficient to break them up into minute fragments; yet the specimens were almost uniformly perfect. The inference is then irresistible, that on that quiet floor the countless generations of little shells lie as they fall, gently dropping, like the soft flakes of snow on a calm winter's day, through an atmosphere of water whose density no motion agitates, where there is not current enough to rub their tender forms one against the other, nor to sweep among their millions a grain of the finest sand, or the least atom of gravel from the steep sides of the Grand Bank, that rises like a vast mountain of rock from the very edge of the plateau.

Professor Bailey, who examined these deposits, assumes that these countless hosts of animalcules did not die, much less live, on the spot where they are found. It is probable that at that vast depth total darkness reigns perpetually, no ray of light from the sun having power to struggle through a layer of water two miles in thickness. Could they bear this privation? It is scarcely supposable that their tender tissues could sustain the pressure of so great a column of water, equal to the weight of four hundred atmospheres. In all probability they lived near the surface, perhaps finding their range of motion

and their support in the immense fields of floating weed—the *Sargassum*—that cover the area of the Gulf Stream—that wondrous mighty river of warm water that pursues its unerring track through the broad Atlantic, as steadily, and within as well-defined bounds, as the Thames through the plains of Middlesex, or the Amazon through the forests of Brazil. Here, on the countless stems and leaves and vesicles of the yellow weed, amidst a vast profusion of other animal life, they probably sported, enjoying the genial influences of tropical light and heat, and carrying with them, in the warm surface-waters of the Gulf, the same favorable conditions of existence, long after the swiftly-speeding stream had carried them beyond the tropical latitudes.

But, day by day, hour by hour, ten thousand times ten thousand of the tiny population—populous beyond all parallels drawn from the dense crowds of London or the teeming millions of China—were dying; and as they died, they slowly fell from the floating weed, and partially sustained awhile by the gases formed in their decomposing tissues, during which the superficial currents might softly waft them many a league, they at length reached the distant bottom. Then gently dropping, perhaps on some huge anchor, or water-logged hull, their never-ceasing accumulations would gradually hide the mass under a fleecy covering, “presenting the rounded appearance which is seen over the body of the traveler who has perished in the snow-storm.”\*

Other specimens have since then been obtained from other seas. From the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, the vicinity of Kamtschatka, Behring's Straits, and the region south-east of Papua, the ocean-bottom has yielded samples. From this last locality, at a depth of thirteen thousand feet, the remains of abundant animalcules come; but they are of a different class from those which occupy the North Atlantic, the calcareous *Foraminifera* being almost wanting. Instead of these there occur the strange shells of *Polycystina*, and some *Diatomaceæ*, but principally the flinty spicula of sponges. Various forms of these occur, but mostly of the types which we are familiar with in our native species; long straight needles, fine-drawn spindles, glass-headed pine, and three-rayed stars.

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\* Maury.

This result is interesting. These seas are full of coral-reefs; they are the very metropolis of the corals and madrepores. To these is allotted the duty of separating the lime held in solution by the sea water, and to the mollusks, whose massive shells swarm on every bank, and form a broad white band or long high-water mark on every beach. These artisans almost monopolize the lime-works of the South Pacific, and leave comparatively little calcareous matter for the chambered and perforated dwellings of the tiny *Foraminifera*. On the other hand, the flint-glass workers find a fair field for their delicate chemistry, and spin their brilliant structures unimpeded. But there seems less of the silicious than of the calcareous element in the warmer seas, and these operations are there comparatively few.

Here, again, the microscope bears witness to the perfectly uninjured condition of the most part of these very fragile organisms. Some of the shells even retained their soft fleshy parts when subjected to examination. It does not follow as absolutely certain, however, that they were alive when collected at such vast depths. The enormous pressure of the superincumbent water may have a tendency to prevent, or at least to retard, decomposition; and the bodies, if they, in any cases, sink so rapidly as to reach the great profundities before the soft parts are dissipated, may possibly retain them for an indefinite period. However this may be, it is interesting to find the same testimony to the uninterrupted stillness of the depths of ocean in these antipodean regions, as was recorded in the northern half of the Atlantic; and especially when, as was the case, results exactly similar were yielded by the casts obtained from the icy seas of Kamtschatka and Behring's Straits. Here, too, the deposits are wholly silicious, and are principally rich in the remains of the *Diatomaceæ*.

While these results were being obtained with the newly-invented sounding apparatus of Brooke, H.M.S. Herald was engaged on a surveying cruise in the Pacific; and her surgeon, Mr. Macdonald, an accomplished naturalist, was pursuing similar investigations of the deep-sea bottom. He found the *Foraminifera* in very considerable abundance in the vicinity of the Fiji Islands, at a depth of upwards of six thousand feet; and, what is a fact of great interest in connection with these vast buri-

al grounds, he observed considerable numbers of the living animalcules adhering to the fronds of the smaller marine *Algæ*, either floating on the surface of the ocean, or growing on the shores of the Pacific Islands; so that the abundant appearance of the dead shells of these tiny animals in the sand of every beach, and in every sea-bottom fathomed by the armed lead, was satisfactorily accounted for. How inconceivably numerous these remains of animal life really are in the sands of the shore, may be estimated from the fact, in addition to that already mentioned, that in some beach-sands upwards of half of the entire bulk is composed of the microscopic shells. Plancus counted six thousand in an ounce of sand from the Adriatic, and D'Orbigny estimated the number in a pound of sand from the Caribbean Sea at no less than three million eight hundred and forty-nine thousand—nearly four millions of individual animals!

Macdonald observes, that the spicula of Sponges and Asteroid Polypes, and the minute embryonic shells of *Gastropoda*, *Pteropoda*, and *Conchifera*, are usually found with the *Foraminifera* in the soundings which he has examined. The pelagic shells, or those which through life rove freely through the sea, descend into the profound recesses after death by their own gravitation; but the others are washed off from every coast and reef; millions of organic and almost indestructible forms thus combining every day and hour to enrich the dark and solitary bed of the ocean, and to smoothen its rugged surface. The muddy bottom of the sea outside the Capes of Port Jackson is nearly altogether composed of such materials, as is that which fringes a considerable portion of the coast of North America, and other vast regions.

A few particulars of the life-history of these atoms, which play a part so important in the physical economy of the earth, may not be unacceptable to our readers. The older conchologists were acquainted with a few shells of microscopic minuteness, some of which closely resembled in form that of the Nautilus, and, like it, were found to be divided into successive chambers. For a long time these tiny forms were considered as Mollusca, and belonging to that highest type of structure which includes the Nautilus and other Cuttles, instead of taking their rank, as they are now known to do, among the

very simplest developments of animal existence. The chambers communicating by several apertures, they were named *Foraminifera*; and that appellation is now found to have a further appropriateness, from the curious fact that their shells, which are exclusively formed of lime, are perforated with minute orifices, often so numerous and approximate as to impart a sieve-like character to the structure.

About a quarter of a century ago, however, M. Dujardin announced the true condition of these little creatures. Their soft parts consist of a homogeneous jelly or glaire, without any distinction of organs, which fills the chambers with its clear transparent colorless pulp, and is endowed with the power of pushing out irregular prolongations of its own substance in every direction, and from every part of its surface. These prolongations take the forms of expanded films of excessive tenuity, or lengthened threads of a viscid semi-fluid, which coalesce and unite with contact, or are separated and drawn out in so great an irregularity as to show that they are not inclosed in any skin or membrane. The extensions often reach to a length thrice or four times that of the shell, and may be seen and watched in an interesting manner, when the living *Foraminifer* is placed in a drop of water within the glasses of an animalcule-cell of the microscope, and allowed to remain a few hours perfectly undisturbed. We see the *pseudopodia*, as these projections are called, protruding their tips from various surface-apertures of the shell, and then gradually—so gradually that the eye can not recognize the process—stretching and expanding their threads and films of delicate *sarcode*, till in the course of a few hours these will be found to reach almost from side to side of the glass cell. The extension is generally in two opposite directions, corresponding to the long axis of the shell; though the branched and variously connected films often diverge considerably to either side of this line, giving to the whole a more or less fan-like figure. This array, so very deliberately put forth, is very rapidly withdrawn on any disturbance being given to the little operator; as when the water in the cell is agitated by a sudden jar on the table, and especially by slightly moving or turning the glass cell-cover.

It is manifest from distinct, though small,

changes of position in the shell, while these elongations are going on under observation, that it is by means of the adhesion to extraneous objects, and the consequent contraction of the *pseudopodia*, that the animal drags its shell along a fixed body. It is remarkable, however, that Mr. Macdonald finds the *Foraminifera* in the Pacific, in general, attached to sea-weeds, and other foreign bodies, by a short, thick footstalk, somewhat resembling that of the *Lepas*, and so precluded from the possibility of locomotion. With his very extensive opportunities of observation on the living forms in the South Sea, he professes to have “never been able to discover their branched *pseudopodia*, or the slightest evidence of the crawling movement which they are reputed to exhibit.” In those of the European seas, however, these powers have been seen by too many accurate observers to leave the slightest doubt of the facts. We have kept some of the more familiar British forms in aquaria for months, and have seen them crawling every day (especially by night) over all parts of the vessel and its contained sea-weeds. It may be that Mr. Macdonald, pursuing his researches on ship-board, was not able to afford his specimens the continuance of absolute stillness which is essentially indispensable to their activity.

The sustenance of these simple bodies is secured by the enveloping and adhering powers of the *sarcode*. The *pseudopodia* are food-gatherers as well as instruments of locomotion. They explore the vicinity of the animal, feeling about in all directions; any animalcule, or simple plant, more minute than themselves—any stray Diatom, or Desmid, or Alga, or Infusorium, or embryo Mollusk, or Sponge-gemmule, or any particle of decomposing organic matter, touched, is instantly entangled and laid hold of by these viscous hands: the *sarcode* envelops and covers it, and then, contracting, draws it into the interior, where it may sometimes be followed by the eye, through the transparency of the shell. There is no mouth, no stomach, no digestive canal; but the homogeneous jelly appears to have power of assimilating the nutrient juices of the food in any and every part alike; and hence it is of no consequence what part of the surface is brought into contact with the food—it is *there* embraced, and, as one may say, swallowed, and there digested;

so that any part of the simple glairy body may become a temporary mouth or an improvised stomach. Generally, the residuary portion of the food-pellet is slowly pushed out and rejected at the nearest point of the surface, but not always; for these exuviae sometimes accumulate in considerable numbers, so as even to choke up a large part of the cavity of the shell.

Nearly two thousand species of these little creatures have been distinguished, and they are doubtless much more numerous than this; *all* are not microscopic, some of the oceanic species being of the size of a shilling, and some even as large as a crown-piece. There is great diversity of form in the shells; some are straight or curved rods; some conical; some have the shape of elegant vases or bottles; some are orbicular, many discoid, and the majority spiral. The shell appears to be invariably simple in its first stage, being deposited around a primal nodule of sarcode; this is the first chamber: buds develop themselves in succession from this, each of which deposits its calcareous chamber: thus successive chambers are formed. If these buddings take place in a right line, the mature shell will be rod-like, or necklace-like; but if the axis of development incline slightly to one side, a curved rod, or row of beads, will result; if this inclination be in excess, a spiral growth will be formed, the character of which will be modified by the ratio of increase of the successive chambers, and by their ventricose or parallel-sided form. A very prevalent type in the Pacific is that of the *Orbitulites*, which very much resembles a coin in its circularity, flatness, and comparative thickness; and a species from the Australian coast equals a sixpence in size. This pretty shell is made up of a number of thin concentric circles, each of which is composed of many flattened chambers, communicating by minute

orifices with those of its own range, and also of the ranges within and without it. In this type, the central or primal cell is comparatively large, of pear-like form, and is almost surrounded by a secondary chamber, which is far larger than any of the rest.

Very closely allied to the *Foraminifera*, are the *Polycystina*—shell-bearing animals, of even more extreme minuteness—which have been only recently made known, but which are found to exist, in considerable abundance, in the oceanic deposits, and to be still more numerous in certain geological formations. They have been recognized by Ehrenberg in the chalks and marls of the Mediterranean coasts—as Sicily, Greece, and North Africa—and in the diatomaceous deposits of Bermuda and Virginia; and in the island of Barbadoes, the rock of a very extensive district has been found by the great Prussian microscopist to be almost entirely composed of Polycystine shells, with a slight admixture of *Foraminifera* and *Diatomaceæ*, and with calcareous earth, which seems to have been derived from the decomposition of corals—all oceanic organisms. Some three hundred species of *Polycystina* have been detected in the Barbadoes strata, chiefly by the investigations of Sir R. Schomburgk. The class differs from the *Foraminifera*, in the circumstance that the shells are silicious instead of calcareous; their forms are even more *bizarre*, and often possess remarkable elegance and beauty. A prevailing type of form is a sort of dome or cupola, with an apical prolongation of spine, and terminating in three equidistant spines below; their walls beautifully fenestrated with large angular or circular perforations, and, both externally and internally, exquisitely sculptured, so that they have been compared with “the finest specimens of the hollow ivory balls carved by the Chinese.”

From the National Review.

## ROMANCE IN JAPAN.\*

"MAN must live," and he lives even in Japan. The Japanese is cradled amid earthquakes and hurricanes. A conflagration of some of the slight wooden houses which he inhabits is of nightly occurrence. He feeds mainly on rice, and his only liquor is rice-beer of a very fiery and unwholesome quality. His highest sartorial effort has only achieved a dressing-gown without pockets, and he has no shoes for himself or his horses, except such as are made of straw! But as Pinto found that the Japanese, who had never seen a musket before his arrival, had made a considerable number of such fire-arms before his departure, so, in later times, they have fabricated first-rate horse-shoes of iron for Europeans. We are told that seven eighths of the entire surface of his native islands are naturally barren and mountainous. Until yesterday, and for the last two hundred years, to leave his country was a capital crime, and to prevent his escape all ships must be left open at the stern. Then he is subject to an omnipresent *espionage*. Nobody knows who may not be "wanted," and nobody is free. For example, the Nemesis of absolutism seems to have won its greatest success in the person of the Emperor of Japan. He is styled Mikaddo, or Sublime Porte. He is the fountain whence flow all Japanese honors and titles, both lay and ecclesiastical. He is the lineal descendant of a chief who founded the insular monarchy nearly seven centuries before Christ! Nay more, while all the Japanese claim kindred with the gods who once ruled in visible presence in Japonia, the "Great Door" is the direct representative and heir of the supreme sun-goddess herself. While he lives, all the prayers of the faithful are supposed to enter the unseen through the Sublime Door; and, at his

death, he receives honorable apotheosis. Nevertheless, so long as he occupies the mortal body, the Mikaddo dwells in a charmed circle, environed by inexorable ceremonials—as idle as a painted Jupiter in painted clouds, and launching only painted thunderbolts. In traversing his palace courtyard he is not allowed to touch the profane earth with his sacred foot, but is borne shoulder-high in a palanquin. To remind him continually of the sanctity of his person, every dish out of which he eats is broken immediately, lest any one less holy should make use of it; and the subtle spirit of control affects to be so reverent that it will not cut the august father's nails or shave his head unless he is asleep. Poor imperial Gulliver is pinned down through excess of worship, and may not stir hand or foot except as the worshipers please. When will Italy have done as much for the Roman Mikaddo?

Nor has the so-called secular emperor—the Taycoon—in reality any autocratic power. At highest he is the mere organ of the supreme council, and at the meetings of that council two super-vigilant spies, who are ready to swoop down upon any innovation, always "assist." For it appears that the decisions of even this privy council are not final. We have read that the ultimate authority in the country is lodged with a committee of three. This triumvirate—the heir-apparent being always one of the three—when a disputed case is handed up to it, can set aside even the finding of a majority; but woe to the councilor who mooted the proposal rejected by the committee! He is ordered immediately to become his own executioner; and should the unhappy Taycoon have expressed his approval of the reprobated measure, he too must die, or at least, forfeits his throne. The sixty-eight great feudal barons are no less strictly looked after. They must reside in Jedo every alternate six months. Their wives and families are never allowed to leave the metropolis, but are detained there as host-

\**Sechs Wandschirme in Gestalten der Verganglichen Welt.* Ein japanischer Roman im Originaltexte, sammt den Facsimiles von 57 japanischen Holzschnitten, übersetzt und herausgegeben von Dr. August Pfitzmaier. Wien. Aus der kaiserl.-königl. Hof- und Staats-Druckerei, 1847.



ages for the good behavior of the lords when the latter have gone down to their provincial estates. Then, as we descend lower in the social scale, we find arrangements for carrying out the most thorough-going inquisition. Not only is registry made of the usual domesticities, but the movements of each humblest person are honored with the publicity which, in this country, is reserved for the migrations of Belgravia, or the frequenters of our watering-places. The agents of the demon of suspicion are every where, and assume all kinds of disguises. For aught that you can tell, that meek-looking gentleman who is presiding over the institution in which you can regale yourself on a slice of whale (*sic!*) is a functionary who is duly and daily sending his reports to head-quarters; and that stolid-looking palanquin-bearer, who is sitting on his heels opposite the whale cook-shop, is very possibly taking diligent notes as to how the mammal-fishmonger is managing his trust. In fact, there is around every man in Japan a thread of the one vast spider-web.

Poor flies! we exclaim, and certainly not without reason, for Japan is not quite the paradise, either physically or morally, which it was represented to be some two years ago in the newspapers. On the other hand, there are not a few contrasting and compensatory elements in Japanese existence. In the first place, in the matter of the *espionage* itself, the reader will have remarked that there reigns a grand equality—an impartiality of pressure, like that of the atmosphere. In the intervals of the earthquakes and deluging rains, there is a glorious sunlight shed over the majestic mountains—wooded most of them to their summits—over the deep blue lakes, the noble rivers, the green rice-fields or slopes of purple barley, and gardens exquisitely cultivated and replete with growths both rich and rare. And notwithstanding his “heavy laws,” the Japanese himself is wondrously gay and good-humored—jolly, we might say, if the expression be allowable. In industry he is surpassed by no member of the human family. There are some thirty millions to maintain in Japan, yet Japan is quite independent of the harvests of other countries. Nor in other respects is the empire less sufficient unto itself. Indeed, Japan is so rich in mineral and vegetable possessions, and so ingenious and

dextrous in working these up into both the useful and ornamental, as to stand in less need of foreign supplies than almost any other country with which we are acquainted.

Since the extirpation of Christianity, Buddhism has been increasingly leavening all Japanese thought and feeling. But side by side with the grossest superstition the highest science takes a place of its own. The more abstruse mathematics, astronomy, and geography, have their diligent and successful cultivators. It is, for example, to a Japanese geographer that we owe the discovery that Sagalin is an island, and not a peninsula. Again, every body in Japan is taught to read and write, and the literature of the country is at once abundant and various. There are encyclopedias, scientific treatises, translations of European works on science, histories, almanacs in thousands, poetry, and prose fiction.

What the Japanese really *thinks* concerning God, the universe, and the human soul, we can but vaguely guess. We suspect that not a few are haunted occasionally by a doubt as to whether Christianity and Japan have finally closed accounts with each other; and judging from the quality of the objections urged by the priesthood against the Christianity of Xavier, we can not but believe that a more comprehensive Gospel than that proclaimed by “the Apostle of the Indies” would be cordially embraced in Japan. But on this subject we need not enlarge here.

In the absence of information as to the deeper Japanese convictions or aspirations, there is lying beside us a Japanese romance by a native author, from which we seem to have gained a better acquaintance with every-day life in “the land of the rising sun” than from all the books of travelers—and these are not few—which we have read.

The romance in question bears the title, *Six Folding-Screens, with Figures of the passing World*, and the following is the quaint preface of the novelist:

“In this book the writer makes no mention of heroic services against the enemy, nor does he handle such matters as the arts of the magician, fairy-discourses, jackals, wolves, and toads. Family pedigrees, jewels, and other such lovable property, will not be found here. Here is no ‘Comedy of Errors,’ arising from the identity of the names of father and son, or of an elder and younger brother; nor will the reader dis-

cover any reference to sealed chests or hair-pins, to revelations granted by the gods or Buddha in dreams, or to the clash of death-doing swords—things which make the blood run cold. Persuaded of the falseness of the proverb, 'Men and folding-screens can not stand straight,' we have here put together, and adorned with new figures of this passing world, these six folding-screens, which will resent being bent—we mean these perishable paper pages, provided with illustrations. On the margin of each screen we have hastily written these few words of good counsel, and now publish them to the world.

"The manuscript was finished during harvest, in the seventh month of the seventeenth year of Monsei. In the spring of the eighteenth year, (1821,) and in the first month, the work appeared in the book-shop.—RIUTEI TANEFIKO."

From this preface it will have been gathered that the author is witty in the choice of his title, seeing that the story does not relate to the common folding-screen; and, in order to appreciate the point of Mr. Riutei's wit, the reader must be informed that the original work consists of *six* divisions, each division containing five double leaves,\* or ten pages, while each page, excepting the two last, is illustrated with a very characteristic wood-cut. These illustrations, though by no means samples of the highest Japanese art, are very spirited and life-like; but if we are to derive due edification from what is represented on a given page, we must call in the help of the opposite one, and, ignoring the *inner* margin of each, lay the contents of the two closely together; otherwise we shall find a one-armed man on one side, and a solitary arm flying through space on the other. Mr. Riutei clearly makes out a very good case for his "screens." True, we can only see two compartments of one of his screens at one and the same time, but then these two, to be of any service, must be kept in a *straight line*; and this was our author's Q. E. D.

In the management of the story itself the writer shows a great deal of genuine human-heartedness, and very decided literary skill. He does not try to make "the blood run cold:" but his quiet prose idyl from the first awakens our interest, and sustains that interest to the close. A touching tale of faithful love and womanly

self-sacrifice, this romance has the further merit of being popular in the best sense of the word. We hear in it but little of the "upper ten thousand" in Japan; on the contrary, it reveals to us the affections and mutual helpfulness which are to be found in the humbler levels of society. We think that "the figures of the passing world," here introduced to our notice, do, on the whole, "stand straight;" and Mr. Riutei's "words of good advice" might be read aloud in our family circles with fewer omissions than a *pater-familias* would deem desirable in the majority of our English novels. We shall only add further, by way of preface, that Buddhism is the creed of the chief actors in the story, and that the scene lies mainly on the south coast of the largest of the Japanese islands, Nippon. We shall now give the reader an abridged version of the *Marginalia* of the "Six Screens"—availing ourselves of the German translation by the distinguished Japanese scholar, Dr. Pfitzmaier.

It fell on a day, that Abosi Tamontara Kadzujosi, a scion of the great house from which the eight provinces around the capital receive their hereditary lord, having resolved to undertake a shooting expedition, issued from his stately palace at Kamakura, which overlooks, from the west, the entrance of the glorious bay of Jedo, and led the way to one of his hunting-castles down by the great sea-shore. Contrary to his expectations, our chief had not reached his destination by the close of the day, but found himself, surrounded by his followers, in the most lonely and desolate of regions. As far as the eye could discern, in the twilight of a late harvest evening, no human dwelling was visible, save an old cross-road inn, which bore for its "sign," in Chinese characters, "*The Swamp of the Rising Snipe*." The distinguished poet Saigio had sung the wonders of this snipe-haunt; and, in apparent confirmation of the truth of its name, a veritable snipe was beheld by one of Tamontara's retainers, who immediately proclaimed his discovery. "Snipe!" exclaimed the chief, with a smile; "there are no such birds in this neighborhood. The sign-painter has made a great blunder. He has used the symbol for 'snipe,' (*sigi*), whereas he ought to have employed that which represents the death tree (*siki*)." Tamontara's words were not convincing; but at the same

\* The Japanese print only on *one* side of the paper, and the leaves of their books are not intended to be cut, as those of our Western books must be. Hence it is, that in a Japanese book a double leaf (or four pages) of paper contains only two pages of printed matter.

time, whether the swamp was that of the snipe or the death-tree, it was not quite clear that the bird just seen was not a partridge. On this point a discussion arose between two of the attendants, which might have lasted till the famous horse came back again which ran a thousand miles a day, had not an audacious boy, who had barely attained his fourteenth year, presumed to put a stop to the controversy. The rash arbiter was the son of one of Tamontara's truest followers, and bore the name of Midzuma Simano Suke. Approaching the disputants, Simano begged them to suspend the debate until they should see what results might come from shooting an arrow across the fen. Silence having been obtained, our youthful hero fitted an arrow on the string, and off sped the shaft, grazing, ere it dropped among the reeds, the back of a wild fowl, which shrieked and flew away. Simano's lord grew wroth. It was unheard-of irreverence, that one who had not yet reached the years when a man is privileged to shave off his front-locks should dare to meddle in a matter about which he was not consulted, and that, too, in the presence of his chief! It mattered not, that when the arrow was fetched back by a swift henchman, it bore on its tip an unmistakable snipe-feather. There would be an end of order in Japan, and no end of reproach would be heaped on the head of Tamontara, if forwardness so flagrant were not visited with due chastisement. Poor Simano was dismissed—his chief, the while, looking unutterable sternness; and the sense of his disgrace burnt in him so deeply, that he fled from the presence of all friends and acquaintances. He went and dwelled among strangers; but whither he had gone, no man could tell.

Eight years pass away; we hear no more of the ill-starred expedition, and the reader is now carried to Utsino-Sima.\* In Utsino-Sima lived a rice-merchant, by name Kadzijemon. Having no heirs of his own name, Kadzijemon, in his declining years, adopted as his son a certain man, called Sakitsi, whose character greatly pleased him. The old man died in his eightieth year. His widow became a nun;

\* This place, called also Simano-Utsi, is a suburb or section of the town of Naniwa, and is situated on the coast south-west of O-Ōsaka—the last called the "Paris of Japan." Very recently O-Ōsaka was all but totally destroyed by an earthquake.

took the "spiritual" name of Miosan; spent her days in the temple; meddled no more with secular affairs; and left the entire charge of the house to Sakitsi. Sakitsi, however, had not a very robust constitution, and his health broke down under his pains-taking and conscientious endeavors to order the business of the household in such ways as might best gratify the widow-nun, whom he honored as if she had been indeed his mother. Medicine and pleasant companionship were provided, but proved comparatively unavailing. The spring had already touched the cypress-hill, and had set free the ice-bound rivers; but Sakitsi still remained a prisoner at home. Ere long, the good mother urged him to try the effects of travel. Her counsel was listened to, and as Sakitsi had a commission to execute in the province of Jamato, he resolved to go thither, and visit its remarkable places, famed from of old. Accordingly, having secured a substitute to wait in the rice-shop, the adopted son "took his walks abroad"—and kept himself quite "straight" until his return? We shall see.

By the temple of Nanjen, in the city of Nara, stood a certain tea-house, wherein was daily to be found a beautiful and amiable young woman, some seventeen years of age. Attendant upon her was a little maiden only in her fifth year. The beautiful one, by name Misawo, played the guitar, and her little follower held out the "fan" to receive the contributions of the guests. As Misawo was possessed of great talent, not few were the listeners who gathered round her, charmed by the music of her voice and lute. Oh, world! what wondrous things were uttered by men who fell passionately in love with her; and Sakitsi, too, when he arrived in Nara, must needs be taken to hear the gifted musician. He saw, he heard, and was conquered. It was not, however, Misawo's beauty and music only which attracted him, and led him daily to the tea-house, to the neglect of the remarkable "sights" and antiquities of the place. He found out some particulars of the lady's history which showed him that she was fighting the battle of life right nobly, (*brachte sich auf diese edle Handlungsweise durch das bedrängte Leben,*) and that both by her birth and her behavior she was distinguished from the class of "gift-receivers" to which she apparently belonged. Mi-

awo, on her part, "was not disinclined to an inner relationship;" but how could she dare to think of one in rank so raised above her present estate? She could not utter her feelings, nor did Sakitsi speak definitely; but, under the inspiration of their mutual love, the days rolled away for the happy pair. But in Japan, as elsewhere, a certain condition is not always granted to the "course of true love," for one evening, after the sunset-bell had scattered to their several homes the groups of men assembled here and there, and when all was still, the well-known host of the harbor-tavern, at Ut-sino-Sima, came to Misawo, and in the retirement of a leafy arbor whispered in her ear: "Did you fully understand the terms I proposed to you yesterday? and are you now prepared to become my bond-servant, on condition of your receiving an hundred taels?" "Yes, I perfectly understand. I part with my freedom, and no one can hinder me from doing so, while the gold with which you purchase my services will help to repair the fallen fortunes of my aunt—my mother's sister."

By a little artifice of her own, Misawo had obtained her aunt's signature for the "agreement" by which she sold herself into slavery. Saizo, her future master, was much impressed by her adroitness in the matter; and it was finally arranged that, early next morning, a palanquin should be waiting at her door to carry her thence to her new home. Good night, brave Misawo; but with thy heart so full of conflicting feelings, we may not dream of rest for thee.

The aunt alluded to, Fanajo by name, had her own share of troubles. She had made a runaway marriage with Tofei, a foot-soldier in the service of her brother-in-law; and Tofei, to make both ends meet, had become a palanquin-bearer in his native village, Nara. But the times were hard, and, with all his industry, Tofei could scarcely keep hunger from his door, for, besides Fanajo, he had a little daughter and a blind old mother to provide for.

To add to the household difficulties, Misawo came on a visit to her aunt. Since her flight, four years ago, the latter had secretly corresponded with her sister. She had, however, been careful to say nothing of her poverty, but had on the contrary reported a rather prosperous home exchequer. So little, indeed, was the real

state of the Tofei finances suspected, that, when Misawo's father forfeited his lord's favor, and with that the main portion of his income, it seemed as if the best thing that could be done for the comfort of our heroine was to send her to Aunt Fanajo. No murmur was uttered by either aunt or uncle on the arrival of the niece. Tofei bore up stoutly. He was daily, and all day, at his post; but the earnings did not suffice for the home-wants, and he had even to sell the house furniture. This was even more than Misawo could bear. She must try and help the struggling; and so, under the pretext of having made a vow to visit daily, for a hundred days, the Temple of Nanjen, and there read the Prayer-book of a hundred chapters, she became the musician at the tea house, carrying with her, as collector and purse-bearer, her small cousin Kojosi. Kojosi was, of course, charged to keep silence. The small copper coins gathered in the garden were duly exchanged for gold pieces, and these, represented to be remittances which Misawo was receiving from home, were all handed over to Aunt Fanajo.

The morning came. It was the day specially devoted to the amusement of little girls—the Feast of Peaches; and Kojosi (qu. *small tub*?) was up betimes, busy, notwithstanding the home-poverty, with her small picture-book, and her little dolls, for whose benefit she read aloud, and "expounded." Tofei went early off to the cross-road, palanquin on shoulder; but he had no sooner gone than Misawo addressed to her aunt the following request: "As the unusually cold weather has made me feel rather unwell to-day, would you do me the kindness of going in my stead to the temple, where I have daily offered up prayers for you all, especially for your restoration to the home of your fathers, and for the removal of the grandmother's blindness?" Fanajo at once complied with the petition, and leaving instructions with her niece about the grandmother's medicine, set out in all simplicity for the temple. She had scarcely left the house when Saizo (Misawo's future master) arrived. Putting his head in at the door, he learned in answer to his dumb-show inquiries that all was right and ready. But he must devise such a story as will quiet any misgivings on the part of the blind grandmother. Accordingly he gave her to understand that Misawo was going

to be lady-in-waiting in a hall of great estate, while Misawo, to complete the fiction, drew across her knees an old-fashioned table-cover that was hanging before the domestic shrine of Buddha, and caused the grandmother to pass her hand over the texture in order that she might be fully assured that the daughter of Kadzamura would enter on her high office in fitting raiment. Kojosi, who happened to come in at this juncture, shouted out in her childish way, "Oh, mother, what a funny apron!" But her further comments were checked, and the grandmother was none the wiser.

At last Saizo intimated that it was time to begin their journey. Hiding her tears as best she could, Misawo said farewell. Kojosi accompanied her to the "four-handed" palanquin, and before finally taking leave of her cousin, the latter said to her: "When your parents return and miss me, tell them they will find out where I am if you read and explain that passage in the picture-book out of which I have given you your evening lesson. Remember!"

Tofei, utterly ignorant of what had happened, came home to look for his tobacco-pipe, which he had either lost or forgotten. He found his pipe; "but, alas! somebody, in lack of tobacco, had smoked away his green plant in his absence." So he exclaimed, "And the grandmother, too, was wide awake: how could it have come about?" The blind Kutsiwa repeated what had been said to her. But Tofei was incredulous. He had never given his consent. "And now," he added, "I understand why the curtain of that palanquin was so closely drawn." He was about to rush out of doors, when Kojosi stopped him and said: "I know where Misawo is." "Well, then, where is she?" Kojosi at once began to read: "Once upon a time—" "Nonsense, child," her father called out. "Tell me where is Misawo?" "The book, father, will tell you. Do let me read." Tofei at length consenting, his daughter read aloud these words: "There was a man who saved the life of a little puppy-dog, and brought it up very tenderly. When the dog was full grown, it said one day to its master, 'If you will go out with me to-morrow morning, and dig in the place where I shall fall down'—upon this the master awoke from his dream, followed the dog, and found a number of gold pieces." The father lis-

tened very patiently as Kojosi read, in a slow, sing-song way, the above passage. He vehemently protested against it as utterly without meaning for him, and was again in the act of dashing into the street to commence his search for Misawo, when he stumbled against the dog-chest,\* and upset it. As the chest fell a pack of gold rolled out on the floor. Whereupon Tofei said: "I now understand the riddle of the dog and the money." Beside the gold lay a letter, which turned out to be written by Misawo. While Tofei was breaking the seal, the grandmother called out: "Did you say this is a letter left behind by Misawo? Do read it to me." Tofei, however, extemporized a version of his own, such as he thought would please his mother, and then, leading her to her sleeping apartment, drew out the folding-screen, lest the cold from the ante-room should prove hurtful.

When Fanajo returned from the temple, she overheard her husband making sad moan over the fate and flight of Misawo, "as he sat alone and wept," and called out in her amazement: "Has Misawo left us then?" "That question needs but a short answer," replied Tofei; "but here is her letter, which you can read." In the letter, Fanajo found simply stated what the reader already knows. Tofei listened while his wife read aloud: but, in the middle of a sentence, he snatched up the packet of gold, and was about to carry it straight to Misawo, when Fanajo held him back by his coat, and gradually convinced him that it was no good trying to break her engagement at present, adding that the far better course was to make the most of the money which had so unexpectedly come into their possession. Above all, they must not lose heart in the matter. By good management could they not save as much as would redeem their niece from bondage? The impulsive Tofei grew calm, and in course of time the bequest of Misawo had been applied to such good purpose that the grandmother's blindness was cured, and the entire household, with fairly ample funds at their disposal, removed to Naniwa.

In the Naniwa suburb of Simano-Utsi, Misawo became established as *virtuosin*;

\* That is, a piece of furniture resembling a recumbent dog. Both in the illustrations and in the text the *Hundkästchen* occupies a very prominent place.

and, ere long, Sakitsi, unable to ascertain whither she had gone, returned in despair to Naniwa. After his home-coming, our rice-merchant found that his health necessitated his making sundry excursions into different parts of the country. But nowhere could he gain tidings of his lady-love, and fully five years passed away before he discovered that she was living in the same town with himself.

One evening, at the end of these five years, as Misawo, with many other worshippers, was returning from the temple of Aizen, she met her aunt, and accompanied her home to the "Flowery House." As they crossed the threshold, a little maid was singing the touching words of a school-song which called up the memory of by-gone days. On hearing the lines, Misawo sighed, and almost mechanically said to herself: "After the sorrow will come the joy." Scarcely had her hope been thus uttered, when Tofei and three guests were seen getting out of a river-boat. One of these was the far-famed physician Tsikusai, who lived in the hall of "Tongue-volubility," close by "the Teaspoon;" the second was the upsetting fine gentleman Fukazen, with bare feet and silk robe; and the third was none other than our rice-merchant Sakitsi. Little suspecting who was listening behind a screen, the guests exchanged a good deal of banter and small talk, while Sakitsi expressed a very decided opinion as to the character of the *virtuosin* in general, including in his estimate a certain Futatsugusi Komatsu, whose name was mentioned by the physician, and who happened just at that time to be in the "Flowery House." "For my part," said Sakitsi, "I will have nothing to do with such marketable commodities. Money is all they care about. Of that I am thoroughly persuaded." This persuasion, however, had very soon to undergo considerable modification, for this Futatsugusi proved to be Misawo herself; she, like every body else in Japan, having assumed a new name\* on attaining her twentieth year. And, indeed, the words had scarcely been uttered by Sakitsi, when his eye fell suddenly on Misawo; while in

his confusion of astonishment and delight he spilt his cup of saki, and then dashed the vessel on the floor. Somewhat recovering his self-possession, Sakitsi thus soliloquized: "Hearts, like the heavens, change, and the flower that was lately blooming in the still retreat may be found dragged in the dust; but Misawo may still be true." On her part, Misawo fancied she could read Sakitsi's secret thought, and, rather abruptly, invited him to accompany her to her "lowly home."

Notwithstanding the invitation, one heart seemed to have "changed" in the lapse of days, for, on their arrival at the inn Misawo spoke no word of welcome, but sat down in silence on a resting-seat in the porch, and turned her back on the bewildered man. Sakitsi kept at a distance, and smoked his pipe; but at last he said: "I do not know whether you think it necessary I should recall the past to your remembrance. During my sojourn in Jamato, I listened daily for a season to your music; but in the midst of my rapture you suddenly disappeared, and no one could inform me whither you had gone. I heard only a vague rumor that you had sold yourself; but it never occurred to me to seek for you in this my own immediate neighborhood. To-day, for the first time, we have met again; but I am too little skilled in such matters to be able to conjecture whether your former interest in me has quite died out. To free me from my uncertainty, would you do me the favor of exchanging a few words with me?" Having thus spoken, he gracefully handed her a paper containing ten taels, requesting her at the same time to pay a part of the money to her aunt, and purchase with the surplus some article of dress for herself. In reply, Misawo merely laid aside the tobacco-pipe, and, with averted face, made him a profound bow.\*

"But why don't you speak to me?" Quite unexpectedly, she at last deigned to take Sakitsi's hand; but with true womanly pride, and in a very emphatic tone, she quoted some of the words she had overheard, and added: "Misawo scorns the imputation of such behavior as your language insinuated against her." "You can not believe I ever meant to

\* A symbol of the new name is generally worn for some time after its assumption. *Ko Matsuo* means, "small fir-trees," and in token thereof Misawo adorned herself with two combs, probably made of fir. The neighbors, however, called her in addition *Futatsu-gusi*, that is, "the two-combed."

\* It seems that, unlike our court-etiquette, one of the highest forms of showing respect is that of knocking the ground with the forehead, and then turning the back upon the honored person.

apply such language to you?" Sakitsi made answer; "and, indeed, supposing that you were still the maiden Misawo, with name unchanged, I foreswore woman's society, and my one anxiety was to find out your new abode." Still affecting incredulity, Misawo adverted again to the unfortunate words, begged him to give her a few copper pieces, as, of course, "she only cared about money;" and then said, "If this is the height to which you would raise me, it were far better that you gave up all thought of converse with me. Little suspecting that your heart was so corrupted, I went to-day, as I had gone a hundred times before, to the temple of Aizen—but look at this." She hurriedly gave him as she spoke a piece of her own writing; and Sakitsi read as follows: "My prayer is that I may learn if there is one who loves me. Six-and thirty times the response was, *Kitsi*, (that is, fortunate or propitious.) Is there one who will abide with me to my latest day?" etc. Whatever might be Sakitsi's private opinion of the value of the paper of questions and oracular answer, it occurred to him that Misawo had in her own heart the best testimony as to whether or not she was really dear to some one else, and under this conviction he tore the manuscript in pieces.

Misawo did not seem to heed, but, while the thunder was pealing loudly, she suddenly turned her face to Sakitsi, and looked at him thoughtfully. "If it is really thus now," said Sakitsi, "what am I to expect?" "I am wholly yours." "But tell me, will you share this life with me, and never part from me more?" "Yea," she answered softly. That answer was the dawn of an inner relationship, and, our author adds, when a bond is once knit between kindred souls, no power can ever sever it. The covenant exists *within*.

A dream-time of delight was all the following year—the beautiful spring had come back with Misawo. But with his palanquins and pic-nics, his endless goings hither and thither, hand in hand with Misawo, and he at times more like a demon than a mortal man, Sakitsi made himself the talk of the world. At last, however, the careful mother heard rumors of the doings of her adopted son, and, being sorely afflicted thereby, would not suffer him to go out of her sight, and "shut him up." Sakitsi's first comfort in

his imprisonment was the letters of Misawo, which the physician cleverly secreted in a flower-vase; but, in addition to the letters, he contrived to secure a visit from Misawo's annt, who came to him in the character of a sorceress to lend her counsel, and specially to burn some bamboo-leaves in order to ascertain if he was not bewitched! While the widow-nun retired to her devotions before the domestic Buddha chapel, the feigned sorceress unfolded to Sakitsi the story of Misawo's life. She further informed him that Misawo's father had regained the favor of his chief, that prosperous days had returned, and that in consequence her foster-brother had just arrived in order to effect her emancipation, and carry her back with him to Kamakura. To his no small dismay, Sakitsi learned besides that Misawo had been betrothed—a circumstance which would quite suffice to free her from her present servitude on repayment of the sum for which she had sold herself. "But," added aunt Fanajo, "when I told her why her foster-brother had come, she threw herself into my arms, and amid falling tears exclaimed, 'I would fain go home and behold again the loved and long-unseen faces there; yet would I far sooner die than break my engagement with Sakitsi, and be wedded to another.'"

In spite of the maternal interdict, it was arranged that that evening the lovers twain were to meet; and this arrangement having been effected, Fanajo took her departure. Immediately after she left, the mother came into the room, and begged to know what the enchantress had said: "At the same time," she continued, "I do not need the information. I know all without being told. I have found out the secret of all your ailments. There is a faëry in the matter—one Komatsu (Misawo) by name. It is she who has caused you to forget yourself, to forego your former archery practice, and to dream away your time on a cushion formed of the two-branched bamboo—pleasure and wine. Your very name is a theme of laughter at the 'palanquin-stands.' You have given her gold and silver by the shovelful. I hoped that a short period of seclusion would be enough to take the thorn out of your eye; but, alas! I might as well believe that I could convert the shadow of my fan into sunshine. All is topsy-turvy, the wagon is in the sea, the ship is on the mountain. Amid a million

prayers and bodily mortifications, do think seriously of your position."

The above screen-lecture must, no doubt, have made a lasting impression, at least, on the nun herself, as she followed up the delivery of it by taking from her sleeve a packet containing one hundred taels,\* and throwing it to Sakitsi. Sakitsi fancied he must be dreaming, and could scarcely trust his own ears when Miosan said: "For this one night I will allow you to go." "The motherly tree spared no pains in order to impart to the young plum-tree, with its opening buds, a color and fragrance such as might not be surpassed by any clusters of fairest flowers, or any swift-blooming shoot."

Without making any further inquiry of the aunt, Sakitsi, when nightfall came, went directly to the house where Misawo was that evening to be in attendance. For some time he walked up and down on the path between the house and the river, when, to his joy, he caught sight of Misawo, who was apparently in a restless mood. Straightway Sakitsi smote his hands together, to apprise her that some one had come to speak with her. Even in the darkness she knew the face of the beloved man, and gave him to understand that they could now meet without interruption. Her reviving spirit, as on self-created wings, seemed to fly through the sundering space, while Sakitsi, in his eager anxiety, called out to her to direct him, otherwise he should not be able to find his way into the house. But, at the sound of his voice, a dog began to bark angrily. Our hero threw a stone at him. He throw a second time; but now, alas! it was not a stone, but the very packet of money which had fallen from his dress while he was stooping. The packet missed the dog, but smashed the lantern of a boat that was moored by the river-bank. "He," (that is, hallo,) "woman," called out a sleepy voice, "what are you throwing in here?" Whereupon the disturbed boatman withdrew to a safer position.

Without any further adventure, Sakitsi at last reached the apartment where Misawo was. The latter approached him, and said, while her tears fell fast: "The day of our companionship is over. Already, indeed, I am half dead. My fate is to be severed from you. I beseech

you to kill me outright and at once." Sakitsi prayed her to speak less distractedly. Their union could be speedily consummated; and why should she return to her parents in bitterness of soul? "Ah me!" the fair one replied; "you cause my tears to flow afresh when you remind me of my half-forgotten home. The very 'rod' I can now recall with pleasure, and ever must I cherish the memory of those parents who always showed so much compassion if their hand had to inflict chastisement.\* Then my foster-brother, although he does not remember my features, will be sure to discover the sad-heartedness with which I discharge the duties of this position of servitude." That discovery would inevitably lead him to others quite fatal to their hopes. But here her strength failed her, and she sank down in the depth of despair. Sakitsi did what he could to comfort her—told her of his mother's liberality—and was about to produce the one hundred taels for her to carry to her aunt as an anonymous contribution, when to his utter confusion he found they were gone. Misawo, perceiving his consternation, exclaimed: "Our misfortunes do not come singly, and I can do no otherwise than die. If my freedom is procured by any one else than you, then, if I remain alive, I must go home; but, rather than that, will I die by your hand. I am the daughter of a soldier. I have a sword for the hour of need; and by that sword you can let me go to the gods of death: *there* our union will be perfected." On his part, too, Sakitsi resolves to die, that immediately their joy may be one.†

The arrival of an expected guest necessitated the breaking off of the conference at this crisis, and Sakitsi was led to a place of concealment. The guest proved to be none other than Misawo's foster-

\* The "rod" is very sparingly used in Japan. All travelers speak in commendation of the kindly manner in which the Japanese treat their children.

† The suicidal mania crops up here, as in other parts of our tale, very unmistakably, and it might be inferred that human life is held very cheap in Japan. As far, however, as we have been able to ascertain, that inference is not justified by fact; and though, as we have seen, Buddhism has gradually been gaining the ascendant, still, thanks to the genius of the people, and to the virtue of the elder faith of the country, there is no such mocking indifference to be found as is met with in Buddhist Burmah, where a multitude will stand convulsed with laughter in presence of a falling edifice, which is about to bury hundreds beneath its ruins.

\* The tael seems to be about equal in value to a dollar.



brother, Riusuke. Amid her confusion, consequent on learning who the visitor was, and on being found by him in her present position, she exclaimed: "Oh, I am dreadfully ashamed; but surely you will never let it be known that I have come to this!" Riusuke assured her that she need have no misgivings on that score. But, at any rate, her servitude was over now. He had paid her ransom to her master, and, in fact, had the "agreement" in his possession. Misawo was not to be moved from her determination. "The world," she said, "must know what the spirit is which belongs to a soldier's daughter. Full of longing all day to behold again the home of my youth, I must remain, in the body, *here*. You can say, 'I am sick; I am dead.' Only leave me in Naniwa." Wringing her hands, and sighing painfully, Misawo uttered these words. The foster-brother wept in return, and after other appeals to her heart, employed this one: "Listen to what your noble mother said to me: 'Being far advanced in years, I was minded to shave off my hair, and become a nun; but as Misawo is about to return it is fortunate I did not follow my inclination; she would have been so saddened by my changed appearance. Bring her quickly to me. I rely wholly on you, Riusuke Sama.' Your father spoke in similar terms. How, then, can I possibly return without you? The disappointment might tempt him to take his own life, especially as your non-appearance would thwart his purpose in the matter of your betrothal, and cause his statement as to that betrothal having been effected to appear a falsehood. Your father has arranged that his daughter shall be given to a wealthy rice-merchant, who possesses ten thousand taels; but your mother knows nothing of this transaction, and (only for other reasons) counts the days on her fingers, wondering if to day, or to-morrow, you will come back. Thus she waits. But here is a letter from herself!"

Misawo took the letter from Riusuke, and looked wistfully at the address: "To the Maiden Misawo, from her mother." The sight of her mother's handwriting quite overcame her. She pressed the letter to her heart, and burst into tears. It seemed, too, as if her resolution not to return was shaken; for after apparent mature consideration, she said to her foster-

brother: "I shall go back to-morrow." Riusuke with joy heard the words. At daybreak the next morning the palanquin was to be ready, and, nothing doubting, he withdrew.

No sooner had the foster-brother left than Sakitsi came from his concealment, and without loss of time, he and Misawo betook themselves to flight. As they passed through the pines which border the river, from the balcony of a neighboring house were heard the following words of the monthly song:

"The world has departed,  
To darkness departed,  
Downwards to death.  
What is our life in this body?  
It fades like the hoar-frost  
That melts from the field paths:  
All is but dream upon dream,  
Coming in sequence,  
Swift as at dawn of the morning,  
When the clock is striking 'seven,'  
The seventh stroke falls on the ear,  
Drowning the ring of the sixth."

Without comment on the words, which seemed to echo their own feelings, the faithful pair journeyed onwards. But, by the timely appearance of a lantern, they were saved from fruitless wandering, and discovered that they were still close to the "Flowery House" of Aunt Fanajo. Here there was no one at home, save our old small friend, Kojosi, her father and mother having gone out to search for the fugitives. Retiring to an inner apartment, and drawing out a folding-screen after them, Sakitsi and Misawo began to prepare for departure from this world. Nevertheless, Misawo wept over the inevitable destiny before her; while Sakitsi, on seeing the "dog-chest" in the room, was reminded of his recent misfortune, and, in a paroxysm of despair, exclaimed: "With my fist I shall hurl this dog-chest into the realm of Buddha!" Suiting the action to the word, he overthrew the chest, when, behold, out rolled the packet containing the one hundred taels! "Ei, ei," cried the astonished man, "here is my lost money; and having found it again, I do not now so much fear that your betrothal will involve our death. But read your mother's letter, and see what it says." "I lay it on my heart now, and shall read it in the next world," she replied. "There, should I find that it contains any reproach, the eye will be closed, and the syllables will melt into

mist. I shall read, as though I read not, (*vergebens*), and this world will have gone for ever."

However, she at last broke the seal, as if severing the bond between the daughter and her parents, and unfolded the letter. It was an unusually long one for her mother to write, and this was one of its more urgent sentences: "In the hope that you will have safely arrived, I mean to celebrate the 'festival of the dead.' Your father is now sixty years of age, and all his associates are invited. As soon as I have finished these lines, I shall begin to prepare the cakes."\*

"If I am present at this feast," said Misawo, "it will be as a spirit. O my loving father, O my never-to-be-forgotten mother!" Again she utterly broke down. Sakitsi, however, took the letter from her hand, and read as follows: "Further, Simanosuke, the son of Ugeda, to whom I betrothed you in your third year, has obtained the forgiveness of his offense—'shooting the arrow,' as our readers will remember—and if he should return, I shall certainly bring about his union with you. Meanwhile—"

"What!" abruptly exclaimed Sakitsi, "are you the daughter of Kadzumura Teidafu, and have never told me your name?" "But how do you know who my father is?" And while she was looking inquiringly at him, her uncle Tofei drew aside the screen and walked in! Tofei had followed them in their flight, had come home after them, had overheard their talk, and was in a very bad way indeed. Sakitsi, however, begged him not to take matters so much to heart, for, in fact, *all had ended well*—Sakitsi himself, the adopted son of the rice-merchant, having been the youth who incurred his lord's displeasure by firing the arrow, and being in very truth now the betrothed of Misawo!

On hearing this wonderful disclosure Misawo leapt for joy, and Tofei became quite another man. He, in his turn, had to tell how the hundred taels thrown

at the dog fell into *his* boat;\* and while he was, with delighted heart, recounting his share in the events of the evening, his wife and the foster-brother returned from their vain search, but only to be overjoyed on learning how the crooked had been made straight. The betrothal song from the neighboring balcony proclaimed the hope that happiness might reign through the lapse of ages; and ere long, Sakitsi, Misawo, and the foster-brother reached Misawo's home, in which the rapture of the long-sundered was more than could be measured. Nay more, the great feudal lord shared in the gladness. He himself took care to give all possible *prestige* to the nuptials of the pair so true and so tried. Tofei and Wofana (another form of Fanajo) undertook the rice business in the place of Sakitsi; while all, distinguished by their filial piety, were blessed with both sons and daughters, and henceforward knew only happy days. Joyful! joyful!

Our readers can now judge for themselves as to the uprightness of the "figures" on the screens. By some of them it may be urged that the Japanese author does not reckon a tolerable amount of equivocation inconsistent with integrity. Others may think that appearances, at times, tell against the hero, and heroine too. But all may note, for we have omitted only complementary sentences, and nothing that can fairly be called a "scene" or "situation," that there is no falsehood uttered with a sting in it, and that Misawo herself, the high-hearted daughter of a soldier, emerges from her servitude, in which she was surrounded by manifold temptations, with unsullied name and spotless honor. And here we may add that, in ascribing to an attendant in a house of public resort the self-respect and propriety of conduct which are exhibited in Misawo, the writer was not merely drawing a fancy picture. In Japan it is, we believe, wholly exceptional, if one finds an instance of departure *in wife or young woman* from the highest standard of womanly pure-mindedness. The "fallen" class among the Japanese

\* The remarkable festival in honor of the dead, at which, indeed, the departed are held to be present, is celebrated on the fifteenth day of the seventh month. The lanterns used on this occasion are meant to direct the invisible guests, while, at the close of the ceremonial, the rooms devoted to the entertainment are beaten with rods, and stones are promiscuously thrown about in order to drive away any spirit who may have lagged behind.

\* The reader will note that by means of this incident the passage in the *Picture Book* about the dog and the treasure had its complete fulfillment—concerning which passage Tofei in his narrative remarked: "The 'flowery house,' which was once so saddened by that bit of the story, will now bloom again!"

may be called "unfortunate" with more truth than when the term is employed in England, inasmuch as they do not degrade themselves, but, while yet quite children, are actually sold for a given period to the landlords of the infamous tea-houses.\* It would, consequently, have been a wholly unwarranted aspersion of the characters of the quiet, respectable young women who are to be found in the capacity of domestic servants in these taverns, had the author represented one of their number as being indeed *sans peur*, but not *sans reproche*. Moreover, it is greatly to the credit of Riutei Tanefiko that, in the household, struggling with hunger, there is no whisper of making devil's money by means of Misawo's juvenile attendant; and it might almost seem that it was to ward off the very possibility of temptation coming through *that* channel that the niece sacrificed herself.

To ourselves, the most amusing characteristic of the tale is its silence: for the writer would, apparently, have us believe that a game of "hide and seek"—and his romance is very much such a game—may be played for years, but that, in the land of ubiquitous *espionage*, the chief hider can not be found, and has to make himself known after hope of his discovery had quite died out. We trust the inquisitor-in-chief did not visit Mr. Riutei with very severe penalties for thus ignoring the function of his provincial subordinates.

After all, they are but "figures of this passing world," and not individual men and women, that are introduced to us here. In this assertion, we intend no special depreciation of the writer of this story. As yet, there are only classes of society in Japan. Individualism, with its endless shades of development, has yet to come. No doubt, as indicated above, we have the evidence of distinct personal endowment in men who betake themselves to different intellectual pursuits. But on the whole, in Japan, as elsewhere, despot-

ism has effected a dead level of uniformity. When liberty comes, equality ceases; the dull formality of winter passes away into the freshness, beauty, and variety of spring.

Where man is so "cribbed and caged," that there is no scope left for the revelation of individual character, you will have instead the manifestation of strange caprice, as the translator, Dr. Pfitzmaier, found to his cost when preparing this volume for the public. Only a first-rate student would have undertaken the task. The editor must first of all be master of the Japanese Syllabarium, consisting of forty-seven distinct symbols. He must also be acquainted with the ideographic signs of the Chinese,\* for these occur frequently in the tale. Then he must be prepared to find his way through Chinese words and expressions, written in the Japanese character, but changed in sound according to the peculiar Japanese pronunciation. Further, he must often be content to guess the meaning of a given word from the surrounding sense, instead of discovering additional sense from the word—pronouns standing indiscriminately for "I," "thou," or "he"—there being no distinction of gender, number, or person amid the endless forms of the language. These qualifications Dr. Pfitzmaier possessed. To these conditions he submitted with the characteristic "*Sitz-fleiss*" (student-industry) of his country. But what perplexed him most of all was the caprice of the author's mode of writing Japanese—the simple forms of the Syllabarium being so varied as to necessitate the casting of upwards of four hundred separate types, in order to produce *fac-similes* of the cursive characters in the original. Dr. Pfitzmaier, with true modesty, makes mention of several of the foregoing difficulties in his preface.† He adds, ingenuously, that in some places he is still doubtful of the author's meaning, and has not quite succeeded in imitating,

\* The existence of these tea-houses is the great moral blot in Japanese life. It would seem, moreover, that Government derives a revenue from the scandalous "institution." On the other hand, so curiously does the sense of justice operate, no stain attaches in after-life to the unhappy victims; but the landlords, who made merchandise by their degradation, are treated as the very offscourings of society. We have read that even tanners—the lowest class in the social scale—will refuse to bury their dead bodies!

\* These signs are familiar to all the literary Japanese, and moreover are used indifferently to represent either a Chinese or a Japanese vocable, just as the Arabic numerals serve equally well for "zwei" or "zehn," as for "two" or "ten."

† There are, we hope, at least a few English students who are looking forward with interest to the appearance of the long promised second part of the Japanese *Chrestomathie*, as also to the publication of the Japanese Dictionary, on which Dr. Pfitzmaier has been engaged for years.

in particular instances, the characters of the block-printing—for the Japanese as yet have no movable types; but as the volume stands, it at once is a testimony to the munificence of the Viennese government and to the indomitable perseverance and profound scholarship of the translator.

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From Sharpe's Magazine.

## T H E K I N G O F I T A L Y .

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

"Il bel paese ch' Apennin parte  
Il mar circonda e l'Alpe."

PETRARCH.

THE King of countless Palaces! He yet must have two more  
Ere he can hold the war-horse in, and rule from shore to shore!  
What matter that his fair Turin has pleasant regal state,  
Where freemen with their mien erect round throne and altar wait;  
Or that white Florence smiling sues, and opens wide her doors,  
Where "Pitti" asks a monarch's tread upon its marble floors;  
Or that at red Vesuvius' foot, and by the sapphire bay,  
The brightest city Europe boasts her beauty yields to-day?  
A nation bids to Bourbon halls its king—"the honest man"—  
But he must keep his saddle-seat with soldiers in the van;  
What matter Genoa the Superb has merchant homes so wide,  
They'd hive his royal retinue in all its martial pride?  
What matters that a score of towns have palaces to spare,  
And crown'd kings might be enthroned in pomp and splendor there?  
The King of countless Palaces demandeth just two more  
Ere he can lay his sword aside, and rule from shore to shore!

We know that loud Te Deums rise in Milan's beauteous fane  
From grateful hearts surcharged with joy, and tried by recent pain—  
But prayer is mingled with the praise, and there's an ear can hear,  
And in St. Mark's such strains must rise in accents loud and clear.  
King Victor claims, and he must have, those princely ducal halls,  
Where portraits of the Doges dead are hanging on the walls!  
Ah! how they seem to watch and wait for brothers brave to come,  
Italia's sons, with masters' mien, to hold their ancient home—  
For glad bright eyes to break the gloom, and quick free steps to sound  
Where now the sullen stranger treads, and scatters victims round!  
'Twould be a pleasant sight to see that poor white-coated thing  
March out the while from every tower the clanging joy-bells ring—  
To see the three pure colors placed by hands unstained with gore  
Upon those ancient masts that rise before St. Mark's great door—  
To see some summer holiday King Victor, true and bold,  
Ascend the giant-guarded stairs, his ceded rights to hold:  
New ritual then for 'spousals with the Adriatic Sea,  
But oh, what ring were rich enough to wed fair Venice free?  
Only the gem of Truth, set into self-adjusting law,  
Could be the fit espousal ring, without a speck or flaw,  
To girdle all the jutting isles that rise from out the wave,  
And point like fingers to the sky from which they justice crave.

What pleasant sights! Well they may be, for close beside the throne  
 A statesman holds the mystic reins, whose one great mind alone  
 Is match for all the shallower brains he readeth o'er and o'er—  
 And walls may fall by wisdom's words as well as cannon's roar  
 But if the foe can not be taught what is a nation's right,  
 He'll have to learn—some happy day—what is a nation's might:  
 If belching guns must rake and tear, and shake the still lagoon,  
 And make a midnight of the air in bright and sunny noon—  
 If foes must starve, and soldiers die, and women weep and wail,  
 And war's red horrors measure out their very utmost tale,  
 So be it—in God's chosen time—much rather than the peace—  
 Which is not peace, but only wrong's extended shameful lease.  
 If Venice, "emerald-paved," must see her waves half-ruby dyed,  
 Thus dashed against her marble white, the foe would be defied;  
 Death-blent her colors thus she'd flaunt—and better this should be  
 Than that the black and yellow flag she should triumphant see!

Somehow the Bridge of Sighs must wake an echo of the note  
 Which only cleaves the lightened air from out a freeman's throat;  
 Somehow the quaint Rialto mart must throng with happy faces,  
 And childhood grow to youth and see but dimly sorrow's traces;  
 Somehow with white, green, red at prow the gondolas must dart  
 On busy errands 'mong the homes of commerce and of art;  
 Somehow the captive State must have her fair limbs all set free  
 To join her hands with sister States beside the ancient sea!

And then—or first?—another spot must own King Victor lord  
 Ere he can mount a steadfast throne and lay aside the sword!  
 Believe, O Nations of the North, that 'neath its modern masks,  
 The Roman nature still bounds high, and sighs for noble tasks;  
 Its wrongs have all been double-edged to slay both flesh and spirit,  
 And yet it still has strength to be, and the great name inherit.  
 O Rome! the heart, the aching heart, until its pulse beats true,  
 The nation is not hale and strong its earnest work to do!—  
 O Rome! all Italy declares among its seven hills  
 Must rise the throne for him who well the kingly office fills!

The Cæsars' ruined palace-walls are bared to every eye,  
 And bats and owls keep lonely rule beneath the midnight sky;  
 But there are fouler things than these that rule in pride of place,  
 And need the scourge of right and law their being to efface.  
 Between St. Peter's priestly chair and capitol of old,  
 The yellow Tiber's parting stream by God's own hand is rolled;  
 Let this be type of what shall be when dawn has grown to day,  
 When foreign swords no longer gleam, and freedom's progress stay:  
 Let thunders of the Vatican still hurl from Papal seat,  
 To pierce the hearts which deem that there great powers and mysteries meet;  
 But let the other shore behold a simple human king,  
 To rule by law, and shower the good that must from justice spring:  
 As haughty flowers that bow their heads to where the sun is shining,  
 Would rival cities bow content without a moment's pining—  
 Content that Rome, their queen of old, should have chief honor still,  
 Without the blast of envy's breath her bounding heart to chill.  
 Not till within the capitol he signs himself a king—  
 Not till Venetian voices shall their loud *Te Deums* sing—  
 Will Victor doff the warrior's helm, and wield his sword no more,  
 The King of countless Palaces must rule from shore to shore!

From the Westminster Review.

## MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.

[In addition to previous articles on Dr. Motley's work we print the following from the *Westminster Review*.]

WE give a cordial and admiring welcome to an eminent American author, the successful historian of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, whose work on the United Netherlands, of which two volumes are now issued, is destined, we think, to acquire a perennial reputation.\* The subject of Dr. Motley's new publication is the deep-laid conspiracy of Spain and Rome against human rights, and its frustration by the united resistance of the Kingdom of England and the Republic of Holland, whose history and fortunes, by the intimate connection formed between those two commonwealths, immediately after the death of William the Silent, became for a season almost identical. The period comprised in the present installment of this historical epic extends over less than six years, beginning with the middle of 1584, and ending with the commencement of 1590. Two additional volumes, carrying the history of the Republic down to the Synod of Dort, will hereafter complete Dr. Motley's projected work.

The subject which our author has selected for his new history is one of deep and, we may say, world-wide interest. The Papal supremacy had become "an antiquated delusion" in the judgment of a considerable part of Europe. Freedom of conscience, instead of ecclesiastical dictation, was ere long to be the presiding principle in the moral and intellectual world of emancipated Europe. Each principle, with its practical consequences, had its champions and its antagonists. On the one hand were Rome and Spain; on the other, England and Holland. "Philip," in Dr. Motley's forcible summary, "stood enfeoffed, by divine decree, of all Amer-

ica, the East Indies, the whole Spanish Peninsula, the better portion of Italy, the seventeen Netherlands, and many other possessions, far and near; and he contemplated annexing to this extensive property the kingdoms of France, of England, and Ireland. The Holy League, maintained by the sword of Guise, the Pope's ban, Spanish ducats, Italian condottieri, and German mercenaries, was to exterminate heresy, and establish the Spanish dominion in France. The same machinery, aided by the pistol or poniard of the assassin, was to substitute for English Protestantism and England's queen the Roman Catholic religion and a foreign sovereign." To oppose this formidable array against the liberties of Europe, says Dr. Motley, in another part of his first volume, stood Elizabeth Tudor and the Dutch Republic. This impending contest is rightly described by our author as a death-grapple; the belligerents did show and could show no quarter. The first part of this great epic begins with the murder of the Prince of Orange, and ends with the siege of Antwerp, "one of the most brilliant military operations of the age, and one of the most memorable in its results."

In the five chapters which relate the events falling within this period, Dr. Motley sketches the position and attitude of the combatant Powers and their principal representatives with a masterly hand. He describes the colossal sovereignty of Spain; the religious origin of the revolt of the Netherlands; the relations of the Republic to France, and of France to England; the apathy of Protestant Germany; the court and character of Henry III.; the affection of Holland for England; England's policy, and Elizabeth's treatment of both Catholics and Calvinists; the diplomatic negotiations; the projects of the League; and, finally, the stirring transactions of that memorable siege.

Woven into the tissue of this spirited and luminous narrative are glowing delineations of the personal and moral charac-

\* *History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort*, etc. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., etc. Vols. I., II. London: John Murray. 1860.

teristics of the prominent actors in these events. These historical portraits are executed with consummate art, and with a Rubens-like splendor of color and presentment, that make the figures take shape, and breathe and move before us. Among them are Henry III., attired like a woman and a harlot with silken flounces, jeweled stomacher, and painted face, with pearls of great price adorning his bared neck and breast, and satin-slipped feet, "darting viperous epigrams at court-ladies, whom he was only capable of dishonoring by calumny;" Henry with the Scar, Duke of Guise, tall and stately, with dark martial face and dangerous eyes, and cheek damaged with the arquebuss shot at Château-Thierry, defender of the good old religion under which Paris had thriven, the idol of grocers and god of fish-women; Henry of Navarre, the chieftain of the Gascon chivalry, the king-errant, the hope and darling of oppressed Protestants, "a figure that leaps forth from the mist of three centuries, instinct with ruddy, vigorous life," with brown face, commanding blue eyes, and hawk's nose, with mien of frank authority and magnificent good-humor, setting all hearts around him on fire when the trumpet sounds to battle; Philip de Marnix, lord of Sainte Aldegonde, with crisp, curly hair surmounting a tall, expansive forehead; broad, brown, melancholy eyes, overflowing with tenderness; a scholar, theologian, diplomatist, swordsman, poet, pamphleteer; the bosom friend of William the Silent; an illustrious rebel for twenty years, and then, whether from treachery or political mistake, the sudden negotiator of an unpatriotic capitulation.

The second division of Dr. Motley's history, not as laid down by him, but as conceived by us, includes the direct action of England on the common enemy, the triumphal entrance of Leicester into the Netherlands, and his administration and its results. In the twelve chapters of which it is made up are comprised many passages of peculiar interest. We have among them contemporary notices of the English people; a sketch of London; portraits of Elizabeth, Burleigh, Leicester, Sir Philip Sidney, admirably done. Parma, Barneveld, Walsingham, Davison, young Prince Maurice, Martin Schenk, Hohenlo, all in greater or less degree take part in the splendid procession which moves across the historical canvas. Lame

diplomacy, fruitless negotiation, alternate with heroic action and glorious daring. There are battles, sieges, victories, and defeats; there are intrigues, quarrels, squalid wretchedness, and glittering prodigality, all paralleled or contrasted in Dr. Motley's pictorial yet reflective pages.

In estimating the policy of England towards Holland, our historian describes it as from the first hesitating, but not disloyal. Elizabeth was in favor of combined action by the French and English governments—a joint *provisional* protectorate of the Netherlands. Holland had rebelled, and there was no help for her but to fight her way out of her rebellion into success, or return to slavery. But England, then perhaps but a third-rate power, might well pause before she plunged "into the peril and expense of a war with the strongest power in the world." Elizabeth, too, had her own reasons for hesitation. She was loth to encourage the spirit of insurrection against kings; she was vulnerable in Scotland, vulnerable in Ireland; and a war with Spain would give opportunities to rebellion and conspiracy. Hence the seemingly coquettish policy of the *imperious and parsimonious* queen. Holland was willing to become a subject province of England; but Elizabeth wanted money, not sovereignty; and some time elapsed before she had the courage to emancipate herself from the delusions of diplomacy and the seductions of thrift. The Queen, however, "embodied much of the nobler elements of the expanding English character," and while refusing the sovereignty, promised the States to protect, and never to forsake them. The expedition under Leicester; his administration; Elizabeth's explosions of anger consequent on his acceptance of the Governor-Generalship of the States—in fact, the characteristic incidents of the period during which the Netherlands "acquired consistency and permanent form," are reviewed and illustrated in the twelve chapters which we have specified. We must refer to Dr. Motley's own eloquent pages for his characterization of the brave and magnificent grandee, and, on the whole, true-hearted but capricious Queen. We can not forbear, however, to invite attention to the portrait which Dr. Motley sketches of Robert Dudley, undoubtedly the best abused man of his day in England—our author says in Europe. In addition to

compassing the death of Amy Robsart, (one of those picturesque lies that *wont* die,) he is said to have poisoned Alice Drayton, Lady Lennox, Lord Sussex, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, Lord Sheffield, Lord Essex, and to have achieved or contrived numerous other murders; many of which, however, were proved to be false. A word, too, we may say here of our historian's portrait of Elizabeth Tudor. Dr. Motley may not draw a flattering likeness, but he makes on the whole, we think, a sure one of that great and victorious sovereign, with her despotic appetencies, and her genuine great-heartedness and national sympathies. We are bound to say, however, that we are by no means convinced of Elizabeth's "hypocrisy," or her suggestions of assassination in the sad tragedy of the ill-starred Mary Stuart; nor are we at all sure that the long imprisonment in England of that "daughter of debate" was such a violation of justice and humanity as Dr. Motley believes it to have been.

In the winter of 1587-8 Leicester terminated his career in the Netherlands, after a second attempt at administration, by his abrupt departure for England. Lord Willoughby, a soldierly, conscientious man, succeeded to the chief command of the English forces, a quick-witted and even brilliant-minded man, but who, valuing highly his knightly word, was quite incompetent "to deal with the thronging Spanish deceits sent northward by the great father of lies who sat in the Escorial." Elizabeth, acting in defiance of grave counsel and earnest remonstrance, now sent her peace commissioners to the Duke of Parma. The story of the secret negotiations which followed is told with, perhaps, unnecessary detail by Dr. Motley, in what we regard as the third development of the great epical transaction which he celebrates. We can not follow him here, nor show how the kingdom of England was brought to the verge of ruin in this unequal-matched diplomatic contest, when the Queen meant to keep

her promise and to be true to her word, and the Spanish monarch deliberately put his name to a lie, and chuckled in secret over the credulity of his English sister. At last the protracted diplomacy at Ostend terminated. Quill-driving and speech-making were replaced by "the defiance of England to foreign insolence;" with Elizabeth Tudor to give effect to the challenge. Dr. Motley in his great prose war-song now describes the gathering of the ships of the Invincible Armada, the preparation of the Spanish-Roman machinery "for dethroning Elizabeth and establishing the Inquisition in England." The pomp and circumstance of this arrogant invasion, the fiery impatience of the Spaniards, the steady enthusiasm of the English, the engagement, the chase, and final catastrophe, are delineated with a firm hand and in glowing colors in our historian's picture. But we must leave him to tell how "the little nation of four millions, the merry England of the sixteenth century, went forward to the death-grapple with its gigantic antagonist as cheerfully as to a long-expected holiday." We lay down the first two volumes of this noble work with a high appreciation of Dr. Motley's great and varied abilities. For diligence in research, for sound and extensive knowledge, for vigorous language, but rarely disfigured by vulgarism or grandiloquence, and for living dramatic representation, he is entitled to hold a foremost place among the first historians of our age. We trust that he will enjoy the physical health and intellectual energy requisite to the completion not only of the present work, but of that apparently more comprehensive literary enterprise which he intimates a desire to accomplish—a history of the terrific struggle which broke out in Germany after the period marked by the Synod of Dort, including "the civil and military events in Holland, down to the epoch when the Thirty Years' War and the eight years' war of the Netherlands were both brought to a close by the Peace of Westphalia."



From the Dublin University Magazine.

## SIR WILLIAM NAPIER AND THE NAPIER FAMILY.

It is scarcely probable that the world will soon, if ever, again witness so singular a combination of hereditary peculiarities as that which distinguished the five sons of Colonel the Honorable George Napier of Celbridge, in the county of Dublin. Their ancestry seems, in truth, like a famous parliamentary majority recorded in one of the later volumes of *Hansard*, to be nothing less than a "fortuitous concurrence." And in its result it certainly goes far to prove that a mixture of races tends directly to the elevation of the individual character, hardly less than it unquestionably does to the advancement and invigoration of the genius of distinct nationalities. Of the latter remarkable and wholly incontestable truth, the annals and exploits of the Anglo-Saxon family afford of themselves adequate, or rather it may be said at once, conclusive attestation. Employing yet again, for the nonce, a sufficiently familiar illustration, it is like the imperceptible growth of a running stream—"a rivulet, now a river"—widening and deepening in its progress with the influx of many important tributaries. Into the main current of the historic lineage of the Napiers, it is curious to note how many and how important were those tributaries. They secured to it whatever ambidexterous advantages might be supposed to result from the infusion into the blood of the Napiers of the "divine ichor" of two royal houses—those of Henry IV. of France, and of Charles II. of England. They rendered kindred to that same heroic blood, the blood of two chivalrous but attainted traitors to the Crown—the great Montrose and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Through the maternal line they enabled these five brothers, already mentioned, collectively, to claim the sympathies of relationship with Charles Fox, the orator of the Liberal Opposition; and through the paternal line, farther back by one or two generations, and higher in the intellectual atmosphere, in the very empyrean of ab-

stract philosophy, to trace their descent directly from the renowned inventor of logarithms, the immortal John Napier of Merchistoun.

There are assuredly but very few, indeed, among those who may examine these records of purely personal recollection who will require any explicit introduction whatever to three, at least, among that cluster of five brothers—English most of them by birth, Scottish originally by ancestry, Irish by education and residence—who passed the early days of their boyhood together in their little home retreat at Celbridge. It is with the central figure, however, in this notable group that I have to do now exclusively. Another time I may take occasion to relate briefly what I knew, through personal intercourse, of the eldest born among this quintette of ripe scholars and valiant soldiers; the great Pro-consul who added the province of Scinde to our vast empire by the sheer force of his audacity as a military conqueror, permanently incorporating it afterwards with our dominion by his prudential sagacity as an administrator. Of the second, or intermediate brother, between the two most illustrious in this little domestic concourse of heroes and authors, I shall have in this place to say a few words, later on, incidentally. It is sufficient to remark now of these, the three eldest of the fraternity, that they all suffered grievously during the chief part of their long lives from formidable wounds received upon the battle field; that all of them gained at the point of their keen swords high military distinction; that each wore for himself the red ribbon of the Bath with its knightly insignia; that all three were simultaneously the Governors of important dependencies—Charles of Scinde, George of the Cape, William of Guernsey. Enough as to the two youngest of the brothers not yet specified, if it is here added that Henry, the penultimate among them, though he adopted the Royal Navy

as his profession, will be better borne in remembrance in a purely literary capacity as the author of a luminous as well as voluminous *History of Florence*; and that Richard, the last and now the sole survivor of them all, though himself a member of the bar, is understood also to have dedicated his intellectual energies exclusively to the cultivation of the "fresh fields and pastures (ever) new" of literature.

And now of that one central figure—as I knew and honored it—I may speak here, as I have proposed, exclusively. Our English Tacitus, I love to call him—and, as such without doubt, as the greatest of all our military historians, his brave bright name will survive perennially in the national remembrance. One engraved portrait there is of him—it may be found as the frontispiece to the second volume of his elaborate biography of his brother Sir Charles, the Scindian Conqueror—a mezzotinto by Eggleton, from a classic bust by Adam, which may afford some notion to those who never actually saw the soldier-annalist of the Peninsular War, some faint proximate idea of his eminently noble and chivalric appearance at the age of seventy. He was yet more advanced in years when I saw him last, when I sat conversing with him not very long before his eventual demise at seventy-four, his eyes flashing brightly to the last, an inextinguishable animation it almost seemed, while we talked together, in every outline of those lofty and reverent lineaments. It only needed the casual gusts of a thunder-shower blowing through the open window of his long-years' residence at Scinde House, in that green little London suburb of Clapham, to render him the very incarnation of the well-known couplet in Gray's ode on "The Bard:"—

"Loose his beard and hoary hair  
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;"

only, that for hoary it should be read silvery—silvery as the thrice-driven snow. And under the crowning grace of that white hair, above the rippled torrent of that venerable beard—one that looked, in its dishevelled flow, like the beard of the "Shipman" in Chaucer, as though it had been "shaken by many a tempest"—there remained, unmarred by age to the moment of his decease, that handsome aquiline visage, the marble effigy of which

any sculptor might well rejoice to have chiseled. It was a noble presence, not very easily to be forgotten. It was the weird age of Merlin descended upon the knightly form and features of Sir Lancelot. Every individual peculiarity of the man bore evidence that General Sir William Francis Patrick Napier was veritably the offspring of that Colonel Napier who is described by him (Sir William) as not simply tall and strong, but actually "gigantic;" and of the Lady Sarah *née* Lennox, the eminently beautiful daughter of a mother herself eminently beautiful—that Lady Sarah Lennox (the celebrated toast and boast of her day for her loveliness) who, at eighteen, had been for a while the affianced bride, as she was ever afterwards the tender regret, of King George the Third! There were still visible the graces of the young mother's countenance reflected in the nobler outlines of the son, when that son had lived to be a veteran of more than seventy winters. There, too, in the stature of the latter, were the lofty proportions of the sire, modified by years, and, alas! also by prolonged suffering.

Those who were the loudest and the most reiterated in their reprehension of what was extravagantly mistaken for the constitutional acerbity of Sir William Napier, whenever he took pen in hand, of late years, with a view to publication, were of all, doubtless, the least aware of the physical anguish with which that pen was often—was almost always, grasped; anguish born of the battle-wounds already alluded to, and of consequent tortures from a protracted neuralgic affection. If, while agonized under these combined afflictions, that dauntless and ever-outspoken nature undertook the vindication, for example, of one of his loved and honored brothers in terms of unmeasured scorn against those by whom, certainly, Sir Charles Napier for one was very frequently and most ungenerously misrepresented, there are none, surely, but may now forget the bitterness of the written words in the remembered bitterness of all that hidden suffering. During many years, indeed, before the soldier-historian breathed his last, his life was one protracted martyrdom, sustained with heroic fortitude. Inasmuch was this the case, that latterly his only practicable exercise was an occasional drive in a little pony phaeton. To move across a room was an effort testing his powers of endur-

ance. To touch the hand of a friend was, at intervals, nothing less than an act of courage. Yet, in spite of this, he could write to me under date "Seven o'clock, A.M." I have now lying before me a long letter, of the twenty-first of April, 1857, literally so headed—an epistle in the course of which Sir William Napier observes: "I write, as you see, before post comes in," etc.; adding, "I am an early riser, though past seventy-one, and a very complete wreck in body; but the fresh air of the morning revives me for work." And it is characteristic of the indomitable energy with which he threw himself into this work, latterly, in his brother's behalf, a chivalrous, self-imposed work of vindication, and often, it may be said against their traducers, of pitiless reprobation—it is characteristic of the man himself and of his later labors, of his resolution and of his sufferings, that in this very communication to me (taken, hap-hazard, from among a pile of others extending over many years) he writes under the above-mentioned date, at seven o'clock, A.M., in a rush of burning words—words thus eloquent and impassioned:

"The most offensive portion [he is speaking of an onslaught upon his brother, Sir George, an onslaught which he terms whimsically enough in an earlier part of the letter from which I am quoting, 'a mixture of snowballs and sweetmeats'] is the attack on my honest, gallant, true-hearted brother George. To hint at cowardice in the man who passed the night following Corunna with a torch, turning over the corpses of the slain in search of his brother, exposed to the danger of plunderers, of enemies patrolling, and the chance of being left behind a prisoner. To hint at cowardice in the man who carried off Gifford's body in the midst of enemies at Cordova. To hint at cowardice in the man who stormed Ciudad Rodrigo. To do this merely for the gratification of vulgar spite against me, is surely a sign of baseness deeply ingrained. And the proof! He, an Englishman, refused the command of the foolish though gallant, King of Sardinia's army. And again, he, like a true Englishman, refused to step into the place of a better man than himself in the command of the Indian armies; and that man, his brother. Patriotism and honor, and self-negation, would have been the terms in an honorable mouth; but with ——— it is cowardice!"

Enough, however, (through this one solitary and fragmentary quotation,) in the way of a momentary glimpse into our written correspondence. Of our real or personal intercourse I would fain speak, if

possible (space permitting) more in detail, as to some of my most vivid recollections. While talking with Sir William Napier upon the occasion already particularized as not being long anterior to the date of his demise, I bear distinctly in remembrance how, in the midst of an animated conversation upon the origin, development, and eventual subjugation of the Indian revolt, he strongly reprobated the undue severity on our part, to which he attributed so much of the subsequent bloodshed, and so many of the later disasters. With a nature thrilling in its every fiber with sensibility, and a temperament singularly impulsive and impassioned, he combined in a wonderful degree, a judgment preëminently judicial and dispassionate. In testimony of this, it is only requisite to glance for a moment at that majestic Plutarchian contrast or comparison with which he closes the last chapter of the twenty-fourth book, completing his great historic master-piece. The celebrated peroration of that oratorical history, in which Napier contrasts Napoleon, (whom the English annalist here designates magnanimously and magnificently "the greatest man of whom history makes mention, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman,") contrasts the great Napoleon and Wellington. Comparing the battle of Wellington to the stroke of the battering-ram—"down went the wall in ruins!" The battle of Napoleon to "the swell and dash of the mighty wave, before which the barrier yielded and the roaring flood poured onwards, covering all!" As thus, in these profoundly deliberated and crowning passages, in his record of the wars of the Peninsula, so equally judicial and dispassionate shone the judgment of Sir William Napier in the heat and vivacity of conversation. It was significant of the English soldier's impartiality, and of the English historian's magnanimous regard of the arch foe, that in his principal room at Scinde House (the dining-room) the only picture visible upon its walls, a picture hung too in the place of honor over the mantle-piece, was a portrait, not of Wellington, but of Wellington's glorious antagonist—an engraving from Paul de la Roche's exquisite sidelong portraiture of Napoleon, the king and emperor. As "the other" principal decoration of the soldier-author's *salon*—

manger, there was displayed a noble trophy of arms upon the waste of wall opposite the windows of the apartment—sabers and muskets disposed in grim geometric arrangement, having as its central feature (a gracious and graceful gift from the sovereign, to be thenceforth treas-

ured in the family of its recipient as a priceless heir-loom) the heraldic banner borne by the hand of General Sir William Francis Patrick Napier in the ever-memorable pageant of the great duke's funeral, in Saint Paul's Cathedral.

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From the North British Review.

### DR. JOHN BROWN'S *HORÆ SUBSECIVÆ*.\*

THIS book must be a great consolation to Mr. John Stuart Mill. That great writer and thinker has lately told us, in an essay full of gloomy forebodings, that every fresh originality of character is disappearing so rapidly from our society, that any deviation from one uniform type will soon become so rare as almost to be monstrous. This melancholy conviction gives rise to vaticinations still more dismal. And if it be true that the once rich and various life of Great Britain is now fused into one homogeneous social system, no wonder that thoughtful men should look to the future with more anxiety than hope. But to us the case does not appear so desperate as to Mr. Mill, for we do not think the world so monotonous. It is quite true that the remotest districts have now been brought so much nearer one another than they used to be, that the modes of thought of town and country have been assimilated in a remarkable manner. We are all interested and excited by the same things, and very much in the same way. In every corner of the three kingdoms people are engaged at the same moment in abusing Major Yelverton or in deifying Garibaldi. Every pulse of the great nation beats with its mighty heart; and though it is not impossible that Edinburgh should

be in a ferment and London apathetic, London can hardly be moved very deeply without Edinburgh or without Kirkwall being almost equally agitated. It is true also, that this closer contact of remote districts has produced some bad effects, as well as effects that are unquestionably beneficial; and of these, perhaps, it is not the least formidable that "the circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more and more assimilated." But though this may in some respects be an evil, we do not think it quite so serious an evil as Mr. Mill does, simply because we do not believe that the characters of individuals are shaped entirely by the circumstances which surround them. We do not believe, therefore, that by this assimilation of circumstances all variety will be blotted out from the picture of English life. The characteristic distinctions between the different classes of society are not so broad now as they were in the last generation, and every day they are growing finer and more evanescent. But this is no new phenomenon in the history of manners. It would not be very easy, perhaps, to find a characteristic squire now-a-days, like Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's Hazeldean, or a characteristic parson like his Dale; but Squire Hazeldean and Parson Dale have only followed Squire Western and Parson Adams, as they themselves had long ago followed Sir Hugh Evans and Holofernes. Every element in these characters which

\* *Horæ Subsecivæ*. By JOHN BROWN, M.D., F.R.S.E. First Series. Second Edition. Edinburgh: 1859.

*Horæ Subsecivæ*. Second Series. Edinburgh: 1861.

is owing directly to the circumstances that surround them, has disappeared, or soon will disappear, from our modern manners. And if human life were a bad theater, where the plumes and the tartan make all the difference between the Macbeth of to-night and the Hamlet of to-morrow, it would be reasonable enough, in the disappearance of such elements of difference as these, to see the approach of that dreaded uniformity which would surely be one of the greatest calamities for the national mind.

But though men may no longer differ greatly from one another, merely in virtue of their different conditions, it seems to us that the diversities of natural character will nevertheless remain as inexhaustible as ever. Even in these bad times, when the public voice is, no doubt, monotonous enough, when "the organs of public opinion" are all engaged in expressing the same sentiments, and inculcating the same doctrines, and the *Eatanswill Gazette* suspends its heroic struggle with the *Eatanswill Independent*, only in order to reëcho the proclamations of the Jupiter, there still remains, we are convinced, enough of individuality, enough of energy, and, what is quite as much to the purpose, enough of devotion also, among quiet, simple, sequestered people to save us from the Chinese stagnation which Mr. Mill so mournfully predicts. And if any of our readers is more inclined to agree with Mr. Mill than with ourselves on this subject, let him turn for consolation to Dr. John Brown. The *Horæ Subsecivæ* of this Edinburgh physician will reveal to him, if he will take the trouble to read it, not only the existence of "marked character" in one author, but of whole worlds of doctors, carriers, clergymen, shepherds, and, let us not forget to add, dogs—all strongly-marked characters, and all as different from other doctors, clergymen, and the rest, as Dominie Sampson differs from Dr. Proudie. And, in this point of view, Dr. Brown's originality is probably all the more important because of the manner in which it is expressed. For, although we can not attribute to the "influences hostile to individuality" so powerful or so unlimited an operation as Mr. Mill seems inclined to do, it is impossible for any thoughtful man not to see that such influences are truly at work; and perhaps they are at work so extensively nowhere as in the world of letters.

We do not mean to say that the number of original and powerful writers now living and publishing books is either actually or comparatively small. The ten years—to go no further back—which elapsed between *Vanity Fair* and *Adam Bede*, have given no contemptible amount of new and admirable writing to the world. We are not speaking of such great masters as Thackeray and George Eliot. And yet it might be curious to consider the extent to which the greatest writers of our day have allowed their thoughts to be directed and colored by that of the age in which they are living. Even the most illustrious of them all, the poet who of all modern poets is the most profoundly thoughtful and meditative—we mean Mr. Tennyson—seems far oftener to be molding into some exquisitely beautiful shape the thoughts of an intellectual and highly cultivated age, than to be taking things new and old from the inexhaustible treasury of an individual mind, richer by the gift of nature than the accumulations of great libraries could make it. It need hardly be said that this is true of Mr. Tennyson only in a very limited sense. The commonest thoughts, when he utters them, are transfigured and glorified by the touch of a great imaginative poet; and the thoughts he is most fond of uttering are not common. It is in much humbler regions of literature than any that are haunted by his Muse, and yet in regions that are neither unimportant nor unadorned by talent of a very high order, that the absence of individuality is to be remarked.

What the cause of this effect defective may be, we do not stop to consider; but it is certain that, while we find writings every day in reviews, and magazines, and newspapers, which show great cleverness, learning, scholarship, every kind of ability, it is rarely indeed that we find any which show character. Now, Dr. Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ* is only a collection of miscellaneous articles, some of them reprinted from magazines and newspapers, some published apparently for the first time in their present form; but we think it worth while to occupy some space with a notice of them, not because of any exceptional degree of talent which they evince, but because of that individuality which Mr. Mill finds nowhere, and which we have owned that we find very seldom in the "literature of the day." Dr. Brown

is not without admirable talents as a writer; but the chief value of his book consists in the freshness and force of character which it describes very well and often in others, and displays as prominently in himself. The charm of these papers, in short, consists in the constant presence of the author. Dr. John Brown talks familiarly with his readers, instead of exerting himself to write for them; and there is so much of ease and richness of thought and feeling, so much love and goodness as well as genius and culture in his conversation, that these fugitive pieces have a value in our eyes a great deal higher than that of far more pretentious, laborious, and deeply-considered books. The one defect, the appearance of which at least is inseparable from this kind of writing, is both the result and evidence of the originality which makes it valuable; we mean the exaggerated importance which the writer is sure to attribute to the things and persons which interest himself. We remember how Lord Cockburn was accused of thinking Edinburgh a bigger place than London. We should not be surprised if the same charge was brought against Dr. John Brown. In both cases it is a misapprehension. It is quite impossible for such men to

"Take the rustic murmur of their burn  
For the great wave that echoes round the  
world."

But, however paradoxical it may seem, the most original mind is the most sensible to the form and pressure of the life that surrounds it. The freshest and richest nature is always the most alive to the things that are passing. And when such a writer as Lord Cockburn or as Dr. Brown, has received a lively impression of any kind, he is by no means disposed to conceal the traces of it out of deference to criticism. He is fearless of literary circles. He is never thinking of the *Café Procope*; and since he looks at the world for himself, and judges its life by no artificial standard whatever, his own genial enjoyment will seem to him sufficient warrant for attaching importance to the sayings and doings of men. People who have formed a fixed set of associations out of books and newspapers, may possibly think things trivial which he finds to be instructive and interesting. But that is because they are conventional

and sophisticated. Their life is a kind of out-and-dry criticism. Dr. Brown's very criticism is buoyant and vigorous life. There is a great deal of the school-boy about our Doctor's love of dogs and horses. There is something of the same quality in his hearty dislikes and exuberant admirations. Sometimes we think this leads him wrong, as when he talks of Mr. Harvey's pictures as if they were works of great genius. Generally it leads him right, as when he condemns that big impostor Festus. But, right or wrong, his severity and his praise alike are generally to be traced much more to the genial than to the intellectual nature of the critic. We do not mean that his judgments are capricious. He has a very fine critical faculty; and his natural taste has been chastened and educated by the constant and reverential contemplation of excellence. But the one thing he requires in writing or in painting is, that he himself should be moved by it; and if that is done, he is independent of external rules. His private judgment is not to be affected by the weight of authority. He is entitled, in short, to say with a more famous essayist: "J'ay une ame libre et toute sienne, accoustumée à se conduire à sa mode."

The preface to the first series of *Horæ Subsecivæ* contains a very unnecessary apology for what the author describes as "the tendency in him of the merely ludicrous to intrude, and to insist on being attended to and expressed." This is a very inadequate account of a rich and penetrating humor, not unworthy of so enthusiastic an admirer of Charles Lamb. He has not indeed—who ever had?—the wild yet tender imaginative wit of Elia, so subtle and wonderful, that even Scotchmen adore him, when he is "bleating libels against their native land." But he has the genuine humor which, in his own words, is "the very flavor of the spirit, its rich and fragrant *ozmazome*, having in its aroma something of every thing in the man, his expressed juice." Dr. Brown's humor illustrates admirably the definition of a thoughtful writer, whose own wit, by the way, was rather leathery—Archdeacon Hare, who explains humor as "a sense of the ridiculous, softened and meliorated by human feeling." This is a true but hardly an adequate definition; for it fails to express how thoroughly the humor and the feeling interpenetrate each

other. The two elements can not be separated by the most searching analysis. Nor is the result, though always humanizing, so invariably gentle as one might suppose. Dean Swift, at least, is an illustrious example to show that some slight infusion of gall is by no means inconsistent with true humor; and it might not be impossible to name another instance almost as striking among our great living authors. But we have quoted Archdeacon Hare, chiefly to show how broad a distinction there is between such humor as Dr. Brown's, and the mere tendency to be always joking, with which he seems modestly afraid that it may be confounded. There is a great deal of fun in Dr. Brown; his gravely comic power is inimitable; but it is hardly ever, as it seems to us, the purely ludicrous which gives occasion for its exercise. The incongruity which moves him is that of ideas, and not of words. Sometimes his humor is merely quaint, as when he says of an eloquent talker: "He flowed like Cæsar's Arar, *incredibili lenitate*, like linseed out of a poke." Generally it is so deeply interfused with the human feeling of Mr. Hare's definition, that the smile with which we receive it is very nearly akin to a tear. It looks at the realities of life, and reveals at a touch the infinity and the limitations of our nature, as only the greatest masters of the human heart can reveal it in fiction. And for this very reason, perhaps, it is more felicitous nowhere than in cases where duller men would be puzzled to understand how human feeling should be imported into the matter at all. His descriptions, or rather characters of dogs, for example, are really like nothing so much, either in the result or in mode of treatment, as the Ellistons and Captain Jacksons of Elia. We do not put Toby on a par with Captain Jackson: but the peculiarities of his mental organization are made known to us in much the same way. The most impalpable niceties of the character are seized with the same firm and delicate touch, and brought out, one after another, with the same gradual art, till the picture is complete. And we know nothing any where, except in Charles Lamb, which in the least degree resembles the grave fun with which the whole dog is then presented to us. Nor in this process does the one artist ever degenerate into caricature any more than the other. We have not personally known his Tobys and John

Pyms, and their fellows; but we feel there is no reason why we should not have met them. They are actual canine beings; and it is as impossible to mistake them for one another, as it is to forget the individuality of the characters of a great dramatist in their general resemblance and their common nature. Unfortunately we can not support this opinion by extracts, for we have no room for any complete picture; and we have not the heart to tear any into fragments. But there are two characteristic anecdotes, which we can not resist. Our readers must understand that Dr. Brown, when a boy, had brought a shepherd's dog from Tweedside to Edinburgh:

"She came, and was at once taken to all our hearts—even grandmother liked her; and though she was often pensive, as if thinking of her master and her work on the hills, she made herself at home, and behaved in all respects like a lady. When out with me, if she saw sheep in the streets or road, she got quite excited, and helped the work, and was curiously useful, the being so making her wonderful happy. And so her little life went on, never doing wrong—always blithe, and kind, and beautiful. But, some months after she came, there was a mystery about her. Every Tuesday evening she disappeared. We tried to watch her, but in vain. She was always off by nine P.M., and was away all night, coming back next day wearied, and all over mud, as if she had traveled far. She slept all next day. This went on for some months, and we could make nothing of it. Poor, dear creature, she looked at us wistfully when she came in, as if she would have told us if she could, and was especially fond though tired. Well, one day, I was walking across the Grassmarket with Wyllie at my heels, when two shepherds started, and looking at her, one said: 'That's her; that's the wonderfu' wee bitch that naeboddy kena.' I asked him what he meant, and he told me that for months past she had made her appearance by the first day-light at the 'buchs,' or sheep pens, in the cattle market, and worked incessantly, and to excellent purpose, in helping the shepherds to get their sheep and lambs in. The men said, with a sort of transport: 'She's a perfect meeracle—flees about like a speerit, and never gangs wrang—wears, but never grups, and beats a' oor dowgs. She's a perfect meeracle, and as soople as a mawkin.' Then he related how they all knew her, and said: 'There's that wee fell yin; we'll gct them in noo.' They tried to coax her to stop, and be caught but no: she was gentle, but off; and for many a day that 'wee fell yin' was spoken of by these rough fellows. She continued this amateur work till she died, which she did in peace."

We think our readers will thank us for transferring what follows to our pages :

"It is very touching the regard the south country shepherds have for their dogs. Professor Syme, one day, many years ago, when living in Forres-street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte-street, as if making for his house. It was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he continued to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room. He wished advice about some ailment; and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad-dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. 'And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came into me?' 'Oh,' said he, looking awkward. 'I didna want Birkie to ken he was tied.' Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feeling? He didn't want to hurt Birkie's feelings."

We did not intend to quote more about dogs; but is there not something at once very absurd and very touching about this:

"Puck had to the end of life a simplicity which was quite touching. One summer day, a dog-day, when all dogs found straying were hauled away to the police-office, and killed off in twenties with strychnine, I met Puck trotting along Princes-street with a policeman, a rope round his neck, he looking up in the fatal, official, but kindly countenance in the most artless and cheerful manner, wagging his tail and trotting along. In ten minutes he would have been in the next world; for I am one of those who believe dogs *have* a next world, and why not? Puck ended his days as the best dog in Roxburghshire. *Placide, quiescas.*"

It is plain that, even in the dog-days, Dr. Brown would have no sympathy with the timid scholastic Gray, who said with some indignation, when he was asked if that was his dog: "Do you suppose that I would keep an animal by which I might possibly lose my life?"

The same faculty for seizing the subtlest distinctions of character, which enables Dr. Brown to describe his dogs so admirably, is displayed quite as effectually when he is dealing with men. We do not know that he gives evidence any where of that highest imaginative power which consists in the invention of a char-

acter; but in the exposition of an actual character, a man whom he himself has seen and known, it would not be very easy to mention many writers by whom he has been surpassed. And this is neither a small talent nor a very common one. It is a much slighter achievement, as it seems to us—and certainly it is a far less useful one—to collect a number of salient features, to solder them cleverly together, and call them a man or a woman, as some of our very popular novelists are much in the habit of doing, than to represent an actual human being as he lived, not by describing attributes merely, but by drawing his character. The power of conceiving an original character is, no doubt, among the rarest and highest of gifts. No description, however excellent, of real people will place a writer on the same level as the great dramatists or the great novelists. But you may count on your fingers the dramatists and the novelists who in this sense are entitled to be called great. As soon as the invention ceases to be human and true, the most dazzling effects of humor or of pathos will give the cleverest caricaturist no right or title to a place beside Sir Walter, or Fielding, or Jane Austen. And no inferior exhibition of imaginary persons is half so excellent a thing, in our view, as the most unpretending portraiture of people who have really existed. With all the amusement we have derived, and hope still to derive, from their productions, the talents of a second-rate novelist—and we should include some very distinguished names in that category—do not appear to us to be so admirable, nor their functions nearly so estimable, as those of the quiet and truthful painter of the things and persons his own eyes have witnessed. To invent a true and many-sided human being, ideal or real—a Hamlet or a Jonathan Oldbuck, a Portia or an Elizabeth Bennet—demands all the qualities which Dr. Brown evinces in describing his own friends, and an imaginative power in addition, which infinitely transcends them all. It is a very different matter to invent traits of character, however funny or however beautiful, or in however clever a combination, without that marvelous interfusion of individual traits with the characteristics common to humanity, which makes the resemblance between the people we see in the world and those we meet with in the great



masters of imaginative literature. This may be done with very brilliant effect; but it shows the absence and not the possession of the excellences that are necessary for the exposition of true characters, whether actual or imaginative. We have no hesitation in saying that it required a far higher and more capacious mind, a finer insight, and, in every sense of the word, more genius, to delineate such a character as that of the late Dr. Brown in the way our author has done it, than to invent a score of the grotesque exaggerations which have moved the tears and the laughter of this most sensitive generation.

We mean no disparagement when we say that Dr. Brown generally approaches the people he is describing from the outside. If he remained there we could say nothing worse of him. But however he begins, he has almost always penetrated to the heart of a man before he has done with him. And if it be accompanied in any sufficient degree by feeling and humor, there is, after all, no finer instrument for the detection of character than a keen, rapid, and comprehensive eye for external peculiarities. Dr. Brown says he thinks that he could have been a painter; and it is certain that he possesses the prime requisite of being able to see the outward form of men and things. Nor would it be easy to present in words a more vivid image of a picture than he can when he pleases. Here, for example, is a sketch from the beginning of *Rab and his Friends*: "Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting: it was the flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active compassionate woman fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men as so many 'brutes;' it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards to one common focus." This clear perception of physical appearances is employed with great skill and success in Dr. Brown's biographical sketches. It is by penetrating observation of all the lovely organs of a life that he seems to arrive at the idea of the life, and he involves the idea

for the benefit of his readers in much the same fashion;

"As when a painter poring on a face  
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man  
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,  
The shape and color of a mind and life,  
Lives for his children, ever at his best  
And fullest."

There are two peculiar worlds of which, by sketches of some remarkable inhabitants of both, Dr. Brown gives us glimpses—the medical and the clerical. There are no professions of which the human element ought to be more interesting for laymen; and we can not help thinking there are none for which, in this aspect, literature has hitherto done less. A good biography of any kind is rare; but rarest of all is a good biography of a clergyman. One reason may be, that the dignity of their calling makes it so impossible for clergymen to regard it merely as a profession, that it hardly occurs to them or to their biographers to look at their relations with the rest of the world from the human point of view at all. And it is not impossible, that, while the great difficulty of all biography is to trace the intricate connection between the one man whose life is being written, and the qualities ascribed to him which are common to all men, that difficulty may be greatly increased when the subject of the life is a divine. For the qualities which make the life of such a man worth writing, are those of all others which the finest hand is required to individualize. Devotion, for example, and love of truth, identify no man. They are qualities of which we have the vaguest and least personal conception. But, unless the biographer of a man whose life was illustrated chiefly by devotion, or spiritual feeling, or love of truth, be a very able and discriminating person indeed, he is almost sure to think that he has done his work when he has pronounced a panegyric on such characteristics as these. To show how they were characteristic, not of good men, but of the one good man whose life he is writing, and no other, is the most subtle and delicate office a biographer can be called on to perform. Nothing short of dramatic genius can bring out clearly the fine evanescent lines by which such a man's personal peculiarities are interwoven with the sublimest feelings and emotions that elevate humanity. The best illustration

of this rare and happy art that we could quote from Dr. Brown's book, would be his picture of his father; but we find that, if we were to begin to copy that, we should not be able to spare our readers a single sentence; and it is far too long to transfer entire to our pages. Another illustration may be found in a notice of Dr. Chalmers, in a paper contributed to this journal several years ago, from which, therefore, we do not need to quote.\*

Perhaps we could find nowhere a more quiet and graceful picture, without any exaggeration or straining for effect, than the touching and beautiful character of "Uncle Ebenezer," the well-known pastor at Inverkeithing. It is little to say, that such things as this give a truer insight into the life and nature of a certain class of Scotch divines than any amount of lives and Church histories:

"Uncle Ebenezer flowed *per saltum*; he was always good and saintly, but he was great once a week; six days he brooded over his message, was silent, withdrawn, self-involved; on the Sabbath, that down-cast, almost timid man, who shunned men, the instant he was in the pulpit stood up a son of thunder. Such a voice! such a piercing eye! such an inevitable fore-finger, held out trembling with the terrors of the Lord! such a power of asking questions, and letting them fall deep into the hearts of his hearers, and then answering them himself with an 'Ah, sirs!' that thrilled and quivered from him to them! . . . Nothing was more beautiful than my father's admiration and emotion when listening to his uncle's rapt passages, or than his childlike faith in my father's exegetical prowess. He used to have a list of difficult passages ready for 'my nephew,' and the moment the oracle gave a decision, the old man asked him to repeat it, and then took a permanent note of it, and would assuredly preach it some day with his own proper unction and power. One story of him I must give. . . .

Uncle Ebenezer, with all his mildness and complaisance, was, like most of the Browns, *tenax propositi*, firm to obstinacy. He had established a week-day sermon at the North Ferry, about two miles from his own town, Inverkeithing. It was, I think, on the Tuesdays. It was in winter, and a wild, drifting, and dangerous day; his daughters—his wife was dead—besought him not to go; he smiled vaguely, but continued getting into his big coat. Nothing would stay him, and away he and the pony stumbled through the dumb and blinding snow. He was half-way on his journey, and had got out the sermon he was going to preach, and was utterly

insensible to the outward storm; his pony getting its feet *balled*, staggered about, and at last upset his master and himself into the ditch at the road-side. The feeble, heedless, rapt old man might have perished there, had not some carters, bringing up whisky-casks from the Ferry, seen the catastrophe, and rushed up. Raising him, and *dichting* him with much commiseration and blunt speech: 'Puir auld man, what brocht ye here in sic a day?' There they were, a rough crew, surrounding the saintly man, some putting on his hat, sorting and cheering him, and others knocking the balls off the pony's feet, and stuffing them with grease. He was most polite and grateful; and one of these cordial ruffians having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whisky, and said: 'Tak that, it'll hearten ye.' He took the horn, and, bowing to them, said: 'Sirs, let us give thanks;' and there, by the road-side, in the drift and storm, with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverers, and took a tasting of the horn. The men cried like children. They lifted him on his pony, one going with him; and when the rest arrived in Inverkeithing they repeated the story to every body, and broke down in tears whenever they came to the blessing. 'And to think o' askin' a blessin' on a tass of whisky!' Next presbytery day, after the ordinary business was over, he rose up—he seldom spoke—and said: 'Moderator, I have something personal to myself to-day. I have often said that real kindness belongs only to true Christians, but'—and then he told the story of these men—'but more true kindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God—I don't know: but I never mean again to be so *positive* in speaking of this matter.'"

We wish Dr. Brown had not omitted in his Second Series the two professional papers to which he alludes in the preface. The essays of that kind in his first volume are among the most interesting and valuable that he has written; and they are so because they deal far less with the mere details of his art, in which doctors only are likely to be interested, than with the far larger question of the way in which the art can be taught and learned, so as to afford the best chance of its being exercised for the benefit of men. The mere acquirements of the physician are only alluded to; but the way in which these acquirements can be turned to practical account is discussed in more than one excellent paper, which neither young doctors nor patients of any degree of age or experience can read too often or think over too thoroughly. The position of the medical profession has greatly changed within the last half-century. People no longer expect quite the same things from

\* *North British Review*, vol. viii. No. xvi. p. 403.

their doctors; and, fortunately or unfortunately, they are no longer inclined to feel the same unquestioning confidence that they will receive what they do not expect. The edge of the old sarcasm is blunted. A physician is not now an unfortunate gentleman who is expected to perform a miracle every day. Most of us have been made to understand that the issues of life are not in the pharmacopœia; and, in the natural progress of things, the very time when the mere accumulation of learning is beginning to afford less and less consolation to the mind of a much suffering universe, it is in itself growing vaster and more imposing. The science is crowded and overwhelmed with details in every direction. Nervous and hypochondriacal persons suffer frightfully from Mr. Churchill's advertisements of books. It is only too evident from that appalling evil, that every minute organ of the human frame is the center of a whole system of diseases, all too probably in active, though hitherto unsuspected operation, at the very moment we are trying to spell out for the first time their cacophonous and mysterious titles. And when he turns from the diseases incident to humanity, to the almost equally numerous and distinct sciences, by the aid of which medicine proposes to combat those diseases, the reflecting layman begins to fear his well-armed champion almost as much as his natural enemy. He can not bring himself to believe in the possibility of moving lightly under so elaborate and cumbrous a panoply. Such a layman will find some comfort in several of Dr. Brown's papers; for this is the aspect of his "noble and sacred" profession with which those papers are concerned. We believe with him that that profession requires more "intellect, energy, attention, patience, and courage, and that singular but imperial quality, at once a gift and an acquirement, presence of mind—*δύξις*, or nearness of the *νοῦς*, as the subtle Greeks called it—than almost any other department of human thought and action, except perhaps that of ruling men." We make no doubt that these qualities are to be seen in operation every day, it is not for us to say where or how; but in writing, they are explained nowhere that we know of with more "sense and genius," than in the book before us.

We have marked for quotation some passages from his criticisms on art, but

we have left no room to insert them. We have hinted already, that on this subject we do not always agree with him. The eye, it is said, sees no more than it brings with it the power of seeing; but some eyes bring with them the power of seeing a great deal more than the painter has had the power of showing; and in such eyes, it is not impossible for a daub to appear a master-piece. But, after all, it is not often that we disagree with Dr. Brown; and where we are at one—to take his distinction—we know no abler exponent of the *soul* of painting than he. With the *body* he does not meddle. But in perception of the thought and feeling of a great picture, and in the faculty of teaching others to understand these things also, he is truly excellent; and this is the one essential element of good art-criticism. We know few things of this kind better than his description of Wilkie's "Distraint for Rent," or of Turner's *Rizpah*, except some of Mr. Thackeray's criticisms, and of course, and above all, those of the most mistaken, most unmannerly, and best art-critic that ever wrote—Mr. Ruskin.

We are not going to criticise it, and we have no doubt that it is well known already to most of our readers; but we can not part from this book without boldly asserting that *Rab and his Friends* is, all things considered, the most perfect prose narrative since *Rosamond Gray*. We can find in many books a *wider* combination of excellences, but so perfect a combination of those which do belong to it of humor and pathos, and genuine human feeling, in none.

We have been going back in this article to those half-forgotten days when Quarterly Reviewers, instead of writing elaborate essays, actually ventured to criticise and talk about nothing but the book before them. We have given a few extracts, after the fashion of those good old times, when Mr. Mudie and his colleagues did not put books into more hands than reviews. But we are not aware that the elder brethren we have been imitating ever indulged in wholesale panegyric. They let no author go without explaining, with something like paternal kindness, to him and the world, the nature of all the faults with which his excellence might happen to be alloyed. If we are like them in the rest, we will resemble them also in that; and before we bid farewell

to an author who has been both amusing and instructing us, we mean to take the liberty of indicating some of his defects. It seems to us, for example, that there is a want of fusion in the longer and more important essays; and Dr. Brown interrupts his own sound thinking and good writing a great deal too often to give us scraps of other people's. We do not object to his Latin and Greek in moderation; but the tender melancholy with which he sees "the tide setting in against the *literæ humaniores*," induces him to tag to his discourse rather too many patches from that quarter, and "quote quotation on quotation" a little too frequently. There is something a little irritating in the very appearance of pages so deformed with dashes, italics, and inverted commas; and still more so, in such awkward and even dangerous collisions between Greek definite and English indefinite articles, as even Dr. Brown's great skill and practice in driving half a dozen languages at once, have not enabled him to avoid. This is one fault of his otherwise admirable style. Another is, the trick of running a simile to death. Dr. Chalmers, for example, is the sun for half a dozen pages, and then he is a river for half a dozen more. But we must own that, even when his figures of speech are

long enough to be wearisome, they have always the merit of bringing out clearly and graphically the meaning they are meant to convey; and this is so rare a merit in new similes and short ones, that it almost induces us to forgive our old friends the sun and the river, even when they have grown to be unwieldy. The worst sin remains. Dr. Brown has studied many great philosophic writers, and knows how to reverence their greatness; and yet there seems to us something singularly free and easy, careless and disrespectful, in his dashing way of disposing of their merits occasionally in half a line. We limit this criticism to his *Excursus Ethicus*. Elsewhere his tone is different; but that disquisition reminds us of nothing so much as the great Madame de Staël's famous question to Schelling: "Monsieur, voudriez-vous bien m'expliquer votre système en peu de mots?" She thought "a petit quart d'heure" was quite enough for such a purpose; and Dr. Brown, in the *Excursus*, seems to think so too.

Our readers do not need to be told again, even after all this fault-finding, that good sense, sagacity, scholarship, humor, and genius, are not to be found in finer combination any where than in those two excellent books in which Dr. Brown has given us the fruit of his leisure.

**THE COMING CENSUS.**—During the fifty years of which the ten-yearly census has taken account, the population has been almost trebled in the twenty principal metal manufacturing districts, while it has increased only eighty per cent., or has not quite doubled, in the rest of the country. In the ten years between the last census and that which preceded it, the increase of population in all England and Wales was rather more than an addition of twelve souls to every hundred. The whole population rose, in round numbers, from 16,000,000 to 18,000,000. So that for this part of the United Kingdom we may expect a return of more than 20,000,000 next month. The rate of increase varied much, as we have said, in different places. In Wilts there was even decrease. In Cambridge there was very little more than the average increase. In Durham the increase was above 25; in London nearly 21 on every hundred. London had advanced, and the exact figures are worth giving in this case, from 1,948,417 to 2,862,236. The present population, therefore, may not be many thousands short of 3,000,000, for the pace of growth is quickened.

**A GOOD REASON FOR LAUGHTER.**—M. de Balzac was lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing-desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep. "Why do you laugh?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day." The thief "evacuated Flanders" at once.

**EDUCATION.**—One great art of education consists in not suffering the feelings to become too acute by unnecessary awakening, nor too obtuse by the want of exertion. The former renders them the source of calamity and totally ruins the temper: while the latter blunts and debases them, and produces a dull, cold, and selfish spirit. For the mind is an instrument which, if wound too high, will lose its sweetness, and if not enough strained will abate of its vigor.—*Hannah More.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

## CONCERNING THINGS SLOWLY LEARNT.

You will see in a little while what sort of things they are which I understand by *Things Slowly Learnt*. Some are facts, some are moral truths, some are practical lessons; but the great characteristic of all those which are to be thought of in this essay, is, that we have to learn them and act upon them in the face of a strong bias to think or act in an opposite way. It is not that they are so difficult in themselves; not that they are hard to be understood, or that they are supported by arguments whose force is not apparent to every mind. On the contrary, the things which I have especially in view are very simple, and for the most part quite unquestionable. But the difficulty of learning them lies in this: that, as regards them, the head seems to say one thing and the heart another. We see plainly enough what we ought to think or do; but we feel an irresistible inclination to think or to do something else. It is about three or four of these things that we are going, my friend, to have a little quiet talk. We are going to confine our view to a single class, though possibly the most important class, in the innumerable multitude of Things Slowly Learnt.

The truth is, a great many things are slowly learnt. I have lately had occasion to observe that the alphabet is one of these. I remember, too, in my own sorrowful experience, how the multiplication-table was another. A good many years since, an eminent dancing-master undertook to teach a number of my school-boy companions a graceful and easy deportment; but comparatively few of us can be said as yet to have thoroughly attained it. I know men who have been practicing the art of extempore speaking for many years, but who have reached no perfection in it, and who, if any one may judge from their confusion and hesitation when they attempt to speak, are not likely ever to reach even decent mediocrity in that wonderful accomplishment. Analogous statements might be made with truth, with

regard to my friend Mr. Snarling's endeavors to produce magazine articles; likewise concerning his attempts to skate, and his efforts to ride on horseback unlike a tailor. Some folk learn with remarkable slowness that nature never intended them for wits. There have been men who have punned, even more and more wretchedly, to the end of a long and highly respectable life. People submitted in silence to the infliction; no one liked to inform those reputable individuals that they had better cease to make fools of themselves. This, however, is part of a larger subject, which shall be treated hereafter. On the other hand, there are things which are very quickly learnt; which are learnt by a single lesson. One liberal tip, or even a few kind words heartily said, to a manly little school-boy, will establish in his mind the rooted principle that the speaker of the words or the bestower of the tip is a jolly and noble specimen of humankind. Boys are great physiognomists: they read a man's nature at a glance. Well I remember how, when going to and from school, a long journey of four hundred miles, in days when such a journey implied travel by sea as well as by land, I used to know instantly the gentlemen or the railway officials to whom I might apply for advice or information. I think that this intuitive perception of character is blunted in after years. A man is often mistaken in his first impression of man or woman; a boy hardly ever. And a boy not only knows at once whether a human being is amiable or the reverse: he knows also whether the human being is wise or foolish. In particular, he knows at once whether the human being always means what he says, or says a great deal more than he means. Inferior animals learn some lessons quickly. A dog once thrashed for some offense, knows quite well not to repeat it. A horse turns for the first time down the avenue to a house where he is well fed and cared for; next week, or next month,

you pass that gate, and though the horse has been long taught to submit his will to yours, you can easily see that he knows the place again, and that he would like to go back to the stable with which, in his poor, dull, narrow mind, there are pleasant associations. I would give a good deal to know what a horse is thinking about. There is something very curious and very touching about the limited intelligence and the imperfect knowledge of that immaterial principle, in which the immaterial does not imply the immortal. And yet, if we are to rest the doctrine of a future life in any degree upon the necessity of compensation of the sufferings and injustice of a present, I think the sight of the cab horses of any large town might plead for the admission of some quiet world of green grass and shady trees, where there should be no cold, starvation, over-work, or flogging. Some one has said that the most exquisite material scenery would look very cold and dead in the entire absence of irrational life. Trees suggest singing-birds; flowers and sunshine make us think of the drowsy bees. And it is curious to think how the future worlds of various creeds are described as not without their lowly population of animals inferior to man. We know what the "poor Indian" expects shall bear him company in his humble heaven; and possibly various readers may know some dogs who in certain important respects are very superior to certain men. You remember how, when a war-chief of the Western woods was laid by his tribe in his grave, his horse was led to the spot in the funeral procession, and at the instant when the earth was cast upon the dead warrior's dust, an arrow reached the noble creature's heart, that in the land of souls the man should find his old friend again. And though it has something of the grotesque, I think it has more of the pathetic, the aged huntsman of Mr. Assheton Smith desiring to be buried by his master, with two horses and a few couples of dogs, that they might all be ready to start together when they met again far away.

This is a deviation; but *that* is of no consequence. It is of the essence of the present writer's essays to deviate from the track. Only we must not forget the thread of the discourse; and after our deviation we must go back to it. All this came of our remarking that some things are very

quickly learnt, and that certain inferior classes of our fellow-creatures learn them quickly. But deeper and larger lessons are early learnt. Thoughtful children of a very few years old, have their own theory of human nature. Before studying the metaphysicians, and indeed while still imperfectly acquainted with their letters, young children have glimpses of the inherent selfishness of humanity. I was recently present when a small boy of three years old, together with his sister, aged five, was brought down to the dining-room at the period of dessert. The small boy climbed upon his mother's knee, and began by various indications to display his affection for her. A stranger remarked what an affectionate child he was. "Oh," said the little girl, "he suspects (by which she meant *expects*) that he is going to get something to eat!" Not Hobbes himself had reached a clearer perception or a firmer belief of the selfish system in moral philosophy. "He is always very affectionate," the youthful philosopher proceeded, "when he suspects he is going to get something good to eat!"

By *Things Slowly Learnt*, I mean not merely things which are in their nature such that it takes a long time to learn them: such as the Greek language, or the law of venders and purchasers. These things indeed take long time and much trouble to learn; but once you have learnt them, you know them. Once you have come to understand the force of the second aorist, you do not find your heart whispering to you as you are lying awake at night, that what the grammar says about the second aorist is all nonsense; you do not feel an inveterate disposition, gaining force day by day, to think concerning the second aorist just the opposite of what the grammar says. By *Things Slowly Learnt*, I understand things which it is very hard to learn at the first, because, strong as the reasons which support them are, you find it so hard to make up your mind to them. I understand things which you can quite easily (when it is fairly put to you) see to be true; but which it seems as if it would change the very world you live in to accept. I understand things you discern to be true, but which you have all your life been accustomed to think false; and which you are extremely anxious to think false. And by *Things Slowly Learnt* I under-

stand things which are not merely very hard to learn at the first, but which it is not enough to learn for once, ever so well. I understand things which when you have made the bitter effort, and admitted to be true and certain, you put into your mind to keep (so to speak); and hardly a day has passed when a soft quiet hand seems to begin to crumble them down and to wear them away to nothing. You write the principle which was so hard to receive, upon the tablet of your memory; and day by day a gentle hand comes over it with a bit of India-rubber, till the inscription loses its clear sharpness, grows blurred and indistinct, and finally quite disappears. Nor is the gentle hand content even then; but it begins, very faintly at first, to trace letters which bear a very different meaning. Then it deepens and darkens them day by day, week by week, till at a month's or a year's end the tablet of memory bears in great, sharp, legible letters, just the opposite thing to that which you had originally written down there. These are my *Things Slowly Learnt*. Things you learn at first in the face of a strong bias against them; things when once taught you gradually forget, till you come back again to your old way of thinking. Such things, of course, lie within the realm to which extends the influence of feeling and prejudice. They are things in the accepting of which both head and heart are concerned. Once convince a man that two and two make four, and he learns the truth without excitement, and he never doubts it again. But prove to a man that he is of much less importance than he has been accustomed to think; or prove to a woman that her children are very much like those of other folks; or prove to the inhabitants of a country parish that Britain has hundreds of parishes which in soil and climate and production are just as good as his own; or prove to the great man of a little country town that there are scores of towns in this world where the walks are as pleasant, the streets as well paved, and the population as healthy and as well conducted; and in each such case you will find it very hard to convince the individual at the time, and you will find that in a very short space the individual has succeeded in entirely escaping from the disagreeable conviction. You may possibly find, if you endeavor to instil such belief into minds of but moderate cultivation, that

your arguments will be met less by force of reason than by roaring of voice and excitement of manner; you may find that the person you address will endeavor to change the issue you are arguing, to other issues, wholly irrelevant, touching your own antecedents, character, or even personal appearance; and you may afterwards be informed by good-natured friends, that the upshot of your discussion had been to leave on the mind of your acquaintance the firm conviction that you yourself are intellectually a blockhead, and morally a villain. And even when dealing with human beings who have reached that crowning result of a fine training, that they shall have got beyond thinking a man their "enemy because he tells them the truth," you may find that you have rendered a service like that rendered by the surgeon's amputating knife—salutary, yet very painful—and leaving for ever a sad association with your thought and your name. For among the things we slowly learn, are truths and lessons which it goes terribly against the grain to learn at first; which must be driven into us time after time; and which perhaps are never learnt completely.

One thing very slowly learnt by most human beings, is, that they are of no earthly consequence beyond a very small circle indeed; and that really nobody is thinking or talking about them. Almost all commonplace men and women in this world have a vague but deeply-rooted belief that they are quite different from any body else, and of course quite superior to every body else. It may be in only one respect they fancy they are this, but that one respect is quite sufficient. I believe that if a grocer or silk-mercant in a little town has a hundred customers, each separate customer lives on under the impression that the grocer or the silk-mercant is prepared to give to him or her certain advantages in buying and selling which will not be accorded to the other ninety-nine customers. "Say it is for Mrs. Brown," is Mrs. Brown's direction to her servant when sending for some sugar; "say it is for Mrs. Brown, and he will give it a little better." The grocer, keenly alive to the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures, encourages this notion. "This tea," he says, "would be four-and-sixpence a pound to *any one else*, but to *you* it is only four-and-threepence." Judging from my own observation, I

should say that retail dealers trade a good deal upon this singular fact in the constitution of the human mind: that it is inexpressibly bitter to most people to believe that they stand on the ordinary level of humanity; that, in the main, they are just like their neighbors. Mrs. Brown would be filled with unutterable wrath if it were represented to her that the grocer treats her precisely as he does Mrs. Smith, who lives on one side of her, and Mrs. Snooks, who lives on the other. She would be still more angry if you asked her what earthly reason there is why she should in any way be distinguished beyond Mrs. Snooks and Mrs. Smith. She takes for granted she is quite different from them: quite superior to them. Human beings do not like to be classed, at least with the class to which in fact they belong. To be classed at all is painful to an average mortal, who firmly believes that there never was such a being in this world. I remember one of the cleverest friends I have—one who assuredly can not be classed intellectually, except in a very small and elevated class—telling me how mortified he was, when a very clever boy of sixteen, at being classed at all. He had told a literary lady that he admired Tennyson. "Yes," said the lady, "I am not surprised at that; there is a class of young men who like Tennyson at your age." It went like a dart to my friend's heart. *Class of young men*, indeed! Was it for *this* that I outstripped all competitors at school, that I have been fancying myself an unique phenomenon in nature, *different* at least from every other being that lives, that I should be spoken of as one of a *class of young men*? Now, in my friend's half-playful reminiscence, I see the exemplification of a great fact in human nature. Most human beings fancy themselves, and all their belongings, to be quite different from all other beings, and the belongings of all other beings. I heard an old lady, whose son is a rifleman, and just like all the other volunteers of his corps, lately declare that on the occasion of a certain grand review her Tom looked so entirely different from all the rest. No doubt he did to her, poor old lady, for he was her own. But the irritating thing was, that the old lady wished it to be admitted that Tom's superiority was an actual fact, equally patent to the eyes of all mankind. Yes, my friend, it is a thing very slowly learnt by

most men, that they are very much like other people. You see the principle which underlies what you hear so often said by human beings, young and old, when urging you to do something which it is against your general rule to do. "Oh, but you might do it *for me*!" Why for you more than any one else? would be the answer of severe logic. But a kindly man would not take that ground; for doubtless the *Me*, however little to every one else, is to each unit in humankind the center of all the world.

Arising out of this mistaken notion of their own difference from all other men, is the fancy entertained by many, that they occupy a much greater space in the thoughts of others than they really do. Most folk think mainly about themselves and their own affairs. Even a matter which "every body is talking about," is really talked about by each for a very small portion of the twenty-four hours. And a name which is "in every body's mouth," is not in each separate mouth for more than a few minutes at a time. And during those few minutes, it is talked of with an interest very faint when compared with that you feel for yourself. You fancy it a terrible thing when you yourself have to do something which you would think nothing about if done by any body else. A lady grows sick, and has to go out of church during the sermon. Well, you remark it; possibly indeed you don't; and you say, Mrs. Thomson went out of church to-day: she must be ill; and there the matter ends. But a day or two later you see Mrs. Thomson, and find her quite in a fever at the awful fact. It was a dreadful trial, walking out, and facing all the congregation; they must have thought it so strange; she would not run the risk of it again for any inducement. The fact is just this: Mrs. Thomson thinks a great deal of the thing, because it happened to herself. It did not happen to the other people, and so they hardly think of it at all. But nine in every ten of them, in Mrs. Thomson's place, would have Mrs. Thomson's feeling; for it is a thing which you, my reader, slowly learn, that people think very little about you.

Yes, it is a thing slowly learnt; by many not learnt at all. How many persons you meet walking along the street who evidently think that every body is looking at them! How few persons can



walk through an exhibition of pictures at which are assembled the grand people of the town and all their own grand acquaintances, in a fashion thoroughly free from self-consciousness! I mean without thinking of themselves at all, or of how they look; but in an unaffected manner, observing the objects and beings around them. Men who have attained recently to a moderate eminence, are sometimes, if of small minds, much affected by this disagreeable frailty. Small literary men, and preachers with no great head or heart, have within my own observation suffered from it severely. I have witnessed a poet, whose writings I have never read, walking along a certain street. I call him a poet to avoid periphrasis. The whole get-up of the man, his dress, his hat, the style in which he walked, showed unmistakably that he fancied that every body was looking at him, and that he was the admired of all admirers. In fact, nobody was looking at him at all. Some time since I beheld a portrait of a very, very small literary man. It was easy to discern from it that the small author lives in the belief that wherever he goes he is the object of universal observation. The intense self-consciousness and self-conceit apparent in that portrait were, in the words of Mr. Squeers, "more easier conceived than described." The face was a very commonplace and rather good-looking one; the author, notwithstanding his most strenuous exertions, evidently could make nothing of the features to distinguish him from other men. But the length of his hair was very great; and oh, what genius he plainly fancied glowed in those eyes! I never in my life witnessed such an extraordinary glare. I do not believe that any human being ever lived whose eyes habitually wore that expression; only by a violent effort could the expression be produced, and then for a very short time, without serious injury to the optic nerves. The eyes were made as large as possible; and the thing after which the poor fellow had been struggling was that peculiar look which may be conceived to penetrate through the beholder, and pierce his inmost thoughts. I never beheld the living original, but if I saw him I should like in a kind way to pat him on the head, and tell him that *that* sort of expression would produce a great effect on the gallery of a minor theater. The other day I was at a public meeting. A

great crowd of people was assembled in a large hall: the platform at one end of it remained unoccupied till the moment when the business of the meeting was to begin. It was an interesting sight for any philosophic observer seated in the body of the hall to look at the men who by-and-by walked in procession on to the platform, and to observe the different ways in which they walked in. There were several very great and distinguished men: every one of these walked on to the platform and took his seat in the most simple and unaffected way, as if quite unconscious of the many eyes that were looking at them with interest and curiosity. There were many highly respectable and sensible men, whom nobody cared particularly to see, and who took their places in a perfectly natural manner, as though well aware of the fact. But there were one or two small men, struggling for notoriety; and I declare it was pitiful to behold their entrance. I remarked one in particular, who evidently thought that the eyes of the whole meeting were fixed upon himself; and that as he walked in every body was turning to his neighbor, and saying with agitation: "See, that's Snooks!" His whole gait and deportment testified that he felt that two or three thousand eyes were burning him up; you saw it in the way he walked to his place, in the way he sat down, in the way he then looked about him. If any one had tried to get up three cheers for Snooks, Snooks would not have known that he was being made a fool of. He would have accepted the incense of fame as justly his due. There once was a man who entered the Edinburgh theater at the same instant with Sir Walter Scott. The audience cheered lustily; and while Sir Walter modestly took his seat, as though unaware that those cheers were to welcome the Great Magician, the other man advanced with dignity to the front of the box, and bowed in acknowledgment of the popular applause. This of course was but a little outburst of the great tide of vain self-estimation which the man had cherished within his breast for years. Let it be said here that an affected unconsciousness of the presence of a multitude of people is as offensive an exhibition of self-consciousness as any that is possible. Entire naturalness, and a just sense of a man's personal insignificance, will produce the right deportment.

It is very irritating to see some clergymen walk into church to begin the service. They come in, with eyes affectingly cast down, and go to their place without ever looking up, and rise and begin without one glance at the congregation. To stare about them, as some clergymen do, in a free and easy manner, befits not the solemnity of the place and the worship; but the other is the worse thing. In a few cases it proceeds from modesty: in the majority from intolerable self-conceit. The man who keeps his eyes downcast in that affected manner fancies that every body is looking at him. There is an insufferable self-consciousness about him; and he is much more keenly aware of the presence of other people than the man who does what is natural, and looks at the people to whom he is speaking. It is not natural nor rational to speak to one human being with your eyes fixed on the ground; and neither is it natural or rational to speak to a thousand. And I think that the preacher who feels in his heart that he is neither wiser nor better than his fellow sinners to whom he is to preach, and that the advices he addresses to them are addressed quite as solemnly to himself, will assume no conceited airs of elevation above them, but will unconsciously wear the demeanor of any sincere worshiper, somewhat deepened in solemnity by the remembrance of his heavy personal responsibility in leading the congregation's worship; but assuredly and entirely free from the vulgar conceit which may be fostered in a vulgar mind by the reflection, "Now every body is looking at me!" I have seen, I regret to say, various distinguished preachers whose pulpit demeanor was made to me inexpressibly offensive by this taint of self-consciousness. And I have seen some with half the talent, who made upon me an impression a thousand fold deeper than ever was made by the most brilliant eloquence, because the simple earnestness of their manner said to every heart, "Now, I am not thinking in the least about myself, or about what you may think of me: my sole desire is to impress on your hearts these truths I speak, which I believe will concern us all for ever!" I have heard great preachers, after hearing whom you could walk home quite at your ease, praising warmly the eloquence and the logic of the sermon. I have heard others, (infinitely greater

in my poor judgment,) after hearing whom you would have felt it profanation to criticise the literary merits of their sermon, high as those were: but you walked home thinking of the lesson and not of the teacher; solemnly revolving the truths you had heard; and asking the best of all help to enable you to remember them and act upon them.

There are various ways in which self-consciousness disagreeably evinces its existence; and there is not one perhaps more disagreeable than the affected avoidance of what is generally regarded as egotism. Depend upon it, my reader, that the straightforward and natural writer who frankly uses the first person singular, and says: "I think thus and thus," "I have seen so and so," is thinking of himself and his own personality a mighty deal less than the man who is always employing awkward and roundabout forms of expression to avoid the use of the obnoxious *I*. Every such periphrasis testifies unmistakably that the man was thinking of himself; but the simple, natural writer, warm with his subject, eager to press his views upon his readers, uses the *I* without a thought of self, just because it is the shortest, most direct, and most natural way of expressing himself. The recollection of his own personality probably never once crossed his mind during the composition of the paragraph from which an ill-set critic might pick out a score of *I*'s. To say, "It is submitted" instead of "I think," "It has been observed" instead of "I have seen," "The present writer" instead of "I," is much the more really egotistical. Try to write an essay without using that vowel which some men think the very shibboleth of egotism, and the remembrance of yourself will be in the background of your mind all the time you are writing. It will be always intruding and pushing in its face, and you will be able to give only half your mind to your subject. But frankly and naturally use the "I," and the remembrance of yourself vanishes. You are grappling with the subject; you are thinking of it and of nothing else. You use the readiest and most unaffected mode of speech to set out your thoughts of it. You have written *I* a dozen times, but you have not thought of yourself once.

You may see the self-consciousness of some men strongly manifested in their

handwriting. The handwriting of some men is essentially affected; more especially their signature. It seems to be a very searching test whether a man is a conceited person or an unaffected person, to be required to furnish his autograph to be printed underneath his published portrait. I have fancied I could form a theory of a man's whole character from reading, in such a situation, merely the words, "Very faithfully yours, Eusebius Snooks." You could see that Mr. Snooks was acting when he wrote that signature. He was thinking of the impression it would produce on those who saw it. It was not the thing which a man would produce who simply wished to write his name legibly in as short a time and with as little needless trouble as possible. Let me say with sorrow that I have known even venerable bishops who were not superior to this irritating weakness. Some men aim at an aristocratic hand; some deal in vulgar flourishes. These are the men who have reached no further than that stage at which they are proud of the dexterity with which they handle their pen. Some strive after an affectedly simple and student-like hand; some at a dashing and military style. But there may be as much self-consciousness evinced by handwriting as by any thing else. Any clergyman who performs a good many marriages will be impressed by the fact that very few among the humbler classes can sign their name in an unaffected way. I am not thinking of the poor bride who shakily traces her name, or of the simple bumpkin who slowly writes his, making no secret of the difficulty with which he does it. These are natural and pleasing. You would like to help and encourage them. But it is irritating when some forward fellow, after evincing his marked contempt for the slow and cramped performances of his friends, jauntily takes up the pen and dashes off his signature at a tremendous rate and with the air of an exploit, evidently expecting the admiration of his rustic friends, and laying a foundation for remarking to them on his way home that the parson could not touch him at penmanship. I have observed with a little malicious satisfaction that such persons, arising in their pride from the place where they wrote, generally smear their signature with their coat-sleeve, and reduce it to a state of comparative illegibility. I

like to see the smirking, impudent creature a little taken down.

But it is endless to try to reckon up the fashions in which people show that they have not learnt the lesson of their own unimportance. Did you ever stop in the street and talk for a few minutes to some old bachelor? If so, I dare say you have remarked a curious phenomenon. You have found that all of a sudden the mind of the old gentleman, usually reasonable enough, appeared stricken into a state approaching idiocy, and that the sentence which he had begun in a rational and intelligible way was ended in a maze of wandering words, signifying nothing in particular. You had been looking in another direction, but in sudden alarm you look straight at the old gentleman to see what on earth is the matter; and you discern that his eyes are fixed on some passer-by, possibly a young lady, perhaps no more than a magistrate or the like, who is by this time a good many yards off, with the eyes still following, and slowly revolving on their axis so as to follow without the head being turned round. It is this spectacle which has drawn off your friend's attention; and you notice his whole figure twisted into an ungainly form, intended to be dignified or easy, and assumed because he fancied that the passer-by was looking at him. Oh! the pettiness of human nature. Then you will find people afraid that they have given offense by saying or doing things which the party they suppose offended had really never observed that they had said or done. There are people who fancy that in church every body is looking at them, when in truth no mortal is taking the trouble to do so. It is an amusing though irritating sight to behold a weak-minded lady walking into church and taking her seat under this delusion. You remember the affected air, the downcast eyes, the demeanor intended to imply a modest shrinking from notice, but through which there shines the real desire, "Oh, for any sake, look at me!" There are people whose voice is utterly inaudible in church six feet off, who will tell you that a whole congregation of a thousand or fifteen hundred people was listening to their singing. Such folk will tell you that they went to a church where the singing was left too much to the choir, and began to sing as usual, on which the entire congregation looked round to see

who it was that was singing, and ultimately proceeded to sing lustily too. I do not remember a more disgusting exhibition of vulgar self-conceit than I saw a few months ago at Westminster Abbey. It was a week-day afternoon service, and the congregation was small. Immediately before me there sat an insolent boor, who evidently did not belong to the Church of England. He had walked in when the prayers were half over, having with difficulty been made to take off his hat, and his manifest wish was to testify his contempt for the whole place and service. Accordingly he persisted in sitting, in a lounging attitude, when the people stood, and in standing up and staring about with an air of curiosity while they knelt. He was very anxious to convey that he was not listening to the prayers; but rather inconsistently, he now and then uttered an audible grunt of disapproval. No one can enjoy the choral service more than I do, and the music that afternoon was very fine; but I could not enjoy it or join in it as I wished for the disgust I felt at the animal before me, and for my burning desire to see him turned out of the sacred place he was profaning. But the thing which chiefly struck me about the individual was not his vulgar and impudent profanity: it was his intolerable self-conceit. He plainly thought that every eye under the noble old roof was watching all his movements. I could see that he would go home and boast of what he had done, and tell his friends that all the clergy, choristers, and congregation had been awe-stricken by him, and that possibly word had by this time been conveyed to Lambeth or Fulham of the weakened influence and approaching downfall of the Church of England. I knew that the very thing he wished was that some one should rebuke his conduct, otherwise I should certainly have told him either to behave with decency or to be gone.

I have sometimes witnessed a curious manifestation of this vain sense of self-importance. Did you ever, my reader, chance upon such a spectacle as this: a very commonplace man, and even a very great blockhead, standing in a drawing-room where a large party of people is assembled, with a grin of self-complacent superiority upon his unmeaning face? I am sure you understand the thing I mean. I mean a look which conveyed that, in virtue of some hidden store of genius or

power, he could survey with a calm, cynical loftiness the little conversation and interests of ordinary mortals. You know the kind of interest with which a human being would survey the distant approaches to reason of an intelligent dog, or a colony of ants. I have seen this expression on the face of one or two of the greatest blockheads I ever knew. I have seen such a one wear it while clever men were carrying on a conversation in which he could not have joined to have saved his life. Yet you could see that (who can tell how?) the poor creature had somehow persuaded himself that he occupied a position from which he could look down upon his fellow-men in general. Or was it rather that the poor creature knew he was a fool, and fancied that thus he could disguise the fact? I dare say there was a mixture of both feelings.

You may see many indications of vain self-importance in the fact that various persons, old ladies for the most part, are so ready to give opinions which are not wanted, on matters of which they are not competent to judge. Clever young curates suffer much annoyance from these people: they are always anxious to instruct the young curates how to preach. I remember well, ten years ago, when I was a curate (which in Scotland we call an *assistant*) myself, what advices I used to receive (quite unsought by me) from well-meaning but densely stupid old ladies. I did not think the advices worth much, even then; and now, by longer experience, I can discern that they were utterly idiotic. Yet they were given with entire confidence. No thought ever entered the head of these well-meaning but stupid individuals, that possibly they were not competent to give advice on such subjects. And it is vexatious to think that people so stupid may do serious harm to a young clergyman by head-shakings and sly inuendoes as to his orthodoxy or his gravity of deportment. In the long run they will do no harm, but at the first start they may do a good deal of mischief. Not long since, such a person complained to me that a talented young preacher had taught unsound doctrine. She cited his words. I showed her that the words were taken *verbatim* from the *Confession of Faith*, which is our Scotch Thirty nine Articles. I think it not unlikely that she would go on telling her tattling story just the same. I remember hearing a stupid old lady say, as though her opinion

were quite decisive of the question, that no clergyman ought to have so much as a thousand a year; for if he had, he would be sure to neglect his duty. You remember what Dr. Johnson said to a woman who expressed some opinion or other upon a matter she did not understand: "Madam," said the moralist, "before expressing your opinion, you should consider what your opinion is worth." But this shaft would have glanced harmlessly from off the panoply of the stupid and self-complacent old lady of whom I am thinking. It was a fundamental axiom with her that her opinion was entirely infallible. Some people would feel as though the very world were crumbling away under their feet if they realized the fact that they could go wrong.

Let it here be said, that this vain belief of their own importance which most people cherish, is not at all a source of unmixed happiness. It will work either way. When my friend, Mr. Snarling, got his beautiful poem printed in the county newspaper, it no doubt pleased him to think, as he walked along the street, that every one was pointing him out as the eminent literary man who was the pride of the district; and that the whole town was ringing with that magnificent effusion. Mr. Tennyson, it is certain, felt that his crown was being reft away. But on the other hand, there is no commoner form of morbid misery than that of the poor nervous man or woman who fancies that he or she is the subject of universal unkindly remark. You will find people, still sane for practical purposes, who think that the whole neighborhood is conspiring against them, when in fact nobody is thinking of them.

All these pages have been spent in discussing a single thing slowly learnt: the remaining matters to be considered in this essay must be treated briefly.

Another thing slowly learnt is that we have no reason or right to be angry with people because they think poorly of us. This is a truth which most people find it very hard to accept, and at which, probably, very few arrive without pretty long thought and experience. Most people are angry when they are informed that some one has said that their ability is small, or that their proficiency in any art is limited. Mrs. Malaprop was very indignant when she found that some of her friends had spoken lightly of her parts of

speech. Mr. Snarling was wroth when he learned that Mr. Jollikin thought him no great preacher. Miss Brown was so on hearing that Mr. Smith did not admire her singing; and Mr. Smith on learning that Miss Brown did not admire his horsemanship. Some authors feel angry on reading an unfavorable review of their book. The present writer has been treated very, very kindly by the critics; far more so than he ever deserved; yet he remembers showing a notice of him which was intended to extinguish him for all coming time, to a warm-hearted friend, who read it with gathering wrath, and vehemently starting up at its close, exclaimed (we knew who wrote the notice): "Now, I shall go straight and kick that fellow!" Now all this is very natural, but assuredly it is quite wrong. You understand, of course, that I am thinking of unfavorable opinions of you, honestly held, and expressed without malice. I do not mean to say that you would choose for your special friend or companion one who thought meanly of your ability or your sense; it would not be pleasant to have him always by you; and the very fact of his presence would tend to keep you from doing justice to yourself. For it is true, that when with people who think you very clever and wise, you really are a good deal cleverer and wiser than usual; while with people who think you stupid and silly, you find yourself under a malign influence which tends to make you actually so for the time. If you want a man to gain any good quality, the way is to give him credit for possessing it. If he has but little, give him credit for all he has at least; and you will find him daily get more. You know how Arnold made boys truthful: it was by giving them credit for truth. Oh that we all fitly understood that the same grand principle should be extended to all good qualities, intellectual and moral! Diligently instil into a boy that he is a stupid, idle, bad-hearted block-head, and you are very likely to make him all *that*. And so you can see that it is not judicious to choose for a special friend and associate one who thinks poorly of one's sense or one's parts. Indeed, if such a one honestly thinks poorly of you, and has any moral earnestness, you could not get him for a special friend if you wished it. Let us choose for our companions (if such can be found) those who think well and kindly of us, even

though we may know within ourselves that they think too kindly and too well. For that favorable estimation will bring out and foster all that is good in us. There is between this and the unfavorable judgment all the difference between the warm, genial sunshine, that draws forth the flowers and encourages them to open their leaves, and the nipping frost or the blighting east-wind that represses and disheartens all vegetable life. But though thus you would not choose for your special companion one who thinks poorly of you, and though you might not even wish to see him very often, you have no reason to have any angry feeling towards him. He can not help his opinion. His opinion is determined by his lights. His opinion, possibly, founds on those æsthetic considerations as to which people will never think alike, with which there is no reasoning, and for which there is no accounting. God has made him so that he dislikes your book, or at least can not heartily appreciate it; and that is not his fault. And, holding his opinion, he is quite entitled to express it. It may not be polite to express it to yourself. By common consent it is understood that you are never, except in cases of absolute necessity, to say to any man that which is disagreeable to him. And if you go, and, without any call to do so, express to a man himself that you think poorly of him, he may justly complain, not of your unfavorable opinion of him, but of the malice which is implied in your needlessly informing him of it. But if any one expresses such an unfavorable opinion of you in your absence, and some one comes and repeats it to you, be angry with the person who repeats the opinion to you, not with the person who expressed it. For what you do not know will cause you no pain. And all sensible folk, aware how estimates of any mortal must differ, will, in the long run, attach nearly the just weight to any opinion, favorable or unfavorable.

Yes, my friend, utterly put down the natural tendency in your heart to be angry with the man who thinks poorly of you. For you have, in sober reason, no right to be angry with him. It is more pleasant, and indeed more profitable, to live among those who think highly of you. It makes you better. You actually grow into what you get credit for. Oh! how much better a clergyman who preaches to his own

congregation, who listen with kindly and sympathetic attention to all he says, and always think too well of him, than to a set of critical strangers, eager to find faults and to pick holes! And how heartily and pleasantly the essayist covers his pages, which are to go into a magazine whose readers have come to know him well, and to bear with all his ways! If every one thought him a dull and stupid person, he could not write at all. Indeed, he would bow to the general belief, and accept the truth that he is dull and stupid. But further, my reader, let us be reasonable when it is pleasant; and let us sometimes be irrational when *that* is pleasant too. It is natural to have a very kindly feeling for those who think well of us. Now, though, in severe truth, we have no more reason for wishing to shake hands with the man who thinks well of us, than for wishing to shake the man who thinks ill of us, yet let us yield heartily to the former pleasant impulse. It is not reasonable, but it is all right. You can not help liking people who estimate you favorably, and say a good word of you. No doubt we might slowly learn not to like them more than any body else; but we need not take the trouble to learn *that* lesson. Let us all, my readers, be glad if we can reach that cheerful position of mind at which my eloquent friend Shirley and I have long since arrived, that we are extremely gratified when we find ourselves favorably reviewed, and not in the least angry when we find ourselves reviewed unfavorably; that we have a very kindly feeling towards such as think well of us, and no unkind feeling whatever to those who think ill of us. Thus, at the beginning of the month, we look with equal minds at the newspaper notices of *Fraser*; we are soothed and exhilarated when we find ourselves described as sages, and we are amused and interested when we find ourselves shown up as little better than geese.

Of course, it makes a difference in the feeling with which you ought to regard any unfavorable opinion of you, whether spoken or written, if the unfavorable opinion which is expressed be plainly not honestly held, and be maliciously expressed. You may occasionally hear a judgment expressed of a young girl's music or dancing, of a gentleman's horses, of a preacher's sermons, of an author's books, which is manifestly dictated by personal spite and jealousy, and which is expressed with

the intention of doing mischief and giving pain to the person of whom the judgment is expressed. You will occasionally find such judgments supported by willful misrepresentation, and even by pure invention. In such a case as this, the essential thing is not the unfavorable opinion, it is the malice which leads to its entertainment and expression. And the conduct of the offending party should be regarded with that feeling which, on calm thought, you discern to be the right feeling with which to regard malice, accompanied by falsehood. Then, is it well to be angry here? I think not. You may see that it is not safe to have any communication with a person who will abuse and misrepresent you; it is not safe, and it is not pleasant. But don't be angry. It is not worth while. That old lady, indeed, told all her friends that you said, in your book, something she knew quite well you did not say. Mr. Snarling did the like. But the offenses of such people are not worth powder and shot; and besides this, my friend, if you saw the case from their point of view, you might see that they have something to say for themselves. You failed to call for the old lady so often as she wished you should. You did not ask Mr. Snarling to dinner. These are bad reasons for pitching into you, but still they are reasons; and Mr. Snarling and the old lady, by long brooding over them, may have come to think that they are very just and weighty reasons. And did you never, my friend, speak rather unkindly of these two persons? Did you never give a ludicrous account of their goings-on, or even an ill-set account, which some kind friend was sure to repeat to them? Ah, my reader, don't be too hard on Snarling; possibly you have yourself done something very like what he is doing now. Forgive, as you need to be forgiven. And try to attain that quite attainable temper, in which you will read or listen to the most malignant attack upon you with curiosity and amusement, and with no angry feeling at all. I suppose great people attain to this. I mean cabinet ministers and the like, who are daily flayed in print somewhere or other. They come to take it all quite easily. And if they were pure angels, somebody would attack them. Most people, even those who differ from him, know that if this world has a humble, conscientious, pious man in it, that man is the present Arch-

bishop of Canterbury. Yet last night I read in a certain powerful journal, that the great characteristics of that good man are cowardice, trickery, and simple rascality! Honest Mr. Bumpkin, kind-hearted Miss Goodbody, do you fancy that you can escape?

Then we ought to try to fix it in our mind, that in all matters into which taste enters at all, the most honest and most able men may hopelessly, diametrically, differ. Original idiosyncrasy has so much to say here; and training has also so much. One cultivated and honest man has an enthusiastic and most real love and enjoyment of Gothic architecture, and an absolute hatred for that of the classic revival; another man equally cultivated and honest, has tastes which are the logical contradiction of these. No one can doubt the ability of Byron, or of Sheridan; yet each of them thought very little of Shakspeare. The question is, *what suits you?* You may have the strongest conviction that you ought to like an author; you may be ashamed to confess that you don't like him; and yet you may feel that you detest him. For myself, I confess with shame, and I know the reason is in myself, I can not for my life see any thing to admire in the writings of Mr. Carlyle. His style, both of thought and language, is to me insufferably irritating. I tried to read the *Sartor Resartus*, and could not do it. So if all people who have learned to read English were like me, Mr. Carlyle would have no readers. Happily, the majority, in most cases, possesses the normal taste. At least there is no further appeal than to the deliberate judgment of the majority of educated men. I confess, further, that I would rather read Mr. Helps than Milton: I do not say that I think Mr. Helps the greater man, but that I feel he suits me better. I value the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-table* more highly than all the writings of Shelley put together. It is a curious thing to read various reviews of the same book; particularly if it be one of those books which, if you like at all, you will like very much, and which if you don't like you will absolutely hate. It is curious to find opinions flatly contradictory of one another set forth in those reviews by very able, cultivated, and unprejudiced men. There is no newspaper published in Britain which contains abler writing than the *Edinburgh Scotsman*. And of course no one need say any thing

as to the literary merits of the *Times*. Well, one day within the last few months, the *Times* and the *Scotsman* each published a somewhat elaborate review of a certain book. The reviews were flatly opposed to one another; they had no common ground at all; one said the book was extremely good, and the other that it was extremely bad. You must just make up your mind that in matters of taste there can be no unvarying standard of truth. In æsthetic matters, truth is quite relative. What is bad to you, is good to me perhaps. And indeed, if one might adduce the saddest of all possible proofs, how even the loftiest and most splendid genius fails to commend itself to every cultivated mind, it may suffice to say, that *that* brilliant *Scotsman* has on several occasions found fault with *Fraser's Magazine*, and specially with A. K. H. B.!

If you, my reader, are a wise and kind-hearted person, (as I have no doubt whatever but you are,) I think you would like very much to meet and converse with any person who has formed a bad opinion of you. You would take great pleasure in overcoming such a one's prejudice against you; and if the person were an honest and worthy person, you would be almost certain to do so. Very few folk are able to retain any bitter feeling towards a man they have actually talked with, unless the bitter feeling be one which is just. And a very great proportion of all the unfavorable opinions which men entertain of their fellow-men is founded on some misconception. You take up somehow an impression that such a one is a conceited, stuck-up person: you come to know him, and you find he is the frankest and most unaffected of men. You had a belief that such another was a cynical, heartless being, till you met him one day coming down a long black stair in a poor part of the town from a bare chamber in which is a little sick child, with two large tears running down his face; and when you enter the poor apartment you learn certain facts as to his quiet benevolence which compel you suddenly to construct a new theory of that man's character. It is only people who are radically and essentially bad whom you can really dislike after you come to know them. And the human beings who are thus essentially bad are very few. Something of the original Image lingers yet in almost every human soul. And in many

a homely, commonplace person, what with vestiges of the old, and a blessed planting in of something new, there is a vast deal of it. And every human being, conscious of honest intention and of a kind heart, may well wish that the man who dislikes and abuses him could just know him.

But there are human beings whom, if you are wise, you would not wish to know you too well. I mean the human beings (if such there should be) who think very highly of you; who imagine you very clever and very amiable. Keep out of the way of such. Let them see as little of you as possible. For when they come to know you well, they are quite sure to be disenchanted. The enthusiastic ideal which young people form of any one they admire is smashed by the rude presence of facts. I have got somewhat beyond the stage of feeling enthusiastic admiration, yet there are two or three living men whom I should be sorry to see. I know I should never admire them so much any more. I never saw Mr. Dickens: I don't want to see him. Let us leave Yarrow unvisited: our sweet ideal is fairer than the fairest fact. No hero is a hero to his valet: and it may be questioned whether any clergyman is a saint to his beadle. Yet the hero may be a true hero, and the clergyman a very excellent man; but no human being can bear too close inspection. I remember hearing a clever and enthusiastic young lady complain of what she had suffered on meeting a certain great bishop at dinner. No doubt he was dignified, pleasant, clever; but the mysterious halo was no longer round his head. Here is a sad circumstance in the lot of a very great man: I mean such a man as Mr. Tennyson or Professor Longfellow. As an elephant walks through a field, crushing the crop at every step, so do these men advance through life, smashing, every time they dine out, the enthusiastic fancies of several romantic young people.

This was to have been a short essay. But you see it is already long; and I have treated only two of the four Things Slowly Learnt which I had noted down. After much consideration I discern several courses which are open to me:

(1.) To ask the editor to allow me forty or fifty pages of the magazine for my essay.

(2.) To stop at once, and allow it to re-



main for ever a secret what the two remaining things are.

(3.) To stop now, and continue my subject in a future number of the magazine.

(4.) To state briefly what the two things are, and get rid of the subject at once.

The fundamental notion of Course No. 1 is manifestly vain. The editor is doubtless well aware that about sixteen pages is the utmost length of essay which his readers can stand. Nos. 2 and 3, for reasons too numerous to state, can not be adopted. And thus I am in a manner compelled to adopt Course No. 4.

The first of the two things is a practical lesson. It is this: to allow for human folly, laziness, carelessness, and the like, just as you allow for the properties of matter, such as weight, friction, and the like, without being surprised or angry at them. You know that if a man is lifting a piece of lead, he does not think of getting into a rage because it is heavy; or if a man is dragging a tree along the ground he does not get into a rage because it plows deeply into the earth as it comes. He is not surprised at these things. They are nothing new. It is just what he counted on. But you will find that the same man, if his servants are lazy, careless, and forgetful; or if his friends are petted, wrong-headed, and impracticable, will not only get quite angry, but will get freshly angry at each new action which proves that his friends or servants possess these characteristics. Would it not be better to make up your mind that such things are characteristic of humanity, and so that you must look for them in dealing with human beings? And would it not be better, too, to regard each new proof of laziness, not as a new thing to be angry with, but merely as a piece of the one great fact that your servant is lazy, with which you get angry once for all, and have done with it? If your servant makes twenty blunders a day, do not regard them as twenty separate facts at which to get angry twenty several times. Regard them just as twenty proofs of the one fact, that your servant is a blunderer; and be angry just once, and no more. Or if some one you know gives twenty indications in a day that he or she (let us say she) is of a petted temper, regard these merely as twenty proofs of one lamentable fact, and not as twenty different

facts to be separately lamented. You accept the fact that the person is petted and ill-tempered: you regret it and blame it once for all. And after this once you take as of course all new manifestations of pettedness and ill-temper. And you are no more surprised at them, or angry with them, than you are at lead for being heavy, or at down for being light. It is their nature, and you calculate on it, and allow for it.

Then the second of the two remaining things is this—that you have no right to complain if you are postponed to greater people, or if you are treated with less consideration than you would be if you were a greater person. Uneducated people are very slow to learn this most obvious lesson. I remember hearing of a proud old lady, who was proprietor of a small landed estate in Scotland. She had many relations, some greater, some less. The greater she much affected, the less she wholly ignored. But they did not *her*; and one morning an individual arrived at her mansion-house, bearing a large box on his back. He was a traveling pedler; and he sent up word to the old lady that he was her cousin, and hoped she would buy something from him. The old lady indignantly refused to see him, and sent orders that he should forthwith quit the house. The pedler went; but on reaching the court-yard, he turned to the inhospitable dwelling, and in a loud voice exclaimed, in the ears of every mortal in the house: “Ay, if I had come in my carriage-and-four, ye wad have been proud to have ta’en me in!” The pedler fancied that he was hurling at his relative a scathing sarcasm: he did not see that he was simply stating a perfectly unquestionable fact. No doubt earthly, if he had come in a carriage-and-four, he would have got a hearty welcome, and he would have found his claim of kindred eagerly allowed. But he thought he was saying a bitter and cutting thing, and (strange to say) the old lady fancied she was listening to a bitter and cutting thing. He was merely expressing a certain and innocuous truth. But though all mortals know that in this world big people meet greater respect than small, (and quite right too,) most mortals seem to find the principle a very unpleasant one when it comes home to themselves. And we learn but slowly to acquiesce in seeing ourselves plainly subordinated to other people.

Poor Oliver Goldsmith was very angry when at the club one night he was stopped in the middle of a story by a Dutchman, who had noticed that the Great Bear was rolling about in preparation for speaking, and who exclaimed to Goldsmith: "Stop, stop; Tector Shonson is going to speak!" Once I arrived at a certain railway station. Two old ladies were waiting to go by the same train. I knew them well, and they expressed their delight that we were going the same way. "Let us go in the same carriage," said the younger, in earnest tones: "and will you be so very kind as to see about our luggage?" After a few minutes of the lively talk of the period and district, the train came up. I feel the tremor of the platform yet. I handed my friends into a carriage, and then saw their baggage placed in the van. It was a station at which trains stop for a few minutes for refreshments. So I went to the door of the carriage into which I had put them, and waited a little before taking my seat. I expected that my friends would proceed with the conversation which had been interrupted; but to my astonishment I found that I had become wholly invisible to them. They did not see me and speak to me at all. In the carriage with them was a living peer, of wide estates and great rank, whom they knew. And so thoroughly did he engross their eyes and thoughts and words, that they had become unaware of my presence, or even my existence. The stronger sensation rendered them unconscious of the weaker. Do you think I felt angry? No, I did not. I felt very much amused. I

recognized a slight manifestation of a grand principle. It was a straw showing how a current sets, but for which Britain would not be the country it is. I took my seat in another carriage, and placidly read my *Times*. There was one lady in that carriage. I think she inferred, from the smiles which occasionally for the first few miles overspread my countenance without apparent cause, that my mind was slightly disordered.

These are the two things already mentioned. But you can not understand, friendly reader, what an effort it has cost me to treat them so briefly. The experienced critic will discern at a glance that the author could easily have made sixteen pages out of the material you have here in one. The author takes his stand upon this—that there are few people who can beat out thought so thin, or say so little in such a great number of words. I remember how my dear friend, the late editor of this magazine, (whom all who knew him well miss more and more as days and weeks go on, and never will cease to miss,) used to remark this fact in those warm-hearted and playful letters of his, with wonder not unmingled with indignation. And I remember how a very great prelate (who could compress all I have said into a page and a half) once comforted me by telling me that for the consumption of many minds it was desirable that thought should be very greatly diluted; that quantity as well as quality is needful in the dietetics both of the body and the mind. With this soothing reflection I close the present essay.

A. K. H. B.

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**COMPASSION.**—Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment, but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distress of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and weeping orphan.

**A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.**—An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things of the universe, answered: "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

THE tear of a loving girl is like a dew-drop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## POLAND: ITS STATE AND PROSPECTS.

THE Polish question, which has now again after a lapse of thirty years been brought under the notice of Europe, by the massacres which have lately taken place in the streets of Warsaw, is of far greater importance to the world than it would appear to be, if judged of by the slight notice at first taken of these atrocities in foreign countries. The magnitude of the question was, however, clearly seen by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, who is said to have observed upon the receipt of the telegram announcing these massacres at Warsaw: "The Polish question has obtained a priority over the Eastern one." This remark proves that in the Minister's mind the two questions are intimately connected; and perhaps an inference might be drawn from it of some secret understanding with Russia as to the future of Turkey, but he manifestly concludes that without internal quiet and prosperity Russia can make no aggressive step in the East. The condition of her finances, and the emancipation of the serfs, already afforded some security to Europe that she would not attempt any thing requiring material efforts beyond her own frontier; but the addition of a Polish question is conclusive.

This being the case, Europe should watch attentively the proceedings of the Poles, and England especially is interested in them, suspicious as she is of the designs of France and Russia in the East.

England has, however, looked on with great apparent indifference, caused by want of enlightenment as to the true condition and state of things in Poland. She has been amused by telegraphic announcements in her leading journals, in large type, of a so-called "Insurrection in Poland," where there has been no insurrection; and with particulars as to the benevolent intentions of the Emperor of Russia for his Polish subjects, and the steps he is taking for the "emancipation of the serfs in Poland," when serfdom has not existed within the kingdom of Poland for more

than half a century, having been abolished by the Emperor Napoleon in 1808.

The grievances of the Poles under Russian government are so deep, and have been so little probed and brought to light before the world, that it can not fail to assist the cause of humanity and civilization to expose them.

The liberty of the subject in Poland is infringed by an unlimited despotism; the law of the land is the *Code Napoléon*, but it has been in abeyance ever since the unhappy revolution of 1831. The people have since been in a perpetual state of siege, subject to arrest, imprisonment, and deportation to Siberia, at the will of the Viceroy; the process being to examine them before a secret tribunal constantly sitting in the citadel of Warsaw, upon the confidential report of which their persons are disposed of by the simple order of the Viceroy.

During the government of Prince Paskewitch under the Emperor Nicolas, this power was freely exercised; instances then occurred of respectable and peaceable inhabitants being imprisoned and deported for want of respect in not raising their hats on the passage of the Viceroy through the streets.

It is true this power has not been much exercised since the accession of the Emperor Alexander II., under the government of the present Viceroy, Prince Gortchakoff; although an occasional banishment of some unfortunate individual, who perhaps might have received severe punishment if he had been judged by the legal tribunals, would excite the sympathy of the Poles, and warn them at the same time that the machinery existed for torturing them if they should for a moment forget the weight of their tormentor's iron hand.

There is no security for property in the kingdom; the legal tribunals of the country are superseded by a Senate, or high court of appeal, composed entirely of old Russian generals, old men worn out in the

military service of the Emperor, who have been placed as judges in the highest court of appeal, so as to secure them the enjoyment of good salaries for the rest of their lives at the expense of the Polish, and therefore to the great relief of the Imperial treasury.

In all important questions, whether civil or criminal, brought for decision before this tribunal, a canvass is resorted to; and, as a natural consequence, whenever the Government or even a high government official is interested, the judgment always is certain, whatever may be the justice of the case.

Property is also rendered uncertain by the imposition of arbitrary taxes, and by the system of government interference in all the private concerns of the citizens. For instance, a very large question, involving the fate of all the large landed proprietors, as also that of all the peasants, has lately been under consideration—that of abolishing the socage tenures, under which the great mass of the peasants farm their holdings. The Emperor Nicolas gave these tenures by a stroke of his pen the character of *perpetual* holdings, and the Government now wish to abolish or commute the dues by a somewhat similar process, without consulting either of the parties interested.

Again, the city of Warsaw has been taxed several times for the same service. After the revolution of 1831, the Emperor decreed the construction of the citadel at the expense of the city; the troops were then quartered on the inhabitants, but finding this inconvenient, the Government erected barracks, and decreed that a "quartering" tax should be levied upon the people to pay for the expense of the buildings, the name given to the tax clearly indicating its object. This decree was considered a boon in comparison with the constant annoyance derived from giving quarters in their houses to the troops. The barracks have been built, occupied, and *paid for* years ago, but the quartering tax continues.

Some few persons having been killed in the King's Palace during the revolution of 1831, the Emperor Nicolas, who affected always the greatest horror of bloodshed, determined never to occupy it. He therefore gave it as a present to the city of Warsaw, thereby relieving the Imperial treasury of the expense of maintaining it. The Viceroy occupies it, the city re-

pairs and maintains it at an annual expense sufficient to enrich several government *employés*, and was further called upon for years to pay the "quartering" tax for the Viceroy, as if he were not in the occupation of a government residence. Well may the citizens declare that a few such presents would ruin them.

A very heavy toll was imposed many years ago upon all horses or vehicles entering the city barriers, which it was expressly declared was to pay for the construction of a bridge to connect the city with the large suburb of Prague on the opposite side of the Vistula.

The inhabitants were pleased at the prospect of the bridge being constructed, as some of the chief supplies to meet their daily wants are dependent on the communication across the river, which is frequently intercepted for days, and even weeks, by running ice.

The tax has been levied for years, and would have sufficed to pay for several bridges, but last year, when the bridge was commenced, no funds were forthcoming; the unhappy town was called upon to contribute from some other source for the erection of their bridge, and the toll at the barriers is continued as if it had no relation whatever to the bridge.

In the same way heavy taxes have been imposed for the supply of gas, water, and for drainage, but the town is barely lighted, has a most scanty water supply, and does not possess a single sewer.

These are cited only as showing the manner in which Government interferes with property, to the great detriment of the proprietors, but without consulting them, or giving them any control over their expenditure, or even going through the form of giving them that for which they nominally pay. The whole system is one of plunder for the benefit of the government *employés*; if this be carried on under the eye of the Viceroy in the capital, what must it be in the smaller towns and villages, where the same system is at work by men who play into each other's hands, and prevent all complaints or even murmurs, by the power they possess of depriving by a false and secret denunciation any refractory Pole of liberty, even for life.

Another and very great cause of complaint arises from the obstacles raised by Government to prevent the education of the country. A system was elaborated

during the reign of the Emperor Nicolas, and continues in operation, having for its avowed object the denationalizing of the Poles, by checking their intellectual progress, and educating them with Russian views by Russian masters.

With this view the University was abolished, the national library plundered and removed to Petersburg, and an enactment issued prohibiting any person from teaching for hire unless approved by the government authorities. The result has been that there have since been no students of law, and when the existing "advocates" — who are all aged men, having commenced their careers before the revolution of 1831—shall have died out, there will be no professional class of men in the country conversant with its laws. The medical school has only been reestablished within the last two years, and as a consequence, there is a great lack of medical and surgical practitioners throughout the country. The young men of the better classes have no good schools which they can frequent, and except in the wealthier families who can afford private tutors, the young men of the present generation have grown up with a stunted education that is painful to witness, and are driven, from want of intellectual acquirements and means of employing themselves, to frivolous and dissipating amusements which the Government seeks to provide for them by keeping a paid corps of ballet-dancers and players. It will surprise English readers to learn that the Imperial Government attaches so much consequence to the education of the youth by this means, that the actors and *corps de ballet* in Warsaw constitute the command of a lieutenant-general decorated with eight or nine grand cordons.

The education of the lower classes receives an equal share of attention. The village school-master must receive his diploma from the Minister of the Interior, and as a government official, therefore, becomes a spy and informer. Happy, then, the benevolent proprietor who, anxious for the welfare of his peasants, and desirous to establish a school, has a teacher sent to his village, as is frequently the case, who can scarcely read or write, and happier still if he can be debauched by money and a liberal supply of wodka, (a species of cheap gin,) in

which case he may allow another, without complaint, to do his work for him.

To such course as this a benevolent Polish gentleman *must* have recourse if he desires to improve the intellectual condition of his peasants. Can any thing be more degrading? Can any thing be more galling to a people than to see themselves systematically driven back in the scale of civilization, and that in close contact with the German race, who are making rapid progress, who immigrate into their country, and are gradually absorbing all trades and occupations requiring art and skill? It is from no want of ingenuity on the part of the Poles that this is the case. On the contrary, they are by nature ingenious, and not averse to work if well treated; but without liberty of person or security of property, the desire of acquisition has been checked, and a habit of indolence and carelessness generated which strikes all strangers on their first arrival in the country, and leads them to observe that the Pole is indifferent to gain, provided he can supply his absolute necessities, and the means for getting drunk upon occasion.

This is the result of Russian government and education; the present move, however, shows that it has not been successful in denationalizing the people.

Their national traditions are too powerful, and the confidence of the people in their nobility too strong, to be subverted by such barbaric means as these. The hatred of the peasant against the foreigner who oppresses him is kept alive by the constantly-recurring conscription for the army, which takes away the best young men in the country, tearing them from their homes, from their fathers, mothers, wives, and children—from all they hold most dear on earth—and sending them three thousand miles on foot across the treeless, shrubless steppes of Russia, and across the mighty Caucasus, to oppress in their turn tribes and people of whose names they had never heard, with the ultimate prospect after fifteen years—if they survive, which not one in fifty does—of having to take this long dreary march back again to the home of their youth; that home which has haunted the unhappy exile's dreams for years, but which they find so changed they know it not, and in which they are no longer known, but being worn out, frequently

mutilated by wounds, and incapable of work, and without *any pension* or means of support, are too often received and supported as a religious duty, and become a heavy charge upon their impoverished relations.

The unhappy forced conscript serves his term at a nominal wage of three rubles (about nine shillings) per annum, of which he is lucky if he receive half; and at the end of his service, whatever his state—whether able-bodied or disabled by loss of health or limbs—is cast adrift upon society without so much as one copeck in his pocket, but with the *great* boon of freedom, which consists of his being free to roam, in his having therefore no legal status in any village commune, and as a consequence, too frequently, with the imperious necessity imposed upon him of robbing to supply the food essential to his existence.

The Polish peasant's antipathy to the Russian rule is also kept alive by the iniquitous system of quartering the troops on the villagers generally throughout the country, when they are not actually in camp. The Russian Government finds this an economical system as compared with building barracks; and the officers who command the troops find that they are thus enabled to "economize," as they express it, upon the provisions of their men and the forage of their horses; or in other words, they make a good round sum of money from these sources, leaving their men and horses to feed as best they can upon the inhabitants.

The writer knows a case where several Russian soldiers came by mistake to a foreign resident's house for a billet. They were refused admission; but the foreigner having spoken to them with kindness, they implored him for food to satisfy the cravings of their appetites. He, being a benevolent man, ordered them food, when the soldiers fell on more like voracious beasts than men, and kissed his hands, and thanked him for such a meal, they themselves said, as they had never tasted in their lives. The meal was a sufficiency of plain coarse bread and meat.

Such facts as these speak for themselves; but the demoralization of the country is encouraged by the premiums secured in large fortunes by the corrupt practices of government officials. Within a few years a step was taken by the Gov-

ernment with a view to abolishing the distinction between Poland and Russia. Previously the Polish customs revenues were totally distinct from the Russian; one tariff was in force in the kingdom of Poland, and another in Russia, and a line of frontier subsisted between Poland and Russia; so that a foreigner entering Russia through Poland was subject to two examinations on two distinct frontiers.

The prevalent idea had been to keep the Poles in the kingdom separate from their fellow countrymen in Lithuania, Podolia, and the Ukraine, and at the same time to separate both by a Chinese wall of passports and customs dues from Western Europe.

Considering that this process had accomplished its purpose, and that the sympathies of the Poles on the two sides of the frontier had been sufficiently eradicated, the Emperor Nicolas abolished the frontier between Russia and Poland, and advanced the Russian frontier to the western limit of Poland. The result has been that a whole army of Russian officials have been provided for and have made their fortunes; a greater field is opened for the corruption of the Poles; but, contrary to the expectation of the Government, the removal of the frontier having facilitated the intercommunication of the Poles, the inhabitants of the Lithuanian provinces again look to Warsaw as their capital, and their hearts are found to beat as strong as ever with patriotic throbs for the reconstruction of their Polish nationality.

The feeling of antipathy against the Russian invader is fostered also by the difference in religion. The great mass of Poles are Roman Catholic; a great number of whom are of the sect known as "United Greeks," especially in the Lithuanian provinces; these, being in communion with Rome, and acknowledging the Pope as their spiritual chief, form a powerful sect, between which and the orthodox Greek Church—the Church of the State—there is an antipathy great in proportion to the slight difference of their creeds.

The Roman Catholics have been aggrieved by suspension for years in the nomination of bishops, but the United Greeks are positively oppressed by violent efforts to make them conform to the national Church.

Scenes have occurred since the accession

of the present Emperor, and with his *personal* approbation, in which peasants have been flogged and imprisoned for refusing to communicate in the "orthodox communion."

One occurred in 1858, in the government of Witepsk, which is hardly to be credited in the present century and in the reign of a sovereign renowned for his "good intentions." The inhabitants of a village, Dziernowitz, formerly of the United Greek communion, and acknowledging the Pope as their spiritual chief, but nominally converted by harsh measures in the time of the Emperor Nicolas to orthodoxy, showed signs of apostasy, and actually petitioned the present Emperor for permission to return to their former religion, which in secret they had always professed. Their petition was refused; but the peasants notwithstanding apostatized, and a commissioner, M. Steherbinn, was sent to inquire into the affair, and if possible bring the people back to the true orthodox national Church.

M. Steherbinn visited the country, and drew up a report for the information of the Emperor, in which he detailed the steps he had taken, by imprisonment and otherwise, with the assistance of gendarmes, etc., but without one single ecclesiastic, to convince or convert the people, and bring them back from the error of their ways.

In his report to the Emperor, M. Steherbinn writes:

"Of the three most intractable apostates incarcerated by me in the prison of Witepsk, two expressed repentance. They were conducted to the confessional and holy communion by myself; God aided me in the accomplishment of this surprising work, which no one at Witepsk expected. The importance of the success is incontestable if regarded both from a religious and political point of view. The apostasy was about assuming large proportions. It already menaced the dissolution of the union of the United Greek Church with orthodoxy effected in 1839."

On this part of the report the Emperor Alexander II. wrote with his own hand, "These prudent and truly Christian proceedings do great honor to M. Steherbinn."

The result of this inquiry was a series of recommendations, the first of which only will be cited as illustrative of the

spirit of the whole: "In case an entire commune or village shall secede from the orthodox Church, it shall be lawful to send the heads of families into the convents of Great Russia, in order to make them embrace the orthodox Greek faith;" to which was appended in the handwriting of the Emperor: "Put into execution, if necessary;" thus sanctioning the ruin of whole families by the unlimited torture of their chiefs.

Religious persecution is not confined to pure Poles, but is used still more against the Jews, who form so important an element in the population of Poland. In Warsaw alone they number sixty thousand souls, who are all compelled to pay a tax to the Government for the liberty of killing their own meat, as required by their religious tenets; they have their places of residence strictly prescribed; and every strange Jew, whether foreigner or Pole, who enters the city of Warsaw, is compelled to pay a daily tax for each night he remains within the city walls; besides other distinctions between them and the rest of the population.

It is in presence of such treatment as this, worthy only of the darkest ages, that Russia and Europe are surprised at a sudden exhibition of national feeling.

Knowing the country well, we were scarcely, however, prepared to see such unanimity in it; the antipathy between Poles and Jews was formerly almost as great as between the Russians and either of them; but the oppressions of the Russians have caused a complete fraternization, which is of the best possible augury for all, and, to those well acquainted with the country, affords convincing proof that the severe rod of Russian oppression has subdued *all* minor feelings and distinctions, and united *all the sons of Poland* under one common banner of nationality.

Having shown in a very cursory manner—which might, if space permitted, be extended indefinitely—the causes which have tended to keep alive a feeling of dissatisfaction with the Russian Government, it may be well to cast a rapid glance over the late events, and the immediate causes of their occurrence.

The extreme severity of government under the Emperor Nicolas having been somewhat relaxed under the present Emperor, facilities have been given for traveling, and a certain liberty of speech

accorded, which permitted of a general circulation of ideas through the country, and of a knowledge of the most striking events in Europe. This freedom was much assisted by the necessities of the Serf Emancipation question in Russia, for the accomplishment of which the Emperor invited the coöperation of the Russian nobility, who, hitherto penned up in their native districts, or having their liberties abridged by Government, found themselves suddenly appealed to, and raised to importance. Making use of these new privileges to travel, the Russian nobility have become rapidly imbued with the ultra-democratic notions which are propagated to an indefinite extent by an immense private circulation of pamphlets and papers published in Paris and London in the Russian language. The Poles were of necessity allowed to share these liberties with their fellow-subjects in Russia.

Such being the state of things, an agricultural society was formed in Poland, with the entire sanction of the Russian Government. It rapidly assumed great importance by the accession of between four and five thousand of the most respected and wealthiest Polish landed proprietors as members, with a central committee at Warsaw, and local committees in correspondence with it in every district of the country.

This society held annual meetings at Warsaw, in which questions affecting agricultural interests were to be discussed. These meetings were enthusiastically attended; and last year, to the great surprise of the Government, more than twelve hundred members assembled in Warsaw; Galicia and the Grand Duchy of Posen being represented by delegates from sister societies in those provinces.

The Government, in presence of this rapid organization, and most anxious for a pretext for the dissolution of the society, submitted certain questions for their discussion, as to the best means of carrying into effect a new law which had been prepared by the Government for the abolition of socage tenures, and their conversion into freeholds. A question of this nature, affecting most deeply the interests of every proprietor in a country where socage tenures are the almost invariable rule, submitted for discussion, without powers of legislation, was of all others one which was most calculated to sow dissension among the landed proprietors

themselves, and to give rise to some expression of opinion among them which would supply good grounds for exciting hatred between the peasantry and the nobles; or at any rate furnish Government with a pretext for the dissolution of the society.

Happily, however, the good sense of the members prevailed, and the meetings passed, after lengthened discussions, which lasted for a whole week, without the escape of a single word which could offend the digestion of the most delicate government official, or give the slightest ground of offense to the peasant class. On the contrary, the peasant class were taught to look to their own national chiefs as the true source from which must flow any amelioration of their condition.

The Government, by this artful trick, made a false move, which recoiled upon themselves. The nation felt their union; became acquainted, for the first time since the revolution of 1831, with their leading men, to whom, in case of difficulties, to confide their destinies; and learned that, instead of looking abroad for help, and making themselves the tools of unprincipled foreign machinations for selfish purposes, they must trust their natural chiefs, and be guided by their discretion in the gradual steps necessary for the amelioration of their condition; quietly watching the political events in Europe, in the hope that some happy combination might turn to their benefit.

While such was the attitude of the masses, a small and insignificant minority, principally in the city of Warsaw, such as is to be found in all large cities, excited by the rapid march of events in Italy, hoped and agitated to bring about a revolution, foolishly thinking that the power of Russia would be shaken as easily as that of the Emperor of Austria or the King of Naples.

It was this small and insignificant class which, at the famous conferences of the Sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia at Warsaw last October, caused annoyance by the circulation of a few revolutionary placards, and by throwing asafetida into the theater. The union of the Sovereigns of these three States in the ancient capital of the country they had dismembered was highly offensive to all its inhabitants, and appeared to them at first as an announcement that whatever happened in Italy or elsewhere, they



need not expect any change in their condition.

The sudden disruption of the meeting, however, acted like an electric spark, and a load was as it were removed from the necks of the Poles when they saw palpably before their eyes that the Sovereigns themselves could agree no better in a personal interview than by correspondence through their Ministers; that the old sores caused by the ingratitude of Austria were not healed, and that Lord John Russell's interview with the Prince Regent of Prussia, which had taken place only a few days previously on the Rhine, in the presence of the great danger of a strong and powerful neighbor always looking to that river as a frontier, had quite severed the Prince Regent from the reactionary policy which could alone rivet their chains.

Due credit was also given to the good intentions of Alexander—"le bien intentionné," as he is called; but at the same time it was seen, with deep grief and regret by Russians as well as Poles, how entirely he was absorbed with pleasure, and how little attention he gave to the real interests of the country. Not one single institution was visited during his sojourn in the country, nor one single question addressed to any one individual not in the government service, as to the condition and wants of the inhabitants, and very few even to them; and still more, the Polish nobility were slighted in the person of one of the first noblemen in the country—the elected President of the Agricultural Society, and of the *Crédit Foncier*, who, on this the first visit of the heir-apparent to the throne to the capital of his future kingdom of Poland, was not considered worthy of a presentation at a levee to which all the chief government *employés*, military and civil, were invited, the reason being that he had no rank in the Russian "tchinn."

This indifference on the part of the Emperor as to the condition of the country, in the material interests and development of which he appears to take little interest, has been repeated in each succeeding year since his accession, and has at length thoroughly disgusted the Poles, and left them without hope in the hands of the Russian authorities, who fill all the high offices of Government in the kingdom. This evil is greater even than in Russia Proper, where, as a counterpoise to the power of the bureaucratic class, an

elected member of the nobility, styled "Marshal of the Nobility," has a right of addressing the Emperor.

Such being the state of things, a demonstration was got up by a few obscure individuals on the 29th of November, the anniversary of the Polish Revolution, and mortuary hymns were sung at midnight before a religious statue in an open place in the town. This demonstration was not prohibited or interfered with by the police, but dispersed of itself quietly.

Emboldened by this success, a further slight agitation by unknown persons gave rise to a proposition for a religious ceremony, which was to have been celebrated on the field of Grochow on the 25th of February, the anniversary of the battle which took place a few miles from Warsaw in 1831, when the Russians received a severe check. No prohibition having been published by the police, an irregular procession, formed by torchlight, of a few hundred persons, but which was naturally followed by a crowd of lookers-on, started from a church in the town, but had scarcely proceeded a few hundred yards when it was met by Colonel Trepow, the chief of police, and a couple of squadrons of gendarmes. The summons of the chief of the police to disperse was answered by a shower of dirt, whereupon the gendarmes advanced against the mob, and at first tried to disperse it by using the flats of their swords; but the flare of the torches and the yells of the mob having frightened their horses, many of them were unseated, and the rest becoming enraged, used the edges of their weapons, and some severe injuries were inflicted on the people, but none upon the troops, clearly establishing that the populace had no idea of resorting to force in the resistance of authority.

Rumors having circulated that several of the inhabitants had been killed, an agitation was rapidly being aroused against the Agricultural Society, then in session, with Count André Zamoiski at their head, because they had not coöperated in the proposed ceremony, nor taken any part with the populace against the authorities, but on the contrary, had used their best endeavors by denouncing the proposed ceremonial to prevent its accomplishment.

On the 27th, the annual session of the Society was about to be prorogued, when a funeral procession passing along the chief street of the town, with priests at

its head, carrying, as usual, a crucifix in front of them, was taken by the Cossacks on duty for a political demonstration, and they immediately proceeded to disperse it by a free use of their peculiar whips, constructed like small threshing-flails. This insult was resented by the lookers-on with which the street was crowded, by volleys of stones, which in their turn exasperated the Cossacks, who drew their swords and wounded some of the people, the crucifix in the *mêlée* being thrown down and trampled upon.

The funeral car was abandoned, but the exasperated people soon began to collect around it, when, as it is said, a woman commenced a fresh scuffle with the Cossacks by throwing a stone at one of them, with a curse for the insult offered to the emblem of her religion—the crucifix—and to the priest.

Whilst this was proceeding, the Society was dissolved, and some of the members, with their papers under their arms, were proceeding quietly along the street toward their homes, when a detachment of infantry drawn up in the street commenced firing at the mob by order, it is said, of General Zablotski, the Adjutant-General of the Forces, and immediately a number of unfortunate persons, amongst them a student and a member of the Agricultural Society, were stretched dead on the street, and many more wounded.

So wanton and shameful was this scandalous act of military execution, deserving only of the name of murder, that the Russian soldiers hesitated to obey the order to fire, which had to be repeated more than once without effect; and an officer from their ranks threw down his sword, and swearing he would have nothing to do with a butchery of unarmed people, joined the crowd. A handsome subscription was afterwards made for him by the Poles, and he was smuggled across the frontier into Prussia.

The atrocity of the act is proved by the fact that not one single Russian soldier was wounded, nor one single stand of arms captured from the people. The excitement increased tenfold; the bodies of the victims were paraded through the main street, and a deputation of the leading citizens, including the President of the Agricultural Society, who now came forward in the cause of order and humanity, at once waited upon Prince Gortchakoff to make representations as to the dangerous state of

the town, and the necessity of something being done to allay the excitement.

Physical force naturally occurred to the Russians as the only means of quelling it, but the Prince being humane, and an old and honorable soldier into the bargain, saw the fallacy of his position and the truth of Count Zamoiski's representation. "You may assassinate us if you please, every one of us; we are in your power; but as to a combat, you will have none, the people are disarmed, and you know it." The Prince then consented to dismiss the chief of police, withdraw the military, and, intrusting the peace of the town to the inhabitants, to allow of a public funeral for the following Saturday, the 2d March. He also received an address for transmission to the Emperor, exposing the griefs of the nation, couched in strong but dignified and respectful language, demanding nothing, but merely laying bare before the Emperor, with truth and fidelity, the wounds of the nation and the oppressions they have endured for so many years.

Now followed one of the most remarkable scenes on record. The whole city and country went into deep mourning, an organization was extemporized among the inhabitants for the maintenance of the peace, an immense subscription was raised for the funeral expenses and families of the murdered and wounded, the people brought in and surrendered whatever arms they were possessed of, and a funeral ceremony took place in which the whole city and country participated. All differences of religion and creed were set aside; Lutherans, Calvinists, and Roman Catholics, priests and ministers, alike preceded the biers surmounted by the martyrs' crowns of thorns and palm-branches, and the Chief Rabbi followed them arm-in-arm with a Pole; the victims, without distinction of religion, were placed in one common grave: a significant emblem that all differences, however great, are extinguished by the severity of that common chastisement of which, under Providence, the Russians have for years been the instruments. God grant that, buried in the grave, they may remain there, and that the Polish people, rising strong with an united heart and one fixed purpose, may again be ranked among the nations of the earth.

The position of the Poles in these trying events was one of great difficulty, and requiring the greatest temper and judgment; and nobly did they act their part, for al-

though some evil-disposed Russians had left arms unguarded in the streets, in the hope that they would be seized and used by the people, and thus that a pretext would be given for the employment of force, not one was touched; but the students acting as police, arrested two secret agents of the Russian police, one a retired officer of the Russian army, who, in the guise of patriots were found trying to arm and excite the people.

The nation having thus buried its martyrs, awaited in mournful quietude the result of their address to the Emperor, in which, in few but forcible words, without demanding any thing, they had seized the opportunity, bought at the price of their blood, to expose their griefs to him in whose name and by whose power, but without whose knowledge, they had been brought to this pitch of suffering.

Judge of their horror, then, when, a fortnight having elapsed, which had been profitably employed by the Russian authorities in bringing up masses of troops from distant points, the following answer was received and published :

"PRINCE : J'ai lu la pétition que vous m'avez envoyée. Je devrais la considérer comme nulle et non avenue, parceque *quelques individus*, sous prétexte de désordres excités dans la rue, s'arrogent le droit de condamner, de leur propre autorité, toute la marche du Gouvernement. Cependant, je ne veux y voir qu'un *entraînement*.

"Je consacre tous mes soins aux importantes réformes nécessitées dans mon Empire par la marche du temps et le développement des intérêts. Mes sujets du Royaume sont de ma part l'objet d'une égale sollicitude. Rien de ce qui peut assurer leur prospérité ne me trouve ni ne me trouvera, indifférent.

"Je leur ai déjà prouvé mon désir de les faire participer aux bienfaits d'améliorations utiles, sérieuses, progressives. Je conserve les mêmes intentions et les mêmes sentiments. J'ai le droit de compter qu'ils ne seront ni méconnus ni paralysés par des demandes inopportunes ou exagérées que je ne saurais confondre avec le bien-être de mes sujets. Je remplirai tous mes devoirs. Dans aucun cas, je ne tolérerai le désordre matériel. On n'édifie rien sur ce terrain. Des aspirations qui y chercheraient un appui se seraient condamnées d'avance. Elles détruiraient toute confiance, et rencontreraient de ma part une sévère réprobation, puisque ce serait faire reculer le pays dans la voie du progrès régulier où mon invariable désir est de le maintenir.

"De la main propre de Sa Majesté,

"Votre affectionné,

"ALEXANDRE."

Not one word of regret for the massacre by his troops of unoffending, unarmed citizens. No recognition of the people's woes, but an insinuation that their insolence in approaching him by an address, received this time as an "*entraînement*"—an effect of impulse—must not be repeated.

Who are the people, too, in whose persons the nation is insulted by calling them "*quelques individus*?" The archbishop of the national Church, the recognized Church of the State, representing, therefore, its numerous and influential clergy; the ministers of the various Protestant churches, and the Chief Rabbi, representing those great classes of the nation; the President of the Agricultural Society, representing the nobility and gentry; and various merchants and bankers, representing the moneyed and commercial interests.

It is lamentable to think, and it augurs ill for the future of Russia in the difficult times through which she has to pass before completing the great revolution so nobly undertaken by the Emperor for the emancipation of the serfs in Russia—it augurs ill, we repeat it, for Russia, that the Emperor's advisers in Petersburg could give no better counsel than is evidenced by this ill-judged missive. Instead of sympathy with the sore trial of an unprovoked massacre, his Polish subjects receive an implied censure; instead of promises of reforms in compensation for their blood, they are reminded of "useful, serious, progressive ameliorations" already conferred, but of which they can conscientiously say in his Majesty's own words, that they are "*nulles et non avenues*."

Where are they? Can the Russians point to a single one? Where are justice and the laws? Trodden under foot and laid aside. Where is the University, with its various departments? Nowhere. Where is security for property or person? Where are the sons of the nation who have been deported to fight Russia's battles? Where are the immense sums which have been forcibly extracted from the people for the benefit of Russian officials? Feeble indeed is the ray of hope to be derived from the continuance of "the regular progress in which," the Emperor declares, "it is his invariable desire to continue."

Let us examine this progress, as shown

by the statistics published upon the authority of his own Government, in the Polish language, to the Poles themselves.

Population in 1816, ..... 2,717,287.  
 " " 1829, ..... 4,137,634.

An increase of more than fifty per cent. in thirteen years during which the country was governed distinctly in accordance with the pledges given to Europe by the Emperor Alexander at the time of its final cession to Russia by the Treaty of Vienna.

Population in 1832, ..... 3,762,008.

Showing the result of the two years of revolution and disorder, which witnessed the overthrow of the autonomy of Poland and the inauguration of the state of siege which has continued without intermission to the present day.

Population in 1846, ..... 4,867,129.

Exhibiting a slight recovery, thirty per cent. in fourteen years.

Population in 1857, ..... 4,733,760.

Showing a decrease, evidently caused by the heavy drain upon the population for the supply of the army in the Hungarian and Crimean wars.

These facts, extracted from Russian documents, speak stronger than any thing that can be written. Autonomy was accompanied by prosperity, the stream of which has not only been checked, but forced back by the government of the knout.

Is this the "progress" which the Emperor declares it is "his invariable desire to maintain?" If so, it is a progress of extermination: but far be it from us to ascribe such an idea to a character naturally so amiable. It can not be that the facts relating to the country are reported to him with honesty and intelligence. The annual reports of the Prince Viceroy, and his late Minister of the Interior, M. Muchanow, must represent every thing as improving and flourishing. And no doubt his Majesty is firmly convinced that changes have been brought about since his accession, and that the kingdom is in a state of rapid social progress.

In a despotic country, with a press in fetters, the only channel of information

open to the sovereign is that of his agents, who are directly interested in flattering him and representing every thing in *couleur de rose*. We easily understand, therefore, the feelings of indignation expressed by the Emperor; but with a full knowledge of the facts, are not surprised at the dissatisfaction of the Poles on the publication of his reply to their address, unaccompanied by one single concession.

The rescript was, however, accompanied by private instructions to the Viceroy, making certain concessions, but which he in his wisdom did not think fit to publish simultaneously with the rescript. As a consequence, more peaceful demonstrations took place; and it then became a question whether the military should be again brought into the town. A strong Russian party, composed principally of Russian military officers anxious for a display of their military prowess on unarmed citizens, and for a corresponding shower of decorations and honors, urged this course, which happily, however, was rejected, upon the advice of the leading Poles, seconded by some remarkable exceptions among the Russian officers. Amongst others, our old opponent, General Liprandi, of Balacava notoriety, is stated to have warned the Prince by saying: "We have fired once on the people, and evacuated the town. Perhaps if we fire a second time we shall evacuate the citadel." These better counsels prevailed; but on several occasions since have the strongest representations and remonstrances been necessary to restrain the renewal of military execution.

But what tended to allay the excitement more than any thing, was the resignation, in virtue of arrangements contained in the private instructions of his Majesty, by M. Muchanow of his office of Curator of Public Instruction. This individual, who has for some years ruled the country under the Viceroy as Minister of the Interior, is a *ci-devant* colonel of the army, a thorough Russian, and animated by an utter contempt for the Poles. He, like most of the higher authorities, served in the revolutionary war of 1831 against the Poles. This selection for high offices of State in a conquered country of men taken from the ranks of the conquering army, might have been a necessity in its first occupation, but its continuance after thirty years of peace is a misfortune to both Russians and Poles, neither of whom

can entirely overcome the old feelings of antipathy and hostility engendered in a quasi-civil war. These Russians have always considered themselves more as holding an enemy's country than as governing an integral portion of the Empire; and with no single individual has this obnoxious feeling been more offensively exhibited than by the late Minister of the Interior. In war, many measures having for their object to weaken or destroy an enemy, may be justified under the plea of urgency, which no possible contingency can justify in a country which is not actually in a state of warfare. We can only suppose that the old feeling of being in military occupation of the country of a wary and powerful enemy, dictated the instruction circulated to every village in the country on March 18th, bearing the signature of M. Muchanow, in which the government functionaries were desired "to make the peasants understand that the Government, which is more especially occupied with their well-being, and exerts itself most strenuously to promote this, trusts that they will not only refuse to listen to such persons as may incite them to turbulence, but that they will arrest every agitator who may appear among them, and will deliver him up to the nearest authority." In order to comprehend the iniquity of this act, it must be remembered that the country is in a semi-feudal condition, and that the Government had for some years been constantly agitating, so as to unsettle the minds of the peasants as to their relation to the landed proprietors and nobility, without doing any one legislative act towards a final settlement; that the ukase declaring the conditions of emancipation in Russia had only been published a few days; and that a similar license in the adjoining province of Galicia had in 1848 produced a terrible *jacquerie*, in which nobles with their whole families were murdered by peasants who were afterwards openly rewarded by concessions and grants of land by the Austrian Government.\*

The discovery of this iniquitous proceeding gave rise again to immense excitement, which was only allayed by the

resignation of M. Muchanow and his ignominious flight, in which he had to escape out of town in a private carriage and take the railroad at the first station, to be abused and pelted with filth there and at every succeeding station, not only in Russian Poland, but as far as Breslau, where the police had to interfere for his protection.

Knowing the great dread of responsibility engendered by the despotism of the late Emperor in the breasts of all Russian officials, we do not think that M. Muchanow can be considered as a scapegoat to bear the sins of the whole Government. His circular may have originated with himself, but undoubtedly was submitted to and received the sanction of the Council presided over by the Viceroy. The dismissal of the minister, therefore, as a concession to public indignation, and the recall of his circular only after some days' subsequent agitation, are acts of weakness on the part of the Government, which show that they have no decided line of policy, but vacillate according to circumstances, ready at one moment to do any act which shall sow discord among the people, and at another, under a fear of their united action, and of the public censure of Europe, making concessions which are any thing but creditable, yielding a comrade as a scapegoat to public indignation.

These repeated acts of vacillation, however, have resulted in establishing a closer bond of union between the various classes of the population of the kingdom of Poland. These, according to late returns of the Government, may be divided as follows :

Roman Catholics and United	
Greeks,.....	3,865,469
Protestants of various sects,....	283,570
Jews,.....	580,326
Orthodox Greeks,.....	4,395
	<hr/> 4,733,760

The Roman Catholics are for the most part pure Poles; the Protestants are probably half Poles and half German. The orthodox Greek represent the progress made by Russians in forty five years of occupation and after immense confiscations. The Jews are a class apart, who have been oppressed in turn by both Poles and Russians, and have hitherto with marvelous astuteness always found them-

\* The iniquity of this act, and the evident danger of its reaction in Russia in the present unsettled state of the serf-emancipation question, caused a protest from the Archbishop of the Orthodox Greek Church, and other Russians high in office.

selves on the stronger side in the various wars which have devastated the country. They have gone on multiplying under oppression; and although legally incapacitated from possessing landed property, have by the power of the purse immense influence, being mortgagers in possession on numerous large estates; in fact, they are the virtual managers of a very large portion of the landed property in the kingdom, notwithstanding that there has always been a strong feeling of hostility between them and the Poles.

One of the most remarkable features, therefore, of this present agitation has been the publication of a circular addressed by the Chief Rabbi and the Jewish Consistory at Warsaw to their co-religionists throughout Poland and Russia, where in the Lithuanian provinces they are fully as numerous as in the kingdom. By this open act the Jews break finally with the Russian Government and espouse the cause of oppressed Polish nationality. The document itself is so remarkable, and exposes their grievances so clearly, that we give it *in extenso* :

"In the name of the Immortal God of Israel, and with the sanction of the most eminent members of our community.

"To our brother Israelites, children of Poland.

"Doubtless the intelligence of the events which have taken place during the last week has reached you, either verbally or through the newspapers. Though far away, no doubt you saw, like ourselves, who were eye-witnesses, the hand of Providence in these occurrences. God spake, and it was done. Let us, then, praise the Lord of the Universe, who has filled our breasts with the hope that the hour of liberty and of our deliverance from an oppressive yoke will ultimately arrive.

"Thirty years have elapsed since 1831, during which more than one hundred enactments respecting the Jews have been published by the Government, not one of which contained any alleviations of our sufferings, but rather tended to increase our oppression. Of all who profess our religion throughout Europe, we are the only ones who groan under the barbarism of the Middle Ages. The number of Jewish taxes are innumerable, and our means of gaining a livelihood are more and more limited daily.

"You are aware that during the reign of Alexander I. of glorious memory we were granted equal rights with the rest of our countrymen, provided we shared in military conscription; in that case all special taxes on us were to be removed, as, for instance, the tax on meat, (*konzern*), and the humiliating mode of levying

the capitation, called *tagetel*, also all restrictions as to our residences in towns, and every function of our life. But since 1843 thousands of our children have perished in the ranks of the army, and where is the liberty that was granted us? The government officials rule over us, treating us like slaves, and trampling us under foot like worms.

"When, fifteen years ago, an order was issued to change the Jewish dress, what means were employed to carry it out? Old men were dragged along the streets like dogs, and there were no limits to the brutality of the police. None but vile men could carry out such barbarous orders, while men with conscience and good faith look at it with horror. Why were such atrocities unknown before 1831? Because before that time all offices were filled by virtuous men, who loved their country and cared for the welfare of the people. The present officials, with few exceptions, are degraded men, who neither love their country nor its people.

"Nine years back the marshals of the nobility, in their anxiety for the good of their country, presented some plans of reform respecting us to the Government, which we had an opportunity of seeing, but they remained without effect.

"When God called Alexander II. to the throne, a sovereign known throughout Europe for the goodness of his heart and the kind interest he takes in the welfare of his people, we hoped light would shine upon us; but, alas! the darkness is still unbroken, because our foes are surrounded by men who are as great enemies to Poland as themselves, and persecutors of the Jews, and who do not cease to blacken and calumniate us in the eyes of the monarchy. When at last we were called upon by the Emperor to express our demands for alleviation, and our petition reached the monarch, the calumnies heaped upon us were still greater than have been known since the time of Haman.

"Do not imagine, however, that no favorable opinion was produced in our defense. Several high-minded men in the Government, good Poles, loving without distinction all children of the country, raised their voices in our behalf; but it was like the voice in the desert, for they were outnumbered by the anti-patriotic clique. All these facts are well known to us who live on the spot. But this is not all: bad faith was carried so far that no means were spared to create dissensions in the country in order to weaken its vital strength. Endeavors were made by means of the press to raise the enmity of the gentry against the Jews, and through this to curtail our means of subsistence. To create disunion they did not hesitate to employ religious fanaticism; thus, three years ago, on the eve of Doomsday, the excited Christian population in the town of Turk ravaged the synagogue, tore the garments used for the ceremonies, and profaned our sanctuary. When the Jews appealed to the Government against this outrage, do you recollect the answer they received? That in the new penal code no

mention is made of Jewish temples. As long as Poland has existed no such abomination was ever heard of.

"Now look at the true spirit of this nation.

"It scarcely began to breathe more freely, its priests in all the churches proclaimed love and brotherly feeling for us, acknowledging us as the children of the country which we have inhabited during eight centuries.

"Brother Israelites! Be full of courage and manly feeling! Let us freely clasp the fraternal hand which is held out to us. We have seen the first men of the land side by side with our clergy, accompanying to their last home the victims whose innocent blood flowed in the streets of our city; one hundred thousand men of every persuasion followed hand in hand, filled with the spirit of reconciliation.

"When men of trust had to be chosen to form the honorable Council, our Rabbi and several other Jews were among them. Who could have dreamed of this a short time back? In our supposed enemies we found sincere friends. 'It was not force, but my spirit that did it,' said God. 'God thus willed it, filling generous men with courage to speak for us, and silencing the enemies of Poland, who sowed enmity among her children.'

"We implore you, brethren, that you will, in common and with zeal, show your gratitude to our fellow-countrymen, and aid them in all their noble exertions, for their good is our good.

"Hasten to affix your names to the address which is presented to the Emperor. The Monarch is anxious to be acquainted with the wishes of our country. Let us raise our voice in common with our countrymen. We trust that you will listen to us, and will sincerely join with them for the common good. It is the only true way to improve our condition. He who is wise will see that by these means and no other can the good of our country be attained. Prove yourselves men, and God will be with you."

Can this deliberate act of the leading men of an oppressed race of a million or more of his subjects be considered by the Emperor as *un entrainement*—an "act of impulse," or is it not rather a solemn denunciation of that "regular progress" which the Emperor declares it is "his invariable desire to maintain?"

While these events were passing in Poland, the Emperor was legislating in Petersburg, and at length a special commissioner, M. Karnicki, arrived at Warsaw with an Imperial ukase, containing the so-called concessions of Government, which, under the Viceroy, he was charged to explain and put in force.

This ukase, which is to be looked upon as a charter or constitution, is not the first

of the kind which has been published to regulate the administration of the kingdom. The Emperor Nicolas, in 1832, immediately after the suppression of the revolution, was also seized with a desire for legislation, and produced an organic statute, which, so far as the administration is concerned, was nearly synonymous with the present effort of Alexander II.

In the performance of the Emperor Nicolas a "Council of Administration" was established, composed of government nominees, presided over by the Viceroy, with powers to discuss projects of law, the budget, etc.

By the present decree, this council is abolished, and a "Council of State" nominated precisely in the same way and with precisely similar powers. The only change is, that certain classes are named from which the selection of councilors *may* be made, and one of these contains the elective head of the Crédit Foncier Society, now Count Andró Zamoiski, the most popular and one of the most able men in the country. The mere mention of this possible elective nominee has been received as a concession, although the decree does not make him an *ex-officio* member of the council.

The decree further enacts departmental councils, as did the organic statute of 1832, and municipal councils in the chief towns to manage municipal affairs.

This latter is the only real concession contained in this new charter, which otherwise seems an entire work of supererogation, as the organic statute of Nicolas is still the law of the land and has never been repealed. It is true that it has never been put in force. Prince Paskiewitch, after he had subdued the country, would never intrust the power of discussion even to government nominees. Such a course he considered might have been inconvenient. What security therefore have the Poles that the new charter may not be buried in a similar manner, especially as its publication was accompanied by an address from the Viceroy, threatening evil-disposed persons exciting disturbances in the streets with the strong hand of force, to be repealed immediately afterwards, in the presence of a slight agitation on Easter Monday, the great popular holiday of the year, by an address as conciliatory as the previous one had been offensive?

We naturally inquire what must be the

end of these vacillations on the part of Government. The people acquire confidence by receiving constant concessions, however small, as the result of agitation ; and probably no surer mode of inducing acts of violence could be invented than a series of governmental acts intended to overcome excitement, and their successive withdrawal. This course must lead the people to conceive exaggerated ideas of their own power and of the weakness of their opponents. In the mean time troops have been concentrated on Warsaw, and we are assured there are not less than thirty-two thousand men at present in that unhappy city, which lies *completely* under the fire of the guns of the citadel built by Nicolas at the expense of the inhabitants for the avowed purpose of intimidation.

Can any greater mark of respect for the prowess and valor of a nation be shown than that of bringing up thirty-two thousand men to keep a disarmed city in order which contains only a hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants of both sexes and all ages, and therefore numbering probably not much more than an equal number of able-bodied men? Such an act shows the nature of the tenure under which the Russian Emperor considers that he holds the country. These thirty-two thousands troops are only a portion of those who are distributed throughout the country ; and we may safely conclude that at the present moment not less than four out of the eight corps of which the Russian European army is composed are occupied on the Russian European frontier from the Baltic to the Black Sea in watching the Poles, and in observation on the events going on in Hungary.

Europe, therefore, receives an additional guarantee, if such were wanting, of the inability of Russia to adopt any other policy than that of *non-intervention* beyond her own frontier. We ourselves are of those, however, who have long since lost all apprehension of a different policy in Europe on the part of Russia. The lesson she received in the late war, the consequent condition of her finances, the reduction of her army, the serf-emanicipation question, the difficulty of conscription before the serf question shall be definitively settled—a difficulty which the Government has not dared to face since the Crimean war—all these are guarantees for non-intervention abroad.

The internal condition of Russia herself also is such as to cause much uneasiness to her most loyal and devoted sons. There is a growing dissatisfaction among the nobles, who do not wish to see the sacrifices they are called upon to make for the establishment of their serfs turned to the exclusive benefit of the camarilla which form the *entourage* of the Emperor, or of the bureaucratic class who fill all the offices of Government. As yet the fear of the peasants has tended to keep the nobility quiet ; but soon the causes for the antagonism of these two classes will have disappeared, and each will then attribute its grievances not unjustly to Government.

It is then that troubles may be expected in Russia, and an upheaving of the masses which may not improbably shake the Romanoff family from the seat of power to which the will of the nation raised it. Already are complaints heard from Russians of the vast expense the country is put to for the establishment of the numerous and increasing branches of the Imperial family, and by the extreme prodigality of some of its members, all of which is defrayed upon a simple order of the Emperor, without any reference to the nation. The nobles also attribute the present difficulties of the serf question entirely to bad legislation on the part of former chiefs of the House of Romanoff, and forgetful that they have participated in the crime of enslaving their fellow-countrymen, are but too willing to cast all the blame of the position on the Imperial family.

The army, also, are by no means contented. It groans under its loss of *prestige* during the late war, and from the highest to the lowest all ranks censure in the strongest terms the “gross deception” practiced upon them by the late Emperor, who sacrificed all other interests in the nation to that of the army, and led them to believe that they were the first and most powerful army in the world—a delusion which was most painfully dispelled when they came into contact with more civilized nations, and were beaten by modern inventions in arms, of the existence of which they had little conception, and by the march of civilization in the introduction of improved means of transport.

This great fact has even opened the eyes of the Russian peasantry, who begin no longer to regard the Emperor as for-



merly, as a Providence of a high order—so high as often in their imaginations to precede in power and dignity their Creator and God.

These signs of coming troubles are well known to Russians. Russian authors are found who boldly expose them; but from the difficulties of the language their works are little known in Western Europe. Occasionally, however, a work like *De Custine's*, or *La Vérité sur le Russie*, by Prince Dolgoroukow, receives publicity, and reveals to astonished Europe a state of things but faintly conceived, and which Europe is loth to believe as a true statement of the condition of a country within her own limits, and which all the other powers have treated with respect and awe. After a residence, however, of some years in the country, we do not hesitate to express our firm belief in every word in Prince Dolgoroukow's book, and to recommend it to the study of all those who wish to gain an insight into the true condition of the Czar's dominions.

Another serious difficulty which the Czar has to deal with in the settlement of the great questions which the march of events has forced upon him, is of the same nature as that with which his brother emperor in Austria has to contend, only in the case of Russia it may be expected to be somewhat more aggravated. We mean the difficulty, or rather the almost impossibility, of finding men capable of carrying out the great reforms which have been commenced. It is one of the great and suicidal faults of a bureaucratic government that the governing class work in grooves and ruts, from which they can not extricate themselves; they are brought up to look upon Government as perfect, and to dread all responsibility not clearly defined by rule. As a consequence they have narrow and restricted views, and are incapable of adapting themselves to great and rapid changes.

In despotic countries there is little room for selection; the Government seek counsel from the bureaucratic class; there is little or no infusion of new blood; and as a consequence, finding themselves unable to compete with the men who rise to the surface by popular acclamation, and fearful of being supplanted, they have recourse to the only power they are capable of comprehending. Military organization and reaction therefore ensues.

Such has been the case in unhappy Warsaw at the present moment. Perfect tranquillity was maintained by an extemporized organization of civil police under the management of a committee of citizens. The military, which includes nearly all Russians, having been withdrawn, there was no cause for a disturbance of the peace. Popular leaders began to rise to the surface, and encouraged by the Government, had assumed positions before the people incompatible with the existence of the bureaucracy. The Government yielded to the movement; and Europe was astonished by a circular announcing the benevolent intentions of the Czar; but a change comes suddenly over the scene.

A large armed force has been gradually assembling round the devoted city, brought in by stealth in small detachments at night; and the old class of reactionists resume their sway; and a fresh massacre of unarmed citizens—attempted to be justified to Europe by an announcement of the Viceroy that it was caused by "stones having been thrown at the troops"—at once crushes all agitation. A decree is inscribed in the laws of the kingdom threatening military execution, and placing the people entirely in the hands of the military; and the old *régime* of Nicolas is resumed.

The Poles, however, have learned one more lesson. They were inclined to repose confidence in the present Emperor and his Government, but have now been taught the truth of the old proverb: "*Gratez le Russe et vous trouvez le Cosaque.*" The Russian is always the same. They can have no hope from their connection with Russia; and the best will of the best intentioned sovereign the world ever saw would be powerless to change the nature of the oppression under which they groan.

Where, then, is the hope of Poland? Her future lies in the future of Russia. She is powerless with her ten or twelve millions to resist fifty millions of Russians organized in one army; therefore we congratulate the Poles that they are disarmed, as the bloodshed of a civil war would be all lost and a crime. Poland must not, therefore, allow herself to be run away with by the example of Italy and Hungary.

In each of those countries the oppressing power was numerically inferior, and

depended only on the cohesion of heterogeneous masses ready to disperse into their original elements; whereas the power of Russia is on the side of numbers, and her masses are almost homogeneous.

Poland must, therefore, quietly abide her time, free from conspiracy, but standing on her rights; thus she will excite the sympathy of Europe; and having proved by peaceful remonstrance, and by a display of order and good sense under severe trials, her capacity for self-government, the day will assuredly come when disturbances and revolution in Russia will loosen the iron grasp in which she is held; and perhaps even Russians themselves will then see that a discontented people, speaking a different language, professing a different religion, and imbued with ideas which prevent amalgamation, are an element of weakness and expense, and will be only too glad to allow of a reconstitution of her former rival as a distinct and separate State.

Such ideas are already entertained by many thinking Russians not in the bureaucratic class, and who therefore do not look upon Poland as a place for employment and for acquiring wealth, but who have a patriotic regard for the true welfare of their country, independent of all personal considerations. Reforms and revolutions may bring these men to power, and then their opinions will gain ground with their fellow-countrymen. For ourselves, we look upon the position of Poland with a strong belief in her future, and with a hope that by the good sense of the people, their submission to their natural chiefs, and by their own efforts, independent of foreign intrigue and intervention, which have always been the curse and ruin of their country, but sustained by the moral sympathy and support of Western Europe, they will at length resume their natural position in the European family.

Since the above was written we have received details of the dreadful massacre of the eighth of April. It appears that the Government determined on resuming the management of the police, taking it out of the hands of the municipal authorities who had been extemporized after the massacre of the twenty-seventh of February, and who since then had maintained perfect order and quiet by means of special constables appointed for the nonce.

On the sixth of April this unpopular and unnecessary measure was followed by one still more unpopular, and than which none could have been conceived calculated to produce a greater amount of irritation and just dissatisfaction. The Agricultural Society was dissolved by a decree of the Emperor and King, on the alleged ground of its *interference in things beyond its province*. Considering its foundation by a special decree of the Emperor, the position it had acquired, its extent, and the veneration in which its president, the Count André Zamoiski, and its leading members, are deservedly held throughout the country; considering also that the so-called concessions of the Emperor were only on paper and had not as yet been realized, that every act of the Society had been done in broad daylight with the entire cognizance and full concurrence of the Government, and that the Society was not in session, it seems impossible to conceive a more complete act of folly than its dissolution.

This was immediately followed, on Sunday, the 7th, by peaceful demonstrations, limited to assemblages of the people at the cemetery where the victims of the 27th of February had been interred, in front of the building where the sittings of the Society had been held, and in front of the house of Count Zamoiski, their "Father," as they affectionately called him, and lastly, before the Viceroy's palace.

At the latter place the military were drawn up for the protection of the palace; but the people being without arms, and only desiring to have their opinion upon the dissolution of the Society made known to the Prince, good order was not disturbed, the military were withdrawn, and the people dispersed peaceably—only to renew their demonstration on a larger scale on Monday, the 8th, which happened to be a holiday of the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore one in which the whole population were in the streets.

Encouraged by the mode of their reception on the previous evening, the populace assembled in crowds in the large open space in front of the Viceroy's palace, which, as before, was surrounded by troops.

Men, women, and children, all unarmed, fearlessly approached the troops, and were even exchanging jokes with them, when they were summoned to disperse by beat of drum. Immediately up went three signal rockets, and the troops came pour-

ing into the town, taking up pre-arranged positions in all the open spaces and main thoroughfares, and then commenced the wanton butchery by the Czar's soldiers of his unarmed defenseless Polish subjects, whom in his rescript not three weeks before he had declared to be "equally objects of his care" with his Russian subjects. A severe punishment was being administered as a mark of fraternal affection. It is estimated that at least forty of his Polish subjects were killed or have died of their wounds, and several hundred more were wounded by the fire of the troops.

The reason assigned by the Viceroy in justification of this atrocious crime is, that the people had pelted the troops with stones. This allegation we believe to be altogether false. As an act of desperation after the firing had commenced, a few stones might have been thrown; and one soldier was killed by a student, who, seeing his fellow-student stretched dead by his side, rushed on his murderer, wrenched his bayonet from his musket, and stabbed him on the spot.\*

The real reason unquestionably was, that representations had been made to the Viceroy of the demoralizing effects upon the troops of allowing them to be brought in contact with the people and exposed to their jeers and insults without acting; and General Melinkoff, Commandant de la Place, had been placed in arrest for not having used force on the Sunday evening against the crowd when they assembled before the Society's building.

The Viceroy also was becoming uneasy at the news which arrived from the country districts of similar demonstrations; and he had no doubt heard by telegraph of the abandonment of his post by the

Governor of Lublin, and his surrender of the administration into the hands of the bishop and gentry.

The ferocity of this massacre has been enhanced by the seizure of the dead and wounded. Soldiers were sent through the town on the night of the 8th to ravish from mothers, wives, sisters, and friends, not only the bodies of their dead victims, but the living and innocent wounded, who were inhumanly hurried off as prisoners to the fortresses, there to linger and suffer unwatched by the tender care of their relatives, who in their turn are left in an agony of intolerable despair. It is Russian officers who in the nineteenth century have the honor of having discovered this exquisitely-refined system of torture.

The first massacres of the 27th of February have already taken effect in causing demonstrations in Kieff, the ancient and sacred capital of Russia, which are reported to have been suppressed by a similar massacre of its citizens. The immediate effect of this second and more extensive massacre has been the resignation of the principal men in the Government of Poland, including all the chief members of the Council of Administration, both Russians and Poles. Governors of provinces have also resigned, and it yet remains to be seen what will be the effect in Russia itself beyond the Polish frontier.

For our own part, we believe that these massacres will hasten events in Russia, and that ere long the Czar will regret not having taken the only means which were open to him, and which, in the temper of the Poles and with the credit of his name for "good intentions," would have succeeded in tranquilizing the country and making it even loyal. These were, to have set aside the bureaucracy, to have sent for the President of the Agricultural Society, and through him and the Committee elaborated some measure which would have satisfied the just but by no means exorbitant demands of the people. If this vile act has been done by his subordinates, the Emperor may even now repudiate it, and by removing its perpetrators enter upon a conciliatory course. If not, we fear that his reign will be stained by a course of confiscations and banishments similar to those which have outraged Europe since 1831. It were well that he should avoid this sad alternative. The House of Romanoff has too many black spots in its annals to risk the addition of more.

\* Since the above was written we have received details from Warsaw of this brutal massacre. From one of our letters we extract the following passage: "All testimony, too, goes to show that the massacre was pre-arranged. It has since transpired that on the Sunday night there was a kind of council of war held in the Castle. The matter was then and there debated and settled. I rejoice, however, to be able to say, for the sake of humanity, that some voices were raised against such a fell deed of blood. It is said that General Liprandi, General-in-Chief of the *corps d'armée* at present stationed in Poland, was strongly opposed to it, as also the military governor of the town, General Paniutin. The colonel of a regiment stationed in the castle, when informed by the prince (Gortchakoff) on the Monday morning what would be required of him in the evening refused to obey, and on retiring to his own quarters within the precincts of the castle shot himself." This letter will be found entire in the *Times* of 25th April.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## HAIL-STORMS AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

Few occurrences in all the range of atmospherical phenomena are more calculated to excite terror and awaken curiosity than hail-storms. The dazzling and infrequent meteor and aërolite derives an interest of its own from its brief splendor, the mystery of its origin, and the wonder with which the inhabitants of the earth naturally regard bodies that seem to be fragments of the formations of other worlds. But hail—a phenomenon of the terrestrial atmosphere, like the thunder and the wind—is not the less remarkable for being familiar: the whirlwind may uproot the oaks that have stood for centuries, and scatter branches like autumn leaves, but a hail-storm is often more sweeping in its desolation. It is as fatal as the hurricane, and as awful as the thunder-storm, and often more destructive to life; and it is frequently attended by circumstances very surprising in their nature, and exceedingly difficult of explanation.

In the Bible, hail is frequently mentioned with circumstances of terror, as an instance of divine vengeance. We have not only the plague of hail that smote the land of Egypt in the days of Pharaoh,\* but in the flight of the Amorites we read that

“The Lord cast down great stones” (*magnos grandinis lapides*) “from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died: they were more which died with hail-stones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword.”†

In the prophetic, as well as in the historical books, hail is frequently mentioned; and it is alluded to in many places by the Royal Psalmist; for example:

“The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail-stones and coals of fire.”‡

“He gave up their cattle also to the hail, and their flocks to hot thunderbolts.”§

“He gave them hail for rain, and flaming fire in their land.”\*

But the terrors and the destructive power of the hail-storm do not need illustration from Scripture or from history.

Although hail destructive to animals and vegetation is rarely seen in climates not bordering on the tropics, its power to destroy life is frequently witnessed in India at the present day. There is something peculiarly terrific in the character of the tropical hail-storms, and in British India the average size of the hail-stones, and the masses of ice that have occasionally fallen, greatly exceed any thing known in Europe.

The phenomena of hail-storms are manifested with peculiar frequency and magnificence in the East Indies. Dr. George Buist, of Bombay, who gave much attention to this curious subject, prepared an historical list of sixty-one remarkable hail-storms, observed from the year 1781 to 1850, which was communicated by Colonel Sykes to the British Association.† Notices of many hail-storms are preserved in the *Asiatic Journal* from 1816 to 1842, and a paper on hail-storms in India, from 1851 to 1855, was subsequently contributed by Dr. Buist to the proceedings of the British Association.‡

From a review of these Indian observations it is deduced that the average *maxima* of hail-stones is from eight to ten inches in circumference, and from two to four ounces in weight; and in the majority of cases the hail exceeds the size of filberts, whereas in Europe it does not often exceed that of peas. But in the Indian hail-storms the stones are more frequently accretions of ice than what we know as hail-stones. In 1822, at Bangalore, bullocks

\* Ps. 105: 32. The words “hægle” “hagol-stan,” from which (it is hardly necessary to say) the English words are derived, occur in the Anglo-Saxon Psalter given by the great Earl of Arundel to the Royal Society.

† *Report of Edinburgh Meeting*, 1851, p. 43.

‡ *Report of Glasgow Meeting*, 1855, p. 31.

\* Exodus 9: 25. † Joshua 10: 11.

‡ Ps. 18: 13. § Ps. 78: 48.

were killed by the hail-stones, which the natives declared to be as large as pumpkins; and although it was in the scorching month of April, some of the hail-stones remained on the third day after they fell, and then measured three inches and a half in thickness. At Rangpore, in May, 1851, the stones that fell were as large as ducks' eggs. So, too, in Bengal, various officers, in describing hail-storms which they saw, declare that the stones were as large as turkeys' eggs. At Calcutta, in April, 1829, in a hail-storm which killed several natives, the hail fell in angular fragments of ice. In the Himalayas, north of the Peshawur, in a storm on 12th May, 1853, the ice masses were globular and compact, and many were upwards of three inches in diameter, while some were nearly a foot in circumference. And in what might be described as an ice-storm, which fell in the Lower Himalaya on the 11th May, 1855, the hail increased from stones of the size of pigeons' eggs to that of cricket-balls.

But what is more extraordinary, masses of ice exceeding a hundred-weight are recorded to have fallen on four occasions in India. Dr. Buist\* sees no reason to doubt that a mass of ice which fell at Seringapatam in the time of Tippoo Sultan was, as stated by Dr. Hyne,† as large as an elephant, and took three days to melt! That a mass of hail-stones may have been violently swept together and congealed into such an enormous block is conceivable enough, but it is hardly credible that such an aggregation can have been formed in the air and have actually fallen, unless, indeed, a body of water like that in a water-spout can have become frozen in its fall. Yet it seems authenticated that in April, 1838, a mass of hail-stones, cemented in one block measuring twenty feet, fell at Dharwar; that immediately after another hail-storm in that locality, a mass described as an immense block of ice, consisting of hail-stones frozen together, was found; and that in 1826 a mass of ice actually fell in Candesh which must have been nearly a cubic yard in bulk.‡ Astonishing as it is that such ponderous masses can have been formed in the air, it is certainly conceiva-

ble that falling hail-stones may have been swept into a mass by violent whirlwinds or eddies. Hail-stones of great size but more moderate bulk have often been found to be aggregations. Dr. Buist accounts for the larger concretions of ice by supposing that a whirlwind at a great height swept the hail-stones together, and that they became immensely enlarged before escaping from that influence and falling on the earth.

Neither in magnitude nor in frequency of occurrence can the cognate phenomena in temperate climates be paralleled with these marvels.

In only one instance on record has any similar mass of ice or aggregation of hail-stones fallen in Great Britain: in Rosshire, in August, 1849, a huge mass of ice, twenty feet in circumference, is described to have fallen like an aërolite during a thunder-storm. But there are cases in which it would seem that the ice masses of India might really have been paralleled in Britain if a whirlwind, or the kind of agency which produces the water-spout, had accompanied the hail-storm. For example, on the 24th July, 1818,\* in a storm which passed over the Orkneys, and was twenty miles in length and a mile and a half in breadth, ice covered the ground to the depth of nine inches in as many minutes.

And, to come nearer home, a shower of ice-stones, which might really be described as a *hail-spout*, fell about three years ago on a spot among the hills near Eslington Park, the Northumberland seat of Lord Ravensworth. Trustworthy persons living near the *locus in quo* declared that hail-stones and fragments of ice of various shapes fell in a great heap, and they were seen in a mass sufficient to fill many baskets upon the spot shortly afterwards.

But the largest hail-stones that are recorded to have fallen in Great Britain or in any part of Europe have very seldom reached dimensions that can be compared with those of hail-stones witnessed in British India. In a storm of hail on the Norfolk and Suffolk coast, on the 17th July, 1666, hail-stones were taken up some of which were as large as turkeys' eggs, others measured eight inches, nine inches, and a foot in circumference, and weighed one ounce and a

\* See his communication on Indian Hail storms in *Rep. of Brit. Assoc.* for 1851, p. 43.

† In his *Tracts*, published in 1814.

‡ Dr. Buist's communication in *Rep. of Brit. Assoc.* for 1852, p. 32.

\* Dr. Thomson's *Meteorology*, p. 175.

half. The hail-stones that fell in a storm on the Denbighshire coast in 1697, were so heavy that they not only plowed up the earth, but killed lambs and a mastiff, as well as poultry and the birds. Some of these accretions of ice weighed five ounces, and the force with which they fell showed that they came from a great height. At Hitchin, on the 4th May, 1797, after a thunder-storm, a black cloud suddenly arose in the south-west, opposite to the wind, and was immediately followed by a shower of hail-stones, some of which measured from seven to fourteen inches in circumference. At Offley, near the extremity of the storm, a young man was killed by the hail-stones, which bruised his body and beat out one of his eyes; and these formidable missiles tore up the ground, split trees, and destroyed the crops. On the 29th June, 1820, a shower of ice-stones, accompanied by a thunder-storm, fell in the south-east part of the county of Mayo. The breadth of the hail-storm did not exceed half a mile, but it left that breadth of country a ruin. Some of the stones were flat, heavy, and as large as a watch; the greater part were larger than pigeons' eggs in size and of a similar shape. The bog-turf was penetrated by them as if by shot.\* A hail-storm occurred in North Staffordshire on the 22d July, 1857, in which masses of ice fell that were an inch and a half in diameter.† This storm continued for half an hour, and was attended by gusts of wind and by thunder. At a distance of four miles a violent wind blew from the opposite quarter about the same time, but no rain or hail fell there. Other authentic instances might be given in which masses of ice have fallen in hail-storms in Britain weighing from four to nine ounces, and measuring from a foot to fifteen inches in circumference.‡ Again, at Lille, on the 25th May, 1886, hail-stones fell which weighed from four ounces to a pound. But it is needless to multiply instances; those above given seem to be the most remarkable that have been recorded.

The different forms and the structure of hail-stones invite curious inquiry not less than their occasional magnitude.

The forms of hail-stones are very irregular. Hail in Europe is generally pear-

shaped; but the forms vary. Thus, in the storm of 1797, some of the hail-stones were round, others oval, others angular, others flat; and in the Denbighshire storm some were round and others semi-spherical. In the East Indies, too, the forms of the hail-stones are very irregular. Some hail-stones of angular form and others of oval form have fallen in the same storm, as in 1822 at Bangalore; in another storm they were compact and spherical; while in the storm at Calcutta, already mentioned, the hail-stones are described to have been angular masses of ice, in every variety of form, but quite irregular. Sometimes the hail-stones have assumed the form of convex lenses.\* It has been already mentioned that in the shower of ice which fell in Mayo in 1820, some of the stones were as flat, large, and heavy as a watch.

The structure or constitution of the hail-stones differs like their form and size, but in almost all cases there is a kernel or nucleus, white and opaque, which often appears to be a mere floccule of snow. When the hail-stone is large, it is generally found to consist of a nucleus of frozen snow coated with ice, and sometimes with alternate layers of ice and snow,† but always with an icy transparent surface. In the storm on the Denbighshire coast, some of the hail-stones were smooth, others embossed and crenated, and the ice was very hard and transparent. The hail-stones that fell in the storm in North Staffordshire are described to have had nodulated nuclei containing particles of air, and externally to these were formed irregular conglomerations of ice, looking like a mass of imperfect but transparent crystals. In the storm on the Norfolk and Suffolk coast the hail-stones were white, smooth on the surface, and shining within. The concentric strata round the opaque nucleus have generally all the transparency of common ice. In the hail-stones that fell at Serampore, which were larger than hens' eggs, the nucleus was observed to be whiter than the exterior. Almost all large hail-stones that have fallen in India were found to contain a nucleus which appeared to be of snow, or what resembled a small opaque hail-stone was in the center, surrounded by several distinct and very distinguishable layers of transparent ice, these concentric coverings surrounding the nucleus like the coats of an onion,

\* *Blackw. Edinb. Mag.*, vol. vii. p. 688.

† *Report of Brit. Assoc. Cheltenham Meeting*, 1857, p. 39.

‡ Prof. J. F. Daniell's *Elem. of Meteorol.*, i. 24.

\* *Ibid.* 25. † *Somerv., Phys. Geography*, ii. 62.

as if the first concretion had been a small one, and the ice had accumulated in its descent.

Colonel Sykes describes a still more remarkable formation—namely, globular masses of clear ice, in which a central star of many points of diaphanous ice, resembling ground glass, was inclosed in the transparent covering.\*

Amongst the curious phenomena of hail-storms are the amazing rapidity of their motion, and the comparatively narrow breadth to which they are limited.

In Europe hail-storms usually travel in straight bands of great length but small breadth, and travel very rapidly. The storm that passed over the Orkneys in 1818, was twenty miles in length and a mile and a half in breadth, and traveled at the rate of a mile in a minute and a half†—the speed of a race-horse. Showers of hail are generally limited to a locality or line of country, and extend over it in long narrow bands. A hail-storm which fell on July 13th, 1788, on the continent, began in the morning in the south-west of France, and reached Holland in a few hours, destroying a narrow line of country in its course. It moved in two columns twelve miles apart, the one on the west ten miles broad, and the other five miles broad, the one extending nearly five hundred and the other four hundred and forty miles. Again, the main body of the hail-storm which visited the Denbighshire coast, as above described, appears to have fallen in Lancashire in a right line from Ormskirk to Blackburn, on the Yorkshire frontier, and the breadth of the storm-cloud was estimated at two miles. It is wonderful that the streams of watery vapor which became congealed in hail should have extended over such long tracts of country.

The Indian hail-storms appear to fall in limited patches, as if affected by configuration of the country, or other local circumstances. They frequently occur simultaneously at remote places, but nearly in straight lines, like a string of beads stretched across the country.

In all climates local circumstances appear to affect the formation of hail: thus, it occurs—at least in Europe and America—more frequently in countries at a little

distance from mountains than in those close to them. But, whereas in temperate climates it rarely falls among the mountains, the case is otherwise in India. Dr. Buist compiled a table of localities in which the hail-storms observed during seventy years had fallen, from which table it appears that most of them occur in the delta of the Ganges down to the sea—a plain, the humid warm atmosphere of which contrasts strikingly with the pure, crisp, vaporless air of the mountains; but hail is nearly unknown in corresponding latitudes and heights on the Malabar coast, although appearing in abundance to the north west along the shores of Cutch and Scinde, and to the eastward, (as at Sattara,) and over the Deccan, at heights of fifteen hundred feet above the sea.\* The case of the valley of the Ganges seems anomalous, for elsewhere hail is rare in the tropical plains, and often altogether unknown, although common above them at heights exceeding seventeen hundred feet.

According to Dr. Buist's report on Indian hail-storms, the largest number occur in the month of April, and the next largest number in March, which in British India is also one of the driest months. In the coldest months hail is very seldom seen. In the interior of Europe, too, one half of the hail-storms occur in summer, and where the period of the day has been recorded it is generally during the hours of greatest heat. It appears that in the climate of Britain hail-storms usually occur about the hours when the daily temperature is highest.

Hail-stones sometimes fall with a velocity which Professor Leslie computes at seventy feet in a second, or fifty miles an

\* The quantity of rain which falls on the delta of the Ganges amounts to hardly one third of that which descends on the low country of Arracan, for the moisture is discharged on a tract of comparatively small extent, when (as in this case) the winds blow on a coast-line at a right angle, and are arrested by high and precipitous mountain masses. On the coast of Malabar the phenomena are remarkable on the setting in of the south-west monsoon. In February, the low country from the sea to the base of the Ghaut mountains becomes very hot, and the air becomes saturated with vapor. These, during March and April, in which month the heat increases, remain suspended in the air, sometimes rising to the altitude of the mountain-range, where they become checked by the cold, and then descending are rarefied before reaching the earth. The violent winds, attended by thunder, which accompany the setting in of the monsoon, condense these vapors into rain, but for the first two months they remain suspended in the heated air, as above described.

\* *Philos. Trans.*, 1835. Col. Sykes also mentions the fall of masses of clear ice exceeding an inch in diameter during hail-storms.

† Thomson, *Meteorol.*, 175.

hour. Their destructive power, and the depth to which they have been known to penetrate the earth, indicate their impetus as well as weight. Several instances of the destructive force of hail-stones have been already mentioned, and to these may be added the curious fact that the hail-storms are so violent on the elevated plateau called the Grand Coteau de Missouri, that the stones have been known to penetrate the buffalo-skin tents of the Indians who hunt on that territory. The prairies sometimes retain for many weeks the marks of the occurrence of the hail-storms, which during the summer months are not unfrequent in Rupert's Land.\*

Hail often precedes heavy rain-showers: it seldom follows them. The large drops of rain which often precede a thunder-storm are supposed to be hail which has become melted in its passage through a lower stratum of warm air.

To the scientific investigator of hail-storms hardly any of their phenomena are more interesting than those which indicate the action of electricity. Hail-storms, indeed, are always accompanied by electrical action; thunder is frequently heard, and the electrometer manifests rapid changes in electric intensity. Very often a hail-storm is preceded by a rustling noise in the air, but in the tropical hail-storms this manifestation of electric disturbance is greatly augmented. These symptoms of an approaching hail-storm will remind the reader of a fine passage in Virgil:

"Continuo ventis surgentibus, aut freta ponti  
Incipiunt agitata tumescere, et aridus altis  
Montibus audiri fragor; aut resonantia longe  
Litora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere mur-  
mur."†

Thus, in the hail-storm on the eleventh of May, 1855, in the lower Himalaya, an eye-witness, stated to be a person of intelligence and information, says it was heralded by a noise as if thousands of bags of walnuts were being emptied in the air. There can not be any doubt that electricity, quite as much as cold, is an active agent in hail-storms. The clouds from which hail falls are often extremely dense: they generally exhibit a sort of

bronze color, and the edges are irregular. In the memorable "Whit-Monday storm" of (twenty-eighth of May) 1860, that swept over Yorkshire, a remarkable hissing sound is stated by an observer at Pickering, to have accompanied the large dense cloud that gathered in the north-west, and moved before the furious gale.

From the following passage in Lucretius, *De Rerum Naturâ*,\* it would seem that the poet, like Pliny,† had imagined that the clouds could contain and support the hail-stones, or frozen vapor:

"Principio, tonitru quatiuntur cœrula cœli,  
Propterea quia concurrunt sublimes volantes  
Ætheriæ nubes contra pugnantibus ventis:  
Nec fit enim sonitus cœli de parte serena,  
Verum ubicunque magis denso sunt agmine  
nubes,  
Tam magis hinc magno fremitus fit murmure  
sæpe.  
Præterea, neque tam condenso corpore  
nubes  
Esse queunt, quam sunt lapides ac tigna;  
neque autem  
Tam tenues, quam sunt nebulae, fumique vo-  
lantes:  
Nam cadere aut bruto deberent pondere  
pressæ,  
Ut lapides; aut, ut fumus, constare nequi-  
rent,  
Nec cohibere niveis gelidas, et grandinis im-  
breis."‡

\* Lib. vi. 120 seq.

† *Historia Naturalis*, ii. 48. Pliny states the drink from melted hail to be most insalubrious. "Pestilentissimum potum ex grandinibus," for which he gives the strange reason that all the softer lighter elements of the frozen liquid have been eliminated by congelation!

It is curious and worthy of remark, that a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1764, in describing the sheep and sheep-walks of Spain, says, the shepherd takes especial care never to let the sheep approach a rivulet or pond after a shower of hail, believing that if they should drink *hail-water* the whole tribe would become unhealthy, fast pine away, and die, as had often happened! *Hail-water*, he adds, is deemed so pernicious to men in this climate, that the people of Molina will not drink the river-water after a violent shower of hail: however muddy after rain, they drink it without fear.

‡ Thus rendered into English by Dr. Busby:

"When lofty clouds, by adverse winds impelled,  
Meet, strike, and furiously dispute the field;  
Spread thick around their louring, shaggy forms,  
And fly, disordered, on the wings of storms:  
Then Heaven's blue arch tremendous thunder  
shakes,  
And earth, affrighted, to her center quakes.  
No thunders roll through clear and smiling  
skies,  
From congregated clouds alone they rise,

\* *Hind's Narr. of Canadian Expl. Exped.*, ii. 363.

† *Georg.*, l. line, 355 seq.



It is surprising that fleecy masses of coherent mists could have been supposed capable of sustaining congealed bodies of such density and gravity, and quite inconceivable that solid aggregations of ice, or of hail-stones, of even the moderate size which we are accustomed to see, could be developed in the clouds from which they fall, or sustained in the form of clouds at all.

The condensation of the crystalline particles of floating vapors, which ensues upon electrical action, must be followed by precipitation. That hail-stones are drops of rain frozen during their descent through the air can hardly be doubted. If the air is very cold throughout the greater part of the stratum through which hail falls, the hail-stone is probably increased in size during its descent; and there seems little reason to doubt that a progressive concretion takes place, the result of a gradual congealing, and that this process is entirely performed between the region of clouds and the earth. The fact that the hail-stones and drops of rain that fall on high mountains are smaller than those that fall on the plains, seems to strengthen this view,

The rarer phenomenon of the fall of masses of ice appears to have engaged the attention of Descartes, who thought that the aqueous clouds might sometimes fall in masses or streams of water, and that these might become frozen in their descent. But whether the drops of rain or aqueous particles congeal in hail-stones or become aggregated in the more singular masses and blocks already described, the phenomenon can only be attributed to instantaneous and intense cold in upper strata of the atmosphere; and to what extent atmospheric electricity affects these extraordinary operations of nature can not be satisfactorily ascertained in the present state of our knowledge.

An hypothesis of the formation of hail, rain, and cognate phenomena was submitted by Mr. Howell to the British Association in 1847, which appears to be as

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And as those blend and blacken, fiercer lightning flies.

Of wood's nor marble's texture clouds consist,  
Nor are so rare as fleeting smoke or mist,  
Or, to the ground, like stones, they quick would fall,

Or fly, dispersed, like melting vapors all;  
Aloft no chilling mass of snow would keep,  
Nor magazines of hail within their frame would sleep."

follows: Electricity having no weight, and diffusing itself equally on the surface of bodies, the minute particles of water, even in their most condensed state, are enveloped, as it were, in the natural coating of electricity, and occupy, together with that envelop, nearly the space of an equal weight of air. They are thus rendered buoyant; but when by heat their specific gravity is lessened, and their capacity for electricity enlarged by their superficial extension, they rise in the atmosphere. When they become condensed, the electricity, being in excess, escapes to the earth, but where the particles are above the earth's electrical action, they mutually attract and form clouds, which, under certain circumstances, condense in rain, which becomes frozen, and falls as hail, if it passes through a colder stratum of air.\*

Beccaria found that the density of the spherules of hail decreases as the parts recede from the center, and he therefore supposes that the electrical action—to which, by the way, he attributes the formation of hail—is more intense in the regions in which the concretion of the aqueous particles into ice begins.

Volta's theory, as modified by M. Peltier, is as follows: When two clouds in opposite electrical states are placed one above the other, the mutual attraction is considerable; the strata approach without any signal electric discharge, but the one acts on the other by induction, and the electricities are exchanged. This, however, does not happen without vaporizing the water contained in the clouds, and hence the temperature is immediately lowered. If the temperature of the one stratum be near zero, the portions not vaporized must be congealed, and they are transformed into flakes of snow, which become quickly surrounded by ice, and fall as hail.

Upon the whole, it appears that science has not yet achieved the solution of the problem whether the phenomena of hail-stones are to be explained by electric agency, or whether they are to be attributed to the suddenly reduced temperature of the upper strata of the atmosphere in which the particles of water are con-

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\* By this theory, the fall in very short times of extraordinary depths of rain is sought to be explained, and the occurrence of irregular winds is attributed to the partial vacuum thus occasioned.

gealed; but that electricity is closely connected with the production of these phenomena appears to be unquestionable, and there can be little doubt that many of them are explained by the immense height of the clouds and the sudden, violent action of electricity upon the aqueous contents. W. S. G.

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From the London Eclectic.

## LORD MACAULAY'S LAST VOLUME.\*

MACAULAY has portrayed the history of our country at a most important transition period—that period when all was excitement, but the excitement and the life about to crystalize and consolidate itself down, to fuse itself in order and constitutional law. Fielding and Smollet have been our best historians for the social usages and characteristics of those times. They were days of preëminent difficulty. The manners of the people were coarse and vulgar; the intelligence diffused was that rather of a rude animalism than of a manly or womanly development. There is little to attract us in those times, save as they are beheld through the page of fancy and of fiction. In truth, with but little reservation, we may say every man “did that which was right in his own eyes;” always providing that his idea of right was the highest moral wrong. Oppression and time-serving then met the eye at every turn; nothing looked as if it were fixed; few things appeared to have the stamp of age before them; the country, in all its relations, in politics and in religion, seemed to be given over to knavery and power. The poor peasantry were ground down by a tax the most unequal and unjust the country has ever known, called hearth money; and the mode in which it was levied, and the terrible proportion of it, and the weight with which it especially pressed on the poor, would alone, in lands less patient than ours, have caused a revolution. As to the country itself, many parts were scarcely reclaimed from barba-

rism. A part of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire was a great and desolate fen, in which lived a wild and savage population called the Bradlings, who have been described as leading an amphibious life, sometimes wading and sometimes towing from one islet to another. In the north of England the parishes were required to keep blood-hounds for the purpose of tracking free-booters.

Terrible indeed those times were which he has undertaken to sketch; they mingle in our minds with very varied lights and shades. Regarded any how they are romantic and even grotesque, but they have few shades of beauty; the red light of a bloody horror seems to fall over scenery and character, incident and life, we would fain wish to regard as picturesque. The historian seizes the pen immediately as the last act of the Great Rebellion closes by the restoration of Charles II. The last volume we have does not conduct us far from this date, but the history shows to us few pictures on which the eye rests with any complacency.

It was an age of intense excitement—so is ours, but our excitement is defined by purpose, and governed by law; our excitement is material: but the individual and society on the whole grow by its energy and its intensity. In that day all was indeed unrest—the unrest of an ominous and dreadful sleep—it was not the unrest of healthful labor, it was the restlessness of nightmare. The great army which had terrified Holland, France, Spain, and Italy was disbanded, and it

\* Concluded from page 215.

is to their immortal honor that all parties have recorded how instantly all those mighty Ironsides and Roundheads became citizens, and, without one act of violence, melted among the masses of the people. The gray head of their awful general—that tremendous man to whose sagacity and genius, and impenetrable but powerful will the mightiest generals of ancient and modern times, Pericles or Gustavus, Cæsar or Napoleon, look poor and tame, to whom we owe it that our civil war did not degenerate to a French revolution—was rotting over Westminster Hall. England was a vassal of France; Charles, like James, received money from Louis to vail to that ambitious and vain prince the power and sovereignty of himself and his kingdom. Amused with his dogs and his harlots at Whitehall, the successor of Cromwell did not heed, or only heeded to smile at, the cannons of the great Dutch Admiral thundering along the Thames and striking the notes of invasion. Alison has the daring impudence to ascribe this disgraceful spectacle of our fleets burnt in the channel to the wretched provision the Great Rebellion had made for the lasting defense of the realm! The scaffold and the headsman were well employed in those days. The pure and spotless Sir Harry Vane; the rigid and roman Algernon Sydney; the christian and meek-hearted Lord William Russell—these were some of the victims, and victims with whom we can not see that Macaulay has much sympathy. Nonconformists were a proscribed race. Magistrates had the power to transport them beyond the seas without the needless formality of a trial. They sought to dwell near each other, and were wont to break a door in the wall between their houses to admit each other to spiritual companionship and fellowship. In those days Milton narrowly escaped hanging. Bunyan was passing through his twelve years' imprisonment.

Charles II. died, but his death brought no repose or rest to the nation. A careless and reckless spendthrift, a good-humored and witty and easy tyrant, who made other men ministers of his tyrannies, died. He had sworn to defend the Protestant faith. He was admitted on his death-bed secretly into the Church of Rome. To him succeeded a cold, cruel, self-willed tyrant, who would have no advice, and, ruled by no ministers, then began in earn-

est a struggle for prerogative. The king and the people were leagued against each other more fearfully than in the days of the Great Rebellion. We shudder at those times, they are not like our country's records. They are too cruel and bloody, more horrible to read, more harrowing than even the days of Mary, or of Henry VIII. The country was mad. The king, sworn to Protestantism, opened his private chapel in his palace and publicly elevated the Host. If treason and rebellion stalked through the land, remember how that king had forfeited his coronation vows. Remember that Jesuitism was every where, in the highest and lowest places in the land. Only hurry your eye along the topics of excitement which formed the staple of conversation in those days at the old house on the grange, by the hostel fireside, in the city, and on the exchange. James II. was one of the most cruel and revengeful princes that ever wore a crown. He lived by revenge. Titus Oates was, we fear, worthy of all he received, but he lived in a day when corruption was fashionable, when integrity and modesty were regarded as mere tricks of commerce; when perjury was a very innocent and common-place kind of vice. He aimed high. He was a villain, but there was a foundation for his villainy in the state of the times; but James when he ascended to power did not forgive him. The pillory and cart's tail were ordinary implements of justice then, but scarcely ever before or since was there so brutal and horrible a sentence. He had been the people's favorite, the idol of the nation. His coarse, low, hard face and baboon visage did impersonate to the people their hatred of Popery. He stood in the pillory twice. He was flogged through the city from Aldgate to Tyburn through two days. It seemed impossible that he could survive the horrible lash. The multitudes thronged the streets; the blood streamed in rivulets. The hangman laid on the lash with such severity that it was clear "he had received special instructions." James was entreated to remit the second flogging. His answer was short and decided: "He shall go through with it if he has breath in his body." Strange, freakish fortune! The rascal did survive it, and received from the government, in a few years, not his sentence of annual pillory and perpetual imprisonment, but a pension of four hun-

dred pounds. Very different was the character of Samuel Johnson; a patriot—a somewhat mistaken and especially a misled one—he received a sentence almost as cruel. He hated Popery and King James with a good fervent hatred. We have no fellow-feeling with Macaulay in his sneer at the intemperance of this well-meaning and much-abused man. The clergy stripped his gown from his back. “You are taking my gown from off my back for trying to keep yours on your own backs,” said he; and he was right. They plucked the Bible from his hands; it was part of the form. “You can not,” said he, seizing it, and bursting into tears, “deprive me of the hopes I owe to it.” They flogged him, with a scourge of nine lashes, from Newgate to Tyburn. The king was interceded with again and again on his behalf; but there was no remission of sentence to be obtained. “Mr. Johnson has the spirit of a martyr; it is fit that he should be one,” was the reply of this great champion for freedom of conscience. During the flogging he never winced. Qutes had roared and bellowed all the way. He said the pain was cruel, but he remembered how patiently the cross had been borne up Calvary; and, only that he feared to incur the suspicion of vain-glory, he would have sung a psalm. We confess our heart leaps more at this endurance and sustenance of the simple-minded clergyman than at any of the incidents of the trial of the bishops. These were some of the amusing exhibitions James provided for his admiring people—these were some of the modes by which he attempted to conciliate public opinion to his favor—but they were not all.

He equalled himself when he elevated to the bench, and made Lord Chief Justice, a man whose name has never, in any English court of judicature, had its parallel for brutality and shameless infamy. His court was the den of a wild beast. Charles II. said of him: “That man has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers.” He was fond of harrowing the feelings of his victims. The dear and glorious Richard Baxter, that chosen ornament of the piety and holy wisdom of our nation, narrowly escaped flogging at the cart’s tail. Think of that, and then think what those times must have been. He loved to sentence women to be flogged

in public. “Hangman,” he would say, “I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady. Scourge her soundly, man: scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas—a cold time for Madam to strip in: see that you warm her shoulders thoroughly.” In this way his humorous and facetious spirit showed itself. One can not but feel interested in the courtship and married life of this English Haynau. We said the nation was wrought to madness—and yet how many blows of cruel tyranny had to be struck before the mild and merciful English people determined that the judgment should fall! The reader remembers the days of the battle of Sedgemoor—the rebellion of Monmouth. He remembers that Bloody Assize—that clot of gore on the memory of James. Those were the days in which the beautiful Lady Alice Lisle was sentenced by the butcher to be burnt “that very afternoon,” for affording only food and shelter to two runaway rebels from Sedgemoor, and who was actually for that crime beheaded—beheaded only because they were strangers and taken in, hungry and fed! Elizabeth Gaunt had given bread and shelter, too, to a villain; he informed against her, and she was burnt at Tyburn. In the Bloody Assize, Jeffreys boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors since the Conquest. In the west of England, on every spot where two roads met, on every village green, a gallows and gibbet were erected; “before every church some blameless neighbor grinned in iron.” The bloody passion of the Lord Chief Justice had been shown by his causing the court of Taunton to be hung with red cloth. Lord Stowell ventured to remonstrate on the remorseless manner in which his poor neighbors had been butchered: so he was favored by having a corpse suspended in chains at his park gates. The Lord Chief Justice and the king were worthy of each other. We know what Jeffreys was; we know what the king was, too. He could not forgive; he could not spare; he could not conciliate. After his calm and peaceful sleep in his cell, the great and holy Duke of Argyle stepped forth from his prison to lay his gray hairs on the scaffold. For Monmouth we do not feel so much sympathy. We perhaps should feel none if the king had not contrived to give to his execution those circumstances tending to create detestation

to him and sympathy for the Duke. "You had better be frank with me," said James to Mr. Ayloffe, one of the rebels, when before the council; "you know it is in my power to pardon you." "I know it is in your power, but it is not in your nature," replied the sturdy and undaunted man. Then came the trial of the bishops—a very light affair, as it seems to us, compared with other transactions, but exhibiting a determined disposition on the part of the king to crush all law and to reign paramount—especially to bring back and to exalt Romanism; to violate coronation oaths and every principle of faith and duty. *It was time that James should go—it was time that William should come.* It is impossible to refrain from indignation at our position in those days—this great and mighty land a pensionary on the will of France and Louis. Every principle of justice invaded and inverted. All things, all national affairs, adrift. *It was time that William should come.* The bustle of preparation had been going on for some time at the Hague. Louis knew it, and longed to save James from disgrace; but he was blind as well as mad. He rushed, all his life long, upon his doom, as if impelled by a fate; and something like a Grecian fatalism does seem to run through all that family. James fled—left London without a monarch and a head—*fled like himself*—dared to fling the great seals into the Thames—left his metropolis to the wild horrors of the Irish night—but not before William had been received by the people of the West. By this great revolution no law had been suspended—no cruelty characterized the transition of power. James had abdicated, and was virtually dead. William succeeded by popular acclamation to the throne. The answer of old Maynard, who had accused Stafford in Westminster Hall, and was now ninety years of age, when, on the lawyers paying their homage to William, the king said: "Why, Mr. Sergeant, you have survived all the lawyers of your standing." "Yes, Sir," said the old man; "and, but for your Highness, I should have survived the laws too." How this happy, witty, and most elegant answer illustrates that revolution! These are the times—these are the events—on which our historian has expended his happiest powers.

For one thing we may be especially grateful to our writer, among others: he

has done justice to William III.—a tardy justice is done to the memories of men, and in our age especially dead heroes seem to be perpetually starting from their tombs, to be reniched in history. The insolence with which by many writers the memory of William has been treated, is intolerable. That gross partisan, Miss Strickland, usually calls him "the Dutchman," and other writers are similarly loyal and courteous to his memory. Macaulay has done for him what Carlyle has done for Cromwell—throughout the volumes William's name stands forward, commanding our homage by his bearing, and true and unmistakable royalty. Of the three men, Cromwell, Charles II., and William, the last, says Macaulay, seems to have fared the worst; Cromwell was hated, but he was strong, no one could doubt, and he had many of those popular traits which compel history to speak reverently of a man; he had a grand and daring enthusiasm, and he swept to and fro, fierce, mighty, and terribly powerful; he effectually quelled all faction in his day, and as Landor has admirably said: "In his dealings with the sovereigns of Europe, he entered their courts as into a den of tigers, and scourged them out howling." Charles II. was a man very unlike James II., a bad man, a very bad prince, but he had all the qualifications of a great favorite; he could lounge in the park, or on the Mall, chat with Dryden, saunter with his favorite courtiers, and even affect a graceful unbending to men not belonging to the court; he could always slap Buckingham or Rochester on the back, and everlastingly had some good and smart thing on his tongue. William was the reverse of all this; he was unlike both of these men—he had not the mingled power, majesty, and enthusiasm of the first: he had none of the good-humor and affability of the last; but he was a great man and a great king. "He could not adorn a court—he could save a nation;" he had no winning vices, he could not chatter about actresses or race cups; he had no chivalrous feelings for women; and when he asked the Princess Anne to dine with him, he devoured the whole dish of the first green peas without offering her a spoonful! This was dreadful, and proved him to be a low Dutch boor. Even you and I, reader, could not have sat quietly by and beheld that—and who could? Moreover, his pronunciation was quite German, or Dutch.

when he spoke at all, but he usually preserved a chilling silence. But, although he had few courtly manners at his command, he had a great deal of honesty. He was able to cope with France, he made England independent again; "he served our nation well," although surrounded by men who were, as he well knew, traitors to his government and his interest. He was a free man himself, and had, we believe, what is often found behind rugged and ill-fashioned behavior, a gentleman's soul. When they tendered him the oaths and crown of Scotland, he spoke out publicly, for he knew the fictions there: "I will not," he said, "lay myself under any obligations to be a persecutor." "Neither the words of that oath," said one of the commissioners, "nor the laws of Scotland, lay such obligation on your Majesty." "In that sense, then, I swear," said he, "but I desire you all, my lords and gentlemen, to witness that I do so."

Who does not feel the witchery of Macaulay's *interesting* power. One of the slightest and most insignificant sources of his popular strength, is not merely his power of narration in the whole, but his power of telling a short story. He is a master of anecdote; he has a fund and variety of illustrative incident at his command; he makes a little story to do the work of a happy image. Thus King William had very little faith in touching for the king's evil, as his ancestors through immemorial ages had done. William had too much sense to be duped, and too much honesty to bear a part in what he knew to be an imposture. "It is a silly superstition," he exclaimed, when he heard that, at the close of Lent, his palace was besieged by a crowd of the sick; "give the poor creatures some money, and send them away." On one single occasion, he was importuned into laying his hands on a patient: "God give you better health," he said, "and more sense!"

At the siege of Namur, "while the conflict was raging, William, who was giving his orders under a shower of bullets, saw, with surprise and anger, among the officers of his staff, Michael Godfrey, the deputy-governor of the Bank of England. This gentleman had come to the king's headquarters, in order to make some arrangement for the speedy and safe remittance of money from England to the army in the Netherlands, and was

curious to see real war. Such curiosity William could not endure. 'Mr. Godfrey,' he said, 'you ought not to run such hazards; you are not a soldier; you can be of no use here.' 'Sir,' answered Godfrey, 'I run no more hazard than your Majesty.' 'Not so,' said William, 'I am where it is my duty to be, and I may without hesitation commit my life to God's keeping. But you—' while they were talking, a cannon ball from the ramparts laid Godfrey dead at the king's feet. It was not found, however, that the fear of being Godfreyed—such was during some time the cant phrase—sufficed to keep idle gazers from coming to the trenches. Though William forbade his coachmen, footmen, and cooks to expose themselves, he repeatedly saw them skulking near the most dangerous spots, and trying to get a peep at the fighting. He was sometimes, it is said, provoked into horse-whipping them out of the range of the French guns; and the story, whether true or false, is very characteristic."

We all know how well Macaulay delights in painting the portraits of statesmen—we think we must say, of corrupt statesmen. The age he has undertaken to paint was eminently the age of corruption; never before nor since has England had a race of men so wholly, and shamelessly, and shamefully bad in her council chambers. The men Macaulay has painted are many of them those whom Pope satirized; and in the measured march of our author's pages, in the terrible energy with which he lays his dreadful scourge of the half-narrative, half-satiric essay on their memory, we are reminded greatly of the manner of Pope. Our historian seems to love to

"Bare the base heart that lurks beneath a star."

Had he lived in Pope's day, we believe he would have said with him:

"I own I'm proud; I must be proud to see  
Those not afraid of God afraid of me."

Perhaps there is too much of the concentrated venom of his satires in these characterizations—he groups so bitterly, so intensely and remorselessly, all the worst particulars of a lifetime, and of a character. You see the black shadow so haunting the man, that you are often reminded of an anecdote of Lord Chester-

field Mr. Hannay has used with some skill, in his very interesting lectures on satire and satirists. The servant of Lord Chesterfield was once scolded by his master for bringing in a dirty plate; the fellow replied rather impudently, that every body must eat a peck of dirt in this life. "Yes!" replied his lordship, "but not all at one meal, you dirty dog, not all at one meal." Lord Macaulay does gather all the little dirty particulars about a man together; on a single page all the dirt of a lifetime is there; one can not but exclaim: "Not all the dirt at once, my lord, not all at once." We think, indeed, the race of statesmen was so thoroughly bad, that it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the vice and villany of most of those great actors. Many readers may possibly be surprised to find the disgraceful and debased depravity of some men, who have been the darlings of many generations; among others, the great Duke of Marlborough is made to sneak to and fro through these pages, with the stealthy step and the soiled garments of a double traitor, guilty of treason to James and blacker treason to William. His moral character is summed in a few sentences: "The loss of half-a-guinea would have done more to spoil his appetite and his slumbers than all the terrors of an evil conscience." Sunderland was another of those State renegades, perpetually in the auction mart, waiting for the highest bidder—King James, or King William, or King Louis. Have you not his whole character, the character of that arch plotter, that engaging and apparent frankness, those courtly and most undissembling manners, when you are told: "His talents were not those of a public speaker: the art by which he surpassed all men was *the art of whispering*?"

There is one personage in his history, on whom Macaulay lingers with great affection, Halifax the Trimmer. We have little to urge against that illustrious nobleman; but we believe he reflects in a very eminent manner the character of the historian himself; it is very true, the man who conscientiously maintains his place in the temperate zone of politics and morals may be a most conscientious upright man in most of the relations of life and in his relations to government. It is not to be doubted that Halifax was perfectly conscientious; he adopted the epithet, the Trimmer, and published a tract in defense

of the term full of beautiful and felicitous writing. Halifax occupied a very prominent and foremost position among the statesmen of his age, and his character stands among the highest; he was an eminently wary and cautious nobleman, he had more purpose in his character, and a greater disposition to a political career than Horace Walpole, but he belonged to the same order of mind also as that represented by Chesterfield, the mind that leans to epicurean indulgence. Such men have no conceptions of inflexible and eternal justice—they are exceedingly like Fielding's celebrated hero, the philosopher Square—captivated and led by the "eternal fitness of things," which eternal fitness usually signifies the comfortable side of life. There is a goodness of humor, and equanimity of temper, which compels them frequently to take part with the true; the beautiful and the good in them struggles against tyranny and oppression; but they are far removed from the grandeur of Roman virtue, and still farther from the sublimity of Christian principle; they have no passions to impel them, and their principles are measured by fitness and expediency, hence, you will seldom be far wrong in following them, if you measure your success by worldly considerations. These men step forward upon state occasions, and their known caution of character surrounds them with an immense *prestige*; there is no vulgar taint among them, there is no vulgar contact—earnestness they never felt, yet they absolutely mean well—they are not mere time-servers, although they allow their characters to be rounded and modified by the time; you may on the whole rely upon them, but never if you advance to the neighborhood of extremes. You must not indeed expect a consistency shaped from the loftiest model, such a consistency would be inconsistent indeed with that character; they do not deal in convictions, but opinions, which are a very different thing, nor are they guided by conscientious scruples, for they can not understand them, and they will sneer at yours; but unable morally to appreciate them, intellectually and civilly they will make an allowance for them. You find this character most in the parlors and drawing-rooms of easy country gentlemen; a large library in a shady park has a mighty tendency to produce this state of feeling; it is intense action, and a life

passed in the neighborhood of it, that arouses to strong and passionate emotion, and to high-hearted and high-minded resolve and principle; to sail upon a delightful stream of reading, to walk round the ancestral farms and halls, may widen the vision of the intellectual eye, they do not usually intensify the moral nature.

These were the men of all men, and men far worse than this type, by whom the great Revolution of 1688 was achieved—is it not amazing that such men should have achieved such a work? This revolution was one of the most safe, remarkable, and important the history of the world has recorded. Macaulay's History is a peal of applause in its praise. That revolution has been little understood. But we have approached more nearly to the comprehension of it lately. Charles James Fox, Sir James Mackintosh, Amand Carrel, had left little for us to receive of actual impression from these pages. We know that that revolution had reality in it—that it took place in harmony with prescription and law—that it was inevitable—that our fathers, who had achieved it, were thrown upon the first initial letters and principles of government. We know that that Revolution was founded on moral wants, and in the invasion of moral rights. We know that it settled and consolidated the power of the Commons, and limited and fenced in by the sacred bonds of law the prerogative of the Prince. We know that that revolution was essentially Protestant, and that it was not only a magnificent stand for Civil Liberty, but a protest and an indorsement of Religious Freedom. We know that it chartered the power of the people. That it was very defective we know. That the men who accomplished it neither regarded it as perfect, nor aimed to make it so; but that it contained an elasticity and spring by which ever since that auspicious day when William landed at Torbay, and that other, when he received the crown from the hands of Halifax, our country has been increasing in freedom and intelligence, and in moral and material power—this we know. But we marvel how it happened that these great and glorious things should be achieved by men among the most degraded and corrupt our country has ever known.

There are grave charges to be preferred against Macaulay, but we take one of the gravest to be, that he is in a most eminent

degree the historian of success. Great men and successful men, these are the subjects of his history. It seems very plain that with him the dignity of history must not stoop from its lofty place to give any lengthened details of other characters than statesmen. He loves ever to look at literary men best in their relation to the state. It seems as though he could not look at a literary work or a literary man by the light of his own or its own character and genius; it is his political associations which make him interesting; none of his papers are literary alone; if he begins with literature he soon diverges into politics; in that field he is eminently at home, and he does not wish to return.

Lord Macaulay has passed away, leaving several matters of alleged injustice unchanged in his history. The Bishop of Exeter has one ground of quarrel with him, and Robert Chambers and all Scotchmen have another. We fear his prejudices, as a Whig of 1688, were bitter and partial in the extreme, and they will not serve the trustworthiness and the higher fame of his brilliant history. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, with some justice, tells against him the old anecdote of the juror in a court of law, who, when the counsel for the prosecution had finished his statement, said, "Now I will call for the witnesses," exclaimed: "Look you; please you, we believe every word that you have said, and we do not want any witnesses." And Lord Macaulay seems to "believe every word he writes, and he don't want any witnesses."

Thus, we believe, his greatest historical heresy is his treatment of William Penn. It is not only a literary peccadillo, it almost amounts to a moral crime. And when we read his pertinacious estimate of the great man, and remember the whole facts to which he refers, the reflection is forced upon us—this, then, is history! Against the clearest light, against facts most incontestable, he still persists in treating with contempt, which is not dignity, not only the memory of the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, but the indisputable evidences to the veracity and honesty of his character. Penn's is a venerable name; it stands among the most beloved in the heroic records of our country. Well, he was a Quaker, which, with Lord Macaulay, since the Quakers defeated him in the Edinburgh election, was a crime; but he sacrificed a fortune and position in life, in



order that he might faithfully fulfill his conceptions of duty. It is very true, as Macaulay says, he is a mythic character. And, for a long time in the New World, the children of Onas regarded him as their Apollo or Numa. His goodness, indeed, was the true complement of his greatness. Penn was so unfortunate as to be the creditor and the ward of a bad and tyrannical king. Yet Penn's friendships were with Algernon Sydney and other noble, patriotic spirits of that stamp and build. He advised the king to steps which might have saved him from exile, and preserved to him his throne. The most serious charge preferred against Penn is one which clearly, by a reference to the papers in the State Paper Office, should be preferred against a *Mr. George Penn*. But this, especially, leads to the suggestion whether the less noticeable facts in the history have been allowed to bear the color of the same bitter, party prejudice.

We have, in this slight paper, perhaps renewed a few of the impressions which have frequently pressed and crowded through the reader's mind in the course of the perusal of the fascinating volumes. Certainly they occupy their own very distinct place in the galleries of our literature. We have no writing exactly like it. What an immense monarchy of books it represents! What an acquaintance with the details of things and events! These volumes are the poetry of the library—certainly their author was no man to live without books. He devoured them greedily, voraciously—not perhaps with the voracity, the omnivorousness of Southey, who was a literary Dragon of Wantley; but fastening on a book, and seeming to get the very one trifling fact for which the fates had preserved it to that hour. Some men read books as easily as an experienced hand shells oysters; and to continue the image, the truth is, there are very few books whose shell does not outweigh their oyster; but your experienced book-worm easily gets his knife into them, quite as amazing to the uninitiated as the rapid work of experienced oyster opening. And so our author often seems instinctively to have noted the *one* fact the knowledge of which made the reading of the book at all desirable. And, to our writer, every book he read was a kind of bridge, over which he passed into the realms of enlarged and vividly realized fact. He was a "*helluo librorum*." This plainly we see. But it

were better for us were he less *merely* this. We can not say he adds to the stock of our ideas; he does not enlarge our conceptions; and indeed it is very necessary to remind the reader that he is not to expect any evidences of religious knowledge in this writer. The great religious actors of the world are regarded simply from their relation to the great painting in hand; they were there, and it was necessary that they should occupy their place on the canvas, and in the group, the historical *tableaux* would be incomplete without them; but for all the great rhapsodies of stormy passion, for the voices—unheard by others—which call, and for the shapes which—unseen by others—mysteriously beckon, we can very well feel that our writer had a great contempt. When a man like Cromwell has so subjected his passions, although commanded by them, that they have elevated him to a place from whence he rules the canvas, he deserves a different mode of treatment. He is now to be spoken of as becomes the dignity of history; but for a George Fox, or St. Francis, he has neither sympathy nor honor. Macaulay's mind was so constituted that if you did not compel his attachment and sympathy as an artist, you were sure not to have it as a man. And in religion—we for our part are unable to perceive that there is any thing more than a graceful and accommodating Deism; the special Providence which raises up great men, watches over them, gives them their commission, makes them heralds and missionaries, there is nothing of this in any line that our author has ever written. No awful words, no contending passions and powers beheld in their tempest and storm, are in these pages. Here is no prophecy—none of that poetry winged by magnificent impulse and emotion. How charming—how admirable—how well expressed—how happily put—how fine that diction—how grateful that compliment—how delightful that delineation—how bitter that paragraph—these are your criticisms. There is no blazing red hot curse on the evil; there is no lofty and cheering hymn of rapture to encourage the good; we think these books are very Erastian; they are epicurean and indifferent; whoever the writer may portray, whatever event he may describe, he never seems to rise above an interested spectator; he never loses himself in the scene; he is not one of the actors. But I must close. It

would be interesting to compare our writer with that pillar of fiery cloud, Thomas Carlyle—with Michelet and Thierry, the great historians of the French school; with Schlegel and the great historians of the German school; with Prescott and Hallam, the historians of exact and balance

ed taste and judgment. But the mention of these names assure us how far he is *from* all, and how independent *of* all—removed equally from those who write history like a fanciful novel and those who write it like a psychological philosophy.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

### VIII.

HOW KIT WAS APPOINTED THE KING'S DWARF; AND HOW OG, GOG,  
AND MAGOG CRAVED A DOOM OF THE KING.

At noon on the day following, the youthful king, with the Lord Protector, and all the members of the upper and lower councils, met for deliberation within the great council-chamber in the White Tower. Though Edward sat in a chair of state, and ostensibly presided over the assemblage, it was quite evident that his voice had little weight, and that the real ruler was Hertford. All measures were proposed by the Lord Protector—all questions settled by him. As a matter of form, every matter deliberated upon by the council was submitted to the throne; out the king's advice was so asked, that the answer could only be given in the way desired by the Lord Protector.

Generally, the council seemed willing to act as Hertford desired, with the exception of the Lord Chancellor; but as yet he had merely exhibited a few symptoms of hostility, no matter having arisen of sufficient importance to justify decided opposition. Slight as they were, these indications were sufficient for the Lord Protector, and he resolved to be beforehand with his opponent, and to find a speedy pretext for his removal from the council.

After the main causes had been determined, two other matters were brought forward by the Lord Protector, which, it

might naturally be presumed, would be of especial interest to the King—namely, the interment of his late royal father, and his own coronation. The former ceremonial was appointed to take place in the chapel of Saint George, in Windsor Castle, on Wednesday, the 16th of February; while the latter was fixed for February the 20th, the Sunday after the funeral.

Some time was occupied in discussing the arrangements of both these ceremonies. Nothing was determined upon with regard to the coronation, save that, on account of the king's tender years, it ought to be materially abridged, while several important alterations in the forms were proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury—but these were left for future consideration. It was decided, however, that Henry's interment should be conducted upon a scale of unheard-of magnificence, and with all the pomp and solemnity befitting so renowned a monarch. This design was to be fully carried out, even if the exchequer should be drained by the cost.

Edward seemed comparatively indifferent to the ordering of the solemn act that was to place the crown upon his brows, but he exhibited marked anxiety that the utmost respect should be paid to the memory of his mighty father; and entirely concurred in the propriety of making due provision to give unwonted solemnity and grandeur to his interment.

"As my father was the noblest and greatest of kings during his life," he said, "so it is meet he should be borne more honorably than any other to the grave."

Little share was taken in these deliberations by Sir Thomas Seymour, but he was not idle. He employed his time in the advancement of his ulterior designs, and strove by every means in his power to ingratiate himself with his colleagues. Perceiving the covert hostility of the Lord Chancellor, he made cautious overtures to him, but these were haughtily repelled by Wriothesley, who showed no disposition to act in concert with him.

At the bottom of the ill-feeling subsisting between the two Seymours lay Lord Lisle. By his arts, he had sharpened their mutual dislike into hatred, their jealousy into active animosity, and their want of forgiveness for slight wrong into fierce vindictiveness.

Lord Lisle had long since perceived the growing animosity between the brothers, and cautiously fostered it, in the hope that the designs of the younger brother to supplant the elder might occasion the downfall of both, and leave the stage free to himself. He therefore gave all the encouragement he could do, without committing himself, to Sir Thomas's aspiring projects, and led him to conclude he would join any cabal formed against the Lord Protector. With the elder Seymour his course was simpler. By inflaming Hertford's jealousy, and poisoning his mind against his turbulent brother, he rendered a good understanding between them impossible. It was Lisle who informed the Lord Protector that the young king had stolen from his chamber at an early hour in order to obtain a private interview with his favorite uncle; and though the maker of the mischief joined with Sir John Gage in the good Constable's efforts to heal the difference between the brothers, he knew he could easily undo the work, and widen the breach he pretended to repair.

So far from suspecting Lisle of treachery, or in any way distrusting him, Hertford regarded him as one of the firmest of his partisans. He knew him to be rapacious, daring, and unscrupulous, but he had no conception of the towering nature of his ambition, or of the mark at which he aimed. Deceived by the other's professions of gratitude, and fancying he had purchased his fidelity, Hertford took

him entirely into his confidence, and laid open his breast to him. At this moment it would have been easy to crush such a foe; but the Lord Protector unwittingly let the opportunity pass by.

On the present occasion, Lisle did not fail to point out to the Lord Protector that his brother was intriguing with certain members of the council against him, and he advised him to beware. Hertford replied, with a significant look, that he would not neglect the caution.

On the breaking up of the assemblage, Edward signified his intention of visiting certain portions of the fortress, and directed Sir John Gage and his younger uncle to attend him during the inspection. The Lord Protector, whom it was needful to consult, even on so unimportant a matter, at once assented to the arrangement, but somewhat marred his royal nephew's satisfaction by offering to join the party with Lord Lisle.

The day was exceedingly fine, and very favorable for the promenade. Indeed, ever since Edward's accession to the throne, the weather had been most propitious. A sharp frost had now lasted for more than a week, and the atmosphere, though keen, was dry and wholesome. Moreover, the sun was shining brightly, and gave a pleasant and lively character to the scene, depriving the hoary walls of the keep and the grim-looking towers surrounding the inner ward of much of their customary gloomy character. The spacious area, known as Tower-green, was at this time, as we have already shown, thronged from morn to eve; but it chanced to be more crowded than usual at the moment when Edward issued from the portals of the White Tower with his two uncles and his other attendants. As soon as the assemblage became aware of the young sovereign's presence amongst them, loud acclamations resounded on all sides, and a great rush was made in the direction of the royal party.

While Edward was moving slowly along through the crowd, his attention was caught by a fantastic little figure, which at first he took for a monkey, but on examining the grotesque object more narrowly, he found it to be human—though the smallest specimen of full-grown humanity he had ever set eyes upon. Attired in a tiny doublet of bright orange-colored satin puffed out with white, with hose to match, the manikin wore a

scarlet cloth mantle lined with sky-blue silk, about large enough to cover the shoulders of a Barbary ape. In his hand the little being held a flat bonnet of green velvet, which he waved enthusiastically to the King. The dwarf's features were decidedly of a simious character, the nose being flat, with wide nostrils, and having a long interval between it and the mouth, and the hair being of a tawny hue, with a marked resemblance to fur. The position occupied by this grotesque little personage was such as enabled him to overlook the royal party; he being perched on the broad shoulders of a gigantic warder, whose colossal frame towered far above the heads of the bystanders.

This tremendous son of Anak was quite as noticeable in his way as his pigmy companion—more so, perhaps. His features were broad and good-humored, and mightily pleased the King, who could not help regarding him with a certain degree of wondering admiration. Clad in the scarlet cassock of a warder, with the rose and crown embroidered on the front and back, the giant carried a partisan almost as long as the spear of Goliath of Gath.

"Marry, that should be one of the three giants of the Tower of whom I have heard tell," observed Edward to Sir John Gage, halting as he spoke; "but who is the pigmy upon his shoulders?"

"Hath not your highness heard of Xit, the famous dwarf of the Tower?" cried the manikin, anticipating the Constable's reply. "I am he. And it rejoices me thus to be able to wish your majesty a long and prosperous reign. Long live the noble King Edward!" he exclaimed, at the top of his shrill voice, waving his cap to the crowd, who loudly repeated the cry. "This overgrown fellow, an please your majesty, is Og—not Og, King of Basan—but Og of the Tower," he continued, patting the giant's head, which was almost on a level with his own; "and yonder, on either side of the gate of the Cold Harbor Tower, stand his two brothers, Gog and Magog. There is not much difference of size amongst them, but, if any thing, Og, though the eldest, is the lesser of the three; howbeit, he is the broadest across the shoulders."

"If nature hath given thee but a small frame, she appears to have furnished thee with a glib tongue, sirrah," replied the King, laughing.

"I complain not of nature, my gracious

liege," rejoined Xit. "True 'tis, she hath stunted me of my fair proportions, but if she hath denied me lofty stature, she hath given me in revenge more brains than she hath lodged in the thick skull of this mighty Anakim."

"Peace, thou saucy jackanapes, or I will dash thee to the ground," cried Og, angry at the laughter of the bystanders.

"That shouldst thou not, wert thou as powerful as thy namesake of Basan," cried Xit, clinging with great tenacity to his locks. "I descend not from my station unless at his highness's bidding. Remove me an thou dar'st!"

"Set him down before me," said Edward, much diverted by the scene, "and take heed thou dost not harm him."

"Hear'st thou not his majesty's command, base giant?" cried Xit, pulling him by the ear. "Place me on the ground gently and gracefully."

Thus enjoined, Og stepped forward, and bent down in order to allow Xit to spring from his shoulder.

But though the giant stooped his huge frame as much as he conveniently could, Xit had still rather a high jump to make, and his foot unluckily catching in the puffed-out wing of Og's cassock, he alighted upon his head amid the irrepressible laughter of the beholders.

Luckily, the dwarf's head was tolerably thick, so no great damage was done him, neither was he much disconcerted. Picking himself quickly up, he rated Og for his clumsiness, sharply reproved the bystanders for their unseemly merriment, which caused them to laugh the more, and then made a profound, and, as he conceived, courtier-like obeisance to the King.

"What office dost thou fill in the Tower, sirrah, if there be an office small enough to fit thee?" inquired Edward.

"Any office would fit me, an please your majesty, since my capacity is equal to the greatest," answered Xit readily; "but desert, as I need not remind so wise a prince, doth not always meet reward. At this moment I am out of office, or rather, I should say, I have been unaccountably overlooked. Honors and posts have fallen on taller men's heads, but not on mine, which they would have suited equally well—mayhap better."

"Your majesty's august father always kept a fool—nay, three—to make him merry with quip and quirk," remarked Sir Thomas Seymour. "Will Somers,

Sexton, and Patch are out of date; but this conceited Dandiprat might fill the place of one of them, and serve to divert your grace."

"By the rood! I like your notion well, gentle uncle," rejoined Edward, with boyish delight. "Thou shalt be my fool, sirrah, if thou wilt," he added to Xit.

"I will be aught your majesty may deign to make me," responded the dwarf, "and I thank you, in all humility, for your goodness; but I would fain have the designation of my office slightly changed. Half-witted buffoons, like Will Somers and his compeers, might well be styled 'fools,' seeing they were little better; but for me, I have ever been noted for sprightliness and wit, and I hope to divert your highness in a very different sort from dullards like to those."

"If thou lik'st not to be called 'court fool,' will 'court jester' suit thee better, thou malapert little knave?" asked Sir Thomas Seymour.

"It may suit me, yet I like it not," replied Xit. "If I sought to be styled 'jester' instead of 'fool,' it would prove me a great fool and a sorry jester—a jester being the greatest of fools, since every man may make game of him, which, I promise your worship, no man shall do with me."

"Aha! thou art as difficult to please as a breeding dame, thou saucy little varlet," laughed Seymour. "What title will please thee?"

"An I be simply termed his majesty's faithful dwarf, I shall be well satisfied," returned Xit, bowing obsequiously.

"Have thy wish, then," said Edward, delighted by the manikin's readiness. "Henceforth I take thee into my service under that designation. Thou shalt have a dwarf's wages and a dwarf's livery."

"Let my wages be full-grown, though my livery be never so scant, an please your majesty," rejoined Xit. "If my hire be proportioned to my size, it will come to little. Measure it rather by yonder giant. Howbeit, in any case, I humbly thank your highness. Grant me a sword, and my happiness will be complete."

"A bodkin would suit thee better," observed Seymour. "What should such a jackanapes as thou do with a sword?"

"Use it in his majesty's defense, and in the maintenance of mine own honor," replied Xit, with the pride of an offended Castilian.

"Nay, if a sword will make thee happy, my cutler shall provide thee one," said the King. "Hie thee and bring those giant warders before me. I am curious to behold them."

"Your highness's commands shall be promptly obeyed," replied Xit, darting off toward the Wardrobe Tower.

"Ho there! ye dull and sluggish Titans," vociferated the dwarf, as he drew near the gateway beside which Gog and Magog were stationed. "Ho there, I say! Are ye deaf as well as stupid? Come with me instantly!"

"Wherefore should we go with thee, thou restless gad-about?" rejoined Gog, leaning on his tall partisan, and looking down good-humoredly at him.

"Question not, but follow," cried Xit authoritatively.

"Even if we cared to comply, we could not," rejoined Magog, the youngest and largest of the three giants. "Our post is at this gate, and we may not quit it till the guard be relieved."

"But I am sent by the King's majesty to bring you to him, rebellious Titans," cried Xit. "Disobey at your peril!"

"Is this one of the gamesome little bawcock's jests, think'st thou, Gog?" said the younger giant.

"I know not," replied the other. "His majesty is yonder—but if we stir from our posts without the Lieutenant's license, we shall be reprimanded."

"But my order is from a greater than the Lieutenant, or even than the Constable, and ye had best not neglect it," cried Xit, stamping his tiny foot impatiently on the ground. "Know, ye incredulous bawsons, that I am now one of the royal household."

"Nay, an thou affirmest that, I doubt all the rest," said Magog. "I stir not hence."

"Neither do I," added Gog. "Thou must invent a better tale than this, thou false imp, to lure us from our duty."

"On my soul! your stupidity is on a par with your stature, ye huge puzzle-pates," cried Xit. "Ye are keeping the King's majesty waiting all this time. Ye shall ride the wooden horse and brook the stinging lash, if you detain me much longer."

"An it be true that the King hath sent for us, we ought to go," observed Magog, with a perplexed look.

"Assuredly," returned Gog; "but we

have no certitude on the point. Ha! here comes Og to help us in the dilemma. What must we do, brother?" he added, as the third giant approached them with mighty strides.

"Stay where you are," replied Og. "The King will be here anon. Nay, Xit hath not deceived you," he added, seeing them look at the dwarf; "he was sent to bring you into the royal presence, but since then, his majesty having been informed, by the Constable of the Tower, that you are on duty here, would not have you disturbed, but is coming hither himself."

"His highness will be here in a trice," said Xit, perceiving that the royal party was drawing nigh. "Take pattern by me, and demean yourselves properly."

In another moment Edward and his attendants came up. The three gigantic warders were now standing together, and as their big burly frames were bent toward the youthful and fragile-looking King, it was like three sturdy oaks inclining to a slender reed.

"A boon! a boon! an please your majesty!" exclaimed the three giants, in concert. "A boon we crave at your royal hands."

"Name it, good fellows," replied Edward, well pleased by their appearance.

"Fain would we be allowed some part, however humble, at your majesty's approaching coronation," said Magog, who acted as spokesman for the others.

"The request is granted as soon as preferred," replied Edward graciously. "The Lord Chamberlain shall assign you a fitting part in the ceremony."

"Gramercy, my gracious liege," cried the three giants together.

"Bestow upon them ten broad pieces each, Sir John," said Edward to the Constable, "as an earnest of our future favor."

"Your majesty is over bountiful," rejoined Magog modestly. "Howbeit, I make bold to say that your highness hath not three trustier subjects than my brothers and myself."

"Not three taller subjects, certes," rejoined Edward; "and I doubt not trusty as tall. There must be no pageant or court-show without these lusty fellows," he added to Sir John Gage.

"'Tis what they are specially fit for, my gracious liege," said the Constable. "Your august father loved to see their burly figures in a pageant."

"Your majesty's condescension makes us proud," said Gog. "We shall hold our heads higher ever afterward."

"No occasion for that," rejoined Xit. "Marry, your heads are too much i' the air already."

"Let us now to the Bloody Tower, good Sir John," said Edward to the Constable. "You promised to show me the chamber where the murder of the young princes was done."

"I will conduct your highness thither at once," replied Gage.

"Nay, I must have thy company, my merry little knave," cried Edward, seeing Xit look at him beseechingly. "I have conceived a liking for thee. Thy humor pleases me. Follow in my train."

Made supremely happy by the permission thus graciously accorded him, Xit strutted after the royal party like a peacock with its tail displayed in the sun.

## IX.

IN WHAT MANNER MAUGER, THE BRADSMAN, FORETOLD THAT CERTAIN LORDS SHOULD DIE BY HIS HAND.

On reaching the wide, deep archway of the Bloody Tower, then secured at either end by strong gates and a ponderous portcullis, the royal party came to a halt, and a few moments were occupied by Edward in examining the beautiful groining and tracery of the vaulted roof. His curiosity satisfied in this respect, the young monarch was conducted by Sir John Gage to a postern on the east side of the gateway, which led to a small gloomy stone chamber, or rather vault, wherein, according to tradition, the victims of the ruthless Gloucester's cruelty were interred.

The Constable would fain have dissuaded the young King from entering this dismal vault, and the gate-porter who was with them appeared extremely reluctant to show it, but Edward had set his mind upon seeing the place, and was resolved to go in. There was nothing in the appearance of the chamber to reward the young monarch's curiosity. It was built of stone with a ribbed ceiling, and looked confined and gloomy, being imperfectly lighted by two narrow-grated embrasures. But it had a very strange occupant, and on beholding him, Edward at once comprehended why admittance had not been more readily accorded him.

The aspect and demeanor of this per-

sonage were savage and repulsive, and even the King's presence did not seem to inspire him with much awe, though he rose on Edward's appearance and made a clumsy attempt at an obeisance. The upper part of his frame was strongly though not stoutly built, the arms being remarkably muscular, but his lower limbs were less powerful, and he seemed to be halt of the right leg. His physiognomy was singularly repulsive, the nose being broad and flat, and the eyes fierce and bloodshot; the forehead bald, and the hue of the skin dull and earthy. His cheeks were clothed with a shaggy black beard, and the sable locks left on each side of his head were wild and unkempt. His habiliments were of red serge, but above his doublet he wore a leathern jerkin, which was sullied with dark stains, as if of gore. On his right hip he carried a broad two-edged knife, protected by a sheath. But the implement that proclaimed his revolting office was an executioner's ax. This he had not the grace to lay aside, but continued to lean upon it while standing before the King. Another ax, similar in size and form, was reared against the wall, and near it stood a two-handed sword, sometimes, though but rarely, employed in capital punishments. When the headsman arose, it instantly became apparent that the seat he had occupied was the block—and, moreover, that it was a block which had been frequently used.

While Edward gazed at the executioner with feelings of mingled horror and loathing, he bethought him of the Lady Jane Grey's description of the hideous caitiff, and recognized its justice. At the same time, Sir John Gage sharply rebuked the porter for allowing his majesty to be offended by such a sight.

"Nay, the fault was mine own, good Sir John," interposed Edward; "the man tried to hinder me, but I would come in. Is it sooth that the two hapless princes were buried here?"

"Here where I stand, sire," replied Mauger, striking the floor with his heel. "Their tender bodies were laid i' the earth beneath this stone."

"Hold thy peace, fellow, unless his grace address thee," cried the Constable angrily.

"Nay, I meant no offense," growled the headsman; "his majesty's royal father was wont to talk to me, and I thought

I might do the same with King Harry's royal offspring. I once gave his late majesty a proof of my power which greatly amazed him, and I will do as much for his present highness if it shall please him to command me."

"Again I bid thee hold thy peace," said the Constable sternly. "Hath your grace seen enough of this dismal chamber?"

"Ay; but before quitting it, I would fain know what proof of power the varlet proposed to display to me," rejoined Edward, whose curiosity was awakened.

"Some juggling trick, most likely, your highness," said Gage.

"Not so, Sir John," rejoined Mauger. "I am no soothsayer, but long practice hath give me a certain skill, and I can tell by a man's looks if he be to die by my hand."

Edward looked surprised, and glanced at the Constable, who shook his head skeptically.

"Will it please your majesty to put me to the test?" demanded Mauger. "But I must be permitted to speak freely and without respect to persons, else I dare not do it."

"Are there any here willing to submit to the ordeal?" inquired Edward, turning to his attendants, all of whom had entered the chamber.

Several voices replied in the affirmative.

"I am to be free from all consequences if I proclaim the truth?" pursued Mauger.

"Thou hast my royal word for it," replied Edward.

"Then let any one who will advance, place his foot upon the block, and look at me steadily," rejoined Mauger.

"I will go first, having neither fear nor faith," said the Constable. And he did as Mauger had directed.

After looking fixedly at him for a moment, the executioner observed with a grim smile: "Your head will never be mine, Sir John."

"I never deemed it would, thou fell hound," replied the Constable, turning away.

"I will make the next essay," said Sir Thomas Seymour, stepping lightly forward, and placing his foot gracefully upon the block.

The headsman fixed his eyes upon him keenly for a moment, and then struck the flag with his ax.

A hollow and ominous sound was returned by the stone, as if the repose of the dead had been disturbed.

"That signifies that thou art to handle me on the scaffold, thou vile caitiff—ha?" cried Seymour, with a contemptuous laugh. "My nerves are unshaken. Does your highness hesitate?" he added to the Lord Protector.

"Not I, forsooth," rejoined Hertford, taking his place, "I have no more misgiving than yourself."

"Desist, I pray your highness. I like it not," cried Edward.

"Nay, I must needs disobey your grace, or my brother will say I am afraid," returned Hertford.

"That shall I, and think so too," cried Seymour.

"I pray your highness look me straight in the face," said Mauger.

And as the Lord Protector complied, he again struck the stone with his ax, occasioning the same hollow resonance as before.

"Soh! your highness is likewise doomed!" exclaimed Sir Thomas Seymour, with a laugh.

"It would appear so," rejoined Hertford, with a forced smile.

"Let us see what my destiny will be," said Lord Lisle, advancing.

And, setting his foot on the block, he gazed with exceeding sternness at the headsman, hoping to terrify him. Mauger, however, did not quail before the look, but, after a brief scrutiny of the other's countenance, again smote the stone with his fatal ax.

This time the sound proceeding from the flag was deeper and more awful than on the previous occasions.

"The knave ought to pay for his insolence with his ears," cried Sir John Gage angrily.

"I have his majesty's word that I am to go scot-free," rejoined Mauger. "I can not alter the decrees of fate, and am no more responsible for what may ensue than the senseless weapon I strike withal. But I do grieve sometimes; and it saddens me to think that a fair and noble young creature whom I beheld for the first time in the Tower, only three days ago, will most like claim mine office."

Edward shuddered on hearing this remark, for he could not help fearing that the caitiff alluded to the Lady Jane Grey. However, he forbore to question him.

"Are there any more who desire to make the experiment?" pursued Mauger.

"Ay, I would fain ascertain if my death is to be by decapitation," cried Xit, leaping on to the block, and regarding the executioner with ludicrous sternness.

"Hence!" exclaimed Mauger, pushing him with the handle of his ax, and causing him to skip off with all haste. "No such honorable ending is reserved for thee."

This incident, which created some merriment, dissipated the unpleasant effect produced by the previous trials; and directing that half a dozen rose-nobles should be given to Mauger, the King quitted the vault with his attendants.

## X.

HOW KING EDWARD VISITED THE DUKE OF NORFOLK IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

Preceded by Sir John Gage, and followed by the rest of his attendants, Edward next ascended a short spiral staircase communicating with an upper apartment in the Bloody Tower, wherein the dark deed was done that has conferred such fearful celebrity on the structure; and after examining the mysterious chamber, and listening to the Constable's details of the tragical affair, he tracked a narrow passage, constructed in the inner ballium wall, leading to the Lieutenant's lodgings. On arriving there, he was received with great ceremony by Sir John Markham, and shown over the building.

Throughout his investigations, the young monarch allowed no object of interest, historical or otherwise, to escape him, and displayed a quickness and a fund of knowledge surprising in one so young. Inquiries having been made by the King of the Constable respecting the state-delinquents at that time imprisoned in the Tower, Sir John Gage seized the opportunity of asking whether it would please his majesty to visit any of them, and especially the Duke of Norfolk. As may be conjectured, the proposition was not made without a latent motive on the part of the worthy Constable, who, being warmly attached to the Duke, hoped that Edward's compassion might be so much moved by the sight of the illustrious captive, that he would grant him a pardon. The Lord Protector evidently entertained a like impression, and his dread lest his royal nephew's clemency might be exer-



cised in behalf of the unfortunate nobleman was so great that he would have opposed the visit, had he not feared to incense Sir John Gage, with whom for many reasons he desired to continue on good terms. He therefore raised no objections when Edward agreed to go at once to the Beauchamp Tower, where the Duke of Norfolk was confined, but bowing gravely in token of acquiescence, observed: "Your majesty must steel your heart. Efforts, I foresee, will be made to move it. But you must not forget that the Duke of Norfolk is a condemned traitor, and still under sentence of death."

"I shall not forget it," replied Edward.

It was not necessary for the royal party to go forth in order to reach the tower in question, since a communication existed between it and the Lieutenant's lodgings by means of a paved footway along the summit of the inner ballium wall, and by which the chief officer of the fortress could visit the prisoners unperceived. This mode of access, which still exists, soon brought them to the chamber wherein the Duke was immured.

No intimation was given the prisoner of the King's approach. The door was unbarred by Tombs the jailer, and Edward and his attendants admitted.

The apartment entered by them was spacious, and sufficiently well adapted to the purpose to which it was applied. Connected with it were two cells, which could be locked at night, and the walls, which were built of stone and of immense thickness, were pierced by four deep recesses, with narrow apertures strongly grated without. That the chamber had had many previous tenants was proved by the numerous melancholy memorials covering its walls. Its present unfortunate occupant had sought to beguile the weary hours by similar employment, and at the moment when the royal party invaded his solitude, he was engaged in carving a large crucifix on the stones.

Despite the terrible reverses he had experienced, and the weight of years—he was then considerably past seventy—the Duke of Norfolk was still a very noble-looking personage. Though shorn of wealth and honors, disgraced and attainted of high treason, his grandeur of soul enabled him to bear his unmerited misfortunes with dignity and fortitude. His lofty and stately figure was still proud and erect as in the summer season of his pros-

perity. He had fallen on evil days, but calamity had no power to shake him. His looks had ever been proud, as was not unnatural in the first peer of the realm, and his deportment singularly majestic; and both looks and deportment continued the same under the present trying circumstances. It is true that deep traces of care were visible on his pallid brow, and that his features were stamped with profound melancholy, but these changes only heightened the interest of his noble countenance. His gray beard had been allowed to grow to great length, and his hoary locks were untrimmed. On his head he wore a flat velvet cap, destitute of brooch, jewel, or plume. No collar of the Garter, bestowed on him by his own sovereign—no collar of Saint Michael, given him by Francis the First, were placed round his neck. His attire was without ornament, and consisted of a long, loose, philemot-colored velvet gown, furred with sables, with a high collar and wide hanging sleeves, beneath which the tight sleeves of a russet doublet were discernible.

On hearing the entrance of the royal party he ceased his occupation, and at once perceiving it was the King, he laid down the mallet and chisel, and doffing his cap, cast himself at Edward's feet.

It was a touching spectacle to behold this reverend and noble-looking prisoner prostrate before the youthful monarch; but, with the exception of Sir John Gage, it failed to move any of the beholders with pity. Even Edward himself seemed to have followed his uncle's stern counsel, and to have hardened his heart against the unfortunate Duke.

Norfolk essayed to speak, but his emotion was too great to enable him to give utterance to his words, and a convulsive sob alone escaped him.

"Arise, my lord Duke," said Edward, coldly. "And I pray you put some constraint upon your feelings."

"Will not your highness suffer me to kiss your hand and pay you homage?" rejoined the Duke, retaining his humble position.

"Attainted of high treason as thou art, Thomas Howard, thou art incapable of rendering homage, and his highness can not receive it from thee," interposed the Lord Protector severely. "This thou shouldst know. Arise, as thou art bidden."

Recalled to himself by this harsh treat-

ment, Norfolk got up, and said, in a mournful voice: "This, then, is the end of my long services to the King my master! Heaven grant me patience—I have sore need of it!"

Edward could not fail to be touched by the Duke's distress, and would have spoken to him had not Hertford again interposed. "Thou forgettest the heinous offenses laid to thy charge, Thomas Howard," he said, "and of which thou didst confess thyself guilty in thy submission made to his late majesty. Thy offenses against thy royal master far outweighed any services rendered by thee toward him, and justly provoked his ire. Had the late King been spared another day, thou wouldst not be here now."

"I know it," rejoined the Duke; "but another and a mightier hand than thine, Edward Seymour, was at work for my preservation. My death-warrant was prepared at thy instigation, but it was not given to thee to accomplish thy work. My life has been wondrously spared—it may be for some good purpose. Thou, who mockest me in my distress, mayst be the first to perish."

"Your highness has brought this upon yourself, I must needs say," observed Sir John Gage to the Lord Protector.

"In regard to my confession," pursued Norfolk, "no one knows better than thou dost, Edward Seymour, by what devices it was wrested from me, and if it shall please the King's majesty to question me, I will explain why I was led to make acknowledgment of crimes whereof I was guiltless, and to sue for pardon when I ought to have been honorably absolved. Faults I may have had—as who amongst us is free from them?—but want of fidelity and devotion to my late royal master—on whose soul may Jesu have mercy!—was not amongst them. Witness for me the victories I have won for him over the Scots and French. Witness my wounds received at the siege of Jedworth and the assault and taking of Montdidier. Witness for me my expedition to Ireland, now some five-and-twenty years ago, when you, my Lord Protector, were humble enough, and proud of a smile from me—witness, I say, that expedition, wherein I succeeded in compelling the submission of O'Moore, and in pacifying the insurgents—for the which I received my sovereign's grateful thanks. Witness for me my missions to Francis the First, to prevent a complete

rupture with his holiness the Pope. My royal master was well pleased with me on both occasions, and so I may presume was the French King also—seeing that the latter decorated me with the collar of St. Michael. The collar is gone, but ye can not say I had it not. Witness also for me the quelling of the dangerous rebellion in the north, and the dispersion of the so-called Pilgrimage of Grace. Owing to my determined measures it was, that a second insurrection was crushed. My royal master thanked me then, and termed me 'his right hand.' Witness for me five-and-thirty years passed wholly in my master's service. Witness full fourteen years passed in the service of that master's father. And, if it had been permitted me, the remainder of my days should have been spent in the service of my master's royal son, whom Jesu preserve!"

"I thank your grace with all heart," said Edward.

"The best counsel my judgment could furnish hath been ever offered to your august father, sire," pursued Norfolk; "and it was offered disinterestedly. On more than one occasion I have poured out my best blood for him, and I would joyfully pour out the rest for your majesty."

"What says your highness to this?" demanded Edward of the Lord Protector.

"In enumerating his services to his sovereign," replied Hertford, "the Duke of Norfolk hath carefully omitted all mention of the pernicious counsels given by him against the professors of the Reformed faith, and of the secret efforts he hath made to bring the Church again under subjection to the See of Rome. He has forgotten to state that he was the principal deviser of the sanguinary Statute of the Six Articles, and that he was the grand persecutor of all professing the new opinions. Neither has he stated that in his last expedition to Scotland, in 1542, when he went thither as captain-general of the forces at the head of twenty thousand men, the campaign was without result, and the King deeply dissatisfied with him. Equally inglorious would have been the expedition to France in 1544, had not the King conducted it in person."

"At that time my enemies were at work against me," said Norfolk. "They envied me my master's favor, and were resolved to rob me of it. Foremost amongst my detractors and enemies hast thou ever been, O Edward Seymour! The ax has

been laid by thee at the root of one of the goodliest trees that ever grew on English soil, and thou hast hewn it down remorselessly. Beware of the ax thyself! Thou hast robbed me of my brave and chivalrous son Surrey, the soul of honor and loyalty! Never shall he be replaced! Never shall the young King's highness find such another, search where he may! I weep for my son," he continued, in a broken voice, "though I weep not for myself. A father's curse light on thee, Edward Seymour!"

"Your majesty will perceive what vindictive sentiments the arch-traitor nourishes," observed the Lord Protector.

"Some allowance must be made for a father's feelings," said Sir John Gage. "The loss of such a son as the Earl of Surrey may excuse much passionate grief on the Duke's part."

"I thank you, good Sir John," said Norfolk. "Much courage is required to plead for the unfriended captive. One word more with thee, Edward Seymour, and I have done. Thou didst think to obtain possession of my estates. But I have balked thy rapacity. My royal master yielded to my prayer, and allowed me to bestow them upon the prince his son—and they were a gift that not even a monarch might disdain."

"We thank you much for your consideration of us, my lord Duke," said Edward, "though we had rather you had been influenced by better motives than appear to have governed your conduct in the affair. Howbeit, we are beholden to you, and to prove our gratitude we hereby offer you a full pardon."

"Sire!" exclaimed Hertford, startled.

"Interrupt us not, we pray your highness," continued the King, with much dignity. "We offer your grace a free pardon," he added to the Duke, who awaited the conclusion of his address with deep anxiety, "but we must clothe it with the condition that you renounce your errors, and embrace the Protestant faith."

"Your majesty hath said well," observed the Lord Protector approvingly.

"What answer makes your grace," asked Edward of the Duke.

"Your majesty's pardon will avail me little," replied Norfolk, shaking his head. "I attribute the heavy afflictions with which it has pleased Heaven to visit me to my toleration of many matters contrary to my conscience—but I will sin no more

in this manner. I will not change the belief in which I have been nurtured, even to purchase liberty and the restoration of my wealth and honors."

"Your grace is very stubborn," remarked Edward, with a look of displeasure.

"It is idle to argue with him, sire," said the Lord Protector. "Severer measures might work his conversion, and these shall be adopted if your highness wills it."

"Try them," cried Norfolk. "Bring the sworn tormentor here, and let him essay his implements upon me. He may wrench my joints asunder, but he shall not tear me from the opinions to which I cling. The crucifix is graven on my heart as deeply as on yonder wall, and can not be plucked forth, save with life."

At this juncture, Sir John Gage felt it behoved him to interpose in behalf of the unfortunate Duke.

"If your majesty will listen to one who ever spoke fearlessly to your august father," said the worthy Constable, "and whose sincerity was never questioned, though his bluntness may sometimes have given offense, you will abandon all idea of making the Duke of Norfolk a proselyte. Neither by fair means nor foul will his grace's conversion be wrought."

"You are in the right, good Sir John," cried the Duke. "I will die for my faith, if need be, but I will not forsake it."

"It will be labor in vain, therefore," continued the Constable, "to proceed in a task impossible of accomplishment. More than this, the course will be fraught with consequences inauspicious to the commencement of your reign, as I will venture to point out. The adherents to the old faith—of whom I am one—would consider any undue rigor shown their chief, as they still regard his grace of Norfolk, on account of his religion, as a blow aimed at themselves, and as an example of what they may in turn expect; whereby the minds of half, nay, more than half, your now loving and loyal subjects will be estranged, discontent will speedily manifest itself, and troubles ensue, not easily quelled, and greatly perplexing to the government. Entertaining this view of the matter, I humbly advise your majesty not to meddle with his grace of Norfolk's religion. By making a martyr of him, you will only serve the cause you desire to put down."

"If your highness is bent on making a proselyte of the Duke, try what reasoning and persuasion will do before having recourse to extreme measures," remarked Sir Thomas Seymour. "Let his grace of Canterbury be sent to him."

"I will not see Cranmer," cried Norfolk sharply. "He is my abhorrence. If he be forced upon me, I will shut mine ears to his discourse, and utter no word in reply."

"What is to be done with such a stiff-necked bigot?" exclaimed the Lord Protector, shrugging his shoulders. "Compassion is thrown away upon him."

"If the Duke's long services can not procure him any mitigation of his sentence," remarked the Constable, "at least let him enjoy his opinions undisturbed. Here in this dungeon, they can harm no one save himself."

"I love his grace of Norfolk sufficiently to feel great concern for the welfare of his soul," observed Edward. "I do not despair of opening his eyes to his errors, and rescuing him, even at the eleventh hour, from perdition. The separation of one so eminent from the communion of Rome would redound to the honor of the Reformed Church, and I have set my heart upon effecting it. The greater the difficulty, the greater will be the merit."

"I am glad to hear your highness announce such praiseworthy intentions," said Hertford. "They are sure to give satisfaction to the majority of your subjects."

"Again I implore your majesty to forbear," cried Gage. "You are ill-advised to commence your rule with persecution."

"How, Sir John!" exclaimed the Lord Protector. "Do you dare impugn my counsel?"

"Ay," rejoined the Constable firmly. "Moreover, I dare bid you take heed, lest you pull about your ears the house you have but newly reared. Body o' me! I dared speak my mind to King Harry, of whom I stood in some awe; and think you I shall not dare to utter it to your highness, of whom I stand in none? Nay, marry, but I will."

"Sir John! good Sir John! I pray you moderate yourself," cried Norfolk. "If I should unhappily be the means of dragging you into the pit into which I have fallen myself, it will aggravate my affliction. Let my enemies work their will

against me, I can bear it all without a murmur. But let me not feel that I have harmed a friend."

"Let me join my entreaties to those of Sir John Gage, that your highness pursue this matter no further for the present," said Sir Thomas Seymour. "Above all, let not any warmth of temper which the worthy Constable may have displayed prejudice him in your eyes."

"Nay, if my wise father could overlook Sir John's impetuosity, in consideration of his worth, I am not like to be more particular," replied Edward. "But he should reflect, that by over-zeal he may injure his own cause."

"Rebuke so just and yet so temperate, proceeding from lips so young, shows what may be expected from your highness's mature judgment," replied the Constable. "I thank you for the lesson, and will lay it carefully to heart."

"Let me not be backward in acknowledging that my own hastiness occasioned Sir John's display of temper," said the Lord Protector, "and therefore your majesty's just rebuke applies to me as well as to him. I pray you forgive me, good Sir John."

"Nay, your highness makes more of the matter than it needs," rejoined the Constable heartily.

"Since they are all making friends, the real cause of the quarrel will be overlooked," whispered Xit, who was still with the royal party, to Sir Thomas Seymour.

"Peace, knave!" cried the latter sharply.

"My indiscretion, I trust, hath not prejudiced the Duke's cause with your majesty," said Sir John Gage. "If so, I shall deeply lament it."

"Set your mind at ease on that score, good Sir John," returned Edward. "Second thoughts, they say, are best, and, on reflection, I have decided upon leaving his grace of Norfolk to the free indulgence of his own religious opinions, erroneous and pernicious as I feel them to be. If any change comes over him, I shall hail it with the liveliest satisfaction—with the joy of the shepherd at the return of a lost sheep. Means shall not be wanting towards this end, and good books shall be provided for him. It grieves me that I can not hold out any promise of liberation to his grace. So long as he entertains these opinions he must remain a

prisoner. It might be injurious to the well-being of our Church to let so powerful an enemy go free."

"I am content, and humbly thank your majesty," replied the Duke, bowing his head in resignation.

"I must repeat," said Edward, preparing to depart, "that it will be your grace's own fault if you be not speedily liberated, and restored to favor."

Norfolk shook his head mournfully, and bowed reverentially as the King and his attendants departed.

Soon afterward, the door was barred on the outside by Tombs. On hearing the noise of the bolts shot into their sockets the unfortunate prisoner heaved a deep sigh, and then took up his mallet and chisel.

"Men's hearts are harder than this stone," he muttered, as he resumed his sad and solitary task. "Something tells me that boy's reign will be a short one. If it shall please Heaven to spare me to see the right succession restored in the person of Mary, and the old belief brought back, I shall die happy!"

## XI.

SHOWING HOW SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR PROSPERED IN HIS SUIT.

TOWARD evening, on the same day, the Princess Elizabeth and her escort, accompanied by her governess, Mistress Catherine Ashley, and the young King's preceptors, Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox, arrived at the Tower. Sir Thomas Seymour, who had been on the watch for more than an hour, and whose impatience by this time had risen almost to fever-heat, no sooner beheld the troop of arquebusers, with the Princess at its head, crossing Tower Hill, than he flew to meet her, and continued by the side of her palfrey as she entered the gates of the fortress.

Elizabeth blushed deeply as her handsome suitor drew nigh, and exhibited a confusion from which Seymour drew a favorable augury. Moreover, his anticipations of success were confirmed by the glance he received from his esquire, who rode behind the Princess with Mistress Ashley and the young King's preceptors—a glance that proclaimed as plainly as words, that all had gone on smoothly and satisfactorily.

Never had Seymour looked more captivating to female eye than on this occa-

sion. When he chose to exert the full force of his remarkable attractions, he was almost—as his esquire had described him—irresistible. Elizabeth now found him so.

Some months previously, during the late King's lifetime, perceiving that the fair young Princess deigned to cast her regards upon him, Sir Thomas, whose temerity was equal to his good looks, had not hesitated to declare his passion. The declaration, however, was but coldly received, and he subsequently yielded to the temptings of ambition which pointed out the Queen-dowager as the better match. At the last moment, however, and when he was all but committed to Catherine, his passion for Elizabeth revived with greater intensity than ever, and, as we have seen, decided him, at the risk of losing the prize of which he felt secure, to make a final attempt to win her.

On the Princess's part, whatever prudent resolutions she might have formed, and however decided the refusal she designed to give, her determination failed her at the sight of her resistless admirer, and she listened to his honeyed words with a complacency that seemed to warrant the conclusions he drew as to her improved disposition toward him.

"Your esquire, Signor Ugo, is an Italian, it would seem, Sir Thomas?—at least, he chiefly spoke that language to me," she observed, as they passed through the gateway of the By-ward Tower.

"Mezzo-Italiano, altezza," replied Seymour, smiling. "A Tuscan on the mother's side."

"By my fay, a sprightly galliard!" she rejoined; "and much devoted to you, I should judge. He could talk of little else save his lord's merits and noble qualities, and harped so much upon the theme, that I was obliged at last to bid him change it, or hold his tongue."

"I am sorry he has offended your highness," returned Seymour. "In future, his manners shall be amended, or he shall no longer continue esquire of mine. But he hath heard me speak so often of you, and in such terms, that he may have fancied himself in duty bound to extol me to your highness. I gave him credit for more discretion."

"Nay, I might have been content to listen to his praises of you, Sir Thomas," observed the Princess, blushing. "But when he repeated what you had said of

me, I deemed it time to check him. Methinks you make too great a confident of this galliard. They of his country are proverbially faithless."

"But Ugo is only half-Italian, as I have just said," rejoined Seymour, "and I have bound him to me by ties of deepest gratitude. I have every reason to believe him faithful; but your highness may rely upon it, I will not trust him further than can be done with safety. And there are some secrets I shall keep sedulously guarded from him."

"You have given him a key to one he ought never to have been intrusted withal," remarked Elizabeth, half-reproachfully.

"Nay, if your highness views the matter thus gravely, I shall indeed be angry with the knave," rejoined Seymour. "But you may rest quite easy—whatever he may suspect, he knows nothing of a certainty."

"I am not to be deceived on that score," returned Elizabeth. "No man ever spoke as that galliard did, without authority for what he uttered."

"Hum! the impudent varlet must have gone too far," mentally ejaculated Seymour. "He shall never offend again in like sort," he added aloud.

"To chide him will not mend matters," said the Princess. "If any body deserves reproof for presumption, it is yourself, Sir Thomas. Signor Ugo is the mere tool of his lord."

"Signor Ugo shall pay dearly for it, if he loses me only a feather's weight of your highness's good opinion, which I value more than my life," cried Seymour. "If I have been too bold, the force of my passion must plead my excuse. Since I last beheld your highness at Enfield, your charms have had such an effect upon me that my judgment has scarce been under my own control. Every thought has been given to you—every emotion has been influenced by you. My existence hangs on your breath. It is for you to make me the proudest and the happiest of men, or to plunge me into the lowest depths of despair."

"No more of this, I pray you, Sir Thomas," replied the Princess, her bosom palpitating quickly, for she was not insensible to his ardor. "You will draw the eyes of the bystanders upon us, and some sharp and curious ear may catch your words."

"Nay, condemn me not to silence till I have learnt my fate!" cried Seymour, in accents trembling with emotion, which was communicated to the Princess as he approached her saddle. "Idolo del mio cuore! what response do you vouchsafe to my letter? Speak, I implore you, and put me out of my misery."

"To-morrow I will decide," said Elizabeth, in tones almost as tremulous as his own.

"No, now—now, adorata!" cried Seymour, pressing still closer toward her, and essaying to take her hand.

At this critical juncture the warning voice of his esquire reached him. They were now not far from the entrance to the palace.

"Zitto! zitto! monsignore," cried Ugo. "Eccola là!—alla finestra del palazzo—la Regina Caterina!"

Roused by the caution, Seymour looked up, and to his infinite annoyance and dismay, beheld Queen Catherine Parr, with the Countess of Hertford, the Marchioness of Dorset, Lady Jane Grey, and some other court-dames, looking down upon them from the open casements of the palace. Though it did not seem possible that the Queen-dowager could have heard what was passing between the pair, yet the enamored deportment of Seymour, his propinquity to the Princess, and the blushes and downcast looks of the latter, seemed scarcely to leave a doubt as to the subject of their discourse. The scornful and indignant glance given by Catherine to Sir Thomas, satisfied him that her jealousy was awakened. Elizabeth looked up at the same moment, and was covered with confusion on perceiving so many eyes directed toward her.

"Retire instantly, I entreat you, Sir Thomas," she said hastily—"you have placed me in a very embarrassing situation."

"Heed them not, fair Princess!" he rejoined, complying, however, with her injunctions, and removing from her side; "they will merely think some light and trivial discourse hath been passing between us."

"The Queen, my step-mother, looked as if she had a shrewd notion of the truth," rejoined Elizabeth.

"It may be well to lull her suspicions," said Seymour. "Treat the matter lightly, and laugh it off, if she questions your highness, as peradventure she may. She

can have overheard nothing, so you are quite safe on that head."

In another moment they reached the entrance of the palace, near which the three gigantic warders were stationed, Edward having expressly commanded that, during his stay at the Tower, they should be constantly placed on guard there. A crowd of henchmen, pages, ushers, grooms, and other functionaries had issued from the palace as soon as the princess's arrival at the fortress was announced, and they were now drawn up at the foot of the perron leading to the principal door to receive her. Alighting from her palfrey with the aid of Sir Thomas Seymour, Elizabeth entered the palace with Mistress Ashley, and was ceremoniously ushered by the marshal of the hall into the apartment assigned her. After making some slight change in her apparel, she descended to one of the state-rooms, where she was informed by Fowler she would find her royal brother. Edward was impatiently expecting her, and on her appearance he flew to meet her, embraced her tenderly, and gave her a hearty welcome to the Tower.

Scarcely had the amiable young monarch's raptures at the sight of his dearly-loved sister subsided into calm satisfaction, when he found a new subject for delight in the appearance of his two tutors. To the infinite astonishment of Fowler, who would have expressed his courtly dissatisfaction at the proceeding if he had dared, he ran toward them as he had flown to Elizabeth, and gave them both a very affectionate and uncereemonious greeting. Taking them kindly by the hand, he prevented them from kneeling, saying with much benignity: "I have received you in private, my respected preceptors, because I wish all ceremony to be dispensed with in regard to friends I so entirely love and esteem as yourselves. As far as possible, I desire our old relations to continue. At the earliest opportunity I shall resume my studies with you, and while so employed I shall altogether lay aside the king, and be again your pupil."

"Such words have rarely issued from royal lips, sire," replied Sir John Cheke, "and do as much credit to your head as to the heart that prompted their utterance."

"Do not flatter me, worthy Sir John," rejoined Edward, smiling. "Now that I

have got you with me, my dear preceptors, and my sister Elizabeth," he added, looking affectionately at her, "I shall be perfectly happy, and care not how long I may remain at the Tower. Since I have been here, Elizabeth," he continued to the Princess, who had now joined the group, "I have formed a strict friendship with our cousin, Lady Jane Grey. Her tastes, in all matters, coincide with my own. She likes reading, and is very devout. I am sure you will love her."

"I am quite sure I shall if your highness loves her," replied the Princess.

"You will be able to form an opinion upon her at once, for here she comes," observed Edward, as the subject of their discourse entered the chamber with the Queen-dowager, the Marchioness of Dorset, the Countess of Hertford, and most of the other court-dames who had witnessed the Princess's arrival from the windows of the palace.

Catherine's manner toward her step-daughter was cold and constrained, and her greeting any thing but cordial. On her side, Elizabeth was no less distant and haughty. Her pride was instantly roused by the Queen-dowager's treatment, and she resented it with great spirit. Besides, she instinctively recognized a rival, and this feeling sharpened her sense of injury.

As yet Catherine had not had opportunity of upbraiding her fickle suitor by work or look, but in the very midst of the scene we have described he entered the chamber. To keep aloof from the dispute would have seemed to be Sir Thomas's wisest course, but he knew better. He did not miscalculate the extent of his influence upon either party. At a reassuring smile from him, the frowns vanished as if by magic from Catherine's brow, and her countenance resumed its wonted serenity. At a glance, perceptible only to herself, Elizabeth was instantly softened, and assumed a more conciliatory manner and tone toward her stepmother. Lady Hertford noticed this sudden and striking change, and failed not to attribute it to the true cause. An unguarded exclamation of Catherine on beholding Sir Thomas's marked attention to the Princess on the arrival of the latter at the Tower, had led Lady Hertford to suspect the truth, and subsequent observations confirmed the surmise. Still smarting from the affronts she had received from the

Queen-dowager, she now felt that revenge was in her power.

Catherine's coldness and asperity toward his sister had much pained the amiable young monarch, and he was just about to interfere, when Seymour's appearance dispelled the clouds, and turned the gloom into sunshine.

"On my faith, gentle uncle," he said, with a smile, "you bring good humor with you. We seemed on the verge of some incomprehensible misunderstanding here, which your presence has sufficed to set right. What witchery do you practice?"

"None that I am aware of, my gracious liege," replied Sir Thomas. "But were I an enchanter, my spells should undo mischief, not work it. I would put trust in the place of groundless suspicion, and gentleness in that of inconsiderate heat. By so doing, I might justly merit your majesty's commendation."

"You give yourself a good character, Sir Thomas," observed Catherine with some remains of pique.

"Not better than he is fairly entitled to, gracious madam," observed Edward. "If my uncle always exercises his talent for pleasing as beneficially as on the present occasion, he has a right to be vain of it."

"An please your majesty," said Fowler, advancing and bowing profoundly, "the marshal of the hall hath just entered to announce to your grace that the banquet is served."

"Marry, then, we will to it at once," replied Edward. "Fair cousin, your hand," he added to the Lady Jane Grey, "and do you, gentle uncle, conduct our sister to the banqueting-hall."

Secretly delighted, though drawing a discreet veil over his satisfaction, Seymour immediately tendered his hand to the Princess, much to the mortification of Catherine; after which the whole party, preceded by a troop of pages, henchmen, ushers, and marshals, repaired to the banqueting-hall, and entered it amid lively flourishes from the trumpeters stationed near the door.

At the banquet the Queen-dowager occupied the seat next the King, to which she had asserted her claim in the manner heretofore narrated, and of which no further attempt was made by the Lord Protector to deprive her. Sir Thomas Seymour, however, no longer stood be-

hind her majesty's chair, but placed himself between the Princess Elizabeth and the Countess of Hertford. Nothing of moment occurred at the entertainment, which was on the same scale of grandeur and profusion as those preceding it, and which numbered as guests all the members of the council, and all the nobles and other persons of distinction then staying at the Tower; but Catherine's jealousy was re-awakened by the ill-disguised attentions of Seymour to her youthful rival—attentions which, it was quite evident, were any thing but disagreeable to the Princess. The slighted Queen longed for an opportunity of launching her anger against them, but no pretext for such an outbreak being afforded her, she was obliged to devour her rage in silence.

Either Sir Thomas's prudence had deserted him, or the violence of his passion deprived his judgment of its due control, for at the close of the banquet he made no attempt to join Catherine, but again gave his hand to the Princess, and without casting even a look at the neglected Queen, or, it may be, not even thinking of her, followed his royal nephew and the Lady Jane Grey out of the hall. Catherine stood still, as if stupefied by his conduct, and pressed her hand against her heart to keep down the force of her emotions. She had not entirely recovered when Lady Hertford approached her.

"Methinks I can guess what is passing in your highness's breast," observed the Countess.

"What insolence is this?" cried Catherine haughtily. "By what right do you pretend to penetrate the secrets of my breast?"

"Nay, it is your highness's unguarded manner that betrays the state of your feelings," rejoined Lady Hertford. "Little penetration is requisite to discover that which must be apparent to all. My friendly intentions did not deserve this rebuff. I came to warn you that you are deceived—basely deceived by him in whom you place your trust. I overheard enough at the banquet to convince me of this. I could tell more—but my lips are now sealed."

"No! no! speak!—speak! I implore you, dear Countess!" cried Catherine, in extreme agitation. "You sat next him, and must have heard what passed—in pity speak!"

"Compose yourself, I pray your high-



ness," replied Lady Hertford, secretly enjoying her distress, though feigning sympathy. "I feel for your situation, and will lend you help, if you are disposed to receive it. If you would effectually cure yourself of this unworthy passion—for so I must needs call it, though Sir Thomas is my husband's brother—which you have allowed to obtain dominion over you, go to-morrow at noon to Lady Hertford's chamber in the north gallery, and you shall hear enough to convince you of your lover's perfidy."

"Hath Elizabeth agreed to meet him there?" demanded Catherine, becoming as white as ashes.

"Your highness will see," rejoined Lady Hertford. "If you will leave the matter to me, I will contrive that you shall be an unseen and unsuspected witness of the interview."

"Do what you will, Countess," said Catherine. "Prove him forsworn, and I will stifle every feeling I have for him, even if I expire in the effort."

"Proof shall not be wanting, trust me," replied Lady Hertford. "But I do this in the hope of curing your highness, and from no other motive."

"I know it, and I shall be forever beholden to you," rejoined the wounded Queen gratefully.

"It will be needful to the full success of the plan, that your highness put constraint upon yourself during the rest of the evening," observed Lady Hertford. "Let not Sir Thomas or the Lady Elizabeth fancy they are suspected."

"The task will be difficult," sighed Catherine, "but I will strive to perform it."

"Doubt not I will be as good as my word," said Lady Hertford. "Your highness shall be present at the rendezvous, and shall have the power to surprise them, if you see fit. I now humbly take leave of your grace." And she mentally ejaculated, as she quitted the Queen, "At length I have avenged the affront! No, not altogether—but to-morrow it shall be fully wiped out."

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From the British Quarterly.

## ICELAND AND ITS PHYSICAL CURIOSITIES.\*

IN speaking of Iceland, it is necessary to speak of Hekla. This mountain is the Hamlet of the island, and must, on no account, be omitted from any survey of its physical phenomena. On the ground of stature it can make no great pretensions, as it is only about five thousand and seven hundred feet in height; and, in regard to personal appearance, travelers sometimes feel unable to conceal their vexation at its want of majesty. But its northern position, its volcanic vivacity, and the peculiarity of its eruptions, have combined to bring it into sinister repute. Planted at a distance of about thirty miles from the southern coast, it forms a hill twenty miles in circumference at the base, and is crowned with three blackened

peaks, which are sometimes spotted, sometimes covered with snow.

To reach these is a task of difficulty. From Næfreholt, the Chamouni of the mountain, to the summit, is about seven miles, of which nearly four may be performed on pony-back. At first, you canter very pleasantly through green patches of pasture; then, threading a narrow gorge, you enter a great, silent, secluded amphitheater, which forms, according to tradition, a gateway to the regions of perdition; for it is beneath this volcano that Hela (Death) torments the spirits of the lost; and here time after time, (if the peasantry may be believed,) she has been seen driving the souls of the dead, particularly after some bloody battle has been fought. Next, passing over a long slope of volcanic sand, you dismount from the ponies,

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\* Concluded from page 225.

which the Icelanders tie head to tail, so as to form a living circle, and then address yourself to the real hardships of the ascent. Sometimes scrambling over the hard, sharp lava, which cuts the hands or knees like a knife; sometimes trudging, ankle deep, through the fine black sand and loose ashes; sometimes struggling over the slag, which slips from beneath the foot at every step, you reach the crater, which was scooped out of the mountain during the eruptions of 1845-6. As seen by Mr. Miles, its aspect was worthy of the grim goddess who is reputed to haunt the volcano:

"What a terrible chasm! Indeed, it seemed like hell itself—fire and brimstone literally—dark, curling smoke, yellow sulphur, and red cinders appearing on every side of it. The crater was funnel-shaped, about one hundred and fifty feet deep, and about the same distance across at the top. This was one of four craters where the fire burst out in 1845. After the eruption they had caved in, and remained as we now saw them. In a row above this one, extending toward the top of the mountain, were three other craters, all similar in appearance. Our progress now was one of great danger. At our left was the north side of the mountain; and for a long distance it was a perpendicular wall, dropping off more than a thousand feet below us. A large stone thrown over never sent back an echo. The craters were on our right, and between these and the precipice on our left we threaded a narrow ridge of sand not wider than a common footpath. A more awful scene, or a more dangerous place, I hope never to be in. Had it not been for my long staff, I never could have proceeded. The dangers and terrors of the scene were greatly increased by the clouds and cold wind that came up on our left, and the smoke and sulphurous stench that rose from the craters on our right. One moment we were in danger of falling over the perpendicular side of the mountain on the one hand, and the next of being swallowed up in the burning crater on the other. Our path was exceedingly steep, and for nearly a quarter of a mile we pursued it with slow and cautious steps. Old Nero saw the danger, and set up a dismal howl. A few moments after he slipped, and was near falling into the fiery pit. In five minutes an animal or a man would have been baked to a cinder. Pursuing our way by the four craters, our path widened, and half an hour more brought us to the top of the mountain. Our purpose was accomplished—we stood on the summit of Mount Hekla."

The view from this elevation is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable on the face of the globe. Such a mixture of beauty and desolation is not, perhaps,

to be witnessed from any other mountain-top. Painted before you, as in a colossal panorama, lie green valleys threaded by silvery streams—plains speckled with peaceful lakes—slopes covered with purple heather—snatches of dark-looking shrubbery which represent the forests of the land—to the south, the rippling ocean, from whose bosom the tall cliffs of the Westmann Isles rise perpendicularly to a height of two thousand feet; whilst to the north the eye wanders over an expanse of volcanic cones, smoking craters, domes of ice, fields of snow, hideous tracts of lava, streams of stones which once flowed like rivers—in fact, over a region so withered and shattered that it looks the picture of a "chaos in creation." It is here, indeed, that the giants of Frost and the spirits of Fire seem to have joined battle, and fought like the Berserkers of old, until exhausted by fury, they laid themselves down to rest for a season, their weapons still in hand, and wrath, inextinguishable wrath, yet raging in their hearts.

The eruptions of this volcano have been chronicled since 1004 A.D. Twenty-four black-letter years appear in its calendar. There have been intervals of seventy-four, seventy-six, and seventy-seven years between its paroxysms; but few Icelanders who attained the ordinary term of life could expect to do so without hearing more than once that the terrible mountain was in labor. In 1300 the annalists assert that Hekla was rent in its agony from top to bottom—yes, down to its very center, they say; but the awful gash, now marked by a deep ravine, was partially healed by the collapse of the rock and the falling in of stony masses. During the convulsions of 1766, Sir Joseph Banks states that ashes were carried to a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, that the cattle in the neighborhood were either choked by the noisome vapors or starved for want of food, and that when the stomachs of some were opened, they were discovered to be full of volcanic dust.

Besides Hekla, however, there are many burning mountains in this island, and some of them have played a still more mischievous part. From Krabla a stream of molten rock was ejected between the years 1724 and 1730, and rushed into lake Myvatn, where it killed the fish, dried up the waters, and continued to burn with a blue flame for several days. But there is no eruption so darkly re-

nowned in Icelandic history as that of Skaptar Yökul in 1783. Skaptar is a mountain in the south-eastern quarter of the island, or rather, it is a part of a cluster of mountains which seem to lay their heads together to bear up a huge snowy field apparently inaccessible to human foot. From an account published by Chief-Justice Stephenson, who was sent by the Danish sovereign to hold an inquest, as it were, over the disaster, (though his narrative has been charged with some exaggeration,) it appears that throughout the syssel, or county in which this Yökul is situate, the ground was seized with shivering-fits on the first of June, which increased in intensity from day to day, and seemed to forebode some hideous convulsion. On the eighth, pillars of smoke were seen to shoot up amongst the hills, and speedily formed a great black bank in the air, from which sand and ashes fell so profusely, that at Sida the light was quite obscured, and the ground in the neighborhood covered to the depth of an inch. Terrible were the subterranean noises which were then heard. The sounds were like the thunder of meeting cataracts. The inhabitants left their houses in affright, and pitched their tents in the open fields. On the tenth, jets of fire were observed amongst the peaks to the north, and then a torrent of glowing lava burst from the volcano. Rushing in a south-east direction, it approached the river Skaptar, and dashed into its bed. Imagine the conflict which ensued between the two streams! The struggle was fearful, but, hissing in his death-throes, the river-god at last succumbed. In less than four-and-twenty hours that rapid torrent, swollen as it was, had ceased to exist. Its place was taken by the fiery invader. The lava not only rapidly filled the gorge through which the river ran, though in some places the banks were nearly six hundred feet high and two hundred wide, but flooded the adjoining lands, and at Aa swallowed up pastures and houses with merciless voracity. Sweeping along the channel of the stream with awful impetuosity, the molten matter issued from amongst the hills, and seemed as if it would deluge the whole plain of Medalland. Fortunately a great lake, or, as some say, an unfathomed chasm in the river, lay across its path. Into this it poured with a horrible noise for several days in succession;

but when this reservoir was filled to the brim, the burning flood resumed its progress, and dividing into various currents, burnt up a number of farms and woods as it ran its mad but magnificent race. Now and then it spread over certain ancient lava tracts, and penetrating every fissure and cavern, produced the strangest effects; sometimes driving out the air through the chinks with a horrible whistle, sometimes melting and firing the old deposits, and not unfrequently blowing up the crust and hurling great masses of rock to a considerable height. Huge blocks of stone, torn from their site and heated till they became red-hot, were seen floating in the stream. The water which came down from the fountains of the Skaptar, and from the melting snows, was intercepted on reaching the lava, and, boiling, overflowed many pastures and woodlands which the molten deluge had spared. Besides this river, numerous brooks and streams were dammed up by the torrents of lava, and many farms and buildings were consequently submerged. At Skál the people had seen the fiery tide approach, and waited breathlessly to learn whether it would be necessary to flee. To their great relief it passed at a short distance; but on the twenty-first of June, the rivulets, which were distended by rain and denied their usual outlet, attacked the church and village, and next morning the steaming waters were surging with violence over the drowned hamlet. In its attempts to reach Skál the lava ascended the slope of the hill to some distance, rolling up its covering of moss as if it were a large piece of cloth folded by human hands. Numerous eruptions from the volcano between the eighteenth of June and the thirteenth of July fed the fire-streams with new material, and as the older effusions were now becoming stiffer and more consolidated, the fresher currents were seen rolling above them, until in some places the lava attained a thickness of six hundred feet. The Stapafoss waterfall on the Skaptar river was dried up; but the molten matter came down in its stead, and swept over the precipice in a splendid cataract of fire, filling up the enormous cavity at its base before it proceeded on its deadly way. At the commencement of August, the lava, which had now choked up the Skaptar river and swamped the neighboring grounds, struck off to the north-east,

and poured into the Hversfiot—a stream almost equal in size and nearly parallel in course. Great was the consternation of the people who lived on its lower banks to see it begin to fume, to find it grow excessively hot, and then to observe it disappear altogether. What could they expect? They knew what had happened in the adjoining district, and gloomily awaited the appearance of the enemy. Down he came. Heralded by lightnings and thunders, signaled by pillars of fire and smoke in the distance, he dashed furiously along the bed of the river, streaming over its banks, and then, having reached the open country, spread his glowing waves across the plain to the distance of four miles within the space of a single evening. Continuing to flow until the end of August, the invader licked up some farms, drove the inhabitants from others, and spread devastation wherever he appeared. For several years afterwards the vapor still arose from particular spots, as if the fury of the intruder were even then unsatiated. It was not until February, 1784, after ejecting a prodigious quantity of lava from its entrails, greater, perhaps, than ever issued from volcano before, that the mountain returned to its ordinary condition.

The effects of this calamity were terrible. The atmosphere was so filled with smoke, sulphur, and dust, that it was difficult for the healthy, and for asthmatic persons almost impossible to breathe. The heavy rains which fell became charged with noxious materials, and incrustated the fields with an inky coating which poisoned the grass and polluted the streams. Vegetables of all kinds withered, and became so friable that they fell to powder with a touch. The mortality which ensued amongst the cattle of the island, not only in consequence of the scarcity of fodder and the fouling of the herbage, but also from the putrid state of the atmosphere, was prodigious. In the course of 1783 and 1784, it is calculated that one hundred and twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and forty-seven sheep, nineteen thousand four hundred and eighty-eight horses, and six thousand eight hundred and one horned cattle fell victims to that terrible volcano. The fish in some of the fresh-water lakes were destroyed, and cast up dead on the beach, while those at sea were driven from the coast. Certain birds, swans amongst the

rest, were expelled from the country. To the inhabitants the results were equally disastrous. Many fearful distempers arose, and amongst these was one which produced swellings in the limbs and contractions in the sinews, so that the sufferers became crooked in person, the teeth grew loose, and the gums mortified; the throat was covered with ulcers, and sometimes the tongue rotted entirely out of the mouth. In this, or in other ways, not less than nine thousand persons are supposed to have been murdered by Skaptar Yökul.

But the mountains of the island sometimes pour out water as well as fire. Clothed as many of their summits are in snow and ice, vast glaciers occupying their ravines, it is evident that if the subterranean fires should grow unruly, the overlying masses will melt, and there will be a rush of water into the hapless plains beneath. The volcano of Kötlugia (to the south-east of Hekla) is famous for the floods it has discharged. On one occasion the deluge of water, bearing huge blocks of ice and stone on its foaming tide, swept away the houses of Höfdabreka, and carried the wooden church out to sea, where it was seen floating for some time before it fell to pieces. On another, all the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity except two were destroyed by a fearful inundation. The most appalling, however, of these eruptions occurred in 1755, the year of the great earthquake which overthrew Lisbon, shook a large portion of Europe, upset towns in Africa, and even propagated its throes to Asia and America. From the 17th of October to the 7th of November the Yökul was in a state of tremendous excitement, pouring forth streams of hot water, which hurried ice and rock before them into the ocean, where the deposit became so great that it extended to a distance of more than fifteen miles, and even rose above the waves in some places, though the sea was previously forty fathoms deep. Mixed with these vomits of water were vomits of fire. Red-hot globes were hurled to a great height, and then shattered into a thousand pieces. The air was occasionally so darkened with smoke and ashes that a man could not see his companion's face at the distance of a yard, whilst at other times it was so brilliantly illuminated by columns of flame that midnight appeared to be turned into mid-day. The ground

frequently rocked, and the unearthly noises which proceeded from the Yökul appalled the stoutest hearts. Fifty farms were laid waste during these and the other eruptions which happened in the following year, and, to crown all, the mephitic gases diffused through the atmosphere brought on a frightful mortality which ought to have appeased the wrath of the mountain demon for centuries to come.

Occasionally, too, the Yökuls give rise to what may be called traveling fields of ice. These move slowly forward, encroaching in many cases upon lands which were once cultivated, and even devouring a parish now and then, as if to emulate the appetite of the volcano. Sometimes they retrograde at certain periods, and afterward advance. The Southern Skeiðará is said to move backward and forward alternately for the distance of half a mile, and in 1727, during an eruption in the neighborhood, it was seen to oscillate, whilst numerous streams suddenly started from its base, and placed the spectators in great jeopardy. The Breidamark Yökul, however, affords the most remarkable sample of an itinerant field. Twenty miles long, by fifteen broad, with a maximum height of about four hundred feet, it covers what was once a fair and fertile plain. How was it formed? Not like the glaciers of a Swiss or a Norwegian scene, for there there are no burning mountains or scalding-hot springs to produce great floods of melted snow and carry down big lumps of ice. But in Iceland this does happen, and it will be seen that the blocks which are thus discharged into the valley will accumulate, whilst further accessions from the same source will gradually add to the extent of the sheet, and then the slope of the ground, the constant pressure *à tergo*, the lubricating of the soil by the snow streams, combined with other causes, will probably explain why the mass glides so regularly, with its stealthy ghost-like step, toward the sea.

But as our space is diminishing faster than the soil over which that icy wanderer is creeping, we must now be content to note a few more points of interest connected with the island in mere descriptive shorthand. Iceland has its Surtshellir caverns, extending for upward of a mile underground, with chambers where beautiful stalactites, formed by the once fluid

lava, or still superb icicles formed by the dripping water, hang from the roofs in the most "curious and fantastic shapes;" and from this cavern, which few natives will dare to enter, the people believe that Surtur, the enemy of the gods, will one day issue to set the universe on fire. Iceland, too, has its huge lava bubbles, which were produced in the material whilst plastic by the expansion of the gases, and now constitute caves—some fifty or one hundred feet in diameter—where frozen and vitrified pendants adorn the domes as they do in the Halls of Surtur. It has horrible passes also, like that of Bulandshöfði, where the track runs along the face of a nearly perpendicular mountain one thousand feet above the sea which is roaring at its base, and the traveler seems to cling like a fly to the side of the cliff; or again, as at Ennit, he must creep along at the bottom of a frightful rock two thousand five hundred feet in height, but only at low water, and with the chance of being crushed in a moment by the fall of great stones from the side of the precipice, numbers of natives having already been killed in the perilous passage. Iceland, again, is peculiarly a land of earthquakes, and during the paroxysms mountains have been cleft to their foundations, boiling springs have spouted from the soil, the wells have become white as milk, men and cattle have been tossed into the air, the darkness has become so great that all traveling was impracticable, the quiverings of the ground grew so incessant that service in the churches was suspended for weeks together, and in 1784 not less than fourteen hundred and fifty-nine houses were overturned, whilst five hundred and thirty more were greatly damaged. The inhabitants too are seized upon by various forms of disease. Owing to their fishy food, scanty supply of vegetables, want of cleanliness, and many local disadvantages, they suffer severely if any epidemic should be abroad.

In the year 1707, sixteen thousand individuals, more than one quarter of the whole population, perished from the small-pox. In 1797, six hundred persons were sent to the grave by that infantile complaint, the measles. The natives are peculiarly liable to the itch, and keep up a terrible scratching, though there is sulphur enough on the island to cure the whole human race, if it were thus vilely afflicted. But the most horrible of their

distempers is the Icelandic leprosy, which converts the sufferer with his seamed countenance, scaly skin, ulcerated body, fetid breath, and haggard looks, into a living corpse, too loathsome for his fellow-creatures to approach, and almost too burdensome for himself to bear. The climate of the country is not so harsh as its latitude might imply, though the summer is short, and during the long winter a native rarely travels further than his parish church. For eight months Dr. Henderson never ventured more than a quarter of a mile out of the capital, except on one occasion, when he paid a visit to a neighboring seat. Fortunately, the rigors of an Arctic position are moderated by the beneficent Gulf Stream, which breaks upon the island, and, dividing into two branches, leaves it a grateful legacy of warmth. It is in a northern locality especially that we can best appreciate the generousities of that noble ocean-river; for, as the polar currents bring down such a quantity of ice (with a few bears occasionally for passengers) that it has been known to form a belt thirty miles in breadth, and the whole space between Iceland and Greenland has even been filled with frozen masses; so, but for that stream of heated water, the atmosphere of the country would be sadly lowered in tone, and the sea would be so cooled that the fisheries, on which the natives depend for subsistence, might be destroyed. Nor is this great current less remarkable for the drift-wood which it kindly conveys from other quarters and deposits on the Icelandic shores. Without it the inhabitants would be sorely distressed for fuel. Coal like ours they have none themselves. Beds of Surturbrand exist, but these have probably been formed of drifted timber. Forests in this country are such ridiculous affairs, that it is difficult to contemplate one with a serious countenance. The trees may be about four or five feet in height. Some may reach six; Mackenzie mentions a few which ranged from six to ten; but where will you find many which can overtop a very tall man? A traveler feels quite merry when he discovers that he can crash through, stride over, or even trample an extensive wood under foot, as if he were a Gulliver in a corn-field, or an elephant in a shrubbery. A boy who has often smarted under the rod would feel perfectly enchanted when he saw that the trouble of his soul—the tree from which

the disciplinary twigs are always gathered — was here stripped of its strength, deprived of its pungency, and tamed down from a goodly piece of timber to a poor dwarf of a vegetable. It is the absence of wood, indeed, which gives a particularly naked look to the country, as if it were all shaven and shorn, and consequently, in the highest degree forlorn. Iceland, further, is a land whose interior is so little explored that the people believe its deserts and glacier regions are occupied by a race of outlaws; and though no traces of these Utilegue-menn have been discovered, yet their existence is assumed from the fact that multitudes of sheep vanish from the high pasture-grounds, coupled with the circumstance that sometimes wanderers who have ventured too far into the bowels of the country have never returned.

“Truly a wretched island!” many of us cosily situated Englishmen may be disposed to exclaim. It is a place where no corn is regularly produced, and in Madame Pfeiffer’s time, only one bake-house existed in the country. The natives live chiefly on cod, and their principal beverage is milk; so that, should the fisheries prove bad, or the hay season unfavorable, a famine is almost certain to ensue. Unable to raise sufficient supplies, even for the scanty population, a war which should cripple their commerce for a few months, or simply cut off their imports of fishing-hooks, would reduce them to a state of lamentable destitution. There, if a peasant is ill, and needs a medical man, he may have to seek him at a distance of fifty, eighty, or one hundred miles; and in winter it may be requisite to open a road, and pioneer for the doctor with shovels and pickaxes. If a man wishes to attend divine worship, he may have to ride many miles to a church, twenty or thirty feet in length, which is used as a lumber-house by the incumbent, and as an hotel by travelers, the latter spreading their beds on the floor, and sometimes taking their meals from the altar; and when service is performed, it will be by a well-educated clergyman, who considers himself passing rich on ten to two hundred florins a year, and who shoes horses or makes hay, whilst his lady milks cows and tends sheep.

But the Icelanders will tell us that his country has some splendid negative advantages at the least. It has no forts,

no soldiery, no policemen, (worth mentioning,) no custom-house officers, no income-tax gatherers, and happily for its peace, (so the general public may say,) no professional lawyers! Neither has it had a single executioner for some time past, for it is remarkable that no native could be found to undertake this odious duty; and, consequently, it has been necessary to export malefactors to the mainland, in order that they might be dispatched. He will tell us also—such is the strong attachment which man naturally conceives for his native spot, however uncouth and ungenial—that, though his country is blistered with lava and blanched with snow, though its hills may be without verdure and its valleys without corn, though its atmosphere reeks with sulphur and its streams may flow from boiling fountains, though he walks on a nest of earthquakes and sleeps amongst a host of angry volcanoes, and though, to all appearance, his little island might at any moment be blown up into the air, or let down into the sea; yet, after all, in his opinion, Iceland is the very “best spot on which the sun shines.”

“Still, even here, content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts  
though small,  
He sees his little lot, the lot of all;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
To make him loathe his poor and scanty meal;  
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.”

Just one point more. At the present moment Iceland possesses an additional feature of interest—one which may possibly render it of great service to the New World as well as the Old. The difficulties of laying an electric cable across the Atlantic, and of working it with the requisite vigor when laid, have made it expedient to break the length of the journey by establishing intermediate posts. By fixing upon three stepping-stones, as it were, the ocean may certainly be overleaped by the galvanic fluid without much sense of resistance. Of these Iceland must be one. We conclude by giving Commander Forbes's opinion on the subject, at the same time expressing our obligations to

him for his lively and interesting work. It is sketchy in character, and scarcely fulfills the expectations which its title and appearance excite. Nor is the language at all eminent for its polish; but taking it as a sailor's narrative, purposely written with a free-and-easy pen, the reader will find much in its pages to entertain and instruct.

“The manifest advantages of a North Atlantic telegraph would be, that four electrical circuits would be obtained, none of greater length than six hundred miles; and as submarine telegraphs now working at greater lengths demonstrate the possibility of complete insulation and retardation up to that distance, whereas, when we get beyond the thousand miles, all is doubt and conjecture, to say nothing of the hazard attendant on the enterprise, and the advantage of having to relay a portion instead of the whole length of the line, in the event of a fracture, the superiority of this route can not fail to command attention. The honor of originating the North-Atlantic line belongs wholly to Colonel Shaffner, of the United States, who, in 1854, obtained a cession from the Danish Government of exclusive telegraphic rights in the Faroes, Iceland, and Greenland. His proposed route is as follows: From Scotland to the Faroes, two hundred and fifty miles; from Faroes to Iceland, three hundred and fifty miles; from Iceland to Greenland, five hundred and fifty miles; from Greenland to the coast of Labrador, six hundred miles. Now with regard to the objections that may be advanced against this line, there are only two worthy of notice—namely, the icebergs of these northern coasts and the submarine volcanic line of the south-western extreme of Iceland. The latter may be easily avoided by landing the cable on any of the many eligible spots between Portland and Cape Reykianoes, and thence carrying the line across country to any part of Faxø Fiord. All this portion of the coast is free from icebergs, and the shore-ice occasionally formed in the winter is inconsiderable; and, besides, it has been already demonstrated in the Baltic and American lakes that shore ice does not interfere with the workings of submarine lines. With regard to any local electrical difficulties to be surmounted, it must be remembered that, as far as our present knowledge goes, they are only conjectural; and when it is added that the bottom in these regions is, for the most part, composed of sand and mud, and nowhere of a greater depth than two thousand fathoms,\* the only wonder is that this North-about route was not first adopted.”

\* The expedition since employed to sound this line found much less depth of water than had been anticipated.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

## R I F L E D O R D N A N C E .

SINCE 1815 the infantry troops, armed with the smooth-bore musket, had gradually fallen behind the artillery, as the latter, owing to great improvements effected in the ordnance, and by removal of much dead weight from the limbers, gained materially in facility of maneuvering, and were enabled to alter their position in the field much as they pleased. At the same time great attention was paid to the ammunition and the perfection of the shrapnel, a destructive missile invented at the close of the last century, and the introduction of congreve rockets gave field-pieces a range such as was never dreamed of before. This disproportion between the two arms could not, however, be allowed to exist, and the gradual introduction of rifled fire-arms in the ranks rendered it an easy matter for the latter to attack batteries, while remaining in perfect safety themselves. As a natural consequence, every effort has been made to restore the artillery to its old supremacy, and it is our purpose in the present paper to describe what has been done generally, while carefully avoiding all scientific explanations and descriptions.

An increased range with field-pieces (we are here referring to the period before rifled ordnance was introduced) could only be acquired, as a general rule, by the enlargement of the guns which allowed of a greater charge of powder and heavier projectiles, but rendered them, at the same time, more difficult to move about in the field. The destructive power of the various projectiles increases, however, when it does not strike the mark as a unit, but divides in its vicinity into a number of death-dealing pieces. In order to explain this feeling to our non-professional readers, and, at the same time, obtain certain ground for the principal subject of our paper, we will first take a cursory glance at the guns and projectiles hitherto used, and, to a certain extent, still in use with field-artillery.

Field ordnance consists of cannon and

howitzers, the former having long barrels, and intended to shoot massive projectiles at the foe with considerable velocity; while the latter, with shorter barrels, and a conical chamber for the reception of the powder-charge, are fired at a considerable elevation, so that the projectile may be thrown over any covering ground into the enemy's ranks. For such practice we can easily see that an ordinary cannon-ball is not suitable, for, under the most favorable circumstances, supposing that it hit any thing where it fell, it could not kill more than two or three at the most. Hence, shells are fired from howitzers—that is to say, hollow bullets filled with powder, so contrived as to burst where they fall, and inflict considerable injury. Our readers can easily understand that, owing to the elevation necessarily given to the howitzer, the powder-charge must be very small, for the recoil acts on the carriage, and would soon render it unserviceable. The defect of the howitzer, and the impossibility of covering long distances, produced a desire among artillerymen to combine the percussion force of the level shot with the destructive power of the shell, and led, at the beginning of the century, to the introduction of the shell-guns and long howitzers. To enable our readers to form an idea of the difference of the four sorts of guns, we will observe here that the chief distinction lies in the length of the barrel, that of the field-guns being 17 to 18 shot diameters; shell-guns, 12 to 14; long howitzers, 10 to 11; and short howitzers, 6 to 7½. Naturally, too, the guns intended to fire shells must have a larger caliber than those that fire solid shot, and hence we find the following guns employed by the various armies:

Weight of bullet.		Caliber.
The 12 pounder, 12 lbs.		about 5¼ inches.
" 9 " 9	9	4 "
" 8 " 8	8	3.75 "
" 6 " 6	6	3.50 "

Of these guns, the 12 and 6-pounder



are generally used; 9 pounder are used in England, while the 8 pounder—special favorites of the French—have been recently abolished in that country. Heavier guns than these, for instance, 16 and 18-pounder, were exceptionally employed in the field by the Austrians during the last war, and by the Russians in the Crimea; but they are too heavy, and require too many horses, and hence are only valuable in strong positions. Shell-guns are only in existence as 12-pounders, and were hitherto principally employed in France, where the Emperor Napoleon, by the introduction of this gun, (called after him the *canon de l'empereur*,) as the only one taken into the field, certainly desired to obtain a very valuable simplification of the ammunition; but latterly rifled guns have, to some extent, taken their place. The long howitzers have nearly universally a caliber of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and go by the name of 24-pounders, owing to an iron shot of that weight fitting them, or 7-pounders, (in Germany alone,) where stone shot of that weight were fired. Of short howitzers, lastly, there are several varieties: the 30-pounder, with a caliber of 6 to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches, but these have been nearly abolished, as heavy and clumsy; the 24-pounder howitzer, with a caliber of about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and the one in most general use, and the 12-pounder, employed as a mountain gun. The iron shells of these howitzers weigh respectively 22,  $14\frac{1}{2}$ , and  $6\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.

Guns are loaded with a charge of powder generally one third the weight of the bullet and solid shot, canister, or shrapnels. Canister is a large form of sporting cartridge, that is to say, a quantity of iron bullets placed in a tin box, for greater convenience of loading. On firing, the box is broken, and the bullets fly forward, gradually spreading, like the shot charge from a fowling piece. The shrapnels are very differently made: they are hollow shot, filling the gun, and filled with a large quantity of leaden bullets and a small powder-charge, sufficient to burst the shell, but not to scatter the bullets in every direction, so that the latter, obeying the velocity imparted to the shell on leaving the gun, continue to fly forward. In order to make the projectile burst at the right moment, a "fuse" is inserted in a hole through the side of the shell, which gradually burns down till it reaches the powder-charge in the shell. This fuse

catches fire so soon as the gun is fired, and continues to burn as the projectile speeds through the air. We can plainly see from these facts that if a shrapnel is to injure the enemy it must burst before their front; it further follows that, if it is to prove effective, the right moment for its bursting must be accurately calculated. Hence the great difficulty in shrapnel firing is found in setting the fuse, and were it not for that it must be a most murderous projectile, and far superior to canister, as the shrapnel leaves the gun in a solid form, and naturally flies farther ere it bursts. Owing to these difficulties, and others on which we need not dwell, it has been found more advantageous to employ in the field shells, that is to say, hollow shot filled with powder, and also supplied with a fuse. As the powder-charge is considerable, the pieces of the shell, generally twelve or fifteen in number, do not fly forward, as is the case with the shrapnel, but in every direction, so that they can kill even if they have passed over the enemy's heads. Such was the general condition of field-artillery when the extraordinary improvements made in fire-arms attracted the attention of practical men to the absolute necessity of introducing rifled ordnance, in order to restore the old equilibrium. Before, however, we run through the attempts that have been made in this direction, our readers will, perhaps, be glad to understand in a very few words in what the advantages of this system consist.

In the first place, it is evident that when a cannon is once rifled it is no longer necessary to adhere to spherical shots, but conical projectiles can be employed, producing a notable improvement in the certainty of fire, as the abolition of the windage and the rotation of the projectile insure this, as we have already explained in our pages when discussing rifled fire-arms. A further advantage is, that by the use of conical shot the caliber, and, therefore, the weight of the gun, can be materially reduced, for a conical shot for a 6-pounder gun weighs just twelve pounds, and hence, as 12-pounders have hitherto been the largest guns taken into the field, the caliber can be at once reduced to six, and produce the same effect. As regards shrapnel firing, the improvement introduced by rifled ordnance will be remarkable. We have seen that the effect of spherical shells

depended on the moment of their bursting, and that again on the length of the fuse. A shell could only be effective if it burst right in front of the enemy, either on the ground or in the air, and it has always been found an enormous difficulty to achieve the result. For years artillerymen devoted their attention to percussion fuses, or such as did not catch fire in the gun, but exploded through the blow the projectile received in falling on the ground, or striking the object. The windage of the smooth bores, and the shaking the shell suffered by striking against the sides of the piece, offered, however, insurmountable obstacles. If the explosive mass of the fuse was made too susceptible, it burst harmlessly in the gun itself; if it was dull to catch, the bursting powder of the shell became exceedingly problematical. With rifled ordnance and conical bullets all this changes at once. The latter, flying out of the gun without any windage, and keeping their point forward during their flight, permitted the percussion composition to be placed at the point of the projectile, on the same principle as General Jacob's shell-bullet fired from a rifle, and which on trial produced such admirable results, blowing up powder-boxes at a distance of more than fifteen hundred yards. The effect of such projectiles in the field must prove terrible, for directly they strike an object they burst and spread destruction around. If such a shell were fired, for instance, through the side of a house occupied by the enemy, it must infallibly blow them all away, and if even it struck the ground short of the mark the pieces would still fly forward.

Canister-firing with rifled ordnance seems to present somewhat greater difficulties. As we have seen, the case must explode in the gun, and it would injure the rifling; if, on the other hand, the canister were made of thicker material, and intended to burst after leaving the gun's mouth, the bullets it contained would not scatter soon enough, and this might lead to serious consequences if the enemy were close up to the battery. These technical difficulties will have to be removed, for canister-firing is indispensable with artillery. The latest improvement has been in making the canister of zinc, which, owing to its proportionate softness, does not injure the rifling. It has been proposed, also, to rifle the canisters

so as to fit the grooves, but there are material difficulties connected with this. Still, there is no doubt but that in our age, so productive in inventions as it is, the time is at hand when the right system will be hit upon.

Although we have hitherto dealt exclusively with field-artillery, we may rapidly investigate the value of rifled ordnance for maritime and siege war. In the former case, the percussion shells to which we have alluded, if fired at the sides of wooden vessels, will produce a tremendous effect; and hence the exertions that are being made to turn out as speedily as possible iron-clad vessels, and to defend our coasts with Armstrong guns of heavy caliber. It is, after all, a very moot point whether the guns will not get the best of it, and such extraordinary improvements be made in them that it will prove impossible to build invulnerable vessels capable of floating. As for fortresses, stone walls will not stand any length of time before these tremendous engines, as was very successfully shown at the Eastbourne trial, when an enormous mass of masonry crumbled away under the withering fire of the Armstrong gun. In all future sieges we fancy that only those forts will have a chance of success which are built of earth and armed with guns of the heaviest caliber, thus converting the siege into a regular artillery action. At the same time, the little gun-boats armed with these enormous guns will offer an admirable defense against any projects of invasion, for one conical projectile fired through the side of a transport would produce fearful havoc among the crowded troops.

Having thus cleared the ground away, we will proceed to discuss the trials made with rifled ordnance, remarking at the outset, however, that these are still in a transitional state, and have not attained that perfection which is found in hand fire-arms. On the contrary, experiments are still going on in nearly every European state, although here and there patterns have been laid down for them. We shall not, consequently, attach any importance to the extensive range recently obtained with rifled ordnance, for we may fairly assume that if rifled muskets now carry eight hundred yards with certainty, or double the distance of the smooth bore, rifled ordnance will maintain the same proportion; but whether it is wise to fire

at an enemy three miles off, and only visible through a telescope, is another question, very easy to answer in our view. First, then, we will speak about breech-loading guns.

The first really practical attempts with rifled ordnance were not made till a long time after Delvigne's invention had opened up a new era for rifled fire-arms. It is easy to understand that with muzzle-loading ordnance the abolition of the windage by the system of expansion would be very difficult to achieve, as cannon-balls intended to batter down obstacles must be composed, to a great extent, of iron, and hence attention was directed to the very old fashion of loading at the breech. The first experiments were made almost simultaneously by the Sardinian General Cavalli and Baron Wahrendorff, a Swedish forge-master, and both combined rifling with this mode of loading, the only difference being that Wahrendorff's projectiles were coated with lead, while Cavalli selected the conical form at once. In 1846 Cavalli experimented with a gun having the caliber of an old 30 pounder, the projectile weighing about sixty pounds, and obtained a range of eleven hundred and eighty yards beyond that of an old-patterned gun of the same caliber. In the following year Sardinia ordered twenty cast-iron mortar-guns of the Cavalli system for the armament of the fort of Genoa, and continued the experiments on field-guns, which were employed, as we have seen, with considerable effect, at the siege of Gaëta. About the same time, Sweden armed the fort of Waxholm with Wahrendorff breech-loaders of an improved system, and in 1850 England ordered a quantity of 8-inch guns from Sweden for the defense of Portsmouth.

Wahrendorff, however, did not confine his attention to heavy ordnance, but constructed 6 and 12-pounders, which attracted the attention of the Prussian artillery, and led, in 1850, to extensive experiments, whose result has been the recent introduction of a great number of breech-loading guns into the field batteries. The great reason why Wahrendorff's guns were so admired in Prussia was, that his mode of loading was very similar to that of the breech-loading musket which had done such excellent service in the Badois revolution. We are not able to obtain much information as to the trials made in Berlin, but we have it on good

authority that a Wahrendorff 12-pounder, with only a charge of one pound of powder, never once missed at eight hundred yards a target only four feet square. Various improvements have since been made, and this gun stands deservedly high in the opinion of military authorities.

In France, the first experiments with rifled ordnance were made in 1851, at Vincennes, with bronze guns of very small caliber, loaded at the muzzle with lead-coated projectiles, on the Delvigne system. Experience soon demonstrated that this was a mistake, and was soon given up in favor of the Cavalli system, with certain modifications. In England the first trials were made in 1852, with breech-loading guns, but the attention of the authorities was diverted from them for a time through Lancaster's invention, until, in 1854, Mr. Armstrong proved so successful with his breech-loading gun, that he has remained before the public ever since. The construction of the piece has been so amply discussed in the English papers, that we can say nothing new of it here. Still, we would warn our readers not to pin their faith blindly on the Armstrong. Reports are rife as to the field-artillery having proved a failure in China, in spite of the flourish given them in dispatches, and it is an undeniable fact that, with guns of heavy caliber, Sir William Armstrong has not yet succeeded as we might wish. The insuperable difficulty with all breech-loading arms is to close the breech so hermetically that no powder gas can escape: this may be possible for the first few rounds; but the repeated concussion inevitably puts the mechanism out of gear, the grooves become clogged with deposit, and the gun is speedily rendered unserviceable. If this be the case, as we have heard it was in China, it stands to reason that the 100-pounder battery-guns will suffer much more seriously, and we therefore warn our readers not to suppose that we can now sit down idly, in the confidence that we have produced the very best guns that can be turned out. A friend who was engaged in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, and had opportunity of watching the practice of the needle-guns, told us that after a while it became so difficult to close the breech, and the powder-gas flashed out so furiously, that the troops could no longer raise their piece to their shoulder, but fired from

under the arm. Such a defect with the Armstrong guns would surely prove very serious in a regular action.

At the same time, we do not for a moment deny that the practice made with the Armstrong gun has been astounding, as can be easily seen from the following comparison: A 32-pounder gun, which weighs 56 cwt., has only a range of 3000 yards, with a charge of 10 lbs. of powder; while the Armstrong 32-pounder, weighing only 20 cwt., with a charge of but 10 lbs., has attained a range of upward of 10,000 yards. Little value, however, should be attached to such enormous distances, as they can only be attained by an elevation of about 30 degrees. Still, we must not leave out of sight the precision of fire at distances ranging from 3000 to 4000 yards, and the percussive force of the projectiles, which the iron-clad walls of the Trusty floating battery were unable to resist. In the presence of these facts, and the unsettled condition of the Continent, the English government were justified in carrying on energetically the preparation of Armstrong guns for the coast defenses, while reserving the right of effecting any improvements or modifications that may present themselves.

Another gun, which made a great sensation in its time, but which is now hardly spoken of, is the Whitworth. There is no doubt but that its inventor is one of the cleverest mechanics we possess, and as far as regards neatness of finish and adaptability of means to the end, there are few to surpass him; but he is unfortunate in his temper. Not satisfied with improving fire-arms and ordnance, he has entered into a war of words with every one who ventured to doubt the excellence of his inventions, and this war has too often degenerated into personal squabbles, which have lowered his reputation. The great point with guns is, in the first place, simplicity of construction, so that, in action, the gunners may have nothing to trouble them beyond their allotted duties. In the Whitworth gun, the projectile is hexagonal, to fit the grooves exactly, and the powder charge is contained in a tin case, which has to be taken out each time after firing. Moreover, the caliber of the gun is small, and it is altogether too complicated for field practice. It is the same with Whitworth's rifle, which certainly makes splendid practice, but no sane man would propose

to arm troops with so excellently fashioned an instrument, which requires great care lest it should get out of order. In spite of Captain Ross having won her majesty's prize at Wimbledon, the troops have not been armed with that weapon. One thing, perhaps, is in favor of the Whitworth gun: as the projectile is not coated with lead, it would be more easy to load with it at the muzzle in the event of any accident happening, while, on the other hand, a great objection to the gun still remains, in the weight of metal the boring necessitates, and the rapid wearing out of the edges of the grooves. It is a curious fact, too, that with each round fired from the Whitworth, a diminution of range is perceptible, or exactly the contrary to what has been noticed with other guns. Some writers have tried to explain this by the increased windage produced by the expansion of the metal; in our opinion, however, it depends on the augmented friction of the sharp-edged projectile. Although many other breech-loading guns have been tried besides the four to which we have directed our attention, we omit any description of them here, as we only wish to lay before our readers what has been proved practically advantageous. We will now proceed to investigate those rifled guns which are loaded at the muzzle.

We have already stated that so far back as 1851 experiments were made in France to construct ordnance on the Delvigne system, because the authorities doubted the durability of breech-loaders. In 1852, Lancaster's gun took the world by surprise, for it introduced a system to notice which seemed to do away with all defects. We will describe the Lancaster gun shortly here, for, although it was not a rifled gun proper, the form of the bore was intended to give the projectile a rotatory motion. The barrel was elliptical, and the projectile was an iron-pointed shell, with a percussion fuse of a conical form. The Lancaster guns, which were of very heavy caliber, the tube being eight feet long, with the diameter of a 65-pounder carronade, were specially intended to arm ships, coast, and siege-batteries, and were really tried in 1854 and 1855, both in the Baltic and before Sebastopol. The reports about the extraordinary effect of these monster guns were fabulous, and it was stated that a range of four and a half miles had been

attained with ease and certainty. But the reports and the guns were soon silenced, for the actual result proved to very be slight—as, for instance, Sir Howard Douglas informs us that before Sebastopol the Lancaster guns at five hundred and eighty-two yards only gave a very slight degree of precision, and at twelve hundred and eighty yards were as uncertain as the wind. The guns, too, repeatedly burst from the projectiles sticking in them, and the attempt to improve them by the employment of cast-steel did not succeed; they have now almost entirely disappeared.

Far better results were obtained in France with the muzzle-loading rifled gun, in the introduction of which the Emperor Napoleon took a very great interest. The experiments at Vincennes, and those in Sardinia, with the Cavalli guns afforded the basis for these exertions, and as the final result, mainly due to Colonels Tamissier and Treuille de Beaulieu, the Emperor was enabled to establish a pattern for the new artillery, which the last war proved to be thoroughly practical.

The barrels received eight grooves, sixteen millimetres broad, and five millimetres in depth, with a twist of two metres. The cylindro-ogival projectile, in accordance with the Cavalli system, is provided with six wings (ailettes) of zinc, which are not parallel, however, but placed three above, and the same number below, on the cylindrical portion of the projectile, and are of the shape which the experimental firing showed them to assume after quitting the mouth of the gun. As these projectiles have a certain amount of windage in the gun, both the percussion and ordinary fuse can be applied to them. When this system was established, the caliber was determined in a highly practical manner—namely, that the field-artillery only received guns of the caliber of the 4-pounder gun, while those with a 12-pounder and 24-pounder bore were set aside solely for siege and naval batteries. The 4-pounder projectile, when charged, weighs not quite twelve pounds, and is fired with a powder-charge not equal to one fifth its own weight. The French artillery took several batteries of these guns into the field in 1859, and though their practice, for very explicable reasons, may have been exaggerated, even on the side of the Austrians, it is quite

certain that on all occasions they opened an effective fire at distances to which the Austrian smooth-bored pieces could not reply, and that they committed very great injury among the reserves, and at the battle of Solferino very soon compelled the Austrian cavalry stationed at Medole to retreat.

These practical experiences gradually induced all the armies of the great powers to make a trial with the rifled guns, and they have been introduced, not only throughout Europe, but even in Egypt. It would lead too far if we attempted to register all these experiments, and we will only remark that the mode of loading varies. As regards the French system, we may observe that trials have recently been made with Minié's expanding system, and, among others, that meritorious officer, Colonel Charras, has turned his attention to it. He applies the system by keeping the cylindrical portion of the iron cone hollow—he surrounds it with lead, and produces the expansion by several holes in the iron, through which the powder-fuses act on the lead coating, and force it into the grooves.

Before we take a comprehensive back look at the result of our observations, we will say a few words about two points which deserve attention; the material of which the rifled cannon are made, and the deviation of the projectiles, as the former has a material influence on the progress of artillery, while the latter point is an element foreign to the smooth-bore guns, and exerts an influence over the special manufacture of the guns.

The material of which ordnance was formerly exclusively cast was bronze (a mixture of ten parts of copper with one of tin) and cast-iron; the former being specifically heavy, soft, and dear, the latter hard and brittle, but cheap. These qualities in both metals rendered their application to rifled ordnance extremely difficult; for, if the great specific weight of bronze is advantageous, in so far as it gives heaviness with slight circumference, and if the powerful effect of the gunpowder is paralyzed by the toughness of the bronze, while its softness facilitates the rifling—on the other hand, the grooves are worn out remarkably quick through the very softness of the material. Bronze, therefore, is no durable material for rifled ordnance; and the French have found this out at their expense, all their guns be-

ing of bronze, and rendered unserviceable with remarkable rapidity.

Cast-iron is hard, and though troublesome to manipulate, the grooves, when once formed, do not easily wear out; on the other hand, its brittleness is dangerous, as the absence of the windage produces a very forcible development of gas, whose consequence is, too often, the bursting of the piece. If this difficulty is sought to be alleviated by a reinforcement of the metal, the gun becomes heavy and clumsy, and even then the chances of bursting are not entirely removed.

From this explanation it is easy to comprehend that a suitable material was very soon sought for, and that, on the other hand, the greater extension of rifled ordnance went hand and hand with that tendency. Cast-steel and welded iron were soon discovered to be the best material; the former being distinguished by its firmness, combined with a proportionate softness, well adapted for working; and welded iron through its notoriously enormous toughness. The employment of cast-steel, however, could not be carried out to any great extent until the mode was discovered of producing it in large blocks, from which heavy guns could be formed. This improvement in the manufacture of cast-steel was made in Essen, by a Mr. Krupp, who turned out in 1853 blocks weighing from 8000 to 10,000 pounds. Even though a Lancaster gun, made of this material, burst in 1854, this resulted not so much from the trial of the piece as from an exceptional circumstance. The lower part of the barrel was merely covered with a coating of cast-iron, and the tube burst at the very point where this mantle ceased, as it impeded the external expansion of the cast-steel.

All other trials speak wonderfully in favor of cast-steel, and it is allowed to be four or five times as valuable as bronze for rifled ordnance. The natural result of this is a very rapidly increased employment of cast-steel for rifled ordnance. The Prussian new guns are made exclusively of that metal, and in France, where the experiments made in 1859 of converting smooth-bored bronze guns into rifled ordnance were found extremely unsatisfactory, cast-steel is also being universally employed. In all other countries, where attention is being directed to rifled ordnance, we believe that the same metal is in general use.

As regards the employment of welded iron, the idea of augmenting the resisting power and permanence of guns by its use has long been followed out. As, however, welded iron can not be obtained in large blocks, its employment has been restricted, and the gun has either been made of strong iron bars welded together and covered with a cast-iron case, or else the body of the piece is made of cast iron, and then reinforced by welded iron rings, as is the case with Whitworth's heavier ordnance. Sir W. Armstrong has also recently introduced a new system of building up guns, from which the most favorable results are anticipated. Still we believe that, in the long run, cast steel will gain the superiority over iron, even in its most perfect form. At any rate, bronze will be placed on the shelf for the lighter field-guns, though for a while the heavier pieces will be converted and employed as guns of position.

The second point we have to notice is the permanent deviation to the right of the projectiles of rifled ordnance, which was first specially noticed in the trials of the Cavalli guns. Every rifled gun displays this defect, as it is the result of the special turn of the grooves, generally running from left to right. In order to explain this in the simplest manner, the reader need only take a metallic cylinder, and revolve it from left to right on a smooth surface: he will notice it take a bias to the right, and the same effect will be produced in water also. With the conical projectile, the air beneath it in its flight produces a resistance, which gradually directs it to the right hand. This, of course, only sets in gradually, for the propelling force of the powder drives the projectile onward simultaneously with extreme velocity. If, for instance, the deviation of a projectile to the right amounts to one foot in the first second, and its velocity, in the same period, to nine hundred feet, at the end of that distance it would be one foot out of the true line. In the second second the projectile deviates further to the right, but its initial velocity decreases, and hence, at the termination of the second second, the projectile is more than two feet out of its course, and the reader can easily see that, the further it flies, the greater this deviation must become. Calculation, or, better still, practical observation, of the mean deviation at various distances naturally supplies the means to correct this, and the accuracy of

the aim depends on the judgment of the gunner. In some pieces the tangent scale is so arranged that it can be moved to the left: on the French rifled guns notches are made in the right-hand trunnion, calculated according to the distances. Both systems lead to equally satisfactory results. In Prussia the arrangement has been so carefully studied that the gunners hit a mark two thousand yards distant with extraordinary precision.

It is palpable that rifled fire-arms, whose twist runs from left to right, must also suffer from the same deviation of the missile; but we attach no importance to that, as the deviation only amounts to one inch in the first six hundred yards, and is only reckoned by feet beyond that distance. As no one would think of firing at an individual foe beyond six hundred yards off, (an enormous distance in itself,) he can easily correct the trifling deviation, while beyond that distance he would certainly aim at large masses, in the assurance of hitting somebody. Hence, any artificial correction of the deviation appears to us very superfluous in rifles, especially as the barrel does not rest on a steady support, but is in the generally anxious hands of the soldier, which in itself frequently injures the precision. Still, we would call the attention of the volunteers to the instrument employed in Hanover, which reduces firing almost to a certainty. As a general rule we may mention, also, that the deviation is less in fire-arms on the expanding system, with elongated projectiles, especially when they are fired with heavy charges, and this is a further reason why the large caliber of the Enfield should be preferred to the Whitworth.

We think we have proved our assertion that the introduction of rifled ordnance will restore the old prestige of the artillery, and, at the same time, wonderfully simplify its mechanism, as the three varieties of ordnance—cannon, Paixhans, and howitzers—will be merged into one, and the only other guns employed will be short howitzers and mortars for vertical firing. It is impossible to say whether the breech or muzzle-loading system will gain the upper hand, although we are strongly in favor of the latter, because we think that any unnecessary complication should be avoided in the field. Still, we believe that Armstrong guns will prove of great value in batteries of position, and specially on board ship, for the men will be enabled

to stand under cover, and the size of embrasures and port-holes can be very considerably reduced. It is to be regretted that we have no certain information about their working in the field: we have certainly read most flattering accounts of them in the public press, but, on the other hand, private letters inform us that they committed great ravages among our own men, owing to the metal rings dropping off. As regards the 100-pounder guns, we have received equally unsatisfactory reports, and we believe that more than one professional artilleryman is disposed to regard them as a failure. Still, we are willing to consider the Armstrong gun generally as a step in the right direction, and think that government acted wisely in rewarding the inventor so liberally as they did.

It has been the fashion with professional philanthropists to regard these progressive improvements in Germany as an insult on humanity and the enlightened spirit of the nineteenth century, but we think this a very unfair way of looking at the question. So long as a Napoleon sits on the throne of France, he will strive to render his nation superior to England by all means at his command, and the *Gloire* proved to us that it would be most unwise to allow him to continue his preparations without rendering ourselves at least equal to him. He was first in the field with his rifled howitzers, and tested their value in more than one well-fought field. The Tyrolean Chasseurs, regarded as the finest sharpshooters in Europe, could not hold their ground before his guns, which hurled their shell into ranks which fairly presumed themselves safely out of action. In every other respect our artillery was superior to his, save in material, and we have very speedily and magnificently rectified that evil, if our guns turn out as is expected from them. Still, it is an unpleasant thought that the Emperor Napoleon, who his life through has devoted himself to the improvement of the French artillery, should have adhered to the old system of muzzle-loading, and we can not refrain from the suspicion that he tested the Armstrong and other breech-loading guns, and found them wanting. If they possessed the qualities we so readily ascribe to them, the Emperor Napoleon is much too practical a man not to place his artillery on an equality with ours. We allow that

in the Italian war his guns turned out failures in several instances, but that resulted from the fact that, in his anxiety to form heavy park, he ordered the old bronze guns to be converted. Since the return of peace he has been hard at work making cast-steel guns, but we have not heard that he has introduced breech-loading ordnance to any considerable extent. Hence we should not be sorry to hear that experiments were being made at Woolwich with cast-steel muzzle-loaders, so that we might have something to fall back upon in the event of the worst.

For our part, we believe honestly that rifled ordnance is as yet in its infancy, and that, twenty years hence, we shall look with amazement at the clumsy weapons on which we prided ourselves in the year of Napoleonic grace 1861. Hardly a day passes in which we do not hear of some new and extraordinary invention, which probably fails owing to the eagerness of the patentee to bring it out, but contains valuable suggestions for the future. It is so, we are inclined to think, with Mallet's monster, which, though ridiculed as a mistake, we understand, on good authority, will make its reappearance some day. It is a harsh but necessary fact that, as civilization progresses, the means of destroying it advance *pari passu*, and it is, perhaps, fortunate that it should be so, as the more destructive the engines of war become, the greater guarantee we have for the insurance of peace. The poetry of warfare is dying out, and in its place a stern practical spirit is springing up, which, regarding war as an evil emanating from the ill-regulated passions of a few men, is determined to have a heavy reckoning with them when the hour arrives. Or, again, take the suppression of the great Indian mutiny, performed in so wonderfully short a time: it was owing in great measure to the general armament of our troops with Enfield rifles, which harled destruction into the ranks of the rebel Sepoys.

There is but one point we are disposed to quarrel with in the public appreciation of rifled ordnance, and that is the admiration of enormous range. It was supposed, for instance, that Mr. Whitworth's breech-loading gun must be good because he fired a shot an extraordinary distance, but the way in which that result was obtained was left out of sight. By reducing the caliber, we allow that a remarkable range may

be attained, but the percussive power is sacrificed. One successful discharge from Mallet's mortar would be more effective than a Whitworth battery pounding for a week, and the Enfield musket has produced the greatest ravage at comparatively short ranges. The largest possible caliber and the utmost degree of precision are all that are needed from modern fire-arms, and the authorities, therefore, acted wisely in not exchanging the Enfield for the Whitworth rifle, simply because the latter possessed a more extensive range. Those who are aware of the efforts made to produce this alteration know what a fortunate escape we had.

Our readers will naturally object that Mr. Whitworth's rifle gained the prize at Wimbledon, and defeated the Enfield. We concede this, and will go so far as to say that it will always do so. If our troops were equal to Captain Ross, and able to hit a man at one thousand paces, it would be a different thing; but in action distances are not of so much consequence. In the first place, the powder obscures the scene in a very short period, and men grow too much excited to judge very accurately. On the other hand, the Enfield has a very considerable bullet, and is not liable to get out of order, and in both these respects the Whitworth is inferior to it. We can perfectly well understand why our rifle volunteers, as a rule, should prefer the Whitworth, but we repeat, without fear of contradiction, that it is not a weapon adapted for ordinary troops.

It is curious to speculate on the nature of the next war between two civilized powers, and the changes that will necessarily spring up owing to the extension of rifled ordnance and fire-arms. Battles will, in all probability, be terminated by the bayonet, but ere the final charge a frightful slaughter must take place. Owing to the reduced weight of the rifled guns many more pieces will be taken into the field, and can be directed to all points should the occasion arise. We shall never hear again of such achievements as Hongoumont, for two or three percussion shells would drive the defenders out like sulphur does bees from a hive; and then, again, cavalry will have entirely laid down their old character, and descended to escort duties. Of what avail would the most brilliant cavalry charge be against guns which can fire three rounds a minute,



and would empty every saddle ere there was a chance of reaching the battery? As we said before, war is becoming intensely prosaic, and individual exploits will give way to the employment of heavy masses and a crushing artillery fire.

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From Memoirs of Napoleon.

## ROMANCE OF HISTORY IN REAL LIFE.

IN the year 1806 it was difficult to find over the whole continent of Europe, a single corner which afforded shelter against the despotism of the Emperor, when it was his pleasure to exercise it. Italy was in his power, Germany almost subjugated, and even as far as the *steppes* of Russia, there was no place which could be said to secure a refuge for the proscribed. French domination extended even to the lion of Saint Mark. The "Code Napoleon" punished the gondolier of the Brenta, and prohibited him from singing his barcaroles. Amongst the numerous foreigners then residing at Venice, was the Marquis de Salvo, a Sicilian nobleman, about twenty years of age, who had quitted Sicily and Naples, and was traveling in Italy. The Marquis was even at this early period of his life distinguished for his talents and knowledge of the world, and he was most cordially received by all the foreigners of rank then in Italy. Of this number was the Countess Attems, the daughter of Baron Herbert, Internuncio from Austria to Constantinople, whose house was the resort of the best company in Venice. A younger sister of the Countess had arrived a short time previously from Germany, for the purpose of recovering her health. This lady was Mrs. Spencer Smith, whose husband was the ambassador from England to Stuttgart. Mrs. Smith seldom quitted her apartment, but those who knew her declared that she was distinguished for grace and beauty, that her mental attainments were of a very superior kind, that she spoke seven languages with perfect purity, was an excellent musician, and was familiar with the

literature of every language she spoke. All that the Marquis de Salvo heard respecting this young lady rendered him extremely desirous to become acquainted with her. On the occasion of the performance of a new piece at the theater, Mrs. Spencer Smith accompanied her sister to her box, when the Marquis, apprised by the Countess of her intention to be present, was gratified by the introduction he so anxiously sought.

Shortly after the Marquis de Salvo's introduction to Mrs. Smith, General Lauriston, one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp, arrived in Venice to exercise the functions of governor. M. de la Garde then filled the post of director-general of the police. One evening the Marquis de Salvo went to pay a visit to the Countess Attems—he found her drawing-room deserted. Astonished at this solitude, he inquired the cause of it, and was informed that M. de la Garde, had that evening sent an *invitation* to Mrs. Spencer Smith, requesting her to *call on him next morning at his office*. The effect of this invitation, which Mrs. Smith in her frankness had thoughtlessly made known, was a signal for every one to desert her, as a person whose society it was almost dangerous to frequent, since she had drawn upon her the attention of the director-general of the police of Venice. The Marquis, indignant at this desertion of Mrs. Smith, generously offered to escort her to the office of M. de la Garde. The director-general of the police received her with every mark of respect, and took pains to dispel the alarm she appeared to be in, assuring her that the suspicions which attached to her name in Paris, evidently originated in

some mistake: probably from the circumstance of her sister receiving so much company. He concluded by suggesting the propriety of her quitting Venice, and recommended her to reside near Padua, where her sister could easily visit her. Mrs. Smith readily promised to take his advice. Her satisfaction at this dreaded interview terminating so calmly, was, however, soon disturbed.

On the following evening, the house of the Countess was abruptly entered by some gendarmes with a brigadier at their head, who unceremoniously ordered Mrs. Smith to confine herself to her own room, where they should guard her as a prisoner. M. de la Garde informed the Marquis de Salvo, who waited upon him without delay, to ascertain the cause of this unexpected harsh measure, that shortly after his interview with Mrs. Spencer Smith on the preceding day, he had received fresh instructions from the cabinet of the Emperor himself. These orders required him to remove the lady from Venice, and to conduct her with an escort of gendarmes to Milan. There she was to be interrogated by the viceroy, and afterward conveyed to France—probably for the purpose of being imprisoned in the citadel of Valenciennes. “The name of Smith,” added he, “is probably one cause of the severity shown to this lady, who is the sister-in-law of Sir Sydney Smith, and the wife of Mr. Spencer Smith, the ambassador from England to Stuttgart. Recollect the affair of Drake, and you will then have a key to circumstances which appear mysterious.”

The Marquis de Salvo, shocked at the contemplation of the rude trials that this charming woman was threatened with, resolved at all hazards to secure her escape. He found it no easy matter to obtain Mrs. Smith's sanction to his project, the generous devotion of which she fully appreciated. She wrote a letter entreating him to abandon his intention, reminding him of the hopelessness of the attempt and of the inevitable ruin to himself, and characterized the plan as the offspring of the ardent and impassioned imagination of a man of twenty, whose services never could be repaid by her gratitude.

The doubt thus slightly glanced at of the purity of his intentions, was emphatically disavowed by the Marquis. He referred to her relationship to Sir Sydney Smith, at that time engaged in protecting

his own sovereign, as a sufficient cause for his risking any danger in her behalf. He should by this service be showing his gratitude to England, the country which had done so much for his unfortunate master. With respect to his own personal sentiments, he assured her that he regarded her with no other affection than that of a brother. He pledged his sacred word of honor, that as soon as she should be in safety and restored to her family, he would leave her without asking to remain another hour near her. The Marquis was the more confirmed in his determination to secure Mrs. Smith's escape, since he well knew that she must otherwise be imprisoned in the citadel of Valenciennes. The Emperor's displeasure had been excited against her in consequence of Drake's affair. Her husband had, happily for him, reached England: but Napoleon had received intelligence, either true or false, which represented that his wife was on the continent as the agent of her husband. Her extraordinary talents, and the number of languages which she spoke with facility, added to her beauty—which was in itself a powerful fascinator—all tended to confirm the Emperor's suspicions, and prompted him to adopt measures so extremely severe toward a female. The Marquis de Salvo reasonably feared that the lady's captivity would be rendered most rigorous, and these apprehensions having been confirmed by something which he heard prior to leaving Venice, he renewed most emphatically to the Count and Countess Attems the solemn assurance that he would save their sister. The Countess overruled her sister's scruples, and the Marquis at length received permission to make arrangements for the execution of his project. He possessed great courage and coolness. One of his first steps was to secure the safety of the two sons of Mrs. Smith, one of whom was seven and the other five years of age, and who might have been retained as hostages after the escape of their mother. It was then about the fifteenth of April. That season of the year is most delightful in Venice, and Mrs. Spencer Smith's children were frequently to be rowed in a gondola. One day the Marquis accompanied them to Fusina. Having reached that place, he said to their tutor: “Here are one hundred louis: take a post-chaise, get into it with your two pupils, and proceed as speedily as

possible to the Countess of Strassoldo's at Gratz in Styria; remain there until Mrs. Smith shall again join her children. Depart without delay." The tutor, an honest German, who was devoted to his patrons, obeyed the Marquis and fulfilled his commission.

On his return to Venice, the Marquis advised Mrs. Smith to write to the principal authorities, stating that she did not consider it safe to undertake so long a journey with no companion but her female servant, and requesting permission for a friend of her family to accompany her—that friend being the Marquis de Salvo. In answer to Mrs. Smith's letter General Lauriston replied: "That he was most happy to find his instructions did not oppose his ready acquiescence in her demands." The Marquis de Salvo accordingly renewed permission to accompany Mrs. Smith. On the twenty-fifth of April, 1806, Mrs. Spencer Smith quitted Venice for Milan, escorted by four gendarmes, and a brigadier named Amédée. This latter rode in the carriage of the prisoner, together with the Marquis, and Louisa, the waiting-woman. General Lauriston and the director-general of the police, in consideration of Mrs. Smith's state of health, had authorized the gendarmes to stop in the fortified towns, when the prisoner should request them to do so, and even to halt for several days if required.

It was at Verona that the Marquis counted on carrying into effect his plan of escape. There was in that city a friend of his childhood whom he loved as a brother, and upon whom he believed he could implicitly rely. This friend was Count Grimani. The Marquis had directed the Countess in English, to say that she was fatigued and required rest. On alighting from the carriage, the Marquis de Salvo hastened to the hotel of Count Grimani. It was closed! He learned from the porter at the gate that the Count was in the country, more than three leagues distant. He immediately wrote a letter to the Count Grimani, in which he said: "An affair, in which my life and my honor are engaged, compels me to appeal to your friendship. I have need of your assistance; but it is necessary to keep this a profound secret; and since you are not in Verona, it is also requisite that our interview should not be known. Come here to-night. At one o'clock, you will find

me in the Arena." The Marquis repaired at the hour fixed by him to the place of rendezvous, and found, to his dismay, that his friend was not there. After waiting some hours during a stormy night, he returned home in despair. In passing the post-house, he stopped to inquire for his postillion, who he found had arrived. He had brought the answer of Count Grimani, who had discovered by the incoherent style of the Marquis's letter that the affair in which he requested his assistance might possibly compromise him. He did not deem it prudent to serve his friend at the risk of his own safety. The Marquis de Salvo angrily tore in pieces the letter of Grimani. "And this is what is called a friend!" cried he, bursting with indignation.

Next morning, at breakfast, the Marquis had to inform Mrs. Smith that the hopes of that night had been thwarted. She endeavored to calm him, as he was much irritated at the conduct of his friend. They staid at Verona till the following morning. Then the little caravan took the road to Brescia, where it arrived on the first of May, 1806. The refusal of Count Grimani was the more vexatious, as there remained for the fugitives no asylum to elude pursuit, allowing that they could steal away from the gendarmes. This circumstance above all others increased the difficulties; for it was in the chateau of Count Grimani that the Marquis reckoned upon concealing Mrs. Smith. Suddenly, however, a thought crossed his mind. The Lake of Garda occurred to him, with its shady banks, and, above all, its boats—those boats which had so often, during the preceding year, conveyed him to parties of pleasure at Riva. A few moments sufficed for him to arrange every thing in his mind, and he communicated his plan to Mrs. Smith in English. On arriving at Brescia, he endeavored to obtain lodgings which might be favorable to the execution of his project. He wished to obtain apartments on a ground floor; but in this he did not succeed, and he was obliged to content himself with a very inferior lodging at the Due Torre inn. It was on the first floor.

The next step was to put the brigadier of the gendarmes off his guard. Luckily Amédée was of a gay, easy temper, and the Marquis soon succeeded in cajoling him. He pretended that he was apprehensive of being observed by Prince Eu-

gone, to whom he was under obligations, in the act of escorting a state-prisoner. That he was anxious on this account to separate from Mrs. Smith at this point, and to rejoin her after she had passed through Milan. Amédée, flattered by the confidence thus shown him, readily promised to break the matter to the lady, and to allow the Marquis to bid her farewell afterward without the presence of a witness.

The Marquis immediately procured a horse, rode to Salons, and hired two boats. One of these boats was for himself and Mrs. Smith; the other was to convey the post-chaise, which was also ordered with the horses. These arrangements occupied nearly three hours. On the other bank of the lake were the passages of the Tyrol, Saltzbourg, and the frontier of Styria. The Marquis returned to Brescia, made several purchases, wrote a long letter explaining all to Mrs. Smith, and then went to her. Amédée kept his word; she was alone, though still guarded. The Marquis then gave his instructions, the most important of which was, that Mrs. Smith should fasten a cord to her window at nine o'clock that night, for the purpose of drawing up a packet and a rope-ladder. The Marquis, after leaving the lady, employed the rest of the day in preparing this ladder. Before evening he had completed one of ten or twelve feet long, and sufficiently strong to bear the fugitive. At nine at night he repaired to a little narrow obscure passage, opposite to the inn of the Due Torre. From thence he saw a light in Mrs. Smith's apartments. The window on the left belonged to the chamber adjoining her room, and which the gendarmes never quitted. Her own window was softly opened when the nearest clock struck nine, and the Marquis saw the cord descend. He approached with caution, but it was scarcely necessary, the street being deserted at that hour, and the weather being bad. The Marquis tied a packet to the cord, and it was quickly drawn up again. He then returned to his hiding-place. This was a barn, in which was the cabriolet and the horse, which he had hired for forty-eight hours. The barn was close to the gate through which they must pass to go to Salons. The Marquis threw himself upon the straw to endeavor to sleep, for he foresaw that if he was not shot the following morning he must remain many days

without rest. The packet which he had carried to Mrs. Smith contained a suit of boy's clothes, the rope-ladder, the letter explaining every thing she would have to do, and a vial, in which were five-and-twenty drops of laudanum. The laudanum was intended as a narcotic potion for the waiting-woman, if she should decline to aid the flight of her mistress. The hour appointed for Mrs. Smith's escape was eleven. At length the clock struck half-past ten, and the Marquis ventured from his retreat. He had on a large military cloak and hat; he walked with the greatest confidence, in order to avoid suspicion.

On reaching the narrow lane opposite the inn of Due Torre, which had already served to conceal him, he trembled, and fancied for a moment that all was discovered. The window next to that of Mrs. Smith, which belonged to the room occupied by the gendarmes, was open, and no light appeared. Was this done the better to surprise them? At this instant eleven o'clock struck from all the churches of Brescia. The Marquis then saw a light glimmer through the white curtains of Mrs. Smith's window. The sash was raised, and the lady appeared in the balcony dressed in male attire. Louise threw a packet to the Marquis, and then lowered a casket which contained Mrs. Smith's jewels. All this was done in profound silence. At length came the moment which the Marquis dreaded. Mrs. Smith, after a short prayer, got over the balcony, and, placing her feet on the ladder, began to descend; but the unsteadiness of the ladder, the height of the window, the danger to which she was exposed, all made such an impression upon her, that she felt her senses failing. Agitated by the dread of falling, and the fear of being discovered, Mrs. Smith let go her hold of the ladder, and dropped into the arms of the Marquis, who fell to the ground with her, but without sustaining any hurt. Whilst they were both recovering themselves, two men passed singing on the other side of the street, without even noticing them. In a few moments the fugitives reached the barn in safety. Mrs. Smith wept. "O poor Louise! if you knew how nobly she has acted. She at first wished to follow me, but afterward, when she saw that was impossible, she told me that lest she should make any answers which might lead to a discovery of my track, she had drank the laudanum. 'This,'

said she, 'will make me sleep, and will prevent my saying a single word which may endanger you.' And before I could prevent her," continued Mrs. Smith, "she had swallowed the whole contents of the little vial. I am alarmed for the consequences."

After they reached the barn, the Marquis recollected that he had left the rope-ladder at the window of the inn. He hoped that Louise had removed it before break of day; but after what he had just heard, he thought it was not likely she could have done so, and the first person passing by might give the alarm. He ran to the inn of the Due Torre; but the ladder was gone from the window. After looking about he found that it had been cut, and was lying on the ground below the window. Louise had returned to the balcony to see if her mistress was out of danger, and perceiving the ladder, she immediately understood all that was to be done. On his return, Mrs. Smith remarked that it was nearly three o'clock, and proposed to depart immediately. "How can we?" said the Marquis; "Brescia is a closed town. We can not get out before the opening of the gates. But, stay! a thought strikes me!"

He took from the cabriolet a blue cloth cap with a gold band and tassel, and having put it on his head, he handed the lady into the cabriolet. Mrs. Smith, it will be recollected, was in male attire. He seated himself by her side, wrapped up in his cloak, and the cabriolet was in a few moments at the gate of the city. "Hollo! how is this?" exclaimed the Marquis, with an oath. "What! the guard of the gates not at his post! I will cashier him!" The man appeared, half-undressed, with the key in his hands. "Who is there?" cried he, in an affrighted tone. "The colonel of the third regiment," answered the Marquis, assuming a gruff tone of voice. "You received notice last evening that I was going into the country to-day. I will punish you." "Colonel, I assure you that I knew nothing of the matter." "Go and open the gates, and do not stand babbling there." The guard opened the gates, holding his cap in his hand, and having again closed them, he returned to bed, whilst the fugitives drove rapidly to Salons. On arriving there they entered their boat, and took the direction of Riva. They now breathed again, and were able to render thanks to Heaven.

But new disasters awaited the fugitives. In order to obtain fresh horses at Trent, it was necessary that Mrs. Smith's passport should be shown. That of the Marquis bore his real description, but it contained the word *cameriere*, which he had altered to *cameriera*. Mrs. Smith having resumed her female attire, the officer would probably have let them pass, but it happened to be the commissary of police who examined the passport. Probably out of humor at being roused from his bed, he examined the passport very minutely, and discovered that it was a false one. However, as he must have a more careful examination of the parties, and as by not giving the order for the horses which were required, he was very certain to find them again on the following morning, he postponed until eight o'clock the further examination of the passport, and returned to bed. "There is no time for hesitation," said the Marquis, "we must proceed on foot, otherwise we are lost." Mrs. Smith was overcome with fatigue; but on seeing the imminent danger in which she stood, she determined to follow the advice of the Marquis. He had observed the countenance of the master of the inn; he appeared to be a kind-hearted man. He went to him and made some other inquiries about the road they were to take. The worthy man observed: "It is impossible that the young lady can undertake the journey on foot in the middle of the night. You are not here under any *surveillance*," added he; "if you will give me your word of honor that you have committed no offense against the government of my country, I will furnish you with a cabriolet. I can also spare you a horse, which will very well bear a long journey. Depart, then, and may Heaven protect you!"

He himself put the horse to the vehicle, and having assisted the lady and the Marquis into the carriage, mounted it himself in order to answer with his name to the guard at the gates. In this manner they passed without difficulty. It was two o'clock in the morning when they left Trent. The good landlord of the inn left them at a distance of one league from the city. Mrs. Smith was greatly incommoded by the jolting of the vehicle. At intervals they heard at a distance an indistinct sound like the rolling of a carriage, and the smacking of a whip. This sound proceeded from the direction of Trent.

At length it came so near upon them that Mrs. Smith became greatly terrified. They were then on a summit above a very deep valley, in which flowed a little river, or rather a torrent. On the other side was a steep and well-wooded mountain. The Marquis did not hesitate; he saw at some distance behind him a calèche full of men in uniform. Were they then pursued? This was probable, if not certain. From the position of the two carriages, the Marquis could clearly distinguish every thing, whilst the sun shone in the eyes of those that approached, so that they could not perceive him. "Do not be alarmed," said he to Mrs. Smith, and, taking the horse by the bridle, he led him down rapidly to the bottom of the valley, and having urged the animal across the little torrent, he entered a thicket formed by the young trees which grew at the foot of the mountain. The rolling of the carriages was soon heard on the heights. The noise was at first loud, then it became more distant, and at last it ceased altogether. The Marquis sallied forth to reconnoiter. On his return, he said: "I have found a footpath, which may almost be called a road. The carriage can pass through it; we must take this way, for it is advisable we should avoid the towns and high-roads." He then explained to Mrs. Smith that his object was to gain the frontier of Styria, by passing along the border of the territory of Saltzbourg. The trial which they had made of their passport at Trent, was not calculated to give them confidence on passing through the cities. It was necessary then to proceed by by-roads, and above all things to guard against being met and recognized. The escape had been known for three days past. A description had been circulated of their persons, and the situation of the fugitives was in every respect more perilous than it had been before their flight from Brescia. Mrs. Smith was aware of this, and she gave renewed proofs of that fortitude of mind which she had evinced throughout her misfortunes. She ascended the mountain on foot. When they had reached the summit, they perceived with delight a solitary house which appeared to be a farm. The heat was excessive, and the unfortunate lady had nothing to quench her thirst but a little water, so heated by the sun, that it was scarcely drinkable. They arrived at length before the door of

the house. It was closed, and the barking of two or three dogs was at first the only answer they could obtain. At length, a window above the door was opened, and a young woman asked them in no very gentle tone what they wanted.

She was, after a short parley, induced to let them in, and placed before the exhausted travelers some refreshment. They had scarcely finished their repast, when a man of repulsive manners, and armed as is the custom on the mountains, made his appearance. This was the master of the house. He eyed the guests with suspicion, and questioned them very closely; presently his attention was directed to Mrs. Smith's little casket of jewels, which he suddenly seized upon and opened. The sight of its contents confirmed him in the idea that the strangers were adventurers—possibly thieves, and even murderers.

This unfavorable opinion he very coarsely expressed, and poor Mrs. Smith was overcome with terror.

"You are not common travelers," exclaimed he. "It is my duty to arrest you, young man, and to go to the neighboring town for assistance to conduct you to the prison of Trent."

He advanced toward the Marquis, whose pistols were in the cabriolet, and who now trembled on thinking of the consequences which might result from being conveyed under such suspicious circumstances to Trent, whence he had fled on the preceding night. "Hear me," said he to the man, drawing him aside, "take care of what you are doing." And with ready invention, fabricating a story, he told him that they were emigrants, that the jewels were his wife's property, and concluded by offering him twenty piastres to allow them to depart. "If you would give me forty, I would not," answered the man. "It is plain that you are eluding justice. Come, go before me," added he, at the same time taking one of his pistols. "Obey, or I will shoot you."

The Marquis refused to move, and the man was about to take him by the arm to force him forward, when his wife, moved by the tears of Mrs. Smith, interceded so urgently in their behalf, that at length her husband's pity was moved, and he himself put the horse to, with which they were to resume their journey. It was already late; but in spite of all the offers and entreaties of Mrs. Smith, he refused to allow them to pass the night in his

house. "Begone!" he said. "All I can do for you is to let you depart. May Heaven pardon me if you are guilty!"

The Marquis and Mrs. Smith resumed their journey; it was then quite dark. They traveled on until nearly daylight amongst the mountains, and in the morning found themselves near a fortified farm, of which there were many at that period in the Tyrol. At this farm they breakfasted. They then again set out on their melancholy and dangerous pilgrimage. They bent their course toward Berthold-Scalden, which is a watering-place. It was necessary to avoid passing through the town. The Marquis was slightly acquainted with the suburbs of Berthold-Scalden, and drove toward the lake of Zell. They arrived at a small inn situated on the margin of the lake, where there happened to be lying a variety of journals upon the table. Eager to see if any description had been given of them, the Marquis seized the first which lay before him. It happened to be a Trent paper. He read under the head Milan, that the police of Trent declared Mrs. Spencer Smith and the Marquis de Salvo to be fugitives, and authorized any of the inhabitants of the kingdom of Italy to arrest them, if they should be discovered, and to send them under a safe escort to Milan, where the Marquis would be brought to trial for having favored the escape of a prisoner of state of the French Empire. Unwilling to alarm Mrs. Smith by explaining to her the new danger that had arisen, he merely informed her that they must immediately depart. At this moment the sound of military music was heard. The Marquis advanced to the window, and beheld in a little meadow near the house several squadrons of cavalry. On inquiring of the landlord of the inn, he learned that they were troops that had been about a week in Berthold-Scalden, and that they occasionally came to exercise on the banks of the lake. The Marquis knew a great many officers in the Bavarian as well as in the French regiments. He was obliged to renounce all idea of passing these troops; a fatality seemed to pursue the unfortunate fugitives. "What is to be done?" ejaculated Mrs. Smith, weeping. "I will deliver myself up, and do you save yourself into the Tyrol: a man may easily escape." The unfortunate lady knew nothing of the Trent journal, which the Marquis had

thrown into the fire. "We must cross the lake," said he, "and find refuge in the neighboring mountains. Courage, I beg of you, and all will be well again." But at that moment he himself had not much hope.

They crossed the lake, and steered their boat towards the hermitage. The Marquis's plan was to solicit an asylum of the recluse, which he knew he could grant without peril to himself. This was their only alternative. They passed two days in the chapel, which was situated in the midst of a wood of fir trees, and but little frequented by the inhabitants of Berthold-Scalden. In the evening of the second day they heard the sound of military instruments. As soon as the sun had gone down the Marquis crossed the lake to obtain some information. The regiments had continued their march towards Saltzbourg, and the fugitives could now proceed. They determined to depart immediately, and, cautioned by the advice of the hermit, they avoided Berthold-Scalden, by going round it. Next day they passed through Rastadt, a large town, in which they stopped to dine. They were then not more than two leagues from the frontier of Styria. "At length we are safe!" ejaculated the Marquis.

Alas! they were now less safe than ever. After having dined they cheerfully resumed their route, and reached without difficulty an interior barrier which opened on the road to Styria. They confidently presented their passport. The guard read it, then began to laugh, ran to his desk, took out another paper, compared them together, and again laughed very heartily. When people laugh, there is generally nothing alarming; nevertheless the fugitives inquired the reason of his hilarity, and the man, still laughing, presented to them the paper which he had compared with the passport, and on reading it they commenced laughing as heartily as he did. The Marquis thought they were mystifying him. At length he learned the truth, which was sufficiently amusing. The young Princess de F.....g had fallen in love with a bookseller's clerk at Vienna. This feeling of tenderness was mutual, and the two lovers had fled in order to escape from the power of the lady's family, and from the Imperial authority, which is always exercised to punish unequal matches of this kind. The

Austrian government had sent a description of the two fugitives to all the large cities of Germany, France, and Italy, accompanied by an order to the chief authorities to transmit the description of the two individuals to all the places through which they were likely to pass. The guard of the barrier of Styria had received this description in common with others. It represented the young lady to be fair, and the young man dark. This circumstance had excited his risibility; for he thought it droll that they should have come so unsuspectingly to deliver themselves up; especially the young man, who had reason to apprehend severe chastisement. Mrs. Smith, showing to the guard the two descriptions, explained to him that the fair and the dark complexions were the only points of resemblance between the fugitives and themselves, who were inoffensive travelers. The man was convinced of what she said, but nevertheless would not take upon himself the responsibility of letting them go. He proposed their going to Saltzbourg, where their passport could be examined. In this dilemma no other resource seemed to offer itself to the Marquis than that of disguising themselves as shepherds. At that season of the year the sheep were moving in large flocks to their summer pastures, and the Marquis thought they might easily pass as belonging to some party of shepherds. Mrs. Smith submitted, though with some reluctance, and the Marquis returned to Rastadt to purchase their disguises. As ill-luck would have it, the man of whom the dresses were purchased was attached to the police. He questioned the messenger employed by the Marquis, and elicited the truth. He said nothing, but sold the two dresses. However, when the fugitives were about to set out, in gay spirits at the apparent success of their maneuver, they were rudely seized and taken back to the inn they had just quitted, where they found a commissary of police. He eyed the lady for a long time with an air of insolence. "What is your name?" he at length inquired. "Mrs. Spencer Smith, daughter of Baron Herbert, the Internuncio from Austria to Constantinople, and wife of the ambassador from England to Stuttgart." Mrs. Smith immediately perceived that she could only serve herself and her companion by avowing the truth. She was now upon the

Austrian territory. The government might not be sufficiently strong to save her; but the subalterns might be overawed by her tone of authority, and let her go. In fact, the commissary seemed for a moment overwhelmed by this litany of great names, though he looked as if he did not believe she was telling truth. "And why this costume?" "Because I choose to wear it. That is a matter which does not concern you!" "Humph! and where are you going?" "To the residence of my sister, the Countess Strassoldo, at Gratz, in Styria." "Who is this man who accompanies you?" "My valet-de-chambre." "I can not come to any decision in your case," said the commissary. "You must accompany me to St. Maria." All this time the Marquis was under guard in an adjoining chamber. But he had heard the questions and answers, and that was sufficient for his guidance in his examination. Next morning they all departed for St. Maria; Mrs. Smith in a carriage, and the Marquis on foot between two soldiers. St. Maria is a very small garrison town of the Tyrol. On arriving there the commissary related the affair to a superior officer, who was commandant of the town, whose first impression was that this female was an adventurer; he went to Mrs. Smith, and interrogated her himself with that politeness which a man naturally shows to a pretty and engaging woman, but he seemed to change his tone when she described herself to be Mrs. Spencer Smith. "You assume a respectable name, Madam," said he, "and this imposture may bring you into trouble. You are not Mrs. Spencer Smith. Tell me the truth, and perhaps I may serve you." "And am I not Mrs. Spencer Smith, sir?" said she, with a smile. "Have you then so treacherous a memory? Can you have forgotten, sir, that when Mr. Spencer Smith, the English ambassador at Stuttgart, came last year to Inspruck, his wife, who was with him, gave a ball, to which many officers were invited? Several of them could not get admittance in consequence of the smallness of the apartments; and that one of these gentlemen, Baron de —, yourself, sir, came recommended by a lady of Inspruck. Through that recommendation you obtained a preference over many of your friends." The Baron now recognized the graceful form of the lady to whose hospitality he had



been so much indebted, and eagerly endeavored to make amends for his recent ungallant treatment of her by offering her his utmost aid. He went to the commissary of police, to whom he certified, upon his word of honor, that this lady was Mrs. Spencer Smith. "Indeed!" said the commissary, "so much the worse for her; I have just been reading the *Trent Gazette*, which my secretary has handed to me. Read this paragraph." The Baron here read the paragraph which the Marquis had seen at the inn on the lake Zell. He knew not what to do. France could reach her victims wheresoever they might fly. "We must not compromise ourselves in this affair," said the commissary of police; "I must send the lady and her valet-de-chambre to Salzbouurg. But it is needless to make enemies any where; therefore you had better conduct her thither as a mark of respect." "Not I," said the Baron. "I will not play the part of a gendarme to so lovely and amiable a woman." "Would you wish her to have four soldiers and a corporal for her escort?" "Certainly not." "It must be you or they, there is no choice. I will inform her that we can not take upon ourselves the responsibility of allowing her to proceed."

They departed for Salzbouurg, which, by the recent treaty of Presbourg, belonged to Austria. The Marquis mounted the box along with the coachman, and during the journey, which lasted a day and a half, he waited at table as expertly as if he had been accustomed to the duties of a valet. On arriving at Salzbouurg, the prisoner, for such she still was, was conducted to the principal inn in the town, and the Baron went to apprise the authorities of Mrs. Smith's arrival, having first placed two sentinels at her door. The director-general of the police at Salzbouurg was a shrewd, clever man. He probably thought it ridiculous that a woman should be charged with political offenses, and, though very polite, he threw a little sarcasm into his interrogatory. "Who is the man who accompanies you, madam?" "My valet-de-chambre." "His name?" "Francesco Raimondo." "How long has he been with you?" "Three months." The director-general left the apartment, making a very low bow.

The Marquis was guarded in one of the chambers of the house. He was con-

ducted to the hotel of the police, where an interrogatory was commenced which threatened to prove dangerous to him. At the termination of which a tall thin old man entered, who, by his bunch of keys might be recognized as a jailer. The Marquis was consigned to his safeguard, and in a few moments he found himself in a chamber ten feet long by seven wide, under the castle, at two hundred feet below the ground. They brought him some soup, bread, and water, and then left him to enjoy himself at his ease. Toward evening a man entered his prison, said to him in Latin: "Your mistress is saved, my friend; she has departed for Lintz." "Is it true?" exclaimed the Marquis. "Heaven be praised!" "Truly," said the man, smiling at the facility with which the prisoner understood his Latin, "you are a very attached, very devoted servant; but for yourself, who will save you, my friend?" "God," answered the Marquis, making an allusion to the motto of his house.\* Some moments after, he was ordered to attend the cabinet of the director. "Do you know the Marquis de Salvo?" he inquired abruptly. "Certainly. I know him well. He is my master," said the Marquis, without appearing disconcerted. "Why did you leave him?" "By his order, to follow Mrs. Smith, and to endeavor to save her; and my only regret is, that I have not entirely succeeded." "At what town did you leave your master?" "At Venice." They remained in silence for some time; the director of the police then rang a bell in a peculiar way, as he had done on the first occasion, and immediately a man came in whose looks were not more propitious than those of the other jailer. He conducted the Marquis to another place of confinement, which he entered by a low wicket-door. The dungeon contained only two seats and a litter of straw; it had all the appearance of a place whence a prisoner could hope to be released only by death. For the first time M. de Salvo felt his confidence begin to fail him. He stretched himself on the straw litter, and fatigue and anxiety of mind soon threw him into a profound sleep. He had slept for a considerable time when the jailer entered, and respectfully requested him to follow him to the director of the police. The

\* *In Deo Salus*. The device of the Salvo family, and the origin of their name.

latter, as soon as the Marquis entered his cabinet, flew to embrace him. "My dear Marquis," said he, "why did you oblige me to treat you with such severity? This was not fair." The Marquis, fearing that this was a snare to entrap him, at first denied that he was himself. But the director showed him a letter from Mrs. Smith, who had arrived at Lintz, where she was to remain until the receipt of Count Stadion's answer, and where the Marquis was to join her. Nothing could have happened more luckily, for the Marquis had well-nigh paid for all, inasmuch as the police of both Venice and Milan were in pursuit of him. A description of his person had been posted up in all the throughfares, and those who should conceal him were threatened with severe punishment. He was now liberated, and he immediately set off for Lintz, where he joined Mrs. Smith, and after the lapse of two or three weeks the answer arrived from Vienna. It was arranged that Mrs. Smith should assume the name of Muller, and embark at one of the northern ports. She immediately left Lintz and proceeded to Gratz, where she joined her sister, the Countess Strassoldo.

It will be recollected that when at Venice Mrs. Smith rejected the offer of

the Marquis de Salvo, he assured her of his disinterestedness, by promising that as soon as he should have restored her to her family he would not even ask the reward of spending another hour in her society. As soon as they arrived at Gratz, the Marquis hired a post-chaise and went to fetch Mrs. Smith's children, who were at some little distance from the town. Presenting the two boys to their mother, he said: "Here are your children and your sister; you are now safe under the roof of your family: I therefore bid you adieu. I leave you, and I hope I have convinced you that a man of honor is capable of performing a generous action without the hope of reward."

Mrs. Smith, overpowered by her feelings of gratitude, held out her hand to him. She begged that he would remain in safety under her sister's roof, and not again expose himself to the dangers which he had incurred for her sake. He complied with her request. Shortly afterward they proceeded to Russia, and embarked at Riga on her return to England. On his arrival in London the Marquis de Salvo received the thanks of Mrs. Smith's family, and Queen Charlotte, the consort of George III., publicly expressed her satisfaction of his conduct.

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**MR. HERBERT COLERIDGE.**—We announce with much regret the premature death of one whose early promise gave high hopes of future eminence. From his father, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and his mother, Sarah Coleridge, the daughter of the poet and philosopher, Herbert Coleridge seemed to have inherited all the genius of that gifted family. His career at Oxford was crowned with the highest attainable honors. He took a double first in the Easter of 1852. On leaving the University he was called to the bar, but literature continued to occupy his leisure. He became Secretary to the Philological Society, and was associated with the Dean of Westminster in a project for rescuing from oblivion and restoring to the English language words used by the best writers of the seventeenth century, but not acknowledged by Johnson and his successors. For the last five years, we believe, his life and energies have been gradually undermined by the fatal disease which so often accompanies genius and sensibility, and which has now brought him to an early grave. —*London Daily News.*

A new steamer has been constructed in England and successfully tried, which is developing the advantages of some recent discoveries. The Mooltan is 370 feet in length, 39 feet beam, with depth of hold 31 feet, and of 2600 tons burden. Her steam is made from four moderate-sized boilers, with 4800 feet surface and 100 feet of fire-bars. Her cylinder is "jacketed" on a new principle, which enables the use of dry steam first, and afterward when expanded. Her speed is 12 to 13½ knots, with the consumption of only one ton of coal per hour. The most remarkable thing about her is the adaptation of the well-known principle of the water or hydraulic ram, the invention of Montgolfier. A head of water is raised by a small donkey machine, and an effective pressure is obtained of 700 pounds to the inch. This force is conveyed by a very simple gearing to various parts of the steamer, and used to start and reverse the engines, to weigh anchor, and to steer the ship. A child can handle the tiller in a storm as well as eight or ten men in the usual way.

From Chambers's Journal.

## THE ANTE-NUPTIAL LIE.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

On the morning of my twenty-third birth-day, I awoke early, and with a profound sense of happiness and thankfulness. My five years of married life, without having been a realized dream or sentimental idyl, had inclosed the happiest and worthiest period of my existence. Tracing the details of it, I rejoiced to think my worst difficulties were overcome, and that strong affection and deep-rooted esteem had changed an anxious course of duty into blessedness and fruition.

My husband, Mr. Anstruther, had yielded to my earnest wish to celebrate our wedding anniversary in our country home, and had granted me just three days, snatched from the toil of active parliamentary life, to taste my holiday; and I was tasting it slowly, but with intense enjoyment, as I stepped out that morning upon the dewy lawn, and devoured, with my aching London sight, one of the loveliest park landscapes in all England. I looked in the distance upon low ranges of hills, blue in the early misty light, and granting, here and there, peeps of the adjacent sea, sleeping quietly beneath the rosy amber of the eastern sky, and immediately at my feet upon flower-gardens planned and cultivated with all the exigence of modern taste, and glowing with a hundred dyes. My mind recurred involuntarily to the narrow court in which my father's house was situated, and to the dreary prospect of brick and mortar—of factory-chimney and church-steeple, which for eighteen years had bounded my horizon; and if the recollection brought with it the old inevitable association, I was able to thank God that now no pulse beat quicker, no traitorous thrill responded.

How strange it seems that fate should come upon us with such overwhelming suddenness, that we are not suffered to hear the approaching footstep or see the outstretched arm, but are struck down

instantly by the blow which might perhaps have been withstood, had a moment's warning been granted! I went back to the house that morning with the most absolute sense of security and happiness; but on the threshold of the breakfast-room I met my husband, and the first glance at his face told me something was wrong. His face was always grave—it was now stern; his manner was always reserved—it was now severe.

I had approached him naturally with smiling face and outstretched hand, anticipating his congratulations; but I stood still at once, as efficiently arrested as if he had held a drawn sword at my breast.

"That is right," he said; "come no nearer!" Then, after a pause, he added, "You have been up some time; let us have breakfast at once;" and he opened the door of the room for me to enter. I took my place, and went through the accustomed forms without a word. I saw he wished me to eat and drink, and I did so, although the effort nearly choked me. Indeed, I was thankful for the few minutes' respite, and was striving to command my resources for the approaching conflict with all the strength of mind I possessed. I was not altogether ignorant of what had come upon me; there could be between us but that one point of disunion, that one cause of reproach; and surely, surely, neither God nor man could condemn me as without excuse upon that score!

While I ate, he walked deliberately up and down the room, making no pretence to eat; and as soon as I had finished, he rang the bell to have the table cleared, and then sat down before it opposite to me. "We have friends asked to dinner to-day to celebrate the double anniversary of our marriage and your birthday—have we not?" he said, leaning his arms heavily on the table, and gazing steadily into my face. "I shall not meet them. I fear it will be impossible for me ever to recognize you as my wife again!"

I think he expected that the cruel abruptness of this announcement would strike me swooning, or at least convicted, at his feet; but it did not. My heart did for a moment seem to stand still, and every drop of blood faded from my cheeks, but I did not tremble or flinch under his hard scrutiny. I was even able to speak.

"Tell me at once," I said, "the meaning of this. You are under some delusion. What have I done?"

As I spoke, his face softened; I could see, in spite of the iron mold of his physiognomy, the instinctive hope, the passionate yearning produced by my manner; it was very evanescent, however, for almost before I had gathered courage from the look, it was gone, and all the hardness had returned.

"I am not the man," he said, "to bring a premature or rash accusation, especially against the woman I have made my wife. I accuse you of having deceived me, and here is the proof."

He opened his pocket-book slowly, and took out a letter. I recognized it instantly, and my heart sank. I had sufficient self-command to repress the cry that rose instinctively to my lips, but no effort could keep back the burning glow which dyed face and hands like conscious guilt.

My husband looked at me steadily, and his lip curled. "I will read the letter," he said.

The letter began thus: "You have told me again and again that you loved me: were those words a lie? You shall not make good your Moloch offering, and sacrifice religion and virtue, body and soul, youth and happiness, to your insatiate craving after position and wealth. This man is too good to be cajoled. What if I showed him the pledges of your love? taught him the reliance that is to be placed on your faith? Why should you reckon upon my submission to your perjury?"

The letter ran on to great length, mingling vehement reproaches with appeals and protestations of such unbridled passion, that as my husband read them his voice took a tone of deeper scorn, and his brow a heavier contraction.

The letter was addressed to me, on the back of the same sheet on which it was written; it was not dated beyond "Tuesday evening," but the post-mark, unusually legible, showed May 19, 1850—just

three days before we were married. My husband indicated these facts with the same deliberation that had marked his conduct throughout, and then he said: "I found this letter last night in your dressing-room after you had left it; perhaps I ought not to have read it, but it would now be worse than mockery to make any excuses for so doing. I have nothing more to say until I have listened to your explanation. You tell me I am under a delusion—it will therefore be necessary for you to prove that this letter is a forgery."

He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, and passed his hand over his forehead with a gesture of weariness; otherwise, he had sustained his part in the scene with a cold insensibility which seemed unnatural, and which filled me with the most dreadful foreboding of failure and misery. I did not misjudge him so far as to suppose for a moment that he was as insensible as he appeared, but I perceived that his tenacious and inflexible nature had been cut to the quick both in its intense pride and love, and that though the wound bled inwardly—bled mortally, perchance—he would never utter a cry, or even allow a pang.

Alas! alas! he would never forgive me. The concealment, the deception, as he would call it, which had appeared to me justifiable, would seem crime and outrage in his eyes. I lowered my head beneath his searching gaze, and remained silent.

"You have nothing to say?" he inquired, after a vain pause for me to speak. "You can not deny that letter? God is my witness," he said solemnly, "that I wish to be a merciful judge. I may hold extreme views of a girl's folly, a woman's weakness: you would only be vain and faithless, like your sex, if you had played with this young man's feelings and deceived his hopes. Is this your explanation?"

It was a very snare of Satan offered for my fall—one easy lie. "I deceived him, but never you." And the way of forgiveness was open. I saw he was clinging to the hope with a concentrated eagerness it was impossible for him entirely to disguise. Oh! was it necessary for my punishment that the hard task should be made harder by that relenting glance?

I only hesitated for a moment; the discipline of the last five years had not left

me so blind and weak as even in this supreme emergency to reject truth for expediency. However he might judge me, I must stand clear before God and my conscience.

"No, Malcolm," I said desperately; "the truth is rather as it first appeared to you. I have been guilty in this matter, but my fault is surely one that you will consent to pardon; for even were it greater, I think our five years of happy union might turn the scale in my favor."

"Yes," he said; "you have borne with the difficulties of my temper with angelic patience, until the passion which induced me to marry you, despite of many obstacles, was weakness in comparison with the love I had for you—yesterday. Only tell me I have not been your dupe throughout—only——" He broke off abruptly. "I can bear no more fencing round the point," he said harshly; "one word is enough—did you love this youth?"

"I did, from childhood, with all my heart and soul."

"Up to the date of that letter?" he asked quietly, but the muscles worked round the clenched lips.

"Yes, and beyond it," I found courage to say; but hardly had the words been spoken, when I felt I had exceeded the limit of his endurance. An involuntary oath escaped his lips.

I saw there was no hope for me in deprecation and irresolution; I must speak to the point, and decisively. "I have a right to be heard before I am condemned," I said, "and I claim my right. I confess I loved the youth who wrote that letter, but it would have been a miracle had it been otherwise. You know from what a life you rescued me; a prisoner in the dull rooms above my father's book-store, without a pleasure, a friend, a hope in life. You were astonished at my proficiency in unusual studies: if at that time an active brain had not driven me to intellectual labor, I should have gone mad in the midst of my austere and desperate loneliness. I was scarcely fifteen when Duncan Forsyth, a kinsman of my father's, came to study medicine in our city university, and to live as boarder in our house. I say it was inevitable that such a connection should in due course ripen into love. He was young, gifted, and attractive, but it would have needed but half his endowments to win my heart

then. I was nothing but a blind, passionate child, neglected utterly till he flattered, caressed, and wooed me. I think he loved me with all the faculty of love he had, and for a time we were very happy. To me, it was a delicious dream——Have patience with me, Malcolm; I must tell all the truth. My dream, at least, was brief enough; I soon awoke to discover, it little matters how, that the lover I was canonizing in my imagination, as the type of heroic virtue, was unworthy. For a while, I would not believe; when conviction became inevitable, I clung desperately to the forlorn-hope of reform. It was in vain; his vices were too confirmed and tyrannous for even my influence—and it was great—to overcome. Then I gave him up. I thought the struggle would kill me, for my foolish soul clung to him desperately, but I could not mate with drunkenness and dishonor. My father who had approved of our engagement, and who did not know or believe the facts concerning him, upbraided and coerced me: Duncan himself, relying on my weakness, tried all the skill he had to move me, till I was nearly frantic in my misery.

"It was just at this crisis that you first saw me, visited my father's book-store, and desired to be made known to me. What followed, I need not tell. You told me you loved me well enough to marry me, despite of social inferiority, if I thought I could love you in return—if I had a young girl's free heart to give you. You insisted upon this, Malcolm—I dare not deny it—and I came to you with a lie in my right hand! Here lies my offense, and, God knows, I do not wish to palliate it; but before you utterly condemn me, consider the temptation. My father forbade Duncan the house, and threatened me if I dared to tell you the truth concerning him; but I hardly think that would have moved me, had I not persuaded myself also that I was justified in deceiving you. Had I told you I loved Duncan Forsyth, you would have given me up, and shut against me all the vague but glorious hopes such an alliance offered; but more than all, I knew this unworthy love must soon die out, and that my deep recognition and reverence for your goodness and excellence would end in an affection stronger and deeper than the weak passion of a girl. Before God, I vowed to do my duty; from that hour, I have

striven, with his help, to keep my vow; and save in that preliminary falsehood, Malcolm, I have never wronged you."

My husband had recovered his self-command while I was speaking, but the last phrase seemed to overthrow it again. "Wronged me!" he repeated, and the intonation, quiet as it was, thrilled me like physical pain, it was so hard and unrelenting. "I wish to be calm, Ellinor," he continued, "and therefore I will speak briefly. You seem to think you have extenuated yourself by your confession. To my heart and mind you are condemned past forgiveness. Nay, do not plead or protest," he said, with a haughty movement of restraint, as I was about to approach him; "it is a point for feeling, not casuistry to decide. You understand fully the delusion under which I married you. I imagined I took to my arms a pure-hearted girl, fresh and innocent as her seclusion warranted me to believe her; instead of that, I find myself to have been cajoled by a disappointed woman, with a heart exhausted by precocious passion. You think it excuse sufficient that it was your *interest* to deceive me; to my mind, the fact adds only insult to the injury. Ellinor, you have ruined the happiness of my life. While I have been resting on the solace of your love, worshiping you for your sweet patience with a temper roughened by many causes unknown to your inexperience, it has all been the insensibility of preoccupation, or at best a miserable calculation of duty. So gross is your sense of conjugal faith, that because your treachery has been only of the heart, you dare to say you have never wronged me, and to call upon God to approve your virtue because the lapse of time and better influences, I trust, have enabled you to school a disgraceful passion, and offer a measure of regard for the immeasurable devotion I have felt for you."

He paused in spite of himself, unable to proceed, and before he could prevent me, I had thrown myself at his feet. It was in vain to argue—to fight against his hard words; I could only implore.

"Malcolm," I cried, "you can not believe what you say. Your affection has been the chief happiness of my happy life; you could not desire, you could not exact from a wife a deeper love, more entire and minute, than I feel for you. Forgive this one deception, Malcolm; believe me now."

I would fain have been eloquent, but sobs choked my voice. I was completely overcome; and when he forcibly extricated himself from my hold, I fell almost prostrate at his feet. He lifted me up coldly but courteously, and placed me on the sofa.

"Pardon me," he said; "this excitement is too much for you, and can do no good. When you are calmer, we will conclude this matter."

There was the same cruel decision of tone and aspect in his manner which had marked it throughout the interview, and which convinced me he still adhered to his original purpose. I felt my situation was desperate, and that the time for prayers and tears was over. Were all my hopes of the future—his happiness, too, in which was involved my own—to be dashed to pieces against the rock of his unjust severity? Was it required of me to submit passively to disgrace and misery? In a moment, I too had taken my resolve, and conquered my agitation; I rose up nerved and calm, and spoke accordingly.

"One word before you leave me," I said. "However this ends between us, you do not, I suppose, desire to inflict upon me unnecessary shame and exposure. I request you, as a personal favor—it may be the last I shall ever ask—to postpone your decision till to-morrow, and help me to-day to entertain our friends as much as possible in the accustomed manner. Do you hesitate, Malcolm?"

His face flushed; some impulse seemed to incline him to refuse, but he checked it. "It shall be as you desire," he said coldly; and left me alone—alone with the conviction of a blasted life!

For a few moments, with my hands clasped over my eyes, to shut out the redundant sunshine, I sat trying to realize my position. Granting that the threatened separation was effected with a so-called due regard to my honor and future relations with society, all that I valued and cared for in life would be irremediably destroyed. What honor remains to the wife repudiated by an honorable husband? What chance of happiness for her when at the same time he is the center of her affection, of all her worldly ambition and hope? Doubtless, I was tolerant to my own transgression, but I alone knew the force of the temptation. I alone knew—what, alas! I felt my husband would never believe—how near extinction was the old

love smoldering beneath its own contempt, and how strong was the gratitude and esteem he had already excited. Oh! could I but convince him of my love for him! I rose up and paced the room. I felt he judged me harshly, was severe even to cruelty; but then I knew the innate inflexibility of his temper, and his rigorous sense of truth and duty. I knew how love, pride, and self-esteem had been all alike wounded, and I pitied him even in the extremity of my misery almost more than I pitied myself. Still, I would not accept my ruin at his relentless hands; I was a true wife, and would not submit to the position of a false one. I had vowed to love and honor him till death parted us, and nothing but compulsion should make me abandon my post.

I scarcely know how I got through that day; but the necessity for self-command was so stringent, that I could not but meet it. Fortunately, our guests were only a few country neighbors, for it was in the height of the London season, and I in some measure supported myself by the belief that their unsuspecting cordiality was not likely to make any discoveries. Mr. Anstruther's hospitality was always splendid, and his deportment as host peculiarly gracious and inviting, and if there was any difference on this occasion, it would be impalpable to all but a very keen observer. I perceived, indeed, a change in the aspect of the countenance I had long studied so closely, and beyond that, the intonation of his voice when addressing me fell hard and constrained upon my shrinking ear. It was over at last; and I saw our last guest depart smiling and congratulatory, with the consolation at least left me that I had acted my part successfully.

The next day, the trial was renewed. Mr. Anstruther wrote me a few words, saying it was his intention to return to his parliamentary duties that day, and that he deemed it advisable I should remain in the country. His final determination and all accessory arrangements should be made known to me through the family lawyer, which would spare the pain of a second interview. "Cruel!" I said to myself, crushing the letter in my nervous hand, and for a moment a passionate feeling rose in my heart that I would suffer things to take their hard course, and leave duty and effort unattempted. It was but a brief paroxysm; for, at the same instant,

I saw a tiny, white-robed figure sitting across the lawn toward my open window, and the sweet shrill voice of our little daughter crying aloud: "Mamma, mamma, may I come in?" I stepped out and met her; stooped down and kissed the eager, upturned face; and with that quiet kiss I renewed my vow, and strengthened it with a prayer.

"My darling," I said, "go into papa's study, and tell him mamma is coming to speak to him, if he is not busy." She ran away on her errand, and I followed at once; I did not mean to be refused. It was well I did so, for he had already risen, as if to leave the room, and had taken the child in his arms, to carry her away with him. As I entered, his face flushed with a mixed expression of anger and pain; but he was soon calm again, sent away our little girl, and then placed me a chair. "There is no occasion for me to sit," I said, with a voice as steady as concentrated resolution could make it; "I shall not need to detain you long. I come to say, Malcolm, that I am quite willing to obey you so far as to remain here while you return to London, but that I must positively refuse to have any interview with your lawyer."

"You refuse!"

"I do refuse, and that finally," I pursued, "for it would answer no end. I could only tell him what I come now to tell you, that no power save physical coercion shall separate me from you. I know it is in vain to extenuate my fault in your eyes, but it is at least one on which no legal proceedings can be raised: you can not divorce your wife because she told you an ante-nuptial lie. It remains to you to abandon or malign her, but I will be accessory to no mutual arrangement. My duty is by your side while life lasts, whether in weal or woe, and I will hold my post. That is, henceforth I will consider this our home, and will remain here, unless driven from it. I am now, as before, your true wife in heart and soul, as in word and deed; as anxious to fulfill my sweet duty to you, with no hope in life so strong as your forgiveness."

I had said my say, and was going, for I dared not trust myself longer, dared not even look into my husband's face to read the effect of my words, but he arrested me with a peremptory motion.

"Am I to understand, Ellinor, that you mean to defy my determined purpose; and

in spite of alienation and contempt, to insist upon the shelter of my roof, or rather to exile me from a place which would be intolerable under such circumstances? Do not be afraid, if you will consent to a formal separation, that the terms of it shall fail in all possible delicacy and liberality, but I can not live with the wife who has cheated me of her first kiss."

"I am resolved," I answered. "I am able to say no more. I think I see my duty plain, and I mean to strive to do it. You must follow your own will; it will be for me to endure."

He paced the room in strong excitement.

"I can not bear it," he said; "it would eat my life out! You shall have our child, Ellinor, if she is the motive of this strange unwomanly resolution: far be it from me to torture the heart of the mother! She shall be yours unreservedly, and her interests shall never suffer one whit. You know how I love that little creature; there was but one thing dearer: judge then, by this, of my intense desire to sever the connection between us."

"Cruel! unmerciful!" I exclaimed, with an impulse of bitterness I could not resist, but I stopped as soon as the words had escaped me: to upbraid was no part of my purpose.

"It is in vain," I said, "to think to move me by any words, however hard. I have nothing more to say. Let me go, Malcolm;" and I turned and fled from the room.

## PART II.

THEN began as hard a struggle as any woman could have been called upon to endure. My husband went up to town that same day, and Parliament sat late that year. During all that time he never wrote to me, nor, save from a casual notice of him in the papers, did I know any thing of his movements. The intolerable suspense and misery of such a separation may be conceived. My love for him, indeed, was no mere dutiful regard, but of that profound yet passionate nature which men of his stern and reticent character seem calculated, by a strange contrariety, to excite. Add to this, that I knew myself to be exposed to the pitying wonder and suspicion of the world at large.

Mr. Anstruther's character stood above imputation, but I at the best was but a

successful *parvenue*, and had at length no doubt stumbled into some atrocious fault beyond even his infatuation to overlook. The very servants of the household whispered and marveled about me; it was inevitable that they should do so, but all this added bitterness to anguish.

Worst of all there was a wistful look in Florry's childish eyes, and a pathos in her voice as she pressed against my side, to stroke my cheek, and say, "Poor mamma!" which almost broke my heart with mingled grief and shame. She, too, had learned in her nursery that her mother had become an object of compassion.

It was the deep sense of pain and humiliation which my child's pity excited, which aroused me to make some attempt to relieve my position. I sat down, and wrote to my husband. I wrote quietly and temperately, though there was almost the delirium of despair in my heart. I had proved that an appeal to his feelings would be in vain, and I therefore directed my arguments to his justice.

I represented to him briefly that his prolonged neglect and desertion would soon irretrievably place me in the eyes of the world in the position of a guilty wife, and that for my own sake, but still more for the sake of our daughter, I protested against such injustice. I told him he was blighting two lives, and entreated him, if forgiveness was still impossible, at least to keep up the semblance of respect. I proposed to join him in London immediately, or to remain where I was, on condition of his returning home as soon as Parliament was prorogued.

I waited with unspeakable patience for a reply to this letter, and the next post brought it. How I blessed my husband's clemency for this relief! My trembling hands could scarcely break the seal; the consideration of the sad difference between the past and present seemed to overwhelm me—it was not thus I had been accustomed to open my husband's letters, feeling like a criminal condemned to read his own warrant of condemnation.

The letter was brief, and ran thus:

"As the late events between us have been the subject of my intense and incessant deliberation since we parted, I am able, Ellinor, to reply to your letter at once. I consent to return and attempt the life of hollow deception you demand, under the expectation that you will soon become convinced of its impracticability,



and will then, I conclude, be willing to consent to the formal separation which it is still my wish and purpose to effect."

"Never!" I said, crushing the hard letter between my hands, and then my passion, long suppressed, burst forth, and throwing myself on my knees by my bedside, I wept and groaned in agony of soul. Oh! I had hoped till then—hoped that time might have softened him, that the past might have pleaded with him for the absolution of that one transgression. Had my sin been indeed so great that the punishment was so intolerable? And then I thought it all over again, as I had done a thousand times before in that dreary interval, weighing my temptations against my offense, and trying to place myself in my husband's position. I did not wish to justify it: it was a gross deception, a deliberate falseness; but then I was willing to prostrate myself in the dust, both before God and my husband, and to beg forgiveness in the lowest terms of humiliation and penitence. But the pardon granted me by the Divine, was steadily refused by the human judge—against his hard impenetrability I might dash my bleeding heart in vain. What should I do? What should I do? Which was the path of duty? And frail and passionate as I was, how could I hold on in such a rugged way? Had I not better succumb?—suffer myself to be put away, as he desired, and close the door of hope on what was left of life? My child—he said he would give me up my child. Then resolution arose renewed. For that child's sake I would not yield. I could not endure the thought of separating her from such a father's love, care, and protection, and of chastening with sorrow and humiliation her opening girlhood. No; with God's help, she should yet honor and revere her mother. However my husband judged me, that one fault had not cut me off from all moral effort hereafter. I would not be vanquished by it. I would, as I had said, keep my post as wife, insist, if need be, on external forms, and leave no means untried of patience, meekness, and womanly art, to melt down the iron barrier between us.

I should weary the reader if I detailed all the minute plans I formed, but at last I rose up from the prayers by which I strove to strengthen and sanctify my purpose with a firm heart and a new-born hope of success. That evening, I sent for Florry to keep me company in the draw-

ing-room; I told her her favorite stories, played her her favorite tunes, and joined with her in singing a simple evening-hymn, which was her supreme delight. Then I took her up to the nursery myself, and bade her good-night with as much of the serene feeling of old as perhaps I could ever hope to know again.

I also, holding my husband's letter in my hand, told the assembled servants I expected their master home to-morrow, and gave the necessary orders in such a natural and collected manner as must have gone far to disarm their suspicions. Then the long night—then the expected day. I knew the hour when he must necessarily arrive, and, taking Florry with me, I went to a certain part of the grounds which commanded a view of the public road. I was externally calm; the morning's discipline had made me that, but the subdued excitement was intense. Florry ran and chattered by my side as children do, little guessing, poor innocents, the cruel strain they often make on their mother's patience. It chanced, as sometimes happens, that the very intensity of our anxiety caused us to miss our object; the train was evidently behind time, and our attention, so long kept at full stretch, began to slacken, so that when Florry, who had wandered to some little distance from me, espied the carriage, it was so near the park-gate, that there was no chance of our reaching the house before it. I was vexed at my purpose being thus partially defeated, and, taking the child's hand, hurried back by the shortest route.

Mr. Anstruther was waiting us in the accustomed room. Still holding Florry's hand, I went in to face the dreaded meeting. The first glance at his face nearly overcame me, he looked so worn and harassed; true, that might have been from parliamentary hours and hard committee-work, but it is a plea a woman's heart can rarely withstand. Florry ran into his arms, talking eagerly of how glad we were to see him, and how dull poor mamma had been without him, and the momentary diversion gave me time to rally my failing calmness. "We are very glad you are come home, Malcolm," I said at last, approaching him, and laying my hand on his. "Are you very tired? Do not trouble to dress before dinner to-day."

Perhaps my self-possession was overdone, so difficult is it in such cases to keep the golden mean; for I saw the w-

usual color mount even to his forehead, and he replied in a hurried voice, as he slightly returned the pressure of my hand, "I could scarcely sit down to table in this state—I shall not keep you waiting long;" and with Florry in his arms—I could see how he tightened his embrace of the child—he left the room.

I did not sit down and weep, although I was sick at heart. I had imagined it would be something like this, and had fortified myself to endure it. I sat there thinking, till I heard him come down stairs, and then I went into the drawing-room. Immediately on my entrance, dinner was announced, and he offered his arm to lead me to the room, just as he had always been accustomed to do when we were alone. There was no hesitation, no perceptible difference in his manner; I saw he had made up his mind to do it. During dinner, we talked but little, but even in days of old he had been wont to be absent and taciturn. Florry came in with the dessert, and her sweet prattle was felt to be a gracious relief by both. I soon rose and took her away with me, keeping her with me, and amusing her with talk and music until her bed-time. My husband joined me at the usual time, and though he did not voluntarily converse, he replied to any thing I said without apparent constraint. Before the servants, his manners were scrupulously as of old; indeed, so undemonstrative was his natural character, that it required no very great effort for him to appear the same. I indeed felt a radical difference, which cut me to the heart: the hard tone, the averted or chilly glance convinced me of the reality of our altered relations. Could I live such a life as this?—so near, yet so far off. I had a vague perception that every day we spent like this would make the separation more complete and fatal. Had I not better make one last attempt, before I was chilled into silence and fear of him? Perhaps he resented the dignified and all but peremptory tone I had assumed in my letter, and was still to be moved by entreaty and penitence. Acting on the vague hope, I put down the work on which I had tried to engage myself, and went up to the sofa on which he was lying.

"Malcolm," I said, leaning over the head of it, partly to sustain my trembling limbs, partly to secure a position of advantage, "is this the way we are to live

together? I can not resign myself to it without a word, without knowing better what are your feelings toward me. Am I to believe you will never forgive me? Do you hate me?"

He rose impatiently from his recumbent attitude, so as to be able to look into my face. "What do you mean by forgiveness, Ellinor?" was his answer, "the old love and esteem restored? Your own sense must convince you you ask an impossibility—a broken mirror can't be pieced again. Don't let us rake up the miserable ashes of our feud. I am here at your desire, willing to maintain your credit in the eyes of society. I have yielded so far out of regard for our little girl, of a solemn consideration of my own marriage-vows, and your exemplary performance of a wife's external duty. Do your duty, now, Ellinor, and obey me when I charge you not to urge me on this topic again; it is unwise."

"This night shall be the last time," I said; "so suffer me to ask you one more question. Do you doubt my assurances of affection for yourself? Can you believe, in the face of the evidence of all our married life, that, however I deceived you in the beginning, I did not soon bring to a wife's duty a wife's entire and passionate devotion?"

"Ellinor," he exclaimed with sudden excitement, "you are mad to torment me thus! You compel me to say what had better remain unsaid. I repudiate your boasted love, which you parade as if it were the triumph of virtue. Had it been mine, as I believed, and you swore it was before God, it should have been the crown and glory of my life; as it is, I care nothing for a sentiment provoked by habit, and cherished as a point of calculated duty. One word more: you think me cruelly intolerant, but I must follow the bent of my nature. Some lies I could forgive—or even, perhaps, some grosser sins—but yours cheated me into an irrevocable act, and defrauded me of the best and strongest feelings of my nature. Do I hate you? No, I can not hate Florry's mother, and my own intimate and cherished companion; but I hate myself for having been befooled so grossly, and almost loathe the wealth and its accessories for which you perjured your soul."

I was silent, but it was by a powerful effort. I could scarcely restrain myself, with all my power of self-control, from

saying: "Now that I understand you fully, let us part; I could not brook the mockery of intercourse." But the thought of Florry closed my struggling lips. "For her sake, for her sake," I repeated to myself. "The last hope, the last, the last chance of happiness is gone, but duty remains." I looked up at my husband, deadly pale, I knew, but calm. "Are you resolved," I asked, "to separate from me eventually? I claim it from your honor to answer me that question now."

"I care little," he said bitterly. "The sharpness of the sting must abate some day, and we shall become indifferent, like our neighbors; meanwhile, the effort may be salutary. No," he added haughtily, as he perceived I was not satisfied with the reply, "I am willing to pledge my word that I will never force you into a separation on this account. So long as you think proper to claim my protection, it is yours, only we must avoid such scenes as these;" and so the case stood between us.

From that time, my life became a hard monotony. To all appearance, there was no change in our relations; we went the same round in social life as of old, and, as I have said before, my husband's natural character gave little scope for self-betrayal. Occasionally some outside comments reached us, but they were generally expressive of the belief that Mr. Anstruther's temper was becoming more morose than ever, and of pity for the poor wife who was allied to it. He certainly did become more irritable and exacting. I could see daily the bitter effects that his disappointment in my sincerity produced, how his fine nature was growing warped and soured. It was not so much toward myself that these effects were manifested—he kept too rigid a control over our relations; but it grieved me to notice it in his impatience with his inferiors, and even with our little tender Florry, and in his cynical and cruel judgment of the world at large. He had always been very much absorbed in political affairs, and ambitious for distinction, but now he seemed to throw heart and soul without reserve into the arena, and to struggle for the stakes with the eagerness of a gambler. There had ceased to be any communion between us. In past days, hopes and schemes had been discussed with me, and I was proud to

believe my influence had often availed with him for good. I can not describe the intensity of my misery at this time. Not to speak of alienation and mistrust in the midst of daily intercourse, which alone contains almost the bitterness of death, I saw myself the cause of deterioration in one dearer to me than life, and He who meted my punishment to my offense knows that no heavier cross could have been laid upon me. Once or twice, I again attempted expostulation, but I soon learned to desist; it was of no avail, but to provoke some hard reply, which would otherwise have remained unspoken. Then I turned to my daughter: it was for her sake I endured this life, this daily martyrdom, and I would not miss my reward. I devoted myself to her education, so far as my numerous avocations allowed, for I was scrupulous in the performance of all the duties of my station, and in any which my husband would suffer me still to perform for him. I strove with intense anxiety to make her attractive to her father, and to cultivate her affection and esteem for him. That he loved her passionately, I knew, but, as was his wont, he manifested the feeling but little; perhaps in this case he was checked by her inevitable preference for her mother, or by the difficulty of ever having her to himself. To me, she was the one solace and spur of existence, and life began to brighten when, resigned to suffer myself, I dreamed and planned her future.

Thus, more than a year passed on monotonously; fruitlessly, so far as I could see, for my husband was as far off from me as ever. Sometimes, indeed, I hoped I had extorted some portion of respect from him by the sustained performance of my routine of duty, but his heart seemed turned to stone.

At last the gloomy depth was stirred. O God! I had prayed for the movement of the healing angel's wing, not for a stroke of judgment.

One evening during the session, I was sitting up awaiting his return from the House. I was not accustomed to do so, but on this occasion, I was deeply interested in the result of the night's debate, and added to that, I was uneasy about Florry, who had been slightly ailing all day, and seemed increasingly restless as the evening advanced. When he came in, he looked surprised to see me up, for it was already nearly three o'clock in the

morning, and I could see that he seemed wearied and annoyed.

"You are anxious, I suppose," he said, "for the news I bring? Well, the ministers are thrown out."

I knew he, and indeed, the country in general, had been quite unprepared for such a result, and that personally it was a severe mortification to him. As I involuntarily looked at him with an expression of earnest concern I hardly ventured to express, I saw his face soften. Perhaps in that moment of vexation, he yearned for the sympathy of old. Should I dare to risk another appeal?

"Malcolm," I said; but at the now unfamiliar name, his brow clouded again, and I finished my speech with some measured expressions of regret. I knew I should damage my cause if I were to attempt to press into my service a momentary weakness he was ashamed to feel. I could not, however, command my feelings sufficiently to speak of Florry, and after leaving him, I flew up stairs to my child's room, and putting down my candle, sunk on my knees by her bedside. Oh! how my heart ached! I felt this life was killing me, and that one of my moments of abandonment was come. Before, however, I gave full vent to my tears, I paused midway, as it were, to look at Florry, and that look dried them up. I felt my cheek blanch, my eyes start; I felt—who has not felt it?—a premonitory horror chill my blood. I had left her pale and restless an hour before, now her face was tinged with a crimson heat, her lips dry and parted, and she was moaning heavily. I touched her burning hand, her burning brow, and the shadow of that awful calamity seemed to fall before me. I did not moan, I did not even appeal; despair straitened my heart.

Mr. Anstruther I knew was still up. I went down-stairs with a strange quietness, and reëntered the room.

"I do not wish to alarm you," I said, and my own voice had a strange sound to me, "but Florry is not well. She has been ailing all day, but her appearance now frightens me. Will you send some one for a physician at once?"

I waited for no reply, but went back to the room. The fire in the grate was laid, but not lighted; I kindled it. I changed my evening-dress for a morning-gown, doing all mechanically, as if under a spell I could not resist. Then I sat down by

the bed-side to watch my child and await the doctor. I seemed to hold all my faculties in suspense; no tear must blind my eye, no tremor unnerve my hand, until this agony had reached its crisis: then let life and hope go out together.

My husband and the doctor came in after what seemed to me an intolerable interval, but at first I only saw but one. Who knows not in such cases how the very soul seems hanging on the physician's first glance, drinking life or death from it? I drank death. The steady professional gaze did not deceive me, but the stroke was beyond my taxed endurance, and I fell senseless on the floor.

Thak God, it was but a brief weakness. For the few days that that sweet life was left to me, I held my post unconscious of fatigue, enabled to comfort and sustain, and even smile upon my darling through her brief struggle with death. God bowed my stubborn heart and strengthened me with the might of submission. I seemed, in the strong light of this fiery trial, to see the past more clearly, to acknowledge that I had not humbled myself sufficiently under the chastisement of my own sin.

It was midnight when she died. I was holding her in my arms, hushed and grief-stricken, when I saw that unspeakable change pass over the sweet face which tells the sinking heart the awful hour is come. Her laboring breath fluttered on my cheek, the look of love that still lingered in the glazing eyes fixed upon my face died out, and I was childless.

My husband was standing at the foot of the bed, watching the scene with an agony all the keener that he suffered no expression of it to escape, but as the last faint struggle ceased, and the baby-head fell prone upon my breast, I saw the strong frame quiver, and drops of perspiration start upon his forehead.

"God forgive me," he said in a stifled whisper, "for every harsh word spoken to that angel child!" Then as his eyes fell, as if involuntarily, upon me, the expression of stern anguish softened for a moment to one of pitying tenderness. "Poor Ellinor!—poor mother!" he added, "you think me a hard man, but God is my witness, I would have saved you that little life at the cost of my own."

"It would have been but a cruel compromise," I answered; "and yet—O my darling! how I have loved you!"

My husband had turned away a moment, as if to pace the room, but at the sound of my cry of irrepressible anguish, he came back hastily to the bedside, and bending over me, tried to separate me gently from the dead child in my arms.

As I felt the touch of his hand, his breath upon my cheek, caressing, warm as of old, it recalled, even in that moment of supreme bereavement, the passionate yearning of my heart, and yielding to the uncontrollable impulse, threw my arms round his neck.

"Only give me back what is in your power," I cried—"give me back your love and trust—our old happiness, Malcolm, and even the death of our child will not seem too hard a sacrifice!"

There was a moment's breathless pause, then he raised me in his arms, and strained me to his heart in a close, vehement embrace.

"God forgive me," he said, "for what I have made you suffer! If your love has survived my long intolerance, I may well trust you, Ellinor. If I have the power left to comfort you, be to me again all, and more than all that I remember in the sweet past. A hundred times during the last few melancholy days have I been on the point of confessing my injustice, and entreating your forgiveness; only it seemed to me a mean thing to take advantage of the softness of sorrow. Life is not bearable without you, Ellinor; only satisfy me once more that I have not worn out your heart—that it is not magnanimity, but love."

I did satisfy him. We began henceforth a new life, chastened, indeed, by the shadow of a little grave, but a life, I trust, humbler and more blessed than the old past had been.

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## SKETCH OF CHARLEMAGNE.

AMONG the many distinguished personages whose portraits have been engraved to embellish and add interest to THE ECLECTIC in years past, we have seldom gone far back in the ranks of renowned men to select a face. In the present case we look back over the wide historic plains and mountains of more than a thousand years, and behold the name and form and character of Charlemagne, the monarch emperor, towering up in colossal grandeur, high above all his compeers, like the pyramid of the Egyptian Cyclops. We have thought to give his face and form an artistic resurrection, to gratify our readers, in looking upon an ancient man and monarch, who wielded mighty armies and swayed the scepter of kingdoms, and who created for himself a historic fame, as lasting as the annals of time. In addition to this, there is a wide personal and family interest in the historic renown of Charlemagne, whose lineal descendants have acted a conspicuous part in the current of events as the broad stream of time has flowed down

from the days of this great ancestor to the present time. His blood still flows in living veins, in many human forms at the present day, in our cities and over our land, well known for their talents, character, patriotic and Christian virtues, and the genial influence they have exerted upon the age in which they live. We record this as among the motives which have led us to travel so far back along the track of ages to find a portrait-face to embellish our present number. We record also some personal annals in the history of Charlemagne, to add interest to our readers in a man who lived more than a thousand years ago. If he was among the living now, he would be the most famed of human antiquities, and only a few years older than that oldest of ancient patriarchs, Methuselah.

In looking at the personal character and position of Charlemagne, as he appears in the historic aspect of the age in which he lived, it is obvious to remark, that there is something indescribably grand in the figure of many of the bar-



*Painted by John Martin, 1842.*

*The Statue.*

*The original by Michael.*

END OF THE END.

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baric chiefs—Alariks, Ataulfs, Theodorika, and Euriks—who succeeded to the power of the Romans, and, in their wild, heroic way, endeavored to raise a fabric of state on the ruins of the ancient empire. But none of those figures is so imposing and majestic as that of Charlemagne, the son of Pippin, whose name for the first and only time in history, the admiration of mankind has indissolubly blended with the title of Great. By the peculiarity of his position in respect to ancient and modern times—by the extraordinary length of his reign, by the number and importance of the transactions in which he was engaged, by the extent and splendor of his conquests, by his signal services to the Church, and by the grandeur of his personal qualities—he impressed himself so profoundly upon the character of his times, that he stands almost alone and apart in the annals of Europe. For nearly a thousand years before him, or since the days of Julius Cæsar, no monarch had won so universal and brilliant a renown; and for nearly a thousand years after him, or until the days of Charles V. of Germany, no monarch attained any thing like an equal dominion. A link between the old and new, he revived the Empire of the West, with a degree of glory that it had only enjoyed in its prime; while, at the same time, the modern history of every continental nation was made to begin with him. Germany claims him as one of her most illustrious sons; France, as her noblest king; Italy, as her chosen emperor; and the Church, as her most prodigal benefactor and worthy saint. We quote from Parke Godwin's *History of Gaul*. All the institutions of the middle ages—political, literary, scientific, and ecclesiastical—delighted to trace their traditionary origins to his hand: he was considered the source of the peerage, the inspirer of chivalry, the founder of the universities, and the endower of the churches; and the genius of romance, kindling its fantastic torches at the flame of his deeds, lighted up a new and marvelous world about him, filled with wonderful adventures and heroic forms. Thus, by a double immortality, the one the deliberate award of history, and the other the prodigal gift of fiction, he claims the study of mankind.

It would be interesting to trace the youth and education of this colossal indi-

viduality; but his younger days, like the beginnings of nations and races, are veiled in darkness. Einhard, his secretary and friend, who wrote his life and the annals of his age, confesses ignorance of his early years, and no one else has been able to supply the deficiency. He was born either at Aachen or Ingelheim, about the year 742; yet his name is mentioned but twice before he assumed the reins of government, once at the reception given by his father to Pope Stephen II., and once as a witness in the Aquitanian campaigns. By these incidents, it is rendered certain that he was early accustomed to the duties of the palace and to the martial exercises of the Franks. At the same time, the long intimacy of Pippin with the great prelates of the day, who were many of them men of learning, makes it probable that he acquired from them whatever culture they could impart. Nor can we doubt that his mother Bertrada, or Bertha, a woman of energetic character and strong affections, watched over the development of his moral and religious nature, exposed to so many dangers both in the army and the court.

In ascending his throne, Karl found the cardinal points of his foreign and domestic policy laid down for him by the three great men, his ancestors, whose large capacities and splendid achievements had slowly built up the power of their house. Those points were the maintenance of that Germanic constitution of society which had rendered the advances of the Austrasians into Gaul almost a second Germanic invasion; to anticipate, instead of awaiting, the inroads of surrounding barbarism, so as to extinguish it on its own hearth; and to cultivate and extend alliances with all peacefully disposed nations, and particularly with the great spiritual potentate who controlled the destinies of the Church. Charlemagne's first civic act was to preside at the Council of Rouen, which renewed the canons against unworthy priests; and in his first capitular he entitled himself "King by the grace of God, a devout defender of the Holy Church, and ally in all things (*adju-tor*) of the apostolic see." War, however, almost immediately diverted him from civic labors, showing that he was an Austrasian as well as a churchman, determined to maintain the ambitious projects of his fathers. Scarcely had the council closed, when he was compelled



to summon a mall of warriors to consider the state of Aquitain, agitated by new troubles.

This illustrious monarch, the restorer of order and obedience in a state of society when only the most commanding talents and heroic steadfastness of purpose could have availed him in a struggle against anarchy and ignorance in their worst forms, was the grandson of Charles-Martel, king of the Franks, and lived 742-814, master of an empire which embraced all France, a part of Spain, more than half of Italy, and nearly all Germany. To feel his greatness adequately it must be remembered that all the ancient landmarks of social order had been overthrown with the colossal Roman power, and that the whole civilized world was covered with its ruins and infested with its crimes. The ancient seat of empire was divided among a score of petty tyrants; the Saracens had overrun Spain and threatened the farther west; the northern kingdoms were only known as the cradle of adventurous armies, whose leaders in after-years organized the feudal governments of Europe; Russia did not even exist; and England was just emerging from the confusion of the Heptarchy. Some two centuries before, 507-511, Clovis had founded the Frankish monarchy and established himself at Paris, but his power was that of an absolute military chief, and he was succeeded by a line of phantom-kings, whose action is scarcely distinguishable from that of the barbarous fermentation proceeding around them. At length, Pepin-Heristal and his son Charles-Martel, slowly paved the way for a new authority, the former by familiarizing men's minds with justice and goodness in the sovereign, and the latter by his heroic resistance of the Saracens, and the promise of an irresistible power in the government. The successes of Charlemagne were the natural issue of these circumstances under the command of his ambition and vast genius, favored by the compliance of the popes; who were willing to encourage a Christian protectorate in the west as a counterpoise to the eastern empire of Irene, and the dreaded power of Haroun-al-Raschid. A catalogue of the principal events and dates is all that we can give in the space to which we are limited. In 768 Charles succeeded to the government conjointly with his brother Carloman; and on the death of

the latter in 771, became sole master of France by wisely refusing to divide the authority with his nephews. In 770 he subdued the revolt of Aquitain. In 772 he marched against the still idolatrous Saxons, and commenced a conflict which he maintained for upward of thirty years. In 773 he crossed the Alps, and was shortly crowned King of Lombardy, and acknowledged suzerain of Italy by the Pope, with the right of confirming the papal elections. In 778 he carried his arms into Spain, and pursued his victorious career as far as the Ebro, but was surprised on his return in the pass of Roncesvalles, where many of his knights perished, and among the rest Orlando or Roland, his nephew, the hero of Ariosto. In 780 Louis-le-Débonnaire, his youngest son, was crowned by the pope King of Aquitain, and Pepin, his second son, King of Lombardy, both at Rome. Between 780 and 782 he visited a terrible retribution upon the Saxons, and compelled their chief to accept Christian baptism. Toward 790 we find him establishing seminaries of learning, and doing all in his power to elevate the character of the clergy, the most of whom had hitherto known little but the Lord's prayer; besides engaging in projects for the acceleration of commerce, the general improvement of the people, and the promotion of science. Before the end of the century he had invaded Pannonia, and extended his dominions in this direction to the mountains of Bohemia and the Raab. In 800 he was crowned at Rome emperor of the west; and in 803 was negotiating a union with Irene in order to consolidate the eastern and western empires, when the empress was dethroned and exiled by Nicephorus. From this period to his death, which took place at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the seventy-first year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his reign, he was engaged in fortifying the coasts of France against the Northmen, and various matters relating to the security and the prosperity of the empire, including the settlement of the succession. In person and manners Charlemagne was the perfection of simplicity, modesty, frugality, and in a word, of true greatness; he had the reputation of a good father, a tender husband, and a generous friend. He was indefatigable in all the duties of government, and whether in the camp or the court, had fixed hours for study, in which he took

care to engage his courtiers by forming them into an academy. "For shame!" he exclaimed, to one who came before him attired more elegantly than the occasion demanded, "dress yourself like a man; and if you would be distinguished, let it be by your merits, not by your garments." His nearest friend and companion was the illustrious Alcuyn, and his fame was so widely spread that the only man, perhaps, of kindred genius in that age, the great caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid, courted his good will, and complimented him by an embassy bearing presents. Before his death he confirmed the succession in the person of his son Louis, by an august ceremony. Placing the imperial crown upon the altar, he ordered Louis to take it with his own hands, that he might understand he wore it in his own right, under no authority but that of God. Perhaps we can not conclude better by way of further illustrating the character of Charlemagne than with his words of advice to this prince: "Love your people as your children," said he, "choose your magistrates and governors from those whose belief in God will preserve them from corruption, and see that your own life be blameless."

Charlemagne was born in the palace of the Frankish kings in Aix-la-Chapelle in 742, and died there in 814. He was entombed in the mausoleum, Chapelle, which he had erected for the purpose as his burial-place. He caused it to be erected in the form of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem. It was consecrated by Pope Leo III. with great splendor. Three hundred and sixty-three archbishops and bishops were present. The tomb in which once reposed the mortal remains of this monarch, is still to be seen, covered with a large slab of marble under the center of the dome, which we

visited a few summers ago. After his death his body was placed in the mausoleum, on his throne, as if alive, clothed in imperial robes, holding the scepter in his hand, with the crown upon his head and his sword by his side, while the pilgrim's pouch which he wore when living, was attached to his girdle. One hundred and eighty-three years after his death, the tomb was opened, and all these imperial paraphernalia were found upon the monarch well preserved. The marble chair-throne is still to be seen, but the crown and robes may be seen at Vienna. The skull of Charlemagne is still preserved in a silver case. The rest of the bones were discovered carefully preserved in a chest, and examined in 1847. The following notice appeared in a foreign paper a few weeks since, under the head of *The Bones of Charlemagne*: An inspection of the bones of Charlemagne took place at Aix-la-Chapelle the other day. The remains were found in excellent preservation. Careful photographs were taken of the wrappers in which the remains of Charlemagne had rested for so many centuries; they were of a beautiful silken tissue. The larger wrapper, rich in color and design, was recognized as one of those *draps de lit* which were frequently mentioned by the Provençal troubadors, as well as by the contemporary German Minnesangers, as *Pallia transmarina, P. Saracenica*. It is, no doubt, a product of industry of the Sicilian Saracens from the twelfth century. The second smaller wrapper, of a beautifully preserved purple color, has been traced to Byzantine industry; the Greek inscriptions woven into the silk texture make it probable that the stuff was manufactured in the imperial gymnasium at Byzantium, in the tenth century.

**FEATS OF THE REINDEER.**—At the palace of Droth- ingholm, in Sweden, there is a portrait of a reindeer, which is represented, on an occasion of emergency, to have drawn an officer with important dispatches the incredible distance of 800 English miles in forty-eight hours. The event is stated to have happened in 1669, and tradition adds that the deer dropped down lifeless on its arrival. M. Pictet, a French astronomer, made some experiments in the year

1769, in order to ascertain the speed of the reindeer when exerted to the full, for a short distance. Of three deer yoked to light sledges, the first performed three thousand and eighty-nine feet eight inches in two minutes—that is, at the rate of nearly nineteen miles an hour: the second did the same distance in three minutes, and the third in three minutes twenty-six seconds.—*Cassell's Popular Natural History*.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

APPLETON'S NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. XII. Mozambique—Parr. New-York: D. Appleton & Company. 1861. Pages 788, with a copious index.

WE have received from the enterprising publishers Vol XII. of this great American Dictionary of general knowledge. To indicate some idea of the extent of this single volume, we have only to say that the number of topics in the index amounts to more than thirteen hundred. In these are comprised the names of persons and places of renown, biographical sketches, countries, kingdoms, cities, rivers, lakes, people, science, etc., etc., which begin with the letters Mo. to Parr inclusive. Under these varied terms and topics are found full statements and records and explanations which inform the reader concerning them, and impart the desired knowledge sought for. We have called the attention of our readers to the successive volumes of this work as they have appeared from the press of the Appletons, and are bound in justice to the merits of the work, and to the talents, research, and industry of the editors, most cordially to commend the work to the liberal patronage of the public.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have sent us a neatly executed volume just published by them. UNITED STATES TACTICS (by authority) for the instruction, exercise, and maneuvers of the United States Infantry, including Infantry of the Line, Light Infantry, and Riflemen, prepared under the directions of the War Department, and authorized and adopted by the Secretary of War, May 1, 1861, containing the school of the soldier, the school of the company, instructions for skirmishers, the general calls, the class for skirmishers, and the school of the battalion, including the articles of war and a dictionary of military terms. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1861. Pages 450.

This book is a very able, thorough, and timely publication, and the United States Government might well purchase five or ten thousand copies for distribution and immediate use among all the companies and regiments of the army, and would be a good investment. A thorough study of the book would make the men intelligent soldiers, and the officers more accomplished and successful in the great business of war and battles.

In the *Memorials of the Chauncys*, a remarkable and curious volume of some 300 pages, by Professor Fowler of Amherst College, the family lineage is carefully traced down from Charlemagne to the present time, a period of one thousand and forty-seven years. The living descendants of the great Emperor are among our most respected and intelligent citizens, filling high stations of influence in past years and till now. It might be interesting to note down the regular succession of names and place through the whole series, but our limits hardly permit. The seventh descendant from Charlemagne,

was Chauncy de Chauncy, a nobleman of France, who came over to England with William the Conqueror. The Chauncy family filled important places in the history of England for many years, under her monarchs, till the thirteenth descendant of this Norman nobleman, Charles Chauncy, landed at Plymouth, New-England, and became the second President of Harvard College. From him have descended all the Chauncys of this country, among whom were the late Charles and Elihu Chauncy of Philadelphia, and the present Nathaniel Chauncy Esq., of the same city, and William Chauncy, Esq., of New-York, and a prominent member of the New-York Historical Society, and others of the same honored name still living. The lateral branches of this renowned family under other names are many and highly honored over the land. Thus like an expanding gulf-stream along the broad ocean of humanity, has this remarkable family race ran down through a thousand and forty-seven years since the death of its great founder, Charlemagne, in 814, and forms a curious historic chapter in our common humanity.

CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA.—We beg to call the attention of our readers, especially those who, for health or relaxation from the cares and duties of business life, may have occasion to visit Saratoga this summer, to the card and statement of the Messrs. Hathorn & McMichael, the attentive and enterprising proprietors and conductors of Congress Hall. Very much of the comfort and pleasure of a summer sojourn at a watering-place depends upon the surroundings and internal arrangements of a hotel where large numbers are convened as one great family, sitting at the same range of tables in the dining-room, and interchanging civilities and courtesies in spacious and pleasant parlors. We have been familiar with Saratoga and with Congress Hall for many years. We have observed the kindness and attention to the comfort and wants of their guests, which uniformly characterize the proprietors of Congress Hall, on the arrival of strangers, and their efforts to promote the happiness of all who seek a sojourn at the Hall. Under the care of Messrs. Hathorn & McMichael, we are sure, both from observation and experience, that visitors will find, in personal comfort, a pleasant home, and agreeable and intelligent society—all that they can reasonably ask or expect.

GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING-MACHINES.—In all human families of note, some one member is oftentimes distinguished for talents, capacity, and elements of character above all the others. The same is true in the great family of sewing-machines. There is a variety of qualities, of usefulness, and goodness in them, all which entitle them to a name and a place in this celebrated family. But the place of preëminent distinction and high perfection in the achievements of sewing, belongs emphatically to GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED NOISELESS FAMILY SEWING-MACHINES.

1. They have passed the grand ordeal of public

trial and test of their value, and have come off victorious in the race of fame.

2. They are noiseless and swift in their operations, like some of the most useful elements in nature.

3. It has the essential qualities of strength, uniformity in stitching, and elasticity, which combines all that is required.

4. This machine executes a beautiful seam which will not rip or unravel in the wear of time.

5. Its management and manipulation is simple, easy, noiseless, supplies its own wants from the spools from the merchants counter, fastens its own thread, and is endowed with as much active intelligence as could be expected of such a wonder-working machine.

6. Grover & Baker's machine is a growing favorite in all families where it is tried. It does not vex and ruffle the temper by getting out of order, but, performs all the work required of it, so noiselessly, neatly, beautifully, perfectly, that it stimulates to amiable feelings towards Messrs Grover & Baker as large benefactors of every family which uses it, and creates a debt of gratitude not soon or easily discharged. All this, and more also, we learn in our own family, by one competent to judge of its merits.

**PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE DARMSTADT.**—Now that the second of the royal daughters of England is about to bestow her hand upon a foreign prince, it will not be uninteresting to our readers to have a short account of the ancestry and antecedents of her majesty's new son-in-law, in order that they may know something of the family among whom the Princess Alice is so soon to be received as a daughter. The Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt is one of the lesser German States, which generally adhere in their policy to the interests of Austria and Bavaria. The original territory of Hesse, now divided between Hesse Cassel and Hesse Darmstadt, in the old classical days of Tiberius and Germanicus formed part of the territory of the Catti, and was evangelized by Boniface, the apostle of Germany, before the reign of Charlemagne. Till about the middle of the thirteenth century, the history of Hesse was mixed up with that of Thuringen; but in 1263 it was made independent, and was assigned by contract to Henry, son of Sophia, Duchess of Brabant, who became the common ancestor of its future Landgraves. At the death of Philip I, about the time of the reformation, it was subdivided into four petty states; but the representatives of two becoming speedily extinct, Hesse proper ultimately settled down into two states, whose main branches are flourishing to this day, under the names of Hesse Cassel and Hesse Darmstadt. The Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt was founded by George I., youngest son of the above-mentioned Philip. Its importance was considerably augmented at the time of the French revolution, when Louis X. effected an exchange of territory, which doubled the area of its duchy and its population also. Subsequent additions were made also in 1806, when Louis joined the confederation of the Rhine, and on that occasion Hesse Darmstadt was raised to the dignity of a Grand Duchy, and its ruler took the title of Louis I. In 1815 the Grand Duke joined the Germanic Confederation, and at the present time Hesse Darmstadt stands ninth in rank, enjoying three votes in the full council and one in the minor council.

Its territory consists of two large portions, separated from each other by a long strip belonging to Hesse Cassel and the city of Frankfort, and extend-

ing from east to west. It lies between Prussia, Nassau, Bavaria, and Baden, and contains an area of about 3300 square miles, divided into three provinces, known as Starkenburg, Rheinhessen, and Oberhessen. Hesse Darmstadt is partly mountainous and partly level; some portions are agricultural, and others rich in mineral treasures; and as a whole the country would not appear to be behind the rest of its neighbors in the manufactures and commerce. In religion Hesse Darmstadt is mainly Lutheran and Calvinistic, though it contains above 200,000 Roman Catholics. In 1833 the military establishment of the grand duchy was fixed at 6288 men, and the war establishment at 9469; the latter was raised to 10,514 in 1855. Its population, according to the census of 1851, was 854,314.

The present reigning Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt is Louis III. The heir-presumptive to his title is his next brother, Prince Charles William Louis, father of the affianced husband of our youthful princess. Prince Frederick William Louis (the bridegroom elect) was born Sept. 12, 1837, and is consequently in the 24th year of his age. He is described in the *Almanach de Gotha* for the current year as "*Capitaine à la suite au premier Reg. de la Garde Prussienne d'enfant, grand-ducale, et chef du regm. des hussards Russes de Kiliastir.*" As the Grand Duke has no children, the Prince must ultimately inherit the sovereignty, if he survives his father and uncle. Prince Louis is nephew of the present Empress of Russia, who is sister of the Grand Duke.—*London Review.*

A CURIOUS piece of ecclesiastical furniture recently found in a monastery near Florence, is about to be sold at the auction mart in Paris; it is what is called a *confessional à surprise*, and is said to have been constructed in the early part of the 16th century. On one of the panels is a remarkably well-executed image of the Saviour, and to this is attached a spring, which by means of pressure on a brass stud, caused the panel to be replaced by another, which bears a frightful figure of the Evil One, with horns on his head, terribly glaring eyes, and moving jaws garnished with formidable teeth. At the same instant a horrible noise is produced by a pair of bellows and some organ-pipes, which, says the account, completes the terror the apparition would cause to a credulous sinner.

A VERY LUCKY SHOT.—The *Journal des Landes* records one of the results of migratory habits in birds. A Medoc farmer and sportsman shot in 1860, not an albatross, but a crane on the wing southward. Stored in its maw was abundant "provent" for the voyage, which on scrutiny, struck the fowler as exhibiting wheat of a rather superior and rare variety. Sown last spring, it has yielded so heavy a crop as to be now in great request all over Gascony for seed. It is called *blé de la grus*.

**THE PARIS MONITEUR AND THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.**—The writer of the London letter in the French official *Moniteur* remarks, on the projected marriage of the Princess Alice: "This is not the first connection contracted between the present reigning family and the house of Hesse. An aunt of Queen Victoria, the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III., married the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, a petty state which, at the death of the reigning prince, will fall to Hesse Darmstadt; and as the Empress of Russia is the daughter of the

late Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse, this alliance will establish very intimate family relations between the Courts of St. Petersburg and London. It is not, consequently, altogether destitute of political interest."

**NEWS OF THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.**—The *Cape Monitor* of the 21st February brings us grateful news of Dr. Livingstone. Mr. Baldwin, the celebrated hunter, the second white man who has penetrated to the Zambesi from the Cape Coast, having, after an eventful and successful hunt, reached the Moselikarase country, finding that his people refused to accompany him any further, left his wagons there and started on foot with his gun, compass, a map, and Dr. Livingstone's description, for the Victoria Falls. He hit the river three miles above the Falls, and was severely cross-examined by the natives, who were infinitely puzzled, first at seeing him plunge into a river swarming with alligators, and next at his statement that he had never seen Dr. Livingstone, whose name deeply interested them, though he had come there by his description of the route. On his return from the Falls they took him prisoner and kept him so for several days, when, to his wonder and astonishment, Dr. Livingstone himself arrived, accompanied by his brother Charles and Dr. Kirk, with a retinue of seventy Makololos, armed with double-barreled guns. "The Doctor," says the *Monitor*, quoting the account of Mr. Baldwin, who after being released returned to the Cape, "was on his way to Sekeletu, from Tete to Linyanti, seventy-six days on foot from Tete. The only animals they had with them were two donkeys, the use of which Dr. Kirk and Mr. C. Livingstone were often glad to avail themselves of; but Dr. Livingstone had footed it the whole distance. He was in good health and excellent fettle." In this curious rencontre between the two travelers we have an interesting trait of the docility of the natives. When the Doctor used his good services to extricate Mr. Baldwin from duress, they gave the following explanation of their motives for placing him under arrest. "This man," they said, "comes here in a most wonderful manner, and the first thing he does is to jump into the river, which is like death. Next he goes to the Falls, and attempts to go where a monkey would not dare to venture. We were sure he would kill himself, and then some one would come and ask where he was, and they would not believe he had killed himself, but would say we killed him. So we took care of him as he was seeking his death." Mr. Baldwin, released from bondage, remained with his liberator for several days, and then started on his way back from the Cape, bringing with him confirmation of the report of the death of the Rev. Mr. Helmore, his wife, and three children, as also of Mrs. Price and one child. Mr. Baldwin states that Dr. Livingstone told him he had penetrated to latitude one hundred and forty-one degrees south, and discovered Lake Shirwee, ninety miles long, and another lake, which, from description, must be more than three hundred miles long, in the neighborhood of which is a table mountain twenty miles long; the surrounding country most salubrious, and good for cattle, sheep, etc. Here also it is interesting at this critical epoch in American affairs to know that a great quantity of cotton is grown by the natives. Sugar, coffee, and all tropical productions thrive, and a finer field for colonization is not to be found in the world. We may look forward with the deepest interest to Dr. Livingstone's own account of these fresh discov-

eries, and to the time when they will be turned to practical use.

**GOOD COMPANY AND DIGESTION.**—All those manifold efforts and stratagems by which food is first secured, then prepared by the elaborate ingenuity of cooks, then digested by the elaborate machinery of the digestive apparatus, and then conveyed to various organs by the wondrous machinery of the circulation—are set going to bring a little liquid into contact with the delicate membrane of a cell visible only under the magnifying powers of the microscope. Every organ of the body is composed of millions upon millions of these cells, every one of which lives its separate life, and must be separately fed. To feed it thousands of men dig and plow, sow and reap, hunt and fish, rear cattle and slaughter them; thousands act as mere agents and carriers of the food; thousands act as cooks; and each has to satisfy the clamorous demands of his own hungry cells. The simpler plants floating in water, or the simple parasites living in the liquids of other animals, feed without this bother and this preparation. The higher organisms have to devote their energies to secure and to prepare their food, because their simple cells can not secure it, and must have it. In man, self-indulgence and indolence often weaken the digestive machinery, which has therefore to be stimulated into activity by condiments, by flavors, and by mental exhilaration; his meal becomes a banquet. The stimulus of festal excitement, the laugh and conversation of a joyous dinner, spur the lazy organs of digestion, and enable men to master food which, if eaten in solitude, silence, or sorrow, would lie in a heavy lump on the stomach. Eating seems a simple process, until a long experience has taught us its complexity. Food seems a very simple thing, till science reveals its metamorphoses.—*All the Year Round*.

According to the *Manchester Guardian*, England is indebted to this country, through the operations of trade in 1860, more than one hundred millions of dollars—a sum much greater than has been generally supposed. It adds: "America is likely to draw bullion from this country, and thereby augment the rate of interest."

It is calculated that every single bale of cotton which reaches England gives actual employment there to the value of one hundred dollars. No wonder there is considerable alarm in that country at the condition of American affairs. If they are not careful, they will not only lose the cotton, but the beef and pork.

A STEAM whistle has been fitted up at the lighthouse on Partridge Island, near St. John, in the Bay of Fundy, which can be heard eight miles to windward. It will sound once a minute during fog.

THE destruction of human life in India by wild beasts is almost beyond belief. Within the last two years nine hundred and ninety-nine children have been killed by wolves in the Punjab, and a large number of adults. Although the government pays a considerable sum for the destruction of wild animals, they do not seem to diminish in numbers. In 1859 there were killed 12 tigers, 192 leopards, 181 bears, 1174 wolves, 2 hyenas—total 1567. In 1860 there were killed 35 tigers, 163 leopards, 336 bears, 2080 wolves—total, 2658.

MOUNT VESUVIUS has been in a constant state of eruption since the 19th of December, 1855. The quantity of lava thrown out since 1858 has covered all the arable land about it for a square league, and it is the opinion of scientific observers that before a great while the whole cone will tumble in.

MRS. AGNES BAILLIE.—The announcement of a recent death has caused some emotion in society. Mrs. Agnes Baillie, the sister of Joanna and Dr. Baillie, is dead at the age of 100. A letter of Mrs. Barbauld's, dated in 1800, tells of the outburst of Joanna's fame, a year or two after the anonymous publication of her "Plays on the Passions." "A young lady of Hampstead who came to Mrs. Barbauld's meeting with as innocent a face as if she had never written a line." At the time of the treaty of Ghent, Mr. Clay, the American commissioner, was advised to call in Dr. Baillie, as a physician of long-established fame. A quarter of a century since, Joanna and Agnes had settled their affairs precisely alike, and arranged every thing, each for the other, wondering how the survivor could live alone. They lived on together till long past eighty; yet Agnes has been the solitary survivor of her family for so many years, that it was a relief—though still a reluctant one—to hear that she was gone. With those women—simple, sensible, amiable, and gay in temper, and of admirable cultivation, apart from Joanna's genius—a period of our literature seems to close; and we are all weak enough to sigh at times over what is inevitable.—*Once a Week*.

THE LAST OF NELSON'S OFFICERS AT TRAFALGAR.—Lieutenant Roteley, R. M., died at his residence, May Hill, Swansea, on the 21st, aged seventy-six. Lieut. Roteley was the last surviving officer of the Victory, having fought with Nelson at the memorable engagement at Trafalgar. He was allowed to retire on full pay about forty years ago, and from that time he has enjoyed his pension. On his retirement he held the rank of Brevet Major in the Venezuelan service. He was much esteemed, and will be regretted by all who knew him. Out of nine hundred men who were on board the Victory at Trafalgar, five only now remain; and Lieutenant Roteley was the last surviving officer. He was born at the Castle Hotel, Neath, Glamorganshire.—*London Sunday Times*, May 5.

RAILWAY ACROSS THE SWISS ALPS.—The treaty between Switzerland and Italy for carrying a railway over the Luckmanier has been concluded. Switzerland is to contribute forty-eight millions of francs toward the cost of construction. The treaty also stipulates that when twenty-five millions of this amount shall have been guaranteed and five millions actually spent on the construction of the railway, the kingdom of Italy will, within four years, contribute twenty millions of francs, which will not, however, bear interest. It has been further stipulated that the cost of laying the railway over that portion of the Alps between Dissentis and Olivone shall be defrayed by the kingdom of Italy. The canton St. Gallen has already voted five millions of francs toward the expenses.—*Letter from Bern*, April 28.

The Luckmanier is situated between the Bernhardin and the St. Gothard passes. The southern approach will be by Bellinzona; the northern by Coire and Dissentis. We presume that the success of the famous Styrian railway on the route from Trieste to Vienna has suggested this daring project. A late

European journal thus speaks of the other mode of communication:

"In a recent sitting of the Chamber of Deputies at Turin, the Minister of Public Works, M. Peruzzi, gave a satisfactory account of the state of the operations for cutting a tunnel through Mont Cenis. He stated that the machines employed on the Italian side of the mountain cut out in the space of twenty-four hours rather more than eight feet of rock in a width of nearly ten feet. The machines to be employed on the Savoy side have not yet been brought to work, but are soon to commence. When the machines shall be more complete, and the workmen more experienced, it will be possible, he said, to cut through nearly ten feet per day on each side. Hopes are entertained that the tunnel may be complete in six years."

THE DAYS THAT HAVE FLOWN.—"Time flies!" How often does the phrase tremble on our tongues, and yet how seldom do we take counsel from its wisdom! Ever complaining, and seldom doing, we reproach the past, as if that which we ourselves neglected were chargeable with the fault.

WHEN is a sick man a contradiction? When he is an impatient patient.

If we had not within ourselves the principle of bias we could not become blessed. The germ of heaven lies in the breast, as the germ of the blossom lies in the shut seed.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF LOWER CANADA.—The utmost activity will prevail this season in the mining districts of this part of the Province. Geologists have been theorizing for years, and disputing as to whether there is or is not gold, lead, or copper in particular localities. Last summer was the explorer's year, and an army of practical men, with chisels and hammers and microscopes and specimen-bags, swarmed over the country. This year we shall have the mining era inaugurated. English capital will be invested here, as well as a great deal of American money, timorous, as capital ever is, of the troubles in the Republic. Hundreds of laborers will be set to work. An impetus will be given to colonization and immigration, which will be of the utmost advantage to us. It is difficult to say where the miners most will congregate. There is an *embarras de richesses* before them. The Gaspé lead mines invite them. The Chaudière and River du Loup gold diggings hold out no common inducements. The copper mines, all over the Eastern Townships, can not but attract them. All these are valuable. All will be made to yield their riches to industrious labor.—*Quebec Morning Chronicle*, April 30.

WHEN the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and her sister, Lady Duncannon, canvassed the electors of Westminster in behalf of Fox, in 1784, it was wittily said: "Never did two such lovely portraits appear on canvases."

SAY nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent: nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

THE events of to-day have more interest for us than those of yesterday: so men are fast giving up books for newspapers.

**THE BRITISH MUSEUM.**—The estimate of the sum required to defray the salaries and expenses of the British Museum, including the amount required for buildings, furniture, fittings, etc., for the year ending 31st March, 1862, is £100,414. The total number of persons admitted to view the general collections, exclusive of readers, was 334,089 in 1853; 361,714 in 1856; 621,034 in 1857; 519,585 in 1858; 517,895 in 1859; and 536,939 in 1860. The visitors to the reading-room have increased from 53,567 in 1853, to 127,763 in 1860. Last year there were 5339 more readers than in 1859. The average last year was 437 readers per day; each reader consulting, on an average, nine volumes per day. The number of volumes added to the library last year amounts to 30,949, including music, maps, and newspapers. The total number of articles received including broadsides, ballads and various miscellaneous pieces, is 78,071, of which 419 were received under the international copy-right treaties. The additions made to the manuscript department in the course of the year are as follows: To the general collection: mss., 815; original charters and rolls, 90; original seals and impressions, 84. To the Egerton collection: mss., 32. The departments of antiquities and geology have received numerous and remarkable acquisitions. The total number of additions made to the departments of zoölogy, geology, and mineralogy, during the past year, is above 45,250.

**THE Czar's APPROVAL.**—The Emperor of all the Russias has sent to Mr. Atkinson a splendid emerald ring, set in diamonds, as a mark of his imperial approbation of the great and picturesque volume on "The Amoor." This gift is honorable to Mr. Atkinson as officially proving the accuracy of his delineation of Amoor scenery and life, and is creditable to the Emperor as proving that Mr. Atkinson's many strictures on the policy of Russia in the remote regions of Asia have been received at St. Petersburg in a liberal and candid spirit.—*Athenæum*.

**LETTERS BY ATMOSPHERIC EXPRESS.**—The system of conveying letters by means of atmospheric tubes is about to be tried here; two experimental lines are about to be laid down for the service of the telegraph office, one from the latter establishment in the quartier St. Germain to the Tuileries, and the other thence to the Bourse. Air-pumps are to be placed at each end of the tube, so that while one exhausts the other shall compress, and thus produce a powerful current. The speed calculated on is about 350 yards per second; and it is said that, should the experiment succeed, arrangements will be made for the distribution of letters generally to the various quarters of Paris by the same means.—*Letter from Paris*.

The British government is about fortifying the lower banks of the Thames on a large scale.

## CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA. HATHORN & MCMICHAEL.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, June, 1861.

The Proprietors and Conductors of this immense and favorite establishment announce to the traveling public that its doors and saloons will be opened for the reception of company on the fifteenth of June, and remain open till the first of October.

There is so much of personal comfort, pleasure, and health to sojourners at a summer watering-place depending on the direction and management of a great Hotel like Congress Hall, that the Proprietors deem it due to the public and just to themselves to give ample information of what they have done by lavish expenditure for the reception and accommodation of their old friends and new visitors who may seek a sojourn at Saratoga the present summer. They beg to enumerate some of the comforts, advantages, and attractions of Congress Hall, which invite visitors to Saratoga to seek a home in its spacious and commodious apartments and saloons.

1. Congress Hall is a long-established and favorite resort of visitors to this valley of fountains and mineral springs. Here numerous friends—of high culture and intelligence—meet and sojourn together in social intercourse, much like the members of a large family.

2. The Proprietors feel confident in saying Congress Hall ranks first among watering-place hotels in the world.

3. There is but one Saratoga in the world. And Congress Hall is located directly adjacent to the famous Congress Spring, in a fine old shady grove, cool and delightful.

4. The accommodations of Congress Hall have

been much increased. Large and expensive improvements in the building, in furniture, and in decorations have been made. The parlors are spacious and the dining-saloons ample and convenient. Prompt, faithful, and attentive servants will be in constant attendance, and no neglect of duty or inattention to the comfort of visitors will be allowed by the Proprietors.

5. Congress Hall is provided with an immense promenade piazza, 251 feet long by 20 wide, sheltered from the rain and shaded from the sun by lofty columns, trees, and luxuriant shrubbery. It has in the rear 1000 feet of piazzas. It has two spacious parlors, newly furnished and decorated, 70 feet by 32, and 80 by 32. It has 296 sleeping-rooms, besides private parlors.

6. The tables of Congress Hall, 600 feet long, will be daily spread with viands of ample variety and abundance, and served by attentive waiters.

7. The Proprietors are determined to spare no pains and efforts to render Congress Hall a home of pleasant resort and comfort unsurpassed by any hotel in the country. They only add, that among the aggregate arrivals of **FORTY THOUSAND** at all the hotels, Congress Hall carried off the palm in numbers. We say this only in the spirit of friendly competition. We shall cordially greet the arrival of our old friends, and we hope to receive many new ones, with our best efforts to please and satisfy all who favor us with their company.

We have erected spacious barns and stables, and carriages and horses can be promptly furnished to order for rides, or horses and carriages of visitors boarded at livery.





# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1861.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## REMAINS OF ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.\*

A DOMINICAN monk, whose eloquence has for the first time raised a Brother of his Order to a seat in the Academy of France—an historian and statesman to whom in politics Alexis de Tocqueville had been habitually opposed—a friend who had shared for thirty years his affections, his thoughts, and almost every incident of his life, have within the last few weeks pronounced and recorded their homage to this illustrious and virtuous man, whose

premature death is an irreparable loss to letters, to his country, to those who loved him, and to the age.

Nothing is more diverse than the points from which these eminent persons approached their common subject—nothing more unlike than the distinctive features most attractive to each of them in M. de Tocqueville's character; yet such was the simplicity, the truth, the native beauty of his mind, that voices of different tones blend in perfect harmony over his tomb, and the monument which adorns it, though raised by many hands, is of one conception and design. Perhaps of the three writers whose names we have cited, Father Lacordaire has best succeeded in tracing and expressing, by the light of his own genius, the extraordinary elevation and moral dignity of M. de Tocqueville's life. The part M. Guizot had to perform in

\* *Œuvres et Correspondance inédites d' Alexis de Tocqueville, publiées et précédées d'une Notice.* Par GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT, Membre de l'Institut. 2 tomes. Paris. 1860.

*Discours de réception à l'Académie Française.* Par le R. P. H. D. LACORDAIRE, des Frères Prêcheurs, le 24 Janvier, 1861. Paris.

*Discours de M. Guizot, Directeur de l'Académie Française, en réponse au Discours prononcé par M. Lacordaire pour sa réception à l'Académie Française.* Paris. 1861.



his official capacity as the Director of the French Academy, was of a more modest kind, and with his usual good taste he confined himself to it, dwelling less on the circumstances which had separated him from M. de Tocqueville in public life than on the principles which united them in a common love of literature, philosophy, and freedom. But M. de Beaumont's biographical notice of his friend, accompanied as it is by a selection from his private letters and by some unpublished fragments of his works, is by far the most valuable memorial we as yet possess of him. M. de Beaumont has executed this task with a conscientious desire to present to the world a fair and accurate portrait of the man he loved. He has abstained from needless and intrusive panegyric. He has contented himself with a guarded selection from the papers placed in his hands. He has carefully avoided all that could wound personal sensitiveness, and he has performed a very difficult part with skill and good taste. The book has excited a degree of attention in France not commonly bestowed in these days upon publications of so serious a character, an edition of four thousand copies having been rapidly sold; and we have no doubt that it will retain its place as one of the most valuable contributions to modern biography.

But whilst we share the gratification which this publication has excited, and we rejoice to mark so strong a disposition in France to do honor to the exalted qualities of a man who lived above his age, it must in candor be admitted that M. de Beaumont has not escaped all the inconveniences of contemporary biography. When the life of a distinguished man is written within a few months of his death by those who have enjoyed his intimacy, there is a risk that the private incidents of his domestic circle will assume an excessive degree of importance, whilst the principles which regulated his public conduct, and even the public events in which he took part, can not be fully and completely explained. No one will read without affectionate interest the expressions, which abound in these volumes, of Alexis de Tocqueville's devotion to his wife, his father, and his friends. In these relations he was a model of tenderness and fidelity; and happily for himself, the ties of domestic life and friendship filled a larger space in his existence than

the pursuit of literary fame or the efforts of political ambition. But posterity, regarding him as one of the most profound thinkers and accomplished writers of this century, will naturally look rather to his public life than to his private virtues. And in this respect the volumes before us leave the tale of his life untold.

He exclaimed in early youth to his intimate friend, who is now his biographer: "Il n'y a pas à dire, c'est *l'homme politique* qu'il faut faire en nous." His studies, his journeys, his pursuits were already directed to a life of political action. He engaged in politics with matchless ardor, and with an ambition the more intense that it was absolutely free from the slightest taint of personal interest. He pursued this noble enterprise for fifteen years, in the contests of parliamentary debate, in the paroxysms of revolution, in the ranks of a constituent assembly, in the service of the President of the Republic, and in the direction of the department of foreign affairs. He witnessed the catastrophe which extinguished the liberties of his country, and realized the darkest of his own marvelous predictions; but subjection to despotic power wasted him like an incurable disease, and amongst the causes which doubtless contributed to exhaust his delicate and sensitive frame, was the ever recurring thought that he who survives the freedom and the dignity of his country has already lived too long. Some traces of these feelings may be found in M. de Beaumont's volumes; indeed, they pervade every letter in the latter portion of this collection; but of the political events and opinions connected with these passionate sentiments we find scarcely any record. Since the Revolution of February, 1848, a thick darkness has settled over the history of the French nation. Men have learned to whisper their opinions. The former divisions of party appear ludicrous and mischievous, when they are measured by that great chasm which yawns between Imperial despotism and constitutional freedom. Those who, like M. de Tocqueville himself, have actually written a record of the political events in which they took part, bury their manuscripts or deposit them in foreign countries, till better times shall vindicate the rights of history. Thus although we can not admit that the life of such a man as Tocqueville has been adequately written, as long as the strongest of his opinions

and the most notable of his actions are passed over in silence, we must be content for the present with what M. de Beaumont has given us, and with the promise that at some future period Tocqueville's political correspondence will also be made known to the world.

On the other hand, it is perfectly true that the private details of M. de Tocqueville's birth, parentage, and connections which are to be found in these volumes powerfully contribute to explain the true bearing of his political opinions; and this is the chief result which the public can draw from so uneventful a biography. It is not, however, an unimportant result, if it removes a misconception which has very generally prevailed as to the spirit and design of his principal writings. Because M. de Tocqueville based his literary and political reputation on the study of democracy and democratic institutions, it was hastily inferred that these institutions were the object of his own predilections. Because he described with perfect impartiality the means by which the American people appeared to have succeeded in combining a highly democratic state of society with a free and regular government, it was supposed that M. de Tocqueville carried a love of democracy to the length of republicanism. Even among some of his intimate friends an opinion existed that his political principles had in them something extreme and revolutionary, and his own family, ardently attached to the royalist party in France, were half alarmed at the audacity and the fame of the most illustrious member of their house. The truth is, that his celebrated book on American democracy had, as M. Guizot remarks in his address, the singular good fortune to find equal favor in the eyes of opposite parties. It was hailed with equal satisfaction by the ardent friends of democracy and by those who dread the exclusive predominance of democratic power. The former were gratified by M. de Tocqueville's admission of the preponderance of this great element in modern societies, and by his prediction of its future dominion over the world; the latter were no less struck by the acuteness with which he pointed out its tendency to favor absolute government, and to degrade the noblest faculties of man. His doctrine of the universal extension of social equality was applauded by Mr. Mill and Mr. Grote; his doctrine of the

tyranny of democratic majorities was quoted with extraordinary effect by Sir Robert Peel, when he was laying the foundations of the great party of conservative resistance, after the popular movement of 1832. But no party objects whatever entered into the mind of M. de Tocqueville himself. Even in this controversy, which may be said to have formed the business of his life, because he saw more clearly than any other man that the fate and freedom of the world depend on it, he maintained an inviolable impartiality, the more difficult and meritorious that his personal sympathies inclined to the cause of aristocracy, although the result of his profound political observations led him to believe that the cause of aristocratic government was irreparably lost, and that democracy must hereafter be mistress of the world. This apparent contradiction was perfectly well explained by himself in a letter to his friend Stoffels, which deserves to be cited. Stoffels had imagined that the tendency of his theories was radical and almost revolutionary; he replied that his love of liberty was tempered by so great a respect for justice, and so genuine a love of law and order, that he might fairly pass for a Liberal of a new sort, not to be confounded with most of the democrats of the time.

"The political object of the work is this: I have sought to show what a democratic people is in our days, and by this delineation, executed with rigorous accuracy, my design has been to produce a twofold effect on my contemporaries. To those who make to themselves an ideal democracy, a brilliant vision which they think it easy to realize, I undertake to show that they have arrayed their picture in false colors: that the democratic government they advocate, if it be of real advantage to those who can support it, has not the lofty features they ascribe to it; and, moreover, that this government can only be maintained on certain conditions of intelligence, private morality, and religious faith, which we do not possess; and that its political results are not to be obtained without labor. To those for whom the word 'democracy' is synonymous with disturbance, anarchy, spoliation and murder, I have attempted to show that the government of democracy may be reconciled with respect for property, with deference for rights, with safety to freedom, with reverence to religion; that if democratic government is less favorable than another to some of the finer parts of human nature, it has also great and noble elements; and that perhaps, after all, it is the will of God to shed a lesser grade of happiness on the totality of mankind, not to combine a greater share of it

on a smaller number, or to raise the few to the verge of perfection. I have undertaken to demonstrate to them that whatever their opinion on this point may be, it is too late to deliberate, that society is advancing and dragging them along with itself toward equality of conditions; that the sole remaining alternative lies between evils henceforth inevitable; that the question is not whether aristocracy or democracy can be maintained, but whether we are to live under a democratic society devoid indeed of poetry and greatness, but at least orderly and moral, or under a democratic society, lawless and depraved, abandoned to the frenzy of revolution, or subjected to a yoke heavier than any of those which have crushed mankind since the fall of the Roman Empire. I have sought to calm the ardor of the former class of persons, and, without discouragement, to point out the only path before them. I have sought to allay the terrors of the latter, and to bend their minds to the idea of an inevitable future, so that with less impetuosity on the one hand, and less resistance on the other, the world may advance more peaceably to the necessary fulfillment of its destiny. This is the fundamental idea of the book; an idea which connects all its other ideas in a single web, and which you ought to have discerned more clearly than you have done. There are, however, as yet very few persons who understand it. Many people of opposite opinions are pleased with it, not because they understand me, but because they find in my book, considered on one side only, certain arguments favorable to their own passion of the moment. But I have confidence in the future, and I hope the day will come when every body will see clearly what a few only perceive at present." (Vol. i. p. 427.)

Perhaps even now that day predicted by the author has not yet entirely arrived. The book itself, far from having suffered from the lapse of a quarter of a century, has gained in authority and interest from the inexhaustible depth, the unflinching truth, and the extraordinary foresight which are its characteristics. It is, and it will remain, by far the greatest work of political philosophy of this age, for it embraces futurity itself, and that with no uncertain range. But the world has not yet entirely taken the full measure of it, and the deeper insight which these biographical details may give into the purpose of the author are of great assistance to a more thorough comprehension of his design.

In a letter to one of his English friends, Mr. Henry Reeve, he expresses with greater precision his own personal relations to the undertaking:

"People want to make me a party man, which

I am not. They ascribe to me passions when I have only opinions, or rather but one passion, the love of freedom and of human dignity. All forms of government are in my eyes but means to satisfy this sacred and lawful passion of man. Democratic and aristocratic prejudices are alternately ascribed to me. I should perhaps have had these or those had I been born in another century or in another country; but the accident of my birth has easily enabled me to defend myself against either tendency. I came into the world at the end of a long revolution, which, after having destroyed the former state of things, had created nothing lasting in its place. Aristocracy was already dead when I began to live, and democracy was not yet in existence. No instinct, therefore, impelled me blindly toward one or the other. I was an inhabitant of a country which had been for forty years trying every thing and stopping definitively at nothing. I was not, therefore, easily addicted to political illusions. Belonging myself to the old aristocracy of my country, I had no natural hatred or jealousy of aristocracy; nor had I any natural love of it, for people only attach themselves to what is in existence. I was near enough to judge it with knowledge, far enough to judge it without passion. The same may be said of the democratic element. No interest gave me a natural or necessary propensity to democracy; nor had democracy inflicted on me any personal injury. I had no particular motive to love it or to hate it, independently of my own reason. In a word, I was so well balanced between the past and the future, that I did not feel myself naturally and instinctively drawn toward one or the other, and it was no great effort to me to take a tranquil survey of both sides." (Vol. ii. p. 70.)

The maintenance of this state of philosophical impartiality, widely remote from indifference, was one of the great objects of M. de Tocqueville through life, and it is one of the finest qualities of his writings. He was, as an ingenious member of our confraternity expresses it, essentially "binocular;" he saw correctly, because he saw the object in two positions at once, the angle of one point of vision correcting the obliquity of the other. But we are rather inclined to attribute this singular rectitude of judgment to the skill with which he preserved the balance between his sympathies and his understanding than to the absence of those passions to which other men are more apt to yield. A few details of his earlier life will explain our meaning.

The family of Clerel, or, as it was anciently spelt, Clarel, has been established for many centuries in the peninsula of the Cotentin, on the Norman coast, and the

village and lands of Tocqueville give them their territorial designation. The Clerels figure in the roll of Battle Abbey, among the companions of the conqueror, for an extraordinary number of the gallant Norman adventurers who overran Britain, and filled the world with their exploits, drew their first breath in some manor-house of this district. Tradition indeed relates that the village of Tocqueville owed its name to a Norman chief, or sea-rover, called Toki, whose tumulus may still be seen on the high ground above the chateau: and certainly this point commands a vast range of sea and land of no common historic interest—hard by, Barfleur, now a neglected port, but once famous in the annals of English royalty and English wars; to the east, the Hogue; to the west Cherbourg. On this spot the seigneurs of Tocqueville have dwelt for many generations, leading the life of the country gentleman of France before the Revolution, always ready to pay their debt to their country with their blood, for their descendant relates in one of these letters that his grandfather and his great uncle perished on the field of battle or died of their wounds; seeking their amusements in field-sports or in the neighboring county-town of Valognes; proud of their gentle descent, though not entitled to be ranked among the highest order of the French nobility. Their actual residence at Tocqueville dates from about two hundred and fifty years ago. Before that time the Clerels lived on an estate at Rampan near St. Lô, and the family was known as Clerel de Rampan. Several of the Seigneurs de Rampan figure in the annals of the Parliament of Rouen in the seventeenth century; and as the spirit and learning of the French provincial magistracy—the old Parliamentary spirit—was the very salt of the nation, before the revolution of 1789, it may be said that Alexis de Tocqueville inherited the qualities for which this order of men was justly conspicuous. But when he himself went to the bar, an old country neighbor, well versed in Norman pedigrees, the Countess de Blangy, who had inherited the domain of the Abbé St. Pierre in the same district, said to the young *stagiaire*: “Souvenez vous, Monsieur, que votre famille a toujours été de la noblesse d’épée.” She was right in point of fact. The Clerels had always been soldiers, and long before 1789 the

family bore the title of Count. That title, subsequently conferred by Louis XVIII. on the father of Alexis, was no more than the recognition of an ancient distinction. It is still borne by the elder brother and representative of the house, but Alexis himself always refused to adopt it, and he mentions in one of his letters to Madame Swéchine, that titles had long ago lost in his estimation and in France all meaning and all value.

The Chateau de Tocqueville consisted originally of what might be termed, north of the Tweed, a peel-house, flanked by a huge tower of enormous solidity, and this part of the edifice is probably as old as the battle of Agincourt. Such was the type of the Norman manor-house of the fifteenth century. But when the gentry of the Cotentin had ceased to dread the incursions of English marauders, their houses expanded, and in the reign of Louis XIII. the chateau was considerably enlarged. A quadrangle was built, which served partly for the residence of the family, and partly for farm-buildings, the windows looking out on the farm-yard in the middle. A large dove-cote, though now guiltless of pigeons, still marks the ancient seignorial right of the lord to keep his pigeons at the expense of his peasantry; and a stain over the door indicates the spot from which the revolution of '93 tore the escutcheon of the family. The quadrangle has made way for the convenience of a modern approach, and the old chateau has assumed the elegance of a mansion of the nineteenth century; but every stone of it tells of the past. Alexis de Tocqueville came into possession of this residence by a family arrangement in 1837. He speaks of it in one of his letters at that time as “mon pauvre vieux Tocqueville,” a sort of big farm-house, which had not been inhabited for half a century. Indeed at that time the floors were gone, and the roof was in danger, though happily the old “girouette féodale” still turned on the big tower. But its aspect was speedily changed; it became for the next twenty years the scene of uninterrupted domestic happiness, and of never-failing rural interests, a repose after the contests of political life, a retreat in the dark hour of national adversity, and the scene of literary labor, of liberal hospitality, of counsel and consolation to all needing or asking them. But we are anticipating the course of events.

At an early age the father of Alexis entered into possession of this inheritance, then surrounded with all its seignorial rights, and contracted a marriage with *Mdlle. Lepeletier de Rosambo*, a granddaughter of *M. de Malesherbes*. The marriage was celebrated at *Malesherbes* in 1793; and, extraordinary as it may seem, we derive this information from the lively recollections of an eminent man, who was present at the nuptials, and danced on that occasion for the last time in his life. We need hardly add that there is but one person now alive to whom this description can apply, and that we refer to the *Lyndhurst* of France, *Chancellor Pasquier*, now in his ninety-fourth year, and in the full possession of his memory and his wit. This connection with a house so distinguished as that of the *Lamoignons* proves the consideration at that time enjoyed by the *Clerels* of *Tocqueville*.\* The life of *M. de Malesherbes* was patriarchal. Disgraced by the Court, though adored by the nation and venerated by Europe, he too had retired to his country residence, and devoted his leisure to the improvement of agriculture and the introduction of rare trees, until the horrors of the revolution recalled him to the side of that master whom he had sought in vain to counsel. The defense of *Louis XVI.* by *M. de Malesherbes* at the bar of the Convention, and his sublime attachment to the King in that tremendous hour, is the most glorious event of his life, but the whole course of it had been equally great and pure. It was he who asserted in 1771, in the language of a remonstrance which his great-grandson would not have disavowed, "that the right of self-government belongs to every body and every community, as a right of nature and a right of reason; that since powerful ministers had made it a matter of political principle not to allow a National Assembly to be convoked, they had come at last to quash the deliberations of a village, and that a government had been introduced

in France more fatal than despotism, and worthy of Oriental barbarism."

After the execution of the King, *M. de Malesherbes* returned to his country-seat. And it was at this very time and under these distressing and alarming circumstances, that the Count de *Tocqueville* married his granddaughter. Barely six months had passed after the marriage, *Malesherbes* still living on his estate with the several branches of his descendants, when his eldest daughter and her husband, *M. de Rosambo*, were torn from him by the revolutionary emissaries. A few days later *Malesherbes* himself and all the other members of his family were also seized; and on the twenty-second April, 1794, he was sent to the scaffold with his daughter, his granddaughter, recently married to *M. de Chateaubriand*, and her husband, the elder brother of the well-known statesman and writer. They were executed before his eyes, and his own death instantly followed that of those he loved. *M. and Madame de Tocqueville*, she being a sister of *Madame de Chateaubriand*, were arrested at the same time, and remained for several months in the *Conciergerie*, until they were liberated by the fall of *Robespierre*. We remember to have heard that the first thing they did after their liberation was to drive about Paris for a whole day in a hackney-coach, partly for the enjoyment of the sense of freedom, and partly from the confusion of mind produced by the scenes they had witnessed and the perils they had escaped. They returned, however, to their family mansion: the plate had been buried, and was saved; a service of *Dresden china* had also been buried in another part of the grounds, but the clue to the hiding-place was lost, and it has never been rediscovered. The *Tocquevilles* never emigrated; they therefore retained their landed property, and continued to live peaceably upon it. In 1805 *Alexis*, their third son, was born in Paris, but soon afterward, being still an infant, he was brought to *Tocqueville* in a pannier slung across a horse, with his nurse on a pillion. In those primitive times, scarcely fifty years ago, there was no such thing as a road for wheeled carriages from the mansion of a country gentleman to the village, or even from the village to the chief town of the department.

We have related these details because, independently of the interest they may

\* *M. de Tocqueville's* connection with the old *Marquese d'Aguesseau* was also by his mother's side, *Madame d'Agnesseau* being one of the three daughters in whom the *Lamoignon* family expired. One of her sisters married Count *Molé's* father, and the other *M. Feydeau de Brou*. The paternal grandfather of *Alexis de Tocqueville* married *Mdlle. de Damas Crux*, whence the Duke de *Damas* was his great uncle.

possess, they serve to show the influence of the Revolution on the last and present generations of the French. In the higher ranks of society, more especially, there is hardly a family in which events of the deepest tragic interest have not occurred within living memory; and if the actual witnesses of those dreadful scenes have now almost disappeared, their children received from them in early life impressions which no time can efface. When Alexis de Tocqueville was born, less than eleven years had elapsed since the most illustrious members of his mother's family had perished on the scaffold. The age of martyrs was still near. Is it yet over? Tocqueville himself was wont to say that he lived in a country where no man could foretell with certainty whether he should die in his bed or on the block. These traditions doubtless contributed to produce on a mind, naturally so sensitive and so reflective, impressions of which he was himself scarcely conscious. His family was ardently royalist, and might be compared to a high Tory family on this side of the water; with some change of conditions, their prejudices and disposition of mind were the same. His education was scanty, being conducted apparently by an Abbé Lesueur, whose death, during his absence in America, he affectionately deplores. But that which was not scanty and not deficient was the high principle, the lofty conception of truth and duty, the unselfish dignity with which his father, like himself, was completely imbued. On the Count's death, in 1856, Alexis wrote to M. de Corcelle, one of his most intimate and highly valued friends: "You are right. If I am worth any thing, I owe it above all to my education, to those examples of uprightness, simplicity, and honor which I found about me in coming into the world and as I advanced in life. I owe my parents much more than existence."

The following anecdote, related by himself in a charming letter to Lady Theresa Lewis, recalls these impressions of his early life. Speaking of Lady Theresa's *Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Clarendon*, then lately published, he says:—

"One feeling above all lives in your pages, though it be dead in the hearts of our generation—I mean that sort of idolatry of royalty which ennobled obedience, and made men capable of acts of self-sacrifice, not only to the principle of government, but to the person of the sovereign. It may be said that this feeling is gradually dis-

appearing entirely from the world. In some countries, as in France, not a trace of it remains. I met with it again in your narrative, and the more kindly as the scenes to which it belongs carry me back to the earliest days of my childhood. I remember even now, as if it were still before me, one evening, in a chateau where my father was then living, and where some family rejoicings had brought together a large number of our near relations. The servants had retired. We were all sitting round the hearth. My mother, who had a sweet and touching voice, began to sing an air well known in our civil disturbances, to words relating to Louis XVI. and his death. When she ceased every one was in tears, not for the personal sufferings they had undergone, not even for the loss of so many of our own blood on the field of civil war and on the scaffold, but for the fate of a man who had died fifteen years before, and whom most of those present had never seen. But that man had been the King." (Vol. ii. p. 388.)

Alexis de Tocqueville was ten years old at the Restoration in 1815, and his father became successively prefect at Metz, at Amiens, and at Versailles. He was also raised, very deservedly, to the rank of a peer of France. These mutations had some effect on the earlier career of his son. In 1822 he gained the prize of rhetoric at the Academy of Metz; and in 1827 he entered the profession of the magistracy, as Judge Auditeur at Versailles. In the interval he had made a tour in Italy, of which some record has been preserved. Probably Alexis de Tocqueville had then never heard of the celebrated passage in *Gibbon's Memoirs*, where that great historian relates that the idea of his *Decline and Fall* came into his mind as he sat amidst the ruins of the Capitol and heard the voices of the barefooted friars singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter. But a similar vision seems to have passed over the mind of another youthful traveler on the same spot; as Tocqueville describes in his journal a procession of barefooted friars mounting the steps of the Ara Cœli, whilst a shepherd calls his goats browsing in the Forum, the past history of Rome rises before him, and he traces the extinction of her greatness to the day when her liberties fell beneath the scepter of imperial power.

The following years were eagerly devoted to extend the range of his education, as well as to qualify himself for his legal functions; but it is easy to perceive that his ambition would never have contented itself with the honors of the bench, and, in those days more especially, the

whole youth of France were launched with inconceivable energy in historical researches, in literary controversies, in philosophical theories, which called forth the full powers of a mind earnest in the pursuit of all knowledge. In political affairs he took as yet no part, but his sympathies were entirely on the side of the liberal party, whilst his remarkable foresight enabled him to discern the perils of the monarchy. In August, 1829, on the formation of the Polignac Ministry, a year before the celebrated ordinances, he wrote :

"These ministers can neither summon a new chamber with the present law of election, nor pass a new law of election in the existing chambers. They are launched then on the plan of coups d'état, of laws by ordinance ; that is, the question lies between the royal power and the popular power, a conflict in closed lists, a conflict in which, in my opinion, the popular power only stakes its present, but the royal authority will stake both present and future. If this ministry falls, the crown will suffer much from its fall ; for it is the creation of the crown, and it will cause securities to be taken hereafter, which will still further restrict a power already too limited. God grant that the House of Bourbon may not one day repent what has just been done !" (Vol. ii. p. 6.)

The Revolution, which in 1830 realized these sinister predictions, was a severe, if not a fatal blow to the hopes of a man of five-and-twenty entering with M. de Tocqueville's prospects and opinions on public life. It was not only that his personal chances of advancement in the world were at an end, and that his family, deeply imbued with the passions of the Royalist party, viewed with horror a new form of popular government. These considerations had small weight with a mind alike disinterested and independent. But it became manifest in 1830 that the passions of the French Revolution had slumbered, but were not extinct. Another experiment had failed—another form of government had been overthrown. To use an expression of his own : "The Revolution has not stopped. It no longer, indeed, brings to light any great novelties, but it still keeps every thing afloat. The mighty wheel turns and brings nothing up, but it seems that it will turn forever." What then was this blind but irresistible force which swept before it in ever-recurring paroxysms the institutions, the orders, the government of the country ? Not merely the love of freedom, for freedom has existed

in England for nearly two hundred years, without any grave perturbation of social order—it has existed for seventy years in the United States, combined with a purely democratic state of society. Nor indeed had the love of freedom acquired any permanent hold over the French people. They adored it in 1789, they were indifferent to it in 1800 ; and the same phenomenon has since been repeated.

"Accustomed though we be to the fleeting inconsistency of men, there is something astonishing in so vast a change in the moral inclinations of a people : so much selfishness succeeding to so much patriotism, so much indifference to so much passion, so much fear to so much heroism, so great a scorn for that which had been so vehemently desired and so dearly purchased. A change so complete and so abrupt can not be explained by the customary laws of the moral world. The temperament of our nation is so peculiar that the general study of mankind fails to embrace it. France is forever taking by surprise even those who have made her the special object of their researches ; a nation more apt than any other to comprehend a great design and to embrace it, capable of all that can be achieved by a single effort of whatever magnitude, but unable to abide long at this high level, because she is ever swayed by sensations and not by principles, and that her instincts are better than her morality ; a people civilized among all civilized nations of the earth, yet, in some respects, still more akin to the savage state than any of them, for the characteristic of savages is to decide on the sudden impulse of the moment, unconscious of the past and careless of the future." (Vol. i. p. 278.)

This inconstancy in the pursuit of political objects, this inability to estimate the true value of such objects or to retain them, and lastly the malignant passions which the Revolution had arrayed against all social, intellectual, and moral superiority, were the evil powers which M. de Tocqueville was resolved to combat and to resist. The shock of the Revolution of 1830 was scarcely needed to teach him that a deep gulf lay fixed between the principles to which he was immutably attached, and the dreams which his countrymen were determined madly and vainly to pursue. He was led, or rather compelled, to the study of democratic institutions not by any natural sympathy with popular agitation or any illusion as to the results of it, but by consternation at the ravages it had already made, and by a deep-seated dread of its furthest consequences. Throughout his writings, throughout his parliamentary

career, throughout his correspondence, the conviction may be traced that modern democracy tends to the establishment of absolute power, unless it be counteracted by a genuine love and practice of freedom. The modern theory of democracy is not so much a love of freedom as the love of a particular kind of power. Democratic power differs in its origin, but not at all in its nature, from other forms of absolutism. It is as impatient of control, as liable to overleap the restraint of law, as much addicted to flatterers and abuses, as the most arbitrary monarchy or the corruptest oligarchy. He perceived that freedom itself could with difficulty be practiced or maintained in countries where high principles were giving way to low interests; where the spirit of personal dignity and independence was crushed by the government and hated by the masses; where, to use his own illustration, the impulses of savage life prevailed over the laws of civilization, and revolution triumphed over tradition. He perceived, too, that as the ruling principle of democracies is the principle of interest, so the principle of aristocracies, if they are to last, must be that of duty. It is apparent from what we have already said of his descent and education, that he belonged by nature to a chosen order of men. Indeed, the extreme delicacy of his physical organization, the fastidious refinement of his tastes, the exquisite charm of his manners, made him the very type of a high-bred gentleman; and if these were in him the outward signs of distinction, not less was he ennobled by the very soul of chivalry, by that purity and simplicity of character which are the truest nobility, and by a combination of manly virtues with an almost feminine grace—qualities which Englishmen are wont to trace to an ideal perfection in the person of Sir Philip Sidney.

Conceive such a man placed by fate on the brink of the French Revolution, stripped of the traditions of the past by one blast of that great convulsion, robbed by another blast of the hopes of the future, hating with an equal hatred the abominations of the Ancien Régime, the crimes of the Revolution, and the iron yoke of the French Empire, whether imposed by the military genius of one Napoleon, or by the civil craft of another; and all this time, viewing with almost superhuman penetration and with patriotic desponden-

cy the gradual decline of the French people from that standard of moral dignity and public spirit which could alone enable them to fulfill the generous aspirations of their forefathers! Well aware of the difficulty, perhaps the impracticability, of so great an enterprise, he never ceased to contend for those genuine principles of liberty which could alone, as he thought, preserve society and civilization from the greatest calamities. He held "that the first duty which is at this time imposed upon those who direct public affairs is to educate the democracy; to warm its faith, if that be possible; to purify its morals; to direct its energies; to substitute a knowledge of business for its inexperience, and an acquaintance with its true interests for its blind propensities. A new science of politics is indispensable to a new world."\*

Such were the views, still probably indistinct, which led the young "Juge Auditeur" to throw up his office at Versailles, and in the company of M. Gustave de Beaumont to proceed in 1831 to the United States. A mission was given them by Count Montalivet to examine the Penitentiary system, then recently introduced in America: they performed this part of their duty conscientiously; but the real motive of their journey was to examine the political institutions of the American people, and the imperishable result of it is the book entitled *Democracy in America*.

M. de Tocqueville was not thirty years old when his great work appeared. He woke one morning, like Byron, and found himself famous. "I feel," said he, in a letter to his friend Stoffels, written in February, 1835, "like a lady of the Court of Napoleon, whom the Emperor took it into his head to make a Duchess. That evening, as she heard herself announced by her new title when she came to Court, she forgot to whom it belonged, and ranged herself on one side to let the lady pass whose name had just been called. I assure you this is just my case. I ask myself if it be I that they are talking about? and when the fact is established, I infer that the world must consist of a poor set of people, since a book of my making, the range of which I know so well, has had the effect this appears to

\* Introduction to *Democracy in America*, vol. I. p. 22, Reeve's translation.



produce." (Vol. i. p. 427.) His first interview with Gosselin, the publisher, was by no means flattering. That great man consented with some hesitation to strike off an edition of five hundred copies, and Tocqueville remarked that it was rather a humiliating condition of the profession of authors to have to treat one's bookseller as if he were a superior being. Nine months afterward the tables were turned. "I went yesterday to see Gosselin, who received me with the most expansive countenance in the world, exclaiming: 'Ah ça! mais il paraît que vous avez fait un chef-d'œuvre!'" The success of the book was indeed prodigious. It was instantly translated into all languages. It has become a text-book of constitutional law in the United States, where the English translation has run through numberless editions. It shortly afterward opened to Tocqueville the doors of the French Institute, and eventually of the Academy. M. Royer-Collard affirmed that since Montesquieu, nothing like it had appeared. Even the compositors and readers in the printing-office testified their interest in the production of it.

Soon after the publication of his first two volumes in 1835, M. de Tocqueville paid a visit (though not his first visit) to England. He was received by many Englishmen with attention and hospitality, which soon ripened into cordial friendship and the deepest mutual regard. Indeed, no inconsiderable portion of the collection of letters now given to the public, mark the strong attachment and the sedulous interest with which he kept up his connections in English society. Perhaps, indeed, there was no society now in existence to which he may be said so naturally to have belonged, as that which he met with in this country. In the polished circles of Lansdowne House and Holland House, his manners and his powers of conversation insured him a cordial reception; he found there not only the easy citizenship of good-breeding, but the same deep interest in the progress of mankind, and the same ardent attachment to every great and free object which had become the ruling passion of his life. His own ideal of social excellence and political greatness lay precisely in the combination of aristocratic tastes with popular interests, and in that independence of position and character which is never more complete than when it is united to a high

sense of the duties and obligations of property and station. That is what he found in the Whig society of this country. Twenty years elapsed before he re-visited England, and was again received with all the honors that could be paid by society to one of the most eminent and interesting men of the time. But during the whole of that interval his intimacy with his English friends had been strengthened and increased, partly by correspondence, and partly by their visits to his own country-house in Normandy. It is no light praise to say, that of all the men we have known, he had the loftiest and most entire conception of friendship. His confidence and his affection were not easily given; they were given to few; but when given, his friends became a portion of himself; none of them was ever in the faintest degree slighted, or neglected, or forgotten; between them and him, each in his respective manner, there was entire communion; not one of them ever broke from that charmed circle, nor did the vicissitudes of life at all affect the unalterable tenderness of his regard. It is not less interesting to us to know that the first and only object of his affections, who became his wife, and who in that name comprised the strongest and purest ties of human existence—his constant companion, counselor, and friend; with whom no place was solitary to him, and without whom no society was attractive—was an Englishwoman, who brought him for her portion that best of gifts the comfort and the trust of English domestic life. Although it be somewhat out of its chronological place, we are here tempted to quote a short letter in which he conveyed to M. de Corcelle his impression of England on his last visit in 1857.

"Tocqueville, July 29, 1857.—I should have so much to say about England, which I saw again after the lapse of twenty years, and with a larger experience of men, that several letters would be requisite to convey to you the impressions I received and the ideas suggested to my mind by the spectacle before my eyes.

"It is the greatest spectacle in the world, though not every thing in it is great. Especially things are to be seen there which are wholly unknown in the rest of Europe, and which singularly gratified me.

"Doubtless there exists in the lower classes a certain amount of feeling hostile to the other classes of society; but this feeling is not perceptible, and that which is perceptible is the

union and accord which exist between all men belonging to the educated classes, from the lower tradesmen to the highest aristocracy, to defend society and direct it in common. I did not envy England her wealth and her power, but I envied her this; and I breathed when I found myself for the first time for so many years, out of the reach of those class hatreds and jealousies which, after having been the source of all our misfortunes, have ended in the destruction of our freedom.

"England has given me a second joy which I had long been deprived of. I found there a complete harmony between the world of religion and the world of politics, between private virtues and public virtues, between Christianity and freedom. I heard Christians of all denominations advocating free institutions as necessary, not only to the welfare, but to the moral being of society; and I nowhere met that sort of moral monster now so common all over the continent, where men of religion are the advocates of despotism, leaving to those who are without religion the honor of raising their voice for freedom." (Vol. ii. p. 394.)

Our limits forbid us to enter as fully as we could wish on M. de Tocqueville's correspondence with his English friends, though these letters will be read with extreme interest in this country, because they touch on topics more familiar to ourselves, and, we must add, more agreeable, than the gloomy aspect of modern French society. But one or two of his observations may find a place here.

In common with all the French Liberals, Tocqueville had been bitterly wounded by the disposition of a certain class of English politicians to make light of the overthrow of liberty in France, and even to express a servile admiration for Louis Napoleon, because it suited the interests of this country to conciliate that personage, and even to contract an alliance with him.

One of the subjects connected with the politics of this country which had long excited M. de Tocqueville's curiosity and spirit of reflection was the government of our Indian dependencies. He was possessed with the idea that the civilization of Europe was more and more destined in this and in future ages to subdue the barbarism of the East. With this impression he plunged at one time into the study of the affairs of Algeria; he visited the country, and nearly lost his life, between Philippeville and Constantine, from exposure to the climate, which was all but fatal to his sensitive frame. On the outbreak of hostilities between Great Britain

and China, in 1840, he observed to Mr. Reeve:

"If I were an Englishman I should not see without anxiety the expeditions now in preparation against China. Here then is the mobility of Europe pitted against the immobility of Chinese! 'Tis a great event, especially if one remembers that this is only the sequence, the last link in a multitude of events of the same kind which gradually push the European race abroad, and subject successively to its empire or to its influence, all other races. There is happening in our days, without our perceiving it, a thing more vast and more extraordinary than the establishment of the Roman Empire. I mean the subjection of four portions of the globe by the fifth. Let us not think too ill of our age and of ourselves. Men are small but events are great." (Vol. ii. p. 98.)

Under the same impression he had collected and read a vast quantity of materials for the history of British power in India, and at one time meditated a book on the subject; but he gave it up from the conviction that he ought first to visit the country.\* These circumstances inspired him with the most intense interest and excitement when the great revolt of 1857 broke out in Bengal, and the letters written to several of his English friends during this period are eminently instructive. The following letter to Lady Theresa Lewis contains a more ample view of the subject:

"India is almost as great a subject of anxiety to us at Tocqueville as it is to you in London. My wife speaks and thinks of it incessantly, and more than one mail has kept her awake at night. For myself, there is nothing now in the world which interests me more than the destiny of your great nation. You may therefore conceive with what interest we have read all you say of the present state of affairs in the East. I agree with you that there was probably more of *accident* in the outbreak than was at first supposed; but I think with you again, that the accident led up to the action of certain general causes and set them in motion. To these general causes I would add this one. The people of England, who are the only civilized people who still govern themselves aristocratically, are led by a strange caprice of fortune to strike down or crush aristocracy wherever else it exists. That is the inscrutable task of every

\* M. de Beaumont informs us that a manuscript on this subject, which would make about sixty printed pages, is actually in existence. It is divided into three chapters: 1. "A description of British India." 2. "Effect of the British government on the Hindoos." 3. "How the British Empire in India may be destroyed."

master, be he foreign or native. You have been carrying it on for a century in India with prudence, but with perseverance. You have respected the native princes and the native aristocracy as much as was compatible with your dominion. But day by day you have compressed, enfeebled, or destroyed some of those foreign if not hostile powers, which were in your dominions though not within your grasp. The time is come when each of these princes and classes clearly perceives (with the aid of the light you have yourselves diffused) that they are all destined to pass under this roller. It is a question of time. This one to-day, that one to-morrow. They have already enough experience and intelligence to see this; they have still enough strength to hope to resist the destiny that awaits them. This is therefore the most critical instant of a dominion such as yours. But it is a matter of astonishment and of joy that this common sentiment has not found a man to represent it better than the miscreants who have as yet risen against you. I think that if that had occurred, you would have seen almost all the little princes who still people Northern India, and all the principal races which inhabit it, march at once against you instead of remaining spectators.

"I am less inclined to concur in your opinion when you say that the loss of India would not weaken England, and that it is chiefly by a sort of heroic vanity that the people of England care for maintaining their hold on that country. I have often heard this opinion expressed by very enlightened Englishmen, but have never shared it.

"It is true that, materially speaking, the government of India costs more than it brings in; that it requires efforts at a distance which may, at certain moments, paralyze the action of England under circumstances more directly affecting her; I admit it. Perhaps it would have been better to hang Clive than to make him a lord. But I am not the less persuaded that at this time of day the loss of India would be a great diminution in the rank of England among the nations of the earth. Among many reasons for this opinion, I confine myself to the following.

"There has never been any thing so extraordinary under the sun as the conquest, and still more the government, of India by the English; nothing which, from all points of the globe, more attracts the eyes of mankind to that little island whose very name was to the Greeks unknown. Do you conceive, Madam, that a nation which has once filled this amazing space in the imagination of our race, can withdraw from it with impunity? For my part, I do not think so. I think the English are obeying an instinct, which is not only heroic but true, and the real motive of conservation, in their resolution to keep India at any cost, since it belongs to them. I add that I am perfectly certain they will keep it, though perhaps under less favorable circumstances.

"I am certain that you agree with me in desiring from the bottom of my heart that their

victory may be as little tinged as possible by the vindictive passions which are naturally excited in their hearts. The civilized world is now on their side. It pities their sufferings; it admires their endurance. Nothing would be more easy than to turn against them this sympathetic feeling of Europe, by exceeding the proper bounds of repression. Symptoms of this change are already perceptible. You have undoubtedly had to do with savages whose barbarity surpasses all known limits, and you have seen in India horrors at which the imagination recoils. But you have no right to be masters of those pitiless savages, except inasmuch as you are worthier than they. It is your business to punish, not to imitate them; and it would be to imitate them if, for example, as many people propose, the population of Delhi were massacred. Forgive me the warmth with which I express myself. I love the glory of England too passionately—for it is in my eyes that of freedom herself—not to desire fervently that the English may be as great in their victory as they have hitherto been in the struggle; and it seems to me that all who are in power, or who act upon the public mind in England, must work together for this end." (Vol. ii. p. 411.)

This noble passage is so characteristic of M. de Tocqueville's enlightened regard for this country, that we have stepped out of our course to cite it. It was his wont to discuss with his correspondents all the great topics of the day and the books he read with the same eloquence and earnestness; and even from this limited collection of his letters, a multitude of other examples of not inferior interest might be culled. But we must now return to the business of his life.

In 1837, when Alexis de Tocqueville had not been long settled in the old family chateau of his house, he came forward as a candidate for the representation of the *arrondissement* of Valognes, in his own department. His reception was not very flattering.

When Tocqueville's name was first announced as a candidate, Count Molé, then Prime Minister of France, gave orders that he should have all the support the government could afford him, and this without the slightest preengagement or even inquiry as to the line he intended to follow in politics. M. Molé was his kinsman, and no slight admirer of his works. But this proceeding on the part of the Minister ruffled the sensitive pride of Tocqueville. He instantly wrote to M. Molé to decline the support of the government, and to insist on standing in a position of absolute independence if he were

to be elected at all. M. Molé's answer, which is published in this correspondence, though not written without warmth, is a master-piece of dignity, good sense, and good breeding. He protested against the supposition that because he had proffered the support of the government without conditions to a man whom he esteemed, this support was to be considered as an intolerable burden or a humiliating bargain; he observed with truth that isolation is not independence, and that a deputy is more or less engaged to whatever party may return him; lastly, he urged that the ministerial party was not a mere band of dependents, but a body of men acting together from convictions in defense of the parliamentary institutions of the country, a task at no time easy, and certainly rendered more difficult by the opposition and hostility of men of M. de Tocqueville's own character. This correspondence left no unfriendly feeling between these two eminent men; they were both of them consummate gentlemen, and each knew that the other was contending, not for an interest, but for a principle. Men of that stamp are more eager to sacrifice a personal interest than to trade on it.

Two years later, at the general election of 1839, when M. de Tocqueville had made his way in the department, and had become an object of real attachment to his immediate neighbors and of respect to all the country round, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies by a great majority, and he retained his seat under all circumstances as long as there was a free parliament in France.

Nevertheless we have adverted to this occurrence because it marks the first important step of M. de Tocqueville in public life by a fixed predetermination to join the opposition, and to owe nothing at any time to the King's government. We take the liberty to say that this step on his part, and on the part of several of the able men with whom he acted, was a most unfortunate one for his own public utility, and for the welfare of parliamentary government in France. That form of government was not so firmly established that it could resist the attacks of those who were in the main sincerely attached to the constitution, though they disapproved the policy of the ministry and the court; and no one repeated more emphatically than M. de Tocqueville his prophetic warnings that it was not this or

that minister, this or that system, but representative government itself which was at stake and in danger. The fixed idea of his life was, that the constitution would be undermined by the democratic passions of the nation, and encroached upon by the insincerity of the court, until nothing stable would remain, and the overthrow of the parliamentary system would be followed at no distant time by the despotism of a single ruler. But with a foreknowledge of this danger, which no one else possessed to the same degree, and which as expressed in his earlier writings and speeches looks like a gleam of superhuman intelligence, what political conduct ought he to have pursued? He thought it his duty to throw the weight of his lofty intellect and unblemished character on the side of the opposition. But what was that opposition? He himself admits in one of his letters that there never had been a real constituted opposition in France capable of fighting its way to a majority, and then assuming the direction of affairs. M. Thiers, if he was to be considered its head, was certainly quite as far removed from Tocqueville's standard of political morality as M. Guizot. To thwart the schemes of the court, and once or twice a year to deliver a few set speeches against the policy of a cabinet, was, after all, a wretched substitute for true political life. He acknowledged himself that he had no party spirit, yet he acted with those to whom party spirit was the sole guide, on the principle, as he himself expressed it: "On n'a quelque chance de maîtriser les mauvaises passions du peuple, qu'en partageant celles qui sont bonnes." Under this influence his votes on some of the party divisions of the day were votes which we disapproved at the time, and to which we look back with regret. They failed to promote any good object; they assisted to strengthen the very evil they were designed to oppose.

M. de Beaumont observes with great candor that Tocqueville was not fitted by nature for opposition; he had none of the passions which belong to it; his speeches were earnest, but not impetuous; his caution and conscientiousness restrained him from extreme steps; and in the tribune of the Chamber he fell far short of the greatest orators of his time. The most useful acts of his parliamentary life were his reports on the questions of negro

emancipation in the French colonies, on prison discipline, and on the administration of Algeria, which are masterpieces of their kind, and ought to be republished with his principal speeches.

In our judgment the result of his political career would have been still more honorable to himself, and far more useful to his country, if, instead of wasting long years in the sterile warfare of opposition, he had joined the cabinet. He would there have acquired a practical knowledge of affairs, which, in fact, he never fully obtained, and he would have thrown his clear discernment and disinterested patriotism on the side of a more liberal and dignified policy. To those of his friends who sometimes ventured to urge this course upon him, he was wont to reply: "It may be so. But I hold it to be impossible to serve the King. When he is gone we shall see." There was a radical incompatibility between Tocqueville's chivalrous conception of high political principles, not one of which he would have sacrificed for the wealth of empires, and the system of expedients in which the King was no mean proficient and which he regarded as the art of government. Perhaps, too, there was a latent trace of resentment, almost unconsciously entertained, on the part of the royalist gentleman against the son of the Duke of Orleans and the King of the Barricades. But in this M. de Tocqueville was wrong. Had the King been a thousand times less worthy of respect than Louis Philippe actually was, he was not the less the head of the state, and it was not consistent with practical political wisdom to stand aloof from the court. The parliamentary government of England continued to strike root under the two first Georges, who, both as sovereigns and men, were immeasurably below the King of the French. Had Sir Robert Walpole thrown his talents on the side of opposition, the House of Hanover might have been overthrown, but we know not who would have been the gainer by it. Doubtless the government of Louis Philippe and M. Guizot committed errors which led to its political destruction; but what is equally certain is that for a long period of years the opposition were the unconscious tools of those factions which eventually upset the dynasty and the constitution itself.

At length the storm came. By no man had it been so clearly foreseen as by M.

de Tocqueville, and for several months before the catastrophe he had carefully abstained from all participation in that mad system of agitation which produced the popular banquets and republican demonstrations of 1847. On the twenty-seventh of January, 1848, soon after the opening of the last session of the Constitutional Parliament, he rose in the Chamber of Deputies, and said:

"They tell me that there is no danger because there are no disturbances; they say that as there is no visible perturbation on the surface of society, there are no revolutions beneath it. Gentlemen, allow me to say that I think you wrong. Disturbance is not abroad, but it has laid hold of men's minds. The working classes are quiet, and are not agitated as they have sometimes been by political passions; but can you not perceive that these passions, which were political, are now social? Can you not see that opinions and ideas are spreading amongst them which tend not only to overthrow this or that law, this or that minister, or even this or that government, but society itself, and to shake the foundations on which it rests? Can you not hear what is daily repeated, that every thing which is above their own condition is incapable and unworthy to govern them; that the present division of wealth in the world is unjust; that property rests upon no equitable basis? And are you not aware that when such opinions as these take root, when they are widely diffused, when they penetrate the masses, they will bring about, sooner or later, I know not when, I know not how, the most tremendous revolutions? Such, sir, is my conviction; we are slumbering on a volcano. I am certain of it." (Vol. i. p. 66.)

Within four weeks the explosion took place. The King fled. The Republic was proclaimed; and not only the Republic, but all the demoniac passions of a socialist revolution were let loose on France.

Then, indeed, neither Tocqueville nor any one of his political friends hesitated as to the part they were called upon to pursue. In the first revolution the sanguinary violence of a small faction had prevailed over the great majority of the nation. Under the second Republic, the nation itself, appealed to by universal suffrage, gave an unequivocal answer to the call, and elected an Assembly firmly resolved to defend property and public order. An attempt was made by the Revolutionists to annihilate the Assembly itself; it was saved by a miracle; a few days later the fate of the nation hung on the issue of a battle in the streets of Paris.

Thanks to the courage and union of the Assembly, the law triumphed, and the country was saved. In all these events M. de Tocqueville took an active part; and we are informed by his biographer that the volume in which he has recorded them, for the information of posterity, is complete, and will one day see the light. Tocqueville had naturally been selected by the constituent body as one of the members of the Committee to frame the new Republican Constitution; and it is a curious example of the difficulty of governing human affairs that a constitution, now universally acknowledged to be a masterpiece of absurdity, was the work of several men of undoubted intellectual power and political foresight. An attempt was made by Tocqueville to induce his colleagues to adopt the principle of a second chamber; but this and every other attempt to construct the machinery of a true republican government utterly failed. The Republic was destined to a short-lived existence, between the frenzy of democratic socialism on the one hand, and the violence of that popular reaction which speedily assumed the name of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The newly-elected President of the Republic had long appreciated the philosophical insight of M. Tocqueville into the nature of democratic institutions; and perhaps he inferred that the predictions of a single dominion, with which his books abound, were naturally to be fulfilled, in a restoration of the empire. Soon after his election to the Presidency he invited M. de Tocqueville to dinner, placed him by his side, and paid him marked attentions. On leaving the Elysée, Tocqueville said: "I have been dining with a man who believes in his own hereditary right to the crown as firmly as Charles X. himself."

One chance remained to avert the final catastrophe. It was possible that the President might still be content to accept a constitutional position; to govern by responsible ministers who hoped to effect a revision of the constitution by legal means. At any rate, to abandon or to oppose him was to compel him to resort to an immediate *coup d'état*. On this principle M. de Odilon Barrot and the leading liberals formed an administration on the 2d June 1849, in which M. de Tocqueville took the important office of Minister of Foreign Affairs. We shall not enter at length into the transactions

in which he was engaged. As he said, on quitting his office four months later: "I have contributed to maintain order on the 13th of June, to preserve the general peace, to improve the relations of France and England. These are recollections which give some value to my passage through affairs. I need hardly say any thing to you of the cause which led to the fall of the cabinet. The President chooses to govern alone, and to have mere agents and creatures in his ministers. Perhaps he is right. I don't examine that question, but we were not the men to serve him on these terms."

On one point, however, we think it proper to enter into some further details, although M. de Beaumont has passed it over in silence. We allude to the expedition against Rome. That celebrated expedition, even more embarrassing in its consequences than it was supposed to be at the time, occurred while M. de Tocqueville held the foreign department in France. He conducted the first negotiations with the Pope: and it is therefore of importance to show precisely what were then his own views and those of the French government. For this purpose we shall translate two letters, not included in M. de Beaumont's collection, which were addressed by M. de Tocqueville to an English friend at that time:

"Paris, 9th July, 1849.—I attach so much importance to the opinion of enlightened men in England, that I sit down to write you a few lines, though I have but little time for this sort of correspondence; but I want to furnish you with the latest information on this affair of Rome. I am better placed than any one to speak of it, for, as you have remarked, I am an entire stranger to all the decisive measures which have hitherto marked the course of this proceeding. When I took office the order to attack Rome was already given; it might even be supposed that Rome was already taken; at any rate, it was certain that our army was *committed*: and things having got to this point, it was impossible to recede. Not a public man in France, whoever he might be, either could or would have receded. I have therefore only assumed the responsibility of the acts which have followed or will follow the aggression, not of the aggression itself. My mind is therefore able to judge it freely.

"The actual state of the case is judged with severity; but you lose sight of what the case might have become. Allow me to remind you of it. Is it true—yes or no—that the Catholic Powers were resolved to restore the Pope? Is it true—yes or no—that Austria had an-

nounced that she was going to enter the States of the Church and to march on Rome in order to overthrow the Roman republic? Do you doubt that they would have done as they said? Let us then take these first points for certain. Now here are others which are not less so. If the Austrians, Neapolitans, and Spaniards had arrived before Rome, do you doubt, in the first place, that they would have caused far greater ravages than we have done, and that they would have bombarded Rome in earnest, instead of the imaginary bombardment of which your consul has calumniously accused us? and, secondly, do you doubt that their triumph would have been not only the overthrow of the republic, but the extinction of all liberty and the mere return of the old priestly government? You can not question it, I hope. I take these points therefore also for certain.

"How then, I ask the public men of England, do they think that it was for the interest of your country to allow Austria to acquire so great a preponderance over the whole Italian peninsula? And to the philanthropists, to the liberals, to the archæologists of England, I say, What! does the ancient animosity against France blind you to that degree, that you prefer to see the Roman republic destroyed by main force by the soldiers and the principles of Austria rather than by ours?

"I know well enough, between ourselves, where the weak point of our expedition lies—it is on the side of republican France. Yes; the French may fairly say to their own government that there is in this expedition something repugnant perhaps to the principle of the sovereignty of the people, which is the basis of our whole political edifice. But why should not foreign countries, and especially enlightened England, prefer that we took this task upon ourselves instead of leaving it to others? For you surely can't suppose we have any desire to establish ourselves in the Papal dominions. We go there evidently for a purpose which is extremely clear and intelligible, especially to England, to prevent the omnipotent influence which Austria exercises over the north of Italy, from extending over the whole peninsula, and the total destruction of all equipoise there; and to save the Roman States and the whole of Italy from the inevitable return of the old court, and of the restoration, not of the lawful sovereign, but of the abuses of that ancient and bad government. We have never had any other objects, nor shall we ever have any others. The re-establishment of the Pope, made upon these conditions, is all we desire, and I can not conceive that there is any thing in this to wound, in any respect, the instincts and the just susceptibility of England. The odd thing is, that the Austrian Government, which might fairly have some reason to take umbrage at our enterprise, has never made the least objection to it, and that our friendly relations with Austria are not the least impaired. It is strange that it should be Englishmen, and principally English Tories, who attack us."

In a subsequent letter, written ten days later, he said:

"I should not be without uneasiness as to the result of the debate to-morrow in the House of Lords, if the principal organ of the Government in that House were not the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose tact and moderation I know. As to the intentions of the French Government in the conduct of the affair at Rome, the English Cabinet must be sufficiently informed. I have taken effectual measures to satisfy them that we have no secret end in this enterprise, and that we have never ceased to aim, on the one hand at the restoration of the temporal authority of the Pope, which we consider as a necessary condition of liberty and peace of conscience in the Catholic world; and on the other hand the guarantee of liberal institutions to the Roman States. I protest to you that we desire nothing so much as to get out of this affair at Rome, and to evacuate the Roman territory, as soon as we can do so with honor. But these conditions must be attained, or we will stay in Italy, whatever be the risks and political embarrassments which may result from it, at least as long as I am minister, I answer for it."

We have quoted these letters inasmuch as they contain a statement from his own pen of the grounds on which M. de Tocqueville accepted the responsibility of the consequences of the Roman expedition, and they have also a very curious bearing on the course of events to this day. It is scarcely necessary to point out that it was from the fatal blunder of France in consenting to play the part of Austria that all the subsequent embarrassments have arisen; for the honor of France became in a manner pledged to the maintenance of a government which she could not control, which did come back without any liberal conditions at all, and still is, what Lord Derby called it, the plague-spot on the Italian soil. These dangers, which escaped M. de Tocqueville's great discernment, were, nevertheless, apparent in this country and elsewhere to men of inferior powers but of greater practical experience in political affairs.

By a sort of Nemesis the Roman expedition was made the pretext of the downfall of the Cabinet. The President had always disapproved the enterprise, but weary with long negotiations, he chose to take the matter into his own hands; his celebrated letter to Edgar Ney was a death-blow to ministerial responsibility in France, and from that moment the violent dissolution of the Assembly and the change of government were only a question of

means and of time. Tocqueville retired for some months from the scene, for indeed his frail body, exhausted by the fatigues of office, needed repose. He spent the winter at Sorrento, and there laid the basis of the last of his works, which might be termed the Genesis of the French Revolution, traced by him back to its true source, in the vicious institutions of the "ancien régime." He already perceived that in the impending contest between the President of the Republic and the Assembly, all the chances were in favor of Louis Napoleon. In January, 1851, he writes:

"The general aspect of the time seems to me to be a movement of the nations away from liberty and toward concentration and permanence of power. The circumstance that the most eminent parliamentary chiefs and the best known military commanders are almost all opposed to this movement, does not reassure me; for we live in a democratic age, and a society in which individual men, even the greatest of them, count for very little. To form my opinion, I listen neither to those who exalt nor to those who depreciate the talents of the pretenders. At such times it is not the man we must look at, but that which raises the man and brings him into power. A dwarf on the crest of a huge wave may be washed to the top of a cliff, which a giant could not scale from the sands below." (Vol. ii. p. 172.)

Nevertheless, soon afterward, upon his return to France, M. de Tocqueville drew up the celebrated Report of the Committee on the Revision of the Constitution, which was presented to the National Assembly on the eighth July, 1851. This document is of the highest excellence, and ought to be included in a general edition of his works. He traced in it with masterly precision the fatal situation in which the Constitution had flung the French nation, between two contending powers incapable of union, yet destined both of them to come to an end almost simultaneously, leaving the country without an Assembly and without a government; and he demonstrated that the only possible mode of diverting the impending catastrophe, was to alter and amend the organic law of the state. This memorable Report may be regarded as the last public act of his life.

As the crisis approached, in the autumn of 1851, he writes in increasing perplexity:

"How little we feel ourselves masters of events at such times! There is but one deter-

mination that I am always certain to follow, and that is to bring our liberties triumphant through this crisis, or to fall with them. All the rest is secondary; but this is a question of life and death." (Vol. ii. p. 178.)

And in common with all that was illustrious in the last free Parliament of France, he did fall. M. de Tocqueville was included in that wholesale act of proscription of the second December, 1851, which, with a sort of insolent derision more odious than the tyranny that prompted it, sent the orators, statesmen, generals, and patriots of France in a felon's cart to the common jail. Their detention lasted not long, but long enough to place their country under the feet of a master, to annihilate the law, to silence the voice of many of them forever, and to accomplish that revolution which had haunted M. de Tocqueville through life, when a democratic people, weary of anarchy and incapable of self-government, precipitates itself at the feet of despotic authority. The scene itself was described by M. de Tocqueville himself with indignant animation, for it need be now no more a secret that the narrative of the *coup d'état* published immediately afterward by the *Times* newspaper of the eleventh December, 1851, was from his pen.

We renounce the painful, the impracticable task of describing the effects of this blow on M. de Tocqueville's mind. It was not the loss of the objects of common ambition, it was not the closing to himself of that career of public utility to which he was passionately attached and devoted, it was the sense of the moral wreck of his country, and of the extinction of the very source of all true public virtue by her own act.

In May, 1852, he wrote to M. de Beaumont:

"Work is at present impossible to me. I attribute this painful incapacity to the *disturbing* conversations one is always having in Paris. If I were in the country I should attribute it to solitude. The truth is, it proceeds from a sickness of the soul, and will not cease till that is better, which can only come with time, the great healer of sorrow, as every body knows: we must wait as patiently as we can till its effects are felt. Yet this sorrow, like all true and lawful sorrows, is dear to me as well as poignant. The sight of all that is done, and still more the opinion formed of it, galls every fiber of pride, of rectitude, and of dignity in my frame. I should be grieved to be less sorrowful. On this score, indeed, I have no reason to com-



plain; for, in truth, I am sorrowful to the death. I have reached my present age through many different circumstances, but with one cause, that of regular liberty. Is this cause lost beyond recovery? I feared it was so in 1848; I fear it still more now, though I am not convinced that this country is not destined again to see constitutional institutions. But will it see them last? these or any others? 'Tis said. It is vain to ask whether it will abide, but what are the winds that will displace it?

"I inclose a copy of the letter addressed to the electors of my department, in which I resign my seat in the *Conseil général*. I could not take the oath now exacted. This consequence of the second of December, is perhaps, that portion of the event which is personally most painful to myself. I enjoyed in my department a position of unalloyed gratification. It gave me the moral direction of all the chief local affairs, a sort of government of men's minds founded on personal regard, independently of political opinions. This part of my public duties cast a sort of light on my private life, which was very agreeable. But these are very petty miseries." (Vol. ii. p. 486.)

We shall imitate the reserve of M. de Beaumont in abstaining from entering more fully into the causes of this revolution as they appeared to Tocqueville's mind, nor is the time yet come when the burning language in which he denounced the authors of it can with propriety be made public. But the following observations on the probable duration and character of the Imperial power are so just that we permit ourselves to cite them from an unpublished letter:

"Although this government has established itself by one of the greatest crimes recorded in history, nevertheless it will last for some length of time, unless it precipitates itself to destruction. It will last till its excesses, its wars, its corruptions, have effaced in the public mind the dread of socialism; a change requiring time. God grant that in the interval it may not end in a manner almost as prejudicial to us as to itself, in some extravagant foreign enterprise. We know it but too well in France, governments never escape the law of their origin. This government, which comes by the army, which can only last by the army, which traces back its popularity and even its essence to the recollections of military glory, this government will be fatally impelled to seek for aggrandisement of territory and for exclusive influence abroad; in other words, to war. That at last is what I fear, and what all reasonable men dread as I do. War would assuredly be its death, but its death would perhaps cost dear." (*Letter of the ninth of January, 1852.*)

Henceforth the life of Alexis de Toc-

queville was spent in comparative seclusion, and in total estrangement from public affairs. Educated as a French boy, in colleges and towns, he had not acquired in early life any taste for country life or country pursuits. In one of his letters he remarks that from the age of nine to the age of twenty-four he had never spent six weeks in the country at a time; in another letter he expresses his astonishment that people should be able to lead the life of vegetables. But one of the effects of the revolutions to which society in France has been subjected is to teach a wiser lesson. The Revolution of 1789 had forcibly broken the relations formerly existing between the landed proprietors and the peasantry. The revolutions of 1830 and of 1851, by detaching considerable portions of the upper classes, enjoying the largest amount of landed property and of intellectual cultivation, from the government of the day, have thrown these classes back to their natural position on their own estates. The consequence is that of late years the improvement of agriculture, the restoration of country houses, and a more active participation in rural interests and pursuits, have become engrossing objects of life to the best portion of the French aristocracy. Alexis de Tocqueville applied himself early, and with increasing success, to this laudable and dignified task. He sought in the first place to heal the breach made by the revolution of 1789 between the cottage and the château, some traces of which were perceptible at his first election in 1837. The simplicity of his manners, the entire absence of any tinge of pride or pretension in his intercourse with persons of all ranks, the genuine interest he felt in their concerns, the patience with which he was ever ready to listen to them, and the readiness with which he placed the stores of his own wisdom and judgment within their reach, inspired the peasantry before long with unfeigned confidence and affection. He practiced to the letter, as Father Lacordaire has observed, the divine command: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Speaking of him to a stranger, one of the Norman farmers said: "The people are very fond of M. de Tocqueville, but it must be confessed he is very grateful for it." In 1848, on the proclamation of universal suffrage, the whole population of the dis-

strict voted by acclamation in his favor. While the election was going on, as he leaned exhausted with fatigue against a door-post, one of the peasants, not personally known to him, came up with Norman frankness and said: "I am surprised, Monsieur de Tocqueville, that you are tired, for did not every one of us bring you here in his pocket?" He was wont to say that in the hearts of these honest fellows the honor and virtue of the French character had taken refuge, that "Maitre Jean" and "Maitre Pierre," the worthies and notables of the village, were the only titles of dignity which no revolutions could obliterate; and that his peasant neighbors were the only people with whom he cared to converse beyond the circle of his intimate friends. This relish for the homely fare of a rural district was greatly augmented by his inexhaustible sense of the humorous. His biographers appear to have thought it inconsistent with the dignity of a philosophic Academician to admit his love of fun. When a thing presented itself, as it not uncommonly did, to his mind in a droll aspect, his merriment was unquenchable. He was, what is every day becoming more rare, especially in France, a hearty laugh; indeed his laugh, musical and cheerful as his voice, sometimes got the better of him and could not be stopped. It partook of the intensity of all the emotions which alternately swayed his sensitive and delicate nervous organization.

Thus it was that in his own home, without the smallest attempt to humor the democratic passions of his neighbors, he did practically subdue them. He became precisely what he admired in the position of the landed gentlemen of England, independent of the state, independent of the people, but ready and willing to serve the state and to serve the people in all honor. Under these circumstances he devoted to himself to the literary task he had marked out, of tracing the revolution to its true sources: and the originality of his mind can hardly be more demonstrated than by the fact, that after all the innumerable commentaries and histories of the French revolution which have

appeared, Alexis de Tocqueville presented to the world an entirely new view of it.

The publication of this book in 1856 was followed in 1857, by his journey to England, to which we have already alluded. The reception he met with here was in fact the last triumph of his life. He was received on all sides with demonstrations of respect and affection; and when the time came for his return to Normandy, the Lords of the Admiralty, hearing that there was no direct steam communication from England to Cherbourg, placed a small vessel at his disposal, which landed him within a mile or two of his own park. At that time nothing appeared to indicate that his life, always precarious, was in any immediate danger. He lived by nervous power, and that seemed unexhausted; indeed, it had repeatedly carried him through dangerous and acute disorders. But in the summer of 1858 a more serious accident showed his lungs to be affected. In the autumn he was ordered to a milder climate than that of his own well-beloved domain. He repaired to Cannes, accompanied by the devoted partner of his life, and by one or two of his nearest relatives and friends. For a time he imagined that the affection of the lungs had been overcome. But in spite of the illusions which attend the closing stages of pulmonary disease, it soon became obvious that life was ebbing away. He received with piety the last sacraments of the Church; for though faith, like every other gift of his nature, had been with him a matter of internal edification rather than of outward display, he had never ceased to entertain the most serious attachment to the Christian religion, and to that Church in which he was born. On the sixteenth April, 1859, he expired. By his own express desire his mortal remains were interred in the churchyard of Tocqueville, and were attended to the grave by an immense assemblage, not of those who admired him for his genius, but of those who loved him for his goodness; and a plain cross of wood, after the fashion of the country, marks the spot where whatever of him was mortal lies.

From Tait's Magazine.

## REMINISCENCES OF "OLD ROGER."

"How can a dog understand without understanding?" asked Dr. Lardner; and the question remains unanswered. In our strivings to exalt "the man," we sometimes do injustice to the "lower animal"—to Trusty or Tear'em, who has not in this respect, as he has in others, the power of self-defense. The nature of the dog has its higher developments—its unchanging fidelity, depth of insight, and bravery in the moment of danger. Did you ever observe how your Trusty scans a stranger—how acutely he measures him, and takes up his likes or his dislikes? What will he not do for a friend? What has he not done, even for a hard master?

Here is "Old Roger," for instance; long and fondly will his memory be cherished. Never was there a more kindly, a nobler member of the canine family. All his days had been spent at the Farm of Heathside, and seldom had he been beyond the boundaries of one of the rudest parishes in the north of Scotland. Thoroughly assimilated with country customs and rural quietude, any time he did go to town, as his old master used to say: "He was never like himsel' ere he gat oot the road again."

Roger was above the average size, and never can we forget his portly bearing—the black shaggy hair, those dangling ears, the long bushy tail, and that white spot on his broad chest, running up in triangular form right under his massive head.

"Old Roger"—for to us he was always *old*—had little of the warrior in him. He had nothing of the offensive or quarrelsome; and often did he submit to the grossest indignities without retaliation—not, however, in a cowardly, cringing spirit, but with a calmness and dignity which one could not but admire. Doubtless, some regarded it as sheepishness, some as contempt. Phrenologists might have said he had not the organ of combativeness, but possessed not a little of that "something else," which makes many a member of the "higher order,"

wherein move pretentious men. He was decidedly averse to fighting—one would have thought on philosophical principles; and the only stroke in that way he ever did was quite in keeping with his general character.

In his morning walks, which were taken with remarkable regularity, Roger had to pass the mansion of a neighboring squire. As sure as he reached the gate, out came my lady's lap-dog, with its ugly red eyes; and, not content with yelping, as most curs are, it would follow a few yards, industriously biting the heels of its big brother. For months did Roger trot along, regardless of the pain and annoyance, except, now and then, a significant growl or a wag of that large tail of his. One morning the little tormentor was busy at its old work, picking and scratching, in its own provoking way, at the irritated and festered heels of our long-suffering friend. Roger stopped suddenly. Something was wrong; had that quiet spirit at last been disturbed? Turning round he seized his tormentor by the neck, as a cat would her kitten, and walked back to a small stream close by. Wading in some distance he put his victim beneath the water, and planted his foot firmly upon it. In a few minutes he turned round again, and trotted along to his morning haunt as if nothing had occurred. The body of poor "Violet" was buried in the garden, and flowers were planted on its grave. This incident forms a fact in natural history—the most strange and unaccountable, yet it is a fact.

Roger was useful in his way. He could go to the merchant's and bring home a pound of sugar and an ounce of tea; and often have we seen him jogging along with a neat little wicker suspended from his bright brass collar. He could do this without even the assistance of a slip of paper. For those country merchants, dealing in all things, from beer to broadcloth, are not like the merchants in your great cities. When they see your money

or jar, with an instinct which baffles every "theory," and which only experience can understand, they give you exactly what you require. Roger got his three-pence or five-pence ha'penny tied into the corner of his basket, and that was enough—he brought home his ounce of tobacco or pound of sugar. Never was he known to go wrong, or to be turned aside from his course; such is instinct, so-called.

But our school-boy days form the brightest spot in our reminiscences of Old Roger. Bright days, indeed, those were, with their varied associations, full of a strange fascination, dimmed only by one dark shadow. Regularly did Roger come out the way to meet us, sometimes leaping and bounding, sometimes calm and demure. Either way we never dared to interrupt him; over us he exerted a powerful influence, for his presence could make us cheerful or sad. When it was dark we felt happy and secure in his companionship. How strange it would have seemed had he been absent from his place!

Could it be?—Yes, it was even so!—one night Roger met us not, and it *did* seem strange. We came up to the old steading bewildered; he was not to be found.

Roger had a companion, the adopted son of his worthy master, who had grown up with him his constant playmate, though "little master" was full fifteen years. He, too, was missing—coincidence most ominous! Whither had they gone? An awful mystery gathered over their disappearance. It was thought they would be found together, and the neighbors turned out to search for them, as country neighbors do on such occasions, with a kindly, honest sympathy. We sought them at the adjoining homesteads, and down amongst those rugged cliffs that overhang the sea. From "Maw Cove" to the "Glen," from the "Glen" to "Hell's Mouth," we sought them sorrowing, looking now up amid the rocks and ravines, then down by the pebbly shore. At times we would stop and call their names, first Roger and then John. Could they be there? Suspicion how terrible! It was now quite dark, and we could see the stars glittering in the glassy water, the quiet murmurs of which were only broken by the stray screech of an owl, or the suppressed mutter of a disturbed sea-fowl. There was not a human sound or

motion save our own, which seemed in this solitude to deepen our gloom and lighten our fears.

The night passed on—a night of sorrowful, fruitless searching, never to be forgotten. Dawn came, and as the old man—ever foremost in the search, was groping his way along the "braes," his eye alighted on Roger perched on the edge of a lofty precipice. He was looking eagerly, fixedly downward. His name was called—loudly and frowningly reiterated, but he heeded not. Alas! the tale was too certain, too sad were these forebodings. Overpowered, the old man sank to the ground, and was carried home, muttering, amid expressions of deep sorrow and anguish: "My puir laddie, my puir laddie, and Roger wi' him too!"

John Williams had gone out a-nesting with Roger, as he had often done before. He had missed his footing, and fallen a height of more than two hundred feet. Dead, dashed in pieces on the jagged edges of the precipice, the fragments of his body were scattered on the level rocks below like a shower of clotted blood.

Nesting! How is it that year after year it counts its victims? Is there, after all, such a charm in the possession of a few wild-fowl eggs? It is not in the prize, but there is a fascination, wild and strong, in scaling those dizzy heights, in creeping along the shattered shelvings, and peering into those mysterious crevices familiar only to the marrot and the maw. Ay, and there is fascination in telling of adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes, the very thought of which makes one's blood grow cold. Brave natures can not resist it, led on by a love of danger and daring which all possess in some degree, and which, well trained and skillfully directed, forms one of the noblest elements in man.

By the assistance of a boat the mangled remains of the hapless youth were gathered up, and carried by sorrowing friends to that home he had "left so late," full of life and hope.

There, on that cold eminence, through the long solitary night, sat his faithful companion eagerly watching, his ears bent downwards, his eyes transfixed. Nor would he stir from that place till the sorrowing company had moved on, and then he followed at a distance, stopping

at intervals and looking back, with that long, melancholy whine, which, somehow, startles the night traveler, and makes him quicken his steps homeward. "It is only a dog," you say. True; but that dumb brute knew he had lost a friend, and felt the separation. Could as much be said of those who flutter in their fashionable mournings?

Cowed and trembling, Roger entered the house and crouched into that corner beneath the old oak table he had so often shared with one he would share it with no more. He refused to eat or mind any one, and spurned all entreaties to leave his couch.

But our story is soon told. One morn-

ing Roger's place was vacant, no one saw him leave it; no one knew whither he had gone, and in vain was he sought among his favorite haunts. A few days afterward, poor Roger was discovered by some fishermen, cold and stiff, near that rock on which were found the shattered remains of John Williams. He was carried home, and buried in the garden beneath a plot of flowers, which was planted and tended by the hand of his friend and companion.

The incidents we have thus thrown into a narrative, and slightly adapted, occurred several years ago, and one of them at least created no little stir in the columns of a provincial newspaper.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF ASTRONOMY.

WE must now bid adieu to the gentle planet that

—"in her pale dominion checks the night"

and put on a higher magnifying power if we intend to

—"give the first watch of the night,  
To the red planet Mars."

He is a fine fellow indeed when his opposition happens in a favorable part of his orbit, and, unlike the recent one, at a sufficient height in the sky; and we need not tax our imagination heavily to recognize in him at such times as fair a counterpart of the earth, with oceans and continents, and clouds and snows, as can be expected at a distance of some thirty-five millions of miles. Often have we seen his markings finely developed, in their powerful contrast of deep yellow, white, and greenish gray; and especially in 1856; and we hope to be permitted to see them again, and to compare them with the drawings of Jacob, De la Rue, and Secchi, as well as the older ones of Sir W. Herschel, and

Beer, and Mädler. There seems to be still some outstanding uncertainty as to the permanency of these features, but probably not more than would perplex an equally distant observer of the surface of the earth, shrouded and obscured by its vaporous envelope. We must accumulate more evidence, as we shall be sure to do before long; and it would not be without its value, were any spirited publisher to give to the world the *Areographische Fragmente* of Schröter, which remained in ms. for want of funds at his death, and which, it may be hoped, are still in existence. Perhaps in no part of the solar system are we likely to make more satisfactory discoveries than in Mars, because nowhere else is the eye addressed in characters equally capable of analogical interpretation. Mars, indeed, differs widely from us, in being destined to traverse his yearly round in solitude; yet doubtless not uncheered by the same divine Benignity which has given to us "the lesser light to rule the night."

But what shall we say of the considerably more than half-a-hundred—we may

not improbably guess more than a hundred—fragments that occupy the comparative void between Mars and Jupiter? We have really nothing to say about them. Personally, we are very little acquainted with them; and those—for example, Herschel I., Schröter, and Harding, and Lamont—who have endeavored to open a communication with them, have acquired but little information as to their nature. There they are, subserving, no doubt, in their minuteness, some important purpose undiscoverable by man; it has been suspected that they may be fragments of a large planet, though the balance of evidence seems gradually to be inclining the other way with their multitude, as they are found spread through a wider zone than had been at first supposed. A resulting irregularity of form, combined with a speedy rotation, has been suggested as an explanation of some instances of rapid variations in their light; and certain observers, especially Schröter, have detected or imagined nebulous envelopes around some of them. But they are really too small to handle without the chance of serious error.

We come now to the "sphere of water, with a few cinders at the heart of it," which the ingenious and eloquent author of the *Plurality of Worlds* fancied might form the great leader of the planetary train; an idea sufficiently accordant with other speculations of that adventurous theorist, but not likely to find favor with those who are personally familiar with the magnificent face of Jupiter. Yet they will be able to attain to few conclusions possessing the character of certainty, beyond the existence of a rapid interchange of day and night, and a sky loaded with vapor, and streaked and agitated by impetuous trade-winds and hurricanes, so well described and figured by Piazzi Smyth, at a station above the mists of our lower atmosphere. But what can be more elegant than the perennially interwoven dance of the "Medicean stars" around their sovereign; or what more interesting than to watch from hour to hour their ceaseless variations of position? Comparatively little power is adequate to show this, which was within the reach of even Galileo's perspective; a greater aperture is required for the pleasing spectacle of the shadow of a satellite, like a spot of ink, traversing the whole breadth of Jupiter, at a rate varying according to

the distance of the satellite from the primary; or for one of the most exquisite sights within the limits of our system, the transit of a satellite in front of the planet's variously-tinted globe. First let us watch the gradual approach of the little round disk—for a disk it really is, and not a mere point of light, in any good telescope of moderate size, with steady air—up to the swelling curve of the limb; we mark the disappearance of the intervening thread of dark sky—it glides before the limb like a brilliant bead—it stands out as a projecting boss—it ceases to break the outline, but it is still visible upon the face of the fainter primary—and so perhaps it may continue, especially if relieved upon a dark belt, but more usually the illuminated background after a time effaces it; occasionally it turns into a dusky or even black speck, and abides under that aspect till, toward the opposite limb of the planet, the same appearances recur in a reversed order. But why should the same satellite sometimes accomplish this transit in a luminous, and consequently invisible form; at others stand forth as a black spot, scarcely to be distinguished from its shadow? That it does so is a fact strangely unnoticed by the elder Herschel, but of no infrequent occurrence, and one to which we can ourselves bear testimony. Its explanation involves some difficulty, but it clearly points to transient obscurations on the satellite itself, which the tremendous power of Secchi's telescope in the Roman air, and the perfection of Lassell's specula or of Dawes's vision have exhibited even at other times, and on a background of blue sky. Those little moons, then, seem to have atmospheres of their own, and to be so far very unlike our own satellite. We shall hear more of this, perhaps, some future day.

Pass we on to Saturn, the most unique and lovely spectacle in the universe of man's knowledge. Contemplate that beautiful globe, with its cloudy and wind-swept markings, the index of its speedy rotation, and its well-contrasted tints that speak of varied conditions of existence. Yet, especially beautiful as it is, the eye will not rest upon it in the presence of that still more beautiful ring, or rather system of rings, alike preëminent in elegance of form and mystery of construction and designation. This is now rapidly closing up, preparatory to its edgewise presentation in the autumn of the present

year, and the position is less favorable to the astronomer than in 1856, though perhaps even more pictorial in its grouping with the elliptical form of the planet. The striped and banded aspect of these huge circular planes has been often presented to the public in engravings of more or less accuracy, many of them originally derived from the representations of De la Rue, whose exquisite reflector and accomplished hand have well aided his accurate and discriminating eye. But no figure can do justice to the impression of the actual scene, though, as Herschel I. formerly observed, it has the advantage of exhibiting the objects in a state of perfect definition, very seldom attainable in the telescopic vision of our skies. Then that shadow-ring, the wonder of the age, whence has it sprung? and why was it missed by both the Herschels, and Schröter, and Struve, and a host of observers, continually overlooking it in instruments which showed much fainter objects then, and would unquestionably show it now? With our own achromatic, it is easy of detection; while a search for the two innermost satellites, Enceladus and Mimas, would be hopeless and absurd. Yet their discoverer left it untouched. Schröter expressly states that with his reflectors of nine and a half and eighteen inches aperture—and good ones they certainly were—he carefully scrutinized the dark interior of the ansæ, and found it *ohne alle schimmer*, without the least glimmering of light, and even apparently darker—as Bond has also found its really vacant part with the great American achromatic—than the exterior sky. W. Struve, with the superb nine and a half inch object-glass at Dorpat, took especial pains in repeatedly measuring the ring, and complained indeed of the indistinctness of its interior border, yet never recognized this extension of it toward the globe. Inexcusable must have been the amount of apathy or stupidity which led the assistants at the Roman Observatory, when it had been actually perceived with the six and one-third inch Cauchoix refractor, to take no notice of it: marvelous was the inattention through which its real discovery and accurate measurement by Galle in 1838 fell dead. There are things of which astronomers have to be ashamed, “and these are of them.” One might have almost fancied that its destiny in regard to ourselves was to expose our deficiencies

in observation. Where it is projected as a dusky band across the ball, it seems to have been visible from the earliest telescopic period; at least we have ascertained that it is introduced in one of the clear and beautiful figures of worthy old Huyghens. But may we suppose that since that date it has increased in reflective power, so as to become more contrasted with the dark background of the sky? Has that system so cooled down, even in our own days, as to pass through a crisis of congelation, which has given to some comparatively transparent fluid a greater opacity, and consequently a higher capacity of reflection? Other mysteries, too, meet us here. Why are the minor markings of the bright rings so variable in dimensions and distinctness, even at the same time, on opposite sides of the ball? How is it that the projected shadow of the ball assumes the devious outline—the “roof” and “inlet” form, so well delineated in the annals of Harvard College, Cambridge, U. S.? It is easy to reply, Because it falls on surfaces of partial and irregular convexity; but it is equally easy to explain how surfaces of such a character, presented edgewise to the eye, can totally disappear in the reflector of the present Herschel, and so nearly vanish in Bond’s fifteen-inch chromatic, that in the memoirs just referred to he estimates their thickness at less than one hundredth of a second, or forty English miles? Shall we say that it is inconceivable that planes, we might almost call them films, of such enormous breadth in proportion to their thickness, when so inclined as to receive a large proportion of solar heat on one side only, may temporarily assume a convex form from the expansion of the warmer side, losing it again as the exciting cause is gradually withdrawn? There is no harm, at any rate, in such conjectures: we can but, like Kepler, feel the walls of ignorance till we arrive at the gate of truth—if we are ever permitted to do so. Saturn will be in good hands at the next disappearance of the ring. We must leave him now, for the night is wearing on; and we may leave Uranus and Neptune too, noble fellows though they intrinsically are, to the care of such men as Lassell and Bond and Struve—they are beyond the research of any but the most highly light-collecting instruments.

But what of comets?

We may say this, that "the Donati" has spoiled us, in all probability, for many a year to come; and that, notwithstanding his favorable presentation to our eyes, we know little more of their truly inscrutable nature than we did before. Those who wish to see most of what can be said about him, may readily satisfy themselves in the perusal of Bond's very curious treatise; other cotemporaneous records will attract the German student to the invaluable, though not always alike interesting pages of the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, the "leading journal" of the science. The essay of the discoverer whose name is given to the comet is confined, it is to be regretted, to few hands in England, and not, we believe, very readily procurable. At an earlier period (1846) the divided comet of Biela offered a wide field for speculation. We can well remember its strange appearance in a fluid achromatic—one of the few ever constructed, or ever likely to be, upon Professor Barlow's plan, in which the concave lens of flint glass is replaced by one of sulphuret of carbon. Barlow himself had a seven eight-tenths inch telescope of this construction; the idea was ingenious, and when well constructed it performed very fairly, but now that the manufacture of flint glass has been so wonderfully improved—chiefly, we believe, through the French revolution of the *trois jours*, which drove Bontems, one of their best artificers, over here—the great inducement to the employment of a fluid medium is taken away. Lieutenant, now Commander Maury, of the United States navy, watched the double-headed comet with a noble nine and a half inch object-glass, and has related its strange variations with much clearness and spirit in the *Nachrichten*; and those who are disposed to compare the earlier telescopic records of these unintelligible apparitions, may find curious matter in the descriptions of the great comets of 1807 and 1811, published by Sir W. Herschel in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and by Schröter in two cotemporary German treatises: the latter was a strong advocate of the electric or native light of these bodies; a position harmonizing well with that polar state which, as Bessel pointed out, was strongly indicated in Halley's comet in 1835; and though some of Schröter's data are erroneous or questionable, his painstaking accuracy as a witness always entitles him to a hearing. Nor must we omit

the very curious contributions to our cometary knowledge contained in the Cape observations of the present Herschel. One remarkable feature in the physiology of these "standards of celestial messengers," as the Chinese call them, was fairly exemplified in the comet of 1858. No one who looked upon the wide-sweeping and far-projected train of Donati's comet, could reasonably suppose that it would ever be resumed by the head, which, speeding onward in an opposite direction, was daily and hourly widening its distance from the diffused, and, as it were, wasted luminosity that was left many millions of miles in its wake. Past all contradiction, that train was as much left behind as the smoke of a steamer from Folkestone to Boulogne with the wind up Channel; and doubtless so have been others before it without number. But what effect, if any, they produce upon the system, in the heart of which they are abandoned and left drifting about, is a curious question; possibly it may not always be an unanswered one, knowing as we do in part with entire certainty, and feeling how every less perfectly known fact converges toward the same focus, that all things are weighed in a balance of absolute perfection, and that not one atom can be lost, not one particle added in one place and subtracted in another, without its proportionate influence upon the whole system; so that in this sense, if in this only, the idea of the sagacious Bacon may be verified, that "comets have some power and effect over the gross and mass of things." And whatever may be the tenuity and evanescence, or what Hooke calls the "levitation," or negative gravity, of the matter of a comet's tail, its presence can not be wholly inoperative or nugatory. Planets must frequently have passed through the space where it is floating—our earth among them; and if we have hitherto failed in tracing any distinct connection between the propinquity of a comet and our own meteorological condition, this may have been due to the imperceptible insinuation rather than to the inactivity of the foreign matter which may have been introduced into our atmosphere. Those sudden effects upon the climate or weather which people in general are apt to ascribe to a comet even from its first appearance, are certainly not beyond possibility; since we see enough to lead us to infer a polar energy not unlike that of



electricity, which might magnetize us, as it were, at once, through a considerable intervening space; but if the supposed result is due to actual physical commixture, it would probably not be felt till some seasons afterward. In this view a sanguine theorist might trace the cause of our late strangely disturbed and cheerless atmospheric state to the slowly communicated influence of "the Donati." But it is obvious that we should have previously to establish the fact of a similar abnormal condition over the whole surface of our globe; and there we should in all likelihood fail. In fact, till meteorology can be so extended as to embrace in one view the contemporaneous state of our whole atmosphere, it must be very short of fulfilling the expectations to which the attention paid to it of late years might naturally give rise. But the question of cometary influence may some day receive an unequivocal solution, should a comet of sufficient volume draw as near to us as the late splendid one did to Venus; or pass beneath the moon, as that of 1454 was long supposed to have done, on the misunderstood testimony of a Constantinopolitan historian; or possibly involve us as really in the sweep of its glowing train, as the Donati, apparently, and in celestial perspective, enfolded the infinitely more distant Arcturus. We have sometimes amused ourselves with the speculation, what would be the state of men's minds were it announced, on the authority of our national observatory, that such a conjuncture was to be soon anticipated. Lalande has told us what a superstructure was raised in France on a much slighter foundation; when in 1773 he published a *Memoir on Comets which may approach the Earth*:

"On a vu dans cette occasion d'une manière que je n'avois pu prévoir ni même imaginer, à quel degré le public mal instruit peut être frappé par les propos des ignorans; avant que l'ouvrage eut été publié l'on se persuada que j'avois annoncé une comète, qui dans un an, dans un mois, . . . dans huit jours alloit causer la fin du monde; l'alarme étoit devenue presque générale parmi le peuple; il fallut faire annoncer dans la *Gazette de France* du 7 Mai, 1773, que l'on n'attendoit point de comète, si ce n'est dans dix-huit ans, et que je n'avois rien prédit de tout ce qu'on répandoit sous mon nom."

But what if he could have given no such assurance? It is perhaps impossible to picture the universal consternation

that would sweep like a "white squall" over the waves of human society, were such an occurrence actually announced to be drawing nearer night after night. One can not help contrasting this thought with the fact that events involving far more unquestionable results are positively known to be in hourly progress toward us all, and advancing upon us with rapid and inevitable course; and yet the great majority of the human race heed them not, and act with as little reference to them as to the vainest astrological predictions. Even such is man!

But all this while we have not said a word of what is by far the most extensive branch of our subject—sidereal astronomy. Shall we turn our telescope for a few minutes on some of those double stars which it is so capable of drawing out and separating, and mark the admirable combination of two or more suns in a single system, in many cases almost demonstrating itself to the eye—in others proved more irrefragably by the evidence of slow but certain and actually measured motion? Shall we notice the singular contrasts of color, or speculate on the conditions of existence in the light of a crimson day, in which all terrestrial vegetation, Mr. Hunt assures us, would perish? Or shall we rather seek some of those marvelously rich tracts in the Galaxy, where myriads of glittering points are crowded into one telescopic field, and we seem to gaze literally upon "the host of heaven"? A comparatively small instrument directed to a region so easily found by the naked eye and any common globe, as "the sword-hand of Perseus," will bring out a scene that leaves all description far beneath it; and yet this, if one of the most conspicuous and apparently nearest of such clusters, is by no means singular in its degree of condensation; nor is it equal to some others in the regularity of its arrangements and the marshaling of its glittering myriads. There is something, too, peculiarly strange and impressive in the contemplation of a solitary cluster, such as Nos. 13 or 92 of Messier's catalogue in Hercules, or No. 16 in Pegasus, or 5 in Libra, or especially, if the instrument has sufficient aperture, 2 in Aquarius. We view such a cluster with a telescope capable of indicating by a minute stippling of light the starry nature of its diffused and misty glow. There it stands, in perfect insulation in the

depths of the profoundest space, a ball of stars—a comparatively defined region of small extent, containing several hundreds or thousands of suns—detached from every other object, and evidently self-contained under some wonderful bond of mutual connection. How unfathomable is such a mystery! And even more wonderful, and probably more analogous to our own “nebula,” though less easily met with, are those perforated rings, of which the finest may be found with little trouble, by means of a tolerable telescope, half-way between  $\beta$  and  $\gamma$  Lyræ—though we would caution the seeker not to prepare himself for disappointment by expecting any thing more than a small and dim object; yet the Earl of Rosse there figures a splendid and fringed coronet; and Secchi, with his fifteen hundred power-bearing Munich object-glass in the sky of Rome, finds it breaking up into a congeries of stars. But we are getting into a literally unbounded field—endless are the prospects of beauty and wonder that a transparent night unfolds, when

“—all the spangled hosts keep watch in squadrons bright,”

to him whose well-aided eye wanders among the crowded nebulae of Virgo or Coma Berenices, strains itself fruitlessly to detect the composition of the grand nebula in Andromeda's girdle, whose black rifts, discovered by Bond, will escape any ordinary optical means,

*Armatusque auro circumspicit Oriona.*

Our survey is closed for the present, and we hand over our glass to our friends, greatly mistaken if its revelations do not prove an unending source of wonder and delight—greatly disappointed if it is not the means of leading them to higher and nobler thoughts, and deeper and more awful impressions of the Great Creator's “eternal power and godhead.” Here is the peculiar distinction, the unrivaled preëminence of astronomical study; other pursuits may rival it in interest and attractiveness—in sublimity and immensity, none—while, as Clement of Alexandria expresses it, it causes the soul to approach more nearly to the Creative Might.

In this point of view, we can not regard without sincere pleasure the wide accession of popularity which astronomy has

received in England of late years. It has never, indeed, been discouraged, excepting by the expensiveness of its pre-requisites. But, as we have already observed, this grand impediment has to a great extent, been removed. Opticians have seen the expediency of departing from the traditional system of high finish and high prices; and the remarkable excellence of French workmanship, and cheapness of French labor, have done much to lower the standard of cost in our own country, while they have fully maintained that of perfection. A very small comparative outlay will now secure an achromatic, equal, in some cases perhaps superior, to those of the elder Dollond; the heavy expense of which, a century back, was the immediate exciting cause of Herschel's most successful manufacture of reflectors: and a hundred years ago, no money could have commanded such instruments as are now being rapidly diffused in all directions. We do heartily rejoice in this. Unavoidable stupidity, and still more unhappy skepticism will everywhere and in every study miss their lesson: but the direct teaching of the telescope is the glory of God.

“—Heaven  
Is as the book of God before thee set;”

and whatever facilitates the deciphering of its glorious characters must be looked upon as an intellectual and spiritual benefit. It is perhaps not presumptuous to assert, that he who made the eye, gave the telescope.

But though we may and ought to rejoice in the increasing popularity of a pursuit so calculated to widen the sphere of pure and exalted pleasure, we must not deceive ourselves with the anticipation that any great advance in discovery will thus be made. The country gentleman, the clergyman, nay, the tradesman and the mechanic, may now avail themselves of means which Cassini, or even Herschel I. in his early career, would have gloried in possessing. But while amateurs are thus brought up to the old observatory level, the observatory level itself is rising in proportion, and it is there that the work of discovery may be expected to go on, to be popularized in its subsequent diffusion. This ought to be so, and will be so, not for the want of the power of observation among humbler aspirants—often preëminently thus gifted

—but from the superior means and appliances in which such establishments do, or may soon be expected to abound. The hitherto unprecedented manufacture of small or medium-sized and cheap telescopes is but keeping pace with the advance of higher applications of the optician's skill. Achromatics of from five to nine inches in aperture are wonderfully multiplied, when the difficulty of their production is taken into account. Alvan Clark's projected eightcen-inch object-glass for the Mississippi University, and our countryman Cooke's, of two feet, to go out to Egypt, will outvie all that the Munich Optical Institute has hitherto produced, and all other similar works, of quality equal to their pretensions; for it is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Craig's spirited undertaking at Wandsworth was a failure. Nor indeed should Munich hold up her head so high as she has done. She may no doubt boast of much that is admirable in computation and manipulation, but her material is not safe as to permanency of polish, nor is her success always on a level with her reputation. Sécrétan's fifteen-inch object-glass at Paris is, we believe, as large as any thing from Munich, and must be good, since M. Laugier, Arago's nephew, told us he had with it separated the great test,  $\gamma^1$  Andromedæ; but this is no great feat for such an aperture, since Clark will do as much with eight inches, and we have seen it elongated with five and a half of his workmanship. The Germans think much of the Dyalte, a modification of the achromatic proposed some years ago by Rogers, in England, and executed about the same time from the computations of Littrow, by Plössl, in Vienna; but it does not seem likely to supersede the ordinary construction, even if it may sometimes rival it; and the fluid object-glasses of Blair, the stumbling-block of our youthful curiosity, said to be beautiful exceedingly in themselves, are too difficult of execution to be likely to be revived. No one, as far as we know, has attempted a combination of the dyalte with Blair's correcting principle, but as an experiment it would be very interesting, and would obviate the objection to the latter arising from the difficulty of construction, except on a very small scale. Nor have Steinheil's quadruple achromatics received that attention in this country which they probably deserve. But after all, the usual combination which

we owe to Peter Dollond, imperfect as it is in some respects, is so practically efficient that it is likely to keep its ground. Reflectors, less manageable and less convenient, but not less perfect, are making a vigorous effort to recover the supremacy which they enjoyed in old Herschel's days. Of the Earl of Rosse's colossal tube nothing seems to have been heard of late, but Lassell's four-feet speculum is said to promise wonderful excellence, and the curious cotemporaneous invention of Steinheil at Munich, and Léon Foucault at Paris, is capable, under favorable circumstances, of being very valuable. In this most ingenious contrivance, an accurately figured and highly polished concave disk of glass is coated in front, instead of at the back as a common mirror, not with the ordinary alloy of mercury and tin, reflective as it is, but with a yet more brilliant film of pure and perfect silver. The effect is beautiful, at least on terrestrial objects, to which alone we have seen one of these instruments directed. Our Astronomer Royal, who has witnessed the performance of a large speculum of this kind at the Paris Observatory, has spoken of it in terms of great admiration. In that instance the well-known ingenuity of our French neighbors is remarkably conspicuous; they employ a disk of glass so thin and flexible that its figure is completed and brought to perfection by the pressure of air blown into a cavity at its back from the mouth of the observer, and confined there at pleasure by a stop-cock. This delightful instrument has the grievous drawback of uncertain permanence, especially in a damp climate; but where the means and the skill of restoration are at hand, it is so readily repaired, that under such circumstances it promises to be of high utility; and we learn with great pleasure that it is likely to be tried on an adequate scale in the private workshop of an English clergyman. The clever contrivance of the French Colonel Porro, for viewing the sun without a darkening glass, deserves to be mentioned; in which the rays, enfeebled by reflection from an unsilvered glass mirror, are subsequently weakened to any required extent, by an application of the properties of polarized light.

Such are the modern appliances of astronomical discovery—never so multiplied hitherto, never so adequate to the task; nor have public munificence or private

liberality ever been more conspicuous in placing them in situations where they are likely to be used as they deserve. Yet while we feel a just pride in our means of attack, we may not presumptuously hope that the fortress of celestial truth will ever be yielded into our hands. We shall no doubt make further progress. Some of the outworks will fall; some whose approaching surrender may be predicted; others which perhaps at present might be deemed impregnable. But the Great Architect, while he has doubtless more than permitted the studies of astronomy—while we may rather say that he has ordered and appointed them for his own glory—has also set them their bounds which they shall not pass. Extravagant ideas may be, as they sometimes have been, entertained upon this subject; but they will never be fulfilled, and the cause of their failure is no mystery. The defects of material and workmanship increasing rapidly with every augmentation of scale, and the impediments arising from the unsteadiness of our atmosphere, which, as observers well know, are multiplied in a high ratio with every enlargement of aperture, are alone sufficient to threaten a gradual interruption of progress; and though in theory a telescope might be constructed of any assignable magnitude consistently with the strength and rigidity of materials, yet a limit would soon be reached in practice, from a cause which has been adverted to, but only in part, by Kitchener, and to which we think sufficient attention has not been paid. This is, the limited opening of the pupil of the human eye. If the aperture of the instrument is pushed beyond a certain extent, either the beam of rays emerging from the eye-piece will be too large to enter the pupil, outside the area of which all light is of course thrown away; or if diminished, as it may be by increase of magnifying power, to the necessary extent, that amount of power will become too high for any ordinary condition of atmosphere; for, as astronomers find to their cost, few are the nights or hours when they are not sensible of its prejudicial interference. For instance, since the diameters of the cylinders of rays that enter and emerge from the telescope are to each other as the magnifying power, it is evident that with an aperture of six feet, such as the Earl of Rosse attained, a power of 360 would be the lowest that could be used, since thus only

would the emergent pencil be reduced to one fifth of an inch, the customary size of the fully expanded pupil. Such is the ordinary supposition, but it is too favorable; because, under the stimulus of so powerful a light as such an instrument would collect, the pupil itself would contract to much smaller dimensions, and the power must again be raised, perhaps doubled, to compress the light into it, and would soon be forced up to an amount which would under ordinary circumstances be useless, especially with an aperture collecting so much atmospheric disturbance; and this limit would sooner be reached in the reflector than in the achromatic, in consequence of its larger aperture.

But, independently of this practical difficulty, it is evident that no attainable amount of magnifying will ever sufficiently diminish our apparent distance from those remote bodies, to enable us to pronounce confidently as to their exact nature and condition. We may, and we very probably shall, gain a greater insight into the physical arrangements of the nearer planets. We may map out the configurations of the surface of Mars and Venus, and gather full evidence of continued eruptions, and possibly trace a low-lying atmosphere and a limited vegetation in the Moon. We may yet detect the existence of planetary systems dependent upon the nearer fixed stars; and gain some data, less utterly vague than that at present, as to the cause of that wonderful phenomenon of variable light; and it is not unlikely that the proofs which are accumulating around us of the comparative proximity of many of the minuter stars may shake to the foundation some long-received speculations as to the construction of the sidereal heavens. All this may be, and some of our readers may live to see it. But as magnifying power will reach in practice an assignable limit, so the result dependent upon that power is not difficult to be assigned, at least in a general way. The nearest approach of Mars leaves him still about thirty-five millions of miles from the earth; the distance of our own satellite is something under a quarter of a million. Discarding at once what ought to have been disposed of long ago, Herschel's often-vaunted power of six thousand, as a mere experiment, which that illustrious astronomer himself considered as of no practical use, let us see what would be the result of two thousand, a power still

unattained, we presume, with any degree of distinctness or perfection. Such a power would reduce the apparent distance of any objects in the same proportion, or, in other words, bring them two thousand times nearer. Then we should see Mars and the Moon as large (though by no means, from atmospherical and instrumental defects, as defined) as if he were about seventeen thousand five hundred miles distant, and she, a hundred and twenty miles from our eye. But how little should we know of the real constitution of our earth, or its works of nature and art, at a distance of seventeen thousand five hundred miles! and how obscurely would the largest buildings or roads that could be imagined on the Moon, were it even peopled by a race of giants, be distinguished, or made out in detail, if a hundred and twenty miles intervened! What would the prospect of London or Paris at a similar distance present, beyond a speck whose real nature could only be divined from previous acquaintance? and still less hope can there be that animated beings should ever fall within our ken. We must learn to set a reasonable bound to our curiosity, and to adopt the idea of Scaliger.

"Nescire velle, quæ Magister Optimus  
Docere non vult, erudita inscitia est."

This may seem but a discouraging view of the future progress of our delightful

science, yet, as we have seen, it is deducible from the very nature of things. And the believer in divine revelation at once perceives that in it which is in full accordance with the destiny of the race of man. Whatever doubts and difficulties may beset the study of unfulfilled prophecy, the duration of the present state of things may not be protracted very long. For all that we can tell, a crisis may be approaching, perhaps at no very remote period, which may terminate the whole existing condition of the world; and it is consistent with this expectation that the studies and pursuits of the human race (for our remarks may be applied to other sciences) should be gradually approaching a boundary beyond which neither energy, nor ingenuity, nor perseverance, shall avail to force them; and that the increase of knowledge, which the prophet Daniel assigns as the characteristic of the last times, after a progress of unwonted velocity, should suffer gradual retardation, like the vertical ascent of a projectile as it approaches its utmost extent. Even the mind of a reflective heathen might be struck with this evident approximation to some unknown limit, the meaning of which would to him be hidden in mystery; but to the Christian that limit is not unknown, and the mystery is readily solved in the light which inspiration throws upon the future destiny of the earth and the works that are therein.

**ROADS TO RUIN.**—It is the easiest thing in the world to find one of these roads, for they run in all directions over the social plane. Some people set out with pockets full of gold; others with their pockets empty, hoping to fill them by the way. To some the fiend Speculation plays the cicerone, marshaling them to seeming Dorados in the distance, that melt into moonshine as they travel on. The Will-o'-the-wisp, Gambllug, beguiles others to the brink of precipices, whence they tumble headlong into irremediable shame. The goblin Gin heads a caravan of self-destructionists whose name is legion. All "easily-besetting sins" pull one way, and betray their victims into one or other of the many roads to ruin. The only trustworthy safeguard against their enticements is resistance at the outset. When morbid appetite or inclination pulls ruinward, brace the moral system against it; pit manhood against temptation.

THE London *Morning Chronicle* announces the death of Bob. This was a dog that used to "run with the machine" of the London Fire Department. He was on duty promptly whenever the alarm-bell sounded, ran before his company to clear the way, would be first in entering a burning house, and was remarkable for his bravery and intelligence. He saved the lives of several children by directing the firemen to the rooms of those asleep, and on one occasion was seen coming out of an apartment full of smoke, with a cat in his mouth, which he brought out in safety. He died on the field of honor, being run over by a fire engine.

THE bite of venomous serpents can be rendered harmless by alcoholic drunkenness, as is determined by the experiments of a learned naturalist of Manila, of the name of Guerroniere. Many American medical men have the same theory.

From the London Review.

## THE SEA AND ITS LIVING WONDERS.\*

FAR up in the frozen north, and where the mighty barrier of eternal ice forbids the approach of man to the antarctic pole, the tiny Diatoms are building their Cyclopean masonry, and laughing to scorn the castings of our mightiest furnaces, and the forgings of our Nasmyth hammers. Sir James Ross found the surface of the Southern Sea bordering that ice-barrier thick with a brown scum, which consisted almost exclusively of living *Diatomaceæ*; and Dr. Joseph Hooker remarked that they were rendered peculiarly conspicuous by their becoming inclosed in the newly formed ice, and by being washed up in myriads by the sea on the pack and bergs, every where staining the white ice and snow with their own ochreous brown hue. A deposit of mud, consisting mainly of the flint shells of these beings, extending not less than four hundred miles in length and a hundred and twenty in breadth, was found at a depth of from two hundred to four hundred feet, on the flanks of Victoria Land, in seventy-eight degrees south latitude. The depth and thickness of this deposit could not be conjectured; nor do we know any thing of the rate at which it increases; but observations in future ages may determine this from now known data, and an estimate may then be formed of the scale on which these laborious operators turn out their work.

Every frustule of the *Diatomaceæ* adds its quota to the solid structure of the globe, and that whatever the destiny of the living being. It is not only those which die what a jury of Diatoms might call a natural death, not only those that fall quietly to rest in their bed, the mighty quiet bed of the ocean, that are adding their shells to the globe-crust: those incalculable millions of millions that form the sustenance of millions of hungry and predatory animals, all come to the same end at last; for the silex of their frustules is unalterable and indestructible. And

here we obtain a glimpse of the exceeding wonderful economy of creation; we see with adoring admiration how strangely wise and well-arranged are his plans—the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.

Guano, that potent manure which has so increased our crops, consists, as every body knows, of the dung of sea-birds. For ages before the discovery of America the careful Peruvians had collected it, and employed it in their fields and gardens. It was guarded by rules of the most rigid economy. Laws, sanctioned by the punishment of death, forbade the killing of the young birds. The guano islands were all enrolled; each was put under the care of a government inspector and assigned to a certain province. The whole tract of country between Arica and Chancay, a distance of two hundred and forty miles, was exclusively manured with guano; and to a certain extent these traditional customs are still maintained in Peruvian agriculture.

To turn to European consumption, we find the results not less important. From one island alone, a stratum of guano, thirty feet in thickness, and covering an area of two hundred and twenty thousand square feet, has been entirely removed within twenty-seven years. In one single year, (1854,) the enormous amount of two hundred and fifty thousand tons of this accumulated excrement was dug in the Chincha Isles, and the actual annual exportation doubles that quantity. Thus, the dung of wild ocean birds yields a larger revenue to the Peruvian exchequer than all the silver mines of Cerro de Pasco, and its transport occupies greater fleets than ever Spain possessed at the proudest light of her maritime ascendancy.

Now *Diatomaceæ* form a very considerable per-centage of the entire bulk of this substance, the value of which is augmented in proportion to the abundance of these microscopic organisms. Great masses may often be found wholly com-

\* Concluded from page 298.

posed of the aggregated frustules of Diatoms. How are these procured in such vast supply? It has been by some supposed that the birds, or that fishes on which they subsist, feed *directly* on them. But this is manifestly untrue, as Dr. Wallich shows, since, with one or two rare exceptions, no Diatomaceous frustules are sufficiently large to be appreciable by any bird's eye. Nor could any vertebrate animal we are acquainted with, by any possibility, gather together within a reasonable period, a sufficient supply of such infinitesimally minute nutriment as these organisms afford, even supposing the optical difficulty to be overcome. Nor could any prehensile or masticatory apparatus deal with it, if taken into the mouth: it must be swallowed *en masse*.

But the intervention of swarming hosts of invertebrate animals solves the difficulty. It is well known that the vast tribes of bivalve *Mollusca* are supported almost wholly on these and similar entities; which are taken, without any craft, or violence, or pursuit, or even selection, by the mere action of ciliary currents bringing the floating organisms to the gaping stomach. There are, moreover, lower forms than these, but of kindred structure and appetites, as the *Tunicate Mollusca*, which devour immense multitudes of microscopic creatures; and these tribes are numerous and varied. Some of these are free rovers in the ocean, as the *Salpæ*, and these occur in hosts only less wonderful than the Diatoms themselves.

Dr. Wallich speaks from his own experience, confirmed, however, by many other observers, when he says, that between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, for *many degrees* of latitude, the ship passed through vast layers of seawater so thronged with the bodies of a species of *Salpa* as to present the consistence of a jelly. These layers extended for several miles in length. Their vertical depth it was impossible to ascertain, owing to the motion of the ship. They appeared, however, to extend deep; and in all probability were of a similar character to the immense aggregations of close-packed swimming invertebrata so well known to mariners in Arctic regions under the appellation of "whale-food." Each of these *Salpæ* measured about half an inch in length; but so close was their accumulation, that of the quantity col-

lected by a sudden plunge of an iron-rimmed towing-net, *half the cubic contents*, after the water had drained off, generally consisted of nothing but one thick gelatinous pulp.

The stomach in these translucent and generally colorless creatures forms a minute, opaque, yellow ball, which, being opened, is found to be filled with *Foraminifera* and *Diatomacæ*, from which latter it derives its color. A very large species of *Salpa*, measuring some six or seven inches in length, is found in the equatorial regions of the Atlantic, whose proportionally larger digestive cavities are filled with *Rhizosolenia*, a tubular form of Diatom occurring in vast profusion there. "The alimentary matter of the *Salpæ*," observes Mr. Macdonald, "is composed of animal and vegetable \* elements in nearly equal proportions; and when the microscope reveals the calcareous shells of *Foraminifera*, the beautifully sculptured frustules of *Diatomacæ*, keen siliceous needles, [of Sponges,] and the sharp armature of minute *Crustacea*, within an intestinal tube so tender and friable that it withers at the human touch—one can not help admiring the operations of those conservative properties with which its delicate tissues are endowed. Each atom yields to acute impression as by an instinctive intelligence, evading injurious contact; and although a contractility of the tube is essential to the due performance of its functions, no evil thus befalls its integrity till the term of life is at an end."

The digestive action of the Mollusk effects no change in the earthy constituents of its food; and thus the calcareous shells, and the siliceous spicula, and frustules, lie uninjured in its stomach, disjoined and broken, perhaps, by trituration, and cleaned of all soluble matter, till they are ejected in the fæcal pellet, to be dispersed and carried down individually to the still, and silent, and somber ocean-floor.

When we consider the immeasurable multitudes of these molluscosous animals that throng the seas, which feed almost exclusively on the organisms we are speaking of, we shall see how immense a quantity of inorganic matter (yet of organic origin) is every moment being dis-

\* That is, assuming the *Diatomacæ* to be plants, according to the received doctrine; but *vide supra*

charged into the sea, and every moment arriving at the bottom. But a very large proportion arrives at the same terminus by other stages, considerably modifying its conditions and ultimate form. The *Salpæ* and similar creatures form the main food of millions of voracious fishes. The shells and frustules of lime and flint contained in the stomachs and intestines of the former are received into those of the latter; and, passing this ordeal uninjured, as well as the other, are in like manner discharged, after digestion, free from their own organic contents, and those by which they were enveloped. But these pelagic fishes are preyed upon by pelagic birds; and the Diatoms and Foraminifers pass into the stomachs of these clamorous sea-fowl, and form the basis of the guano which is ever accumulating on the whitening rocks.

Again, these soft-bodied *Mollusca* constitute the principal sustenance of the giant *Cetacea*. The wallowing whale, or the huge cachalot, drives, with expanded jaws, into such a shoal of close-packed *Salpæ*, as Dr. Wallich describes; then, closing his enormous mouth, he lazily entombs myriads of the soft unresisting prey, and repeats the action till his vast stomach is full—a great cauldron of living jelly. The jelly soon disappears under the solvent action of the gastric juice, and becomes the seething blood of the leviathan; but the minute shells and frustules still travel unharmed; the heat, the maceration, and the acid, have no power to dissolve them, and they at length come forth from this ordeal as safe as from any former one.

But it is probable that these siliceous and calcareous atoms do not pass from the intestinal canal of the *Cetacea* in individual isolation. They are individually unchanged in form and structure, but are in all likelihood aggregated and conglomerated into cohering masses, each mass homogeneous in its kind. Siliceous particles, in particular, are known to have a power of cohesion with considerable tenacity under certain conditions; among which pressure, and an animal cement, may be adduced. Professor Bailey, of New-York, found some masses of siliceous matter, obtained from Diatomaceous deposits, which he in vain endeavored to break up by boiling in water and in acids, and by repeated freezing and thawing. At length he boiled the lumps in a strong

solution of caustic alkali, under which treatment they rapidly split up, and crumbled to a paste composed of the frustules of *Diatomaceæ*.

Let us suppose, now, a school of whales rioting amidst a vast field of *Salpæ*, which, in their turn, have been pasturing on microscopic Diatoms. Beneath them,

‘A thousand fathoms down,’

lies an ocean floor of soft cretaceous clay, the produce of some coral reef, which has been browsed upon and ground to powder by the molar teeth of myriads of *Scaridæ* and *Labridæ* for ages. From the full fed whales faecal pellets are constantly dropping, each of which consists of siliceous matter, resolvable, indeed, into frustules of Diatoms, and shells of polycysts, and spicules of sponges, but now concreted into an irregularly nodulous, compact mass. These fall on the soft, calcareous, pasty bed below, and sink into its impenetrable bosom; the white, creamy semi-fluid closing over each nodule, and burying it from all disturbance. Geologic periods pass; upheavings of the crust roll away the sea into other channels, and the calcareous bed is a thick stratum of chalk the white cliffs of the Albion of the day. The pickaxe and the spade go to work, and lo! irregular nodules of flint appear, and savans wonder how they came there. The hammer breaks them open, and the lapidary, with his lathe, grinds out a thin section, which the microscopist puts under his best powers. He finds that spicules of sponges, and valves and fragments of *Diatomaceæ* are abundant, mingled with a host of amorphous particles too greatly comminuted to be referred to any determinate form. Enough is seen, however, to show the organic origin of the flint masses; and as to the question of their introduction into the chalk, that no longer remains a mystery.

Among the organisms found in the cretaceous flint nodules, none have elicited more discussion than certain bodies named *Xanthidia*. These present some diversity in shape, but their general form may be compared to a ball stuck full of pins, each of which has, instead of a head, an extremity split into three or four points, which are hooked downward. Ehrenberg supposed these to be distinct animals, to which he gave specific names; but they are now known to be the *sporangia* (or



seed-bearing vessels) of certain microscopic plants, the *Desmidiaceæ*. How these came to be mingled, in the flints, with products exclusively marine, was the wonder, since it was believed that the Desmidiids were never found except in fresh waters.

Dr. Wallich finds, however, *Xanthidia* among the alimentary contents of pelagic *Salpæ*; with the endochrome so fresh as to make it manifest that they had recently been taken into the stomach; and this far out in the limitless ocean. And even adult *Desmidiaceæ* have been found in the same circumstances; so that the whole difficulty of the association of these sporangia with marine siliceous organisms vanishes by the discovery that this class of plants is also marine.

What beautiful chains of mutually dependent links are presented to us in these investigations! How true is the aphorism that in the works of the all-glorious God, nothing is great, nothing is small: or, rather, the small is great; nay, sometimes, as here, the least is the greatest. Take away the invisible Diatom and Foraminifer from the ocean, and what would be the result? Man would not be cognizant that any thing had disappeared; since his experience of six thousand years has left him utterly unconscious, till yesterday, that such things existed. Yet how soon would the tale be told! and how sadly! What blanks would presently be seen! what great rents in the beauteous web of nature! What distortions of the admirable unity! What disturbances of the delicate balance of creation! The "foundations" of the physical world would be, like those of the moral, "out of course;" and unless some countervail were quickly applied by the remedial wisdom of Him who is infinite in resources, the whole cosmical system might be hopelessly deranged. The whole race of *Salpæ*, and *Ascidia*, and *Conchiferous Mollusca* would starve and disappear; entire genera of fishes would be lost; the sea-fowl would starve; the seals and dolphins would perish; the Arctic bear would seek in vain for food; and the great whales would pine and die of hunger. The solitary ocean would be a waste of death; animal life would cease throughout its expanses; the *Algæ* would grow and grow till they had exhausted the carbonic acid, and then die for want of a fresh supply. Putrid exhalations and

morbific miasmata would sweep over the land, and death would soon reign undisputed here. What disturbances of existing laws might ensue from the failure of the present incessant depositions of inorganic matter on the sea-bed, we can not even conjecture, but doubtless these would not be few or unimportant. On the whole, dimly as we discern the catenation of cause and effect, it seems not at all extravagant to presume that all this mundane creation is actually dependent, for its sustentation in being, on the existence, in health and abundance, of an animal and a plant far too small to be seen by the human eye to which it is presented.

Thus we see how one great function of Divine benevolence, "He openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing," (Psalm 145 : 16,) is ancillary to another putting forth of might by him who is our "God and Kinsman," "who upholdeth all things by the word of his power." (Heb. 1 : 3.)

At the very moment when this article is about to be dispatched to the press, information has been received from the deep sea which sets all our speculations at defiance, and confounds all our conclusions. *Animal life is actually flourishing under the pressure of a mile and a half of superincumbent water.* H. M. S. Bulldog, under the command of Sir Leopold M. Clintock, has returned from surveying the Northern Atlantic, from Cape Farewell to Labrador, and Dr. Wallich communicates to the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* the following statement, the interest of which will warrant our citing it *in integro*.

"During the recent survey of the proposed North Atlantic Telegraph route between Great Britain and America, conducted on board H. M. S. Bulldog, important facts have revealed themselves, from which it would appear that all preconceived notions as to the bathymetrical limits whereby animal life is circumscribed in the sea are more or less erroneous. The mighty ocean contains its hidden animate as well as inanimate treasures; and it is probable that, under proper management, the former may speedily be brought to light, whatever may be the ultimate fate of the latter. In short, we are almost warranted, from the evidence already, at our command, in inferring that, at

though hitherto undetected, a submarine fauna exists along the bed of the sea, and that means and opportunities are alone wanting to render it amenable to the scrutiny of the naturalist.

"In sounding midway between Greenland and the north-west coast of Ireland, at twelve hundred and sixty fathoms—that is, at a mile and a half below the surface, in round numbers—several *Ophiocomæ* were brought up, clinging by their long spinous arms to the last fifty fathoms of line. They were alive, and continued to move their limbs about energetically, for upward of a quarter of an hour after leaving their native element. The species seems allied to *O. granulata*, (LINK.) the specimens varying from two to five inches across the rays. Lest it be supposed that these *Ophiocomæ* were floating or drifting in the water at any point intermediate between the surface and bottom, it is only necessary to mention, that the determination of depth having been effected by a separate operation and apparatus, the more tedious process of bringing up the sample of bottom is entered on; and, owing to the difficulty of finding out the exact moment at which ground is struck, a considerable quantity of line in excess of the already ascertained depth is usually paid out. This quantity, therefore, rests on the bottom for a short time, until the sounding machine is again hauled up. The *Ophiocomæ* were adherent to this last fifty fathoms only, and were not secured at all by the sounding machine. It is quite clear, therefore, that they were met with on the surface-layer of the deposit. The distance from the nearest point of Greenland to the spot at which this sounding was made, is five hundred miles, and to the nearest point of Iceland (namely, an isolated rock called the 'Blinde Skier,' about seventy miles from the mainland) two hundred and fifty miles; so that, admitting the possibility of the star-fishes having been drifted by currents, for argument's sake, the character of the fact would be in no way affected. The structure and habits of the Echinoderms generally are too well known, however, to render such a mode of accounting for their presence in the position referred to possible.

"On careful dissection, I found no appreciable anatomical difference between these *Ophiocomæ* and the species frequenting shoal waters. The deposit on

which they rested consists of [certain *Foraminifera*, named] *Globigerinæ*, so pure as to constitute ninety-five per cent of the entire mass. Their occurrence where the *Globigerinæ* are to be met with both in greatest quantity and purity, together with the circumstance that in the stomach of the *Ophiocomæ* the *Globigerinæ* were detected in abundance as alimentary matter, corroborates the evidence I have obtained from other facts as to the normal habitat of the latter organisms being on the immediate surface-layer of the deeper oceanic deposits, and not in the substance of the superincumbent waters. At the same time it substantiates the truth of the star-fishes having been captured on their natural feeding-ground.

"I also detected, in a sounding made at one thousand nine hundred and thirteen fathoms, a number of small tubes, varying in length from one sixteenth to a quarter of an inch, and about a line in diameter, which, on being viewed under the microscope, turned out to be almost entirely built up of young *Globigerinæ* shells, cemented side by side, just as we find to be the case in the tubular cells of some of the cephalobranchiate Annelids, where sandy or shelly particles are employed in their formation. There can hardly be a doubt, therefore, that some minute creature, probably an Annelid, lives down at this enormous depth, and feeds on the soft parts of the Foraminifera, whilst he houses himself with their calcareous shells. As yet I have been unable to determine the nature of these creatures, but hope to be enabled to succeed on a more lengthened survey of the material in which they occur.

"Lastly, I would mention having met with the minute bodies termed 'Coccoliths' by Professor Huxley. They occur in vast numbers, associated with larger cell-like bodies on the surface of which Coccoliths are arranged at regular intervals, so as to lead to the inference that the latter are in reality given off from the former in some way. The larger cell-bodies, and the Coccoliths on them, are imbedded in a gelatinous envelope. The presence of these organisms in largest quantity in those deposits in which the *Globigerinæ* occur alive in the greatest profusion and utmost state of purity, would also seem indicative of their being a larval condition of the latter."

As the supposition that the pressure of so great a body of water would preclude the possibility of animal functions being carried on at the bottom of the ocean, is thus found to be a mistake; so it is by no means improbable, that our received theories of absolute darkness at that depth may be equally mythical. Edward Forbes formed an ingenious hypothesis touching the distribution of marine animals in zones of depth from facts which seemed to prove, that positive color diminished in the shells of the *Mollusca*, in the ratio of their habitual distance from the surface, all color ceasing at from fifty to one hundred fathoms. It was hence assumed that light was entirely lost by absorption, in passing through such a volume of sea-water. Subsequent researches, however, by Sars, and other Norwegian

naturalists, proved the existence of certain Anemones and corals at a depth of two hundred fathoms; and these are by no means white, as this hypothesis required, but adorned with the most vivid hues. Light, then, must exist, and have a strong colorific power at that depth. Dr. Wallich has not alluded to the colors of his *Ophiocoma*; but as he compares it to *O. granulata*, we may fairly assume that there was no great disparity in hue. Now this species is of vivid colors—black, brown, orange, roseate, are the tints of the disk; and that of the rays, dusky white or bluish. Can the color-producing rays of the sun, then, penetrate through a stratum of water a mile and a half thick? "No;" say the philosophers, "absurd!" "Yes;" says the *Ophiocoma*, "ecce signum!"

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From the National Review.

## P O L I T I C S   A N D   F A I T H . \*

IN many respects the great nations of the ancient world looked upon the phenomena of national life and political government with a far truer, fresher, and more religious eye than those of the nineteenth century; in some measure, possibly, because national unity and political government being less permanent and stable, less a recognized part of the unalterable order of the universe, the power which sustained it was likely to awaken more immediately the wonder and awe of thoughtful minds: in still greater measure, because that sharp division between the spiritual and the secular, which is so marked a phenomenon of the most modern society, had no existence among the three great nations to whom we owe the princi-

pal germs of our civilization. The highest minds among the Romans, the Greeks, and the Hebrews, were habitually possessed with a grave wonder at the mighty strength of those spiritual bonds which held a nation together in close unity, and which gave its mysterious authority to the national government. In Rome, perhaps, it will be said that this is easily accounted for. That it was primarily the virtue and vigor of the *public* will and conscience which gave Rome its extraordinary capacity for legislation, government, and war, may be admitted. The virtues of the citizen and the soldier were more marked and indigenous in the Roman character than even these private virtues which the former tended to engender or confirm. And therefore it may be thought that the religious solemnity attached to all the concerns of the state, and amongst these to the duties of political and military government, was only the inevitable reflection of the strong side of the national character in the national religion.

\* *Past and Present*. By THOMAS CARLYLE. A new edition. Chapman & Hall.

*Lectures on the Apocalypse*. By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M.A. Macmillan. 1861.

*A Few Words on Garibaldi*. An Answer to numerous Letters from Rev. Robert M'Ghee. By Lord ROBERT MONTAGUE, M.P. Ridgway. 1861.

But no one will suppose that this was true of Greece. The genius of Athens did not manifest itself most characteristically in the direction either of political or military greatness. Yet her greatest statesmen as well as thinkers never failed to attach to all truly national and state concerns, and especially therefore to the duties of the executive administration, a genuinely religious importance which less and less characterizes the real tone of thought among the Christian nations of the nineteenth century. Plutarch tells us how deeply Pericles was politically indebted, how deeply he was conscious of his political debt, to Anaxagoras for teaching him that the universe owed its origin neither to chance nor to necessity, but to a pure and unmixed mind. From the teaching of Anaxagoras, he says, Pericles had learned not only elevation of sentiment, loftiness and purity of style, and dignity of manner, but to overcome all superstitious fears of the gods inspired by natural phenomena in those who had not studied their unvarying order; so that when Pericles heard how the imprudent indifference of his master to worldly affairs had reduced him to absolute destitution, and that "the poor old man had covered up his head, and was going to starve himself, Pericles was extremely moved, ran immediately to him, expostulated, entreated, bewailing not so much the fate of his friend as his own, if his administration should lose so valuable a counselor." Is there in the statesmen of the present day any similar eagerness for the aid of this kind of counsel in political policy? No doubt Lord Palmerston counts much on the material assistance rendered by Lord Shaftesbury and Exter Hall to his administration; but we neither believe, nor wish to believe, that if, like Anaxagoras, they covered up their faces from him, and announced their intention of withdrawing entirely from the political stage, he would feel any blank in his moral resources for governing England well, or directing her foreign influence aright. Though almost the only religious party who feel it their duty, in a religious capacity, to interfere much in the regulation of political affairs, their requests are almost uniformly stamped with a spirit that degrades instead of elevating the tone of political sentiment amongst statesmen. And when they ask for the withdrawal of the Maynooth Grant, for the

infliction of the Bible by government authority on the Hindoos, or for the expulsion of Roman Catholics from the State-Paper Office, no wonder that the most secular-minded politicians are thought by the majority of English laymen to be by far the most trustworthy and the most just.

If we turn to the Hebrew nation, the relation between their politics and their faith is still more striking. They were as far as possible from possessing any gift of political genius; some might say they were stamped with that inherent deficiency in political capacity which seems to mark almost all Oriental nations; yet to them God was, we may almost say, *politically* revealed. His government manifested itself to them chiefly in its constant conflicts with their political sins, and the discipline which corrected or counteracted their political deficiencies. With a passionate sensibility to the ties of family and clan which from first to last was always endangering, and often actually shattered, the frame-work of the national unity—with something of the general incapacity of all Arab chiefs to rise above the vindictive impulses of the moment into the judicial calmness requisite for any true development of national life—the best rulers of Israel were yet keenly sensible that the political breadth and tranquillity of purpose which they could not find in themselves, was yet accessible to them in communion with that invisible King, who should "reign in righteousness" and "rule in judgment," who should be as "a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a wery land." Their political history was in their eyes the history of God's revelation to them of his own will—beginning with the selection of their first great ancestor, directing his wanderings, trying and confirming his faith, and molding his posterity, by the ties of a common bondage and a common liberation, into a single and, if it might be, united nation. When the disunion takes place under Rehoboam, it is but the political expression and manifestation of the deeper disunion which Solomon's idolatry, and the unrighteous tyranny which was bound up with that idolatry, had already sown in the hearts of a previous generation, bearing fruit slowly under his son. Every political

event that is disastrous to the nation is shown to be the natural fruit of some spiritual unfaithfulness in the people or their rulers—the natural fruit and the divine remedy—at once the practical exposition of God's "controversy" with his people and of his purpose to cure them. Every statesman and prophet, from Moses to John the Baptist, made himself felt by the nation chiefly in counteracting the tendencies to political decomposition or social corruption which threatened the national life. It is in the arena of politics that every moral and theological short-coming reaches maturity, and meets its final penalty; idolatrous tendencies issuing in corrupting alliances with Syria or Egypt, as well as in fresh disunion at home; and such alliances with powers steeped in moral iniquity, resulting in their turn in all the wretchedness of family conspiracies and civil war. Even with those later prophets who, like Ezekiel, insisted with most earnestness on the law of individual responsibility, who taught that though the children might suffer for the sins of the fathers, they were not in any sense accountable for them before God, and that by the righteousness of the fathers the children could not be justified—even these never lose sight of the political bearing of their teaching; and if they bring home more clearly a sense of individual responsibility, it is less for the sake of individuals than because the body of the nation—the "house of Israel"—is itself suffering from the fictitious corporate responsibility thus assumed.

Nor was this political aspect of the Jewish theology limited to the period of the national independence; it springs up again as fresh as ever with the first renovating influence of the Christian faith. No sooner had the Hebrew Christian been persuaded that a new spiritual life had been kindled in him, than he yearned to have the political history of the past and the present interpreted for him by the light of the new faith. The book which at once indicates, and supplies the answer to, this desire to find the relation in which heathen and Jewish history, past and present, stood to Christ, is the Apocalypse. In that strange and, at first sight, enigmatic vision, we have, in fact, presented to us, as Mr. Maurice has recently shown in one of his finest volumes, a continuous story of the political providence of God up to the beginning of the final struggle be-

tween the power of Rome and of the Church of Christ. To us, indeed, the true vision of the development of God's providence which it contains seems to be tinged throughout with Hebrew forms of thought, which occasionally become Hebrew prejudice and exclusiveness, and when in the millennial chapter there is an attempt to solve the problem of the future, the prophetic inspiration seems to fade away. But taken as a whole it does shed a true light upon God's political method of education for the human race, and affords a very striking exemplification of the old prophetic power of seeing in the history of nations the unfolding purposes of a divine will.

To the author of this book none of the early types of Oriental civilization are profane, for all are links in the divine chain of God's political purposes. He sees that the earlier forms of civilization are mainly animal, and do not give any ascendancy to the highest gifts of man. But he recognizes a heavenly original even for these purely animal and intellectual instruments of the world's culture: he finds a place in heaven for the lion form of Assyrian conquest; for the oxen shape of Egyptian industry; for the intellectual influence of Greece that had the "face of a man," though still showing the body of an animal; and for that ambitious Roman civilization which was like its own emblem "a flying eagle." To all these successive instruments of God's providence the prophet assigns a place in heaven, and by the voice of each he is taught to understand that even these half-animal ages of the world were necessary in their order, and had an ultimately beneficent influence over human history. The Oriental civilizations pass before him; they are followed by the intellectual and commercial ascendancy of Greece; and these again are all swallowed up in that solvent tide of Roman conquest, which he describes as like the career of a pale horse: "and he that sat thereon was Death, and Hell followed with him." When these "four seals" of God's political providence have been broken, the prophet sees the best fruit of the ages—men not as heathen civilization formed them, but such as faith in God had made them—crying out to God to judge the earth, to put an end to the grievous tyranny of an unspiritual kingdom, and to establish his own in its place. Then the false deities of the

heathen world begin to fall from heaven like shooting stars; but before the final battle with the Roman power can begin, the most monstrous of all false altars must first be shivered to atoms—that of Jerusalem itself. There follows the sevenfold blast of divine judgment, before which Jerusalem falls, as Jericho fell of old before the trumpets of Joshua; and now, for the first time, can the angels of the new faith, free from a corrupted Judaism, fight hand to hand with the brute force of the degraded Roman power, and rid the world of the dangerous fascinations of Roman luxury and sensuality.

Now, after allowing for any Hebrew coloring that there may be in the magnificent and yet spiritual vision of God's political providence on which we have thus meagerly touched, how startling is the contrast between the relation of God with political events, as it is here set forth, and that conceived by the modern statesman! Is it not the modern creed, Lord Palmerston's, for instance, that a man who gravely supposes that God does reveal his *present* purposes to man, either in political events or on any other side of human life, must have an unsound and hazy intellect, quite unfit to write modern history, nay, even unfit to see it with impartial eye? What is Lord Palmerston's real test of a "fanatic"? Is it limited to admiration of Jesuits and a hatred of Puritans? Would he not include any one in that term who strongly believed that the hand of God could be clearly discerned sending forth the messengers who sway hither and thither the battle between Protestant and Catholic, between Italian and Austrian, between the Free States and the Slave States of America? If Sir Cornwall Lewis were to comment on the history of the period in which Jerusalem fell, and Rome surrendered to the Christian faith, should we not expect to find some expression of irritation at the luminous confusion of colors in the glass through which Hebrew and Christian historians contemplated such matters? Is not he the true ideal of an historian, in the eyes of most modern statesmen, who ignores any higher or more constant purpose in history than that of the shifting human actors who weave it? Is not any belief in, or pretended insight into, any political purpose of God's regarded as a refracting medium which is certain to break the white light of historic truth?

We conceive this to be so, and yet it is strange in a country and age when, as we do not scruple to believe, there is as much, if not more, diffused faith in God, if not in Christ, than there has been at any period since the Christian era, excepting only, perhaps, the few exciting spring-tides of religious movement. And yet there is, as we have said, a far wider gulf between politics and faith at the present day than ever severed them in the great days of Greece and Rome, when such faith in the unseen as existed at all certainly associated itself closely with public life—and an infinitely wider gulf than that almost imperceptible boundary-line, which alone divided them to the eye of Hebrew prophecy, at a time when such sense of public duty as existed at all was usually a direct offshoot of religious trust. Nor, assuredly, can the chasm between modern theology and modern politics be traced to any want of clear signs of God's agency in the political events of the century. The natural theologian may perhaps complain that modern science has shaken public confidence in many of his favorite methods of demonstrating the existence of a great designer. But whatever has been lost on the side of science might have been gained on the side of politics, had any modern thinker applied the strong sense and close-fitting logic of Paley, with some tinge of deeper moral enthusiasm, to the task of proving the existence of a divine purpose, shaping gradually to its own great ends the blind and short-sighted hopes, interests, and passions of all the chief human actors in the political events of the last century in Europe and America. Since the fall of Jerusalem, and the conflict of the Christian faith with imperial Rome, there has been no century—not even that of the Reformation—in which the divine arm, so often to human eyes completely concealed beneath the stagnant life or wayward caprices of nations, has been more visibly outstretched than in this.

Consider only the events in which France has played the leading part since the great Revolution. She has been made the instrument of testing the true strength and soundness of almost every government in Europe, and she has been the executioner of almost all that was utterly rotten in modern civilization. She has actually revived or created a national life all around her which she intended to trample out. She would fain have done once more for

Europe what Rome did in the beginning of our era; but her work has had a very different result, just because the national life with which she came into conflict has proved of very different substance. Rome swept all before her, because the true national spirit was all but extinguished before she came, and where the mere carcass of national life was, "there were the eagles gathered together." When first the power of the French revolution in Europe made itself visible in the Reign of Terror, and for long after it had passed into the first Empire, it might well have seemed that St. John's vision of the career of the Roman power would apply not less aptly to this new and frightful engine of universal blight to Europe: "And I looked and beheld a pale horse, and his name that sat thereon was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death." And yet this malignant power was to generate results the very opposite of those which Roman conquest produced—to be the signal for the gradual resurrection of true national life all over Europe, and at the same time to render the various nations conscious of a closeness of sympathy, a sensitiveness to common popular emotions, of which they were never conscious before. At her own expense, France has taught Europe two great and apparently ocontrasted lessons—that one bond of sentiment unites them all, and yet that this very sympathy with each other compels them to assert and defend the distinctness of their characteristic organizations. At her own expense: for had she herself possessed any thing like the quick sympathy with the national traditions and feelings of other nations which others have evinced in regard to hers, she would not have taught them the latter lesson at all, nor have been the first to teach them the former. Of all the nations of Europe, France probably is the most self-centred, answers the least readily to the chords of popular feeling struck in other lands, and is the most reckless of aggression on their rights. Three times during the last century, in her own renewed struggles for freedom, she has struck the key to which Germany, Italy, Hungary, and even Poland, have quickly responded; but she never follows the lead of others. This self-centredness it is, this exclusiveness of national feeling, which has rendered her the fitting instru-

ment to teach the great lessons we have named. She originates, though she is not quick to catch from abroad, the contagion of a popular movement; and the same sharply-defined and exclusive nationality has rendered her at once unscrupulous in invading other countries, and almost incapable of retaining a *hold* over them even when she has subdued them. She has thus been the most perfect of instruments for awakening the national life in other lands. Germany dates the origin of its tardy and halting progress towards national unity from the French invasion under the first Empire; and Italy owes to the same event the birth of the national sentiment which is now bearing that glorious fruit over which almost every nation in Europe rejoices more heartily than France, though she herself unintentionally originated, and has since reluctantly completed the work. The nation which is least alive to the impulses communicated from foreign lands, has convinced all Europe that one vital chain of popular sympathy unites the peoples; the nation which is most indifferent to the gratification of any national pride but its own, has re-awakened, by endangering, the purest pride of national life in England, Germany, Poland, Hungary, and Italy.

If we look for more detailed proofs of the use made by the power who overrules human history, of unconscious and unwilling instruments to effect its great ends—consider only how all the elements most threatening and hostile to Italian independence and unity have been made to work together to aid Sardinia in securing it. If we except the primary condition of all the new hopes for Italy—the condition without which we may almost say with reverence that even the favor of God would have been powerless to aid her—we mean the loyalty of the Sardinian monarchy to its own pledges to the national cause—all other political influences without exception seemed either to frown discouragement or enmity upon Italy, or at best to smile with a sinister meaning, suggesting a disaster even behind success. Austria, Naples, the Pope, the Roman Church throughout Europe, were open foes; Russia, Prussia, and England looked on with suspicious displeasure, tendering unwelcome advice; France offered a doubtful and conditional friendship that appeared to involve the subtlest form of danger to Italy. Yet,

of all these open foes or doubtful friends, there was not one whose hostility could have been less deadly, or friendship more sincere and effective, without diminishing or destroying as it turns out, some one of the conditions of success. Austria, as Mr. Gladstone has recently shown with his own peculiar eloquence, has perhaps done more than any other power to develop rapidly the national *unity* of Italy. For thirty years she had sedulously taught, by precept and action, with true missionary fervor, the doctrine that the states of Italy could only be governed successfully if they were governed *homogeneously*; that every government of Italy must be made subsidiary to her rule in Lombardy and Venetia; that none could be effectually enslaved unless all its neighbors were virtually enslaved also, and ruled by the same wily counsels and the same iron hand. Italy quickly apprehended the lesson; but it operated only to teach her that no Italian state could be effectually free unless all its neighbors were to be combined with it under the same free counsels, and under the protection of the same Italian sword. Austria unintentionally engraved upon every state in Italy the doctrine that symmetry of political plan in Italy was the *sine qua non* of success. Such was her involuntary service to the great cause. Nor did Naples and the Pope contribute less. Either might have crippled the force of the unitary movement, had they not blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts against it. A very little honest concession from the young Bourbon would have turned the tide hopelessly against Garibaldi. A trifling concession, early in the day, from the Pope, would have secured the absolute guarantee of France for his secular power. But the eyes of these rulers had "waxed gross, and their ears were dull of hearing, that they should not see with their eyes and understand with their hearts;" and they too played their part unconsciously, but surely, so as best to aid the cause they hated, and swell the chorus of national unity, by obstinately parading the shrill intensity of their own anti-Italian prepossessions.

Again, the parts played by France, Prussia, and England, are perhaps yet more remarkable for an unintended and involuntary forwarding of the same great cause—for the blindness of the instrumentality that a higher power has used.

France no doubt intended to give, *on her own terms*, to Sardinia far more splendid and effectual aid than she actually afforded. And had she done so, had not Austria proved all but her match in the field, had not Prussia threateningly mobilized her army and warned her from the Mincio—Italy, instead of being now all but independent through her own temperate efforts, would have won nothing, properly speaking, *for herself*, would be the hopeless debtor of France for what she *had* gained, and would not have been allowed to gain any thing like her present glorious position. She would *have* far less; she would hold it on far more irksome, if not paralyzing conditions, and would feel none of the self-respect which unassisted effort has given her. France has been the instrument of obtaining for Italy far more than she intended, because she has been able to *give*, on her own terms, far less than she intended. And as Prussia was one of the blind instruments of paralyzing France, and thus involuntarily, nay against her will, aiding Italy, so England was another quite as blind, if less reluctant, benefactor. Suspicious of French intentions; and angrily taxing Sardinia with double-dealing, England armed not to aid Italy, but to defend herself. For herself hitherto, her warlike preparations have not been needed, but on the course of events in Italy they have had the most favorable effect. The strength so gained has given a national significance to her advice, and held back France from the pursuit of a policy of intervention in which she would otherwise have been unrestrained. Without the foresight either to anticipate the results of the Italian war, or to see the necessity of a united Italy, the attitude of English statesmen has yet materially contributed to the splendor of the result, and may perhaps have been even essential to that result; for had not England been strong and irritable, as well as strongly opposed to active intervention, France would certainly have interrupted the career of Garibaldi before crossing from Sicily to Calabria. Both when arming almost in panic, and when counseling Sardinia to forbid Garibaldi's expedition, English statesmen showed they saw not the true direction of the path in which they were groping; but not the less did it lead them to aid in the great consummation.



We doubt whether, even from Paley's *Natural Theology*, any clearer instance of an adaptation of blind unconscious causes to beneficent effect can be adduced to demonstrate a supernatural and conscious cause working through the channels of secondary causation. He gives hundreds of instances, indeed, of involuntary instrumentality, but none of instrumentalities used to effect the very opposite purpose for which they are set in motion. The cuckoo's egg is hatched by an involuntary act of charity, but not by a hostile bird intending to break what she clumsily contrives to hatch. Yet this is the case of the new Italian kingdom. Moreover, there is certainly in the whole range of natural theology no instance in which the same depth of moral judgment, the same evidence of a spiritual and personal wisdom, could be shown. The great drama now enacting in America is, as we believe and hope, destined to issue in a similar vindication of the divine justice, and to embody the final sentence of God against the iniquity of human servitude; though the agency by which it is being accomplished is one of immediate calamity, social decomposition, and political disunion, instead of national growth and political renovation. But the catastrophe is as yet too distant to enable any who were not otherwise convinced to draw from it special evidence of a supernatural government.

Indeed, this kind of moral evidence of the political providence of God, is open to exactly the same class of objections as Paley's argument in *Natural Theology*. To those who have already grasped the spiritual constitution of society, to whom the manifest agency of such an overruling providence would not seem to involve a *Deus ex machina*, but only to mark a critical era in the regular march of the divine government, such evidence will confirm an already deep conviction. To others it seems nothing more than a curious array of coincidences skillfully used to conceal a *petitio principii*. Nor do we dispute this view of the case. We have no wish at present to adduce fresh evidence for the spiritual constitution of human society; but only to consider how it happens that even among those to whom the Christian faith is a reality, the world of politics is a "profane" region of thought, almost unrelated to that faith. Instead of being more closely related to our spiritual world

than was that of the Greeks and the Romans, it seems to be even less so. Our spiritual faith is indeed deeper, more real, more operative; but why is it, in proportion to this its deeper hold on us individually, far less closely related to our public and national life than was that of the great secular nations of the ancient world? Will it be said that whatever be the evidence in the case of special political events, the *general* social and political phenomena of modern times exhibit fewer and less convincing signs of their connection with the unseen world than those of Greece and Rome? Nothing could be more palpably untrue. All the phenomena of slavery, and of the various systems of socialism; all the political phenomena of the modern revolutions, of the despotism out of which they have usually been born, of the democracy in which they have usually resulted—are constant witnesses in every thoughtful mind to a definite spiritual government of the universe, assigning to men large but limited spiritual powers over each other. Whence the iniquity of slavery, but from the assumption of a power delegated to man over moral beings which no man has been fitted either to wield or to endure, so that the *facts* of the spiritual constitution both of the master and the slave are always setting at naught the *theory* of their relation, and thus twisting the nature of both into monstrous shapes? Socialism, again, is disastrous because it attempts to stretch the influence of general social affections beyond their actual authority over us, and to extend to the many the relations which we are only constituted to bear to the few. How do we explain the mad excesses against freedom and humanity to which the cry of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," gave rise in France in 1793, but by saying that it was the cry of men who had come to believe that all government, spiritual or otherwise, is a species of slavery; and who were learning by experience that the spirit of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," thus interpreted, is apt to turn out identical with the spirit of Slavery, of Caste, and of Fratricide? In short, the history of the last century, taken alone, is one long evidence of the spiritual organism of all human society and of the body politic.

How is it, then, that in spite of all these facts—in spite of the historical phenomena which bear witness to an overruling pro-

vidence, and of the social and political phenomena which bear witness to a spiritual order and constitution of human affairs—so few of the greater nations and statesmen of Europe should seem to be possessed with that religious feeling in relation to political events which filled the mind of even such a statesman as Pericles? When Plutarch tells us that Pericles always prepared himself for a speech in public by “addressing a prayer to the gods that not a word might escape him unsuitable to the occasion,” we might at first be unjust enough to attribute such a practice to a mixture of overweening anxiety for his own position and religious superstition, did not every thing else that we hear of the religious side of his character go to prove that the faith he had learned from Anaxagoras had tended to set him free from popular superstition. As it is, we must infer from this and many other traits of his life that his position in relation to the Athenian state brought home to him, with singular force for that age, the existence of personal spiritual powers whose will it was his business to study and to serve. Can we say the same of modern statesmen? Do they show in proportionate, or even in the same degree, the strength of purpose, the self-restraint, and the general composure of demeanor, which belong to men who know that in their general principles of government they can but at best coöperate with, and at worst feebly thwart, the constant and patient purposes of a higher power? Of English statesmen, Lord John Russell at his best, more than any other perhaps—more even than Mr. Gladstone, whose “serious” manner is too like clerical mannerism—does seem to rest in a simple and statesmanlike faith that there *are* great political ends which God enables and requires this country at almost any cost to uphold; as when, at the outbreak of the Russian war, he explicitly based his defense of it on the righteousness of the cause, and appealed to God to defend the right. But the general political atmosphere of Europe is something more than secular in spirit. Men seem often to lose sight, even in dealing with the greatest questions, of the spiritual roots of national life and of government authority, and nowhere so much as in those states where ecclesiastics nominally claim all power for the “spiritual” arm. There is a vulgarizing tendency in modern

politics which is in direct contrast with the spirit in which the greater minds among the ancients regarded every thing that affected the destiny of the commonwealth. Whether we look at the ecclesiastical, or at the despotic, or at the imperial-revolutionary governments of Europe, or at our own parliamentary worship of popular opinion, or at the boastful and corrupt spirit of the American executive, it is difficult to find any remains of the religious stateliness of the antique conception of public life and duty. Indeed, the very word “stately” is scarcely one which would have originated in our own day, when our highest conceptions of grand and sedate authority are scarcely derived from the state.

No doubt the reason of this change is in some considerable measure this: that while faith in the supernatural world has grown far deeper and far more universal in modern times, it has been entirely dissevered, in theory at least, if not in practice, from local and national traditions. Rooted in moral responsibility, bound up, at least in Northern Europe, even too exclusively with an individual sense of sin and duty, brought home to the conscience by inward personal experience—there has been no room for any such close identification of national traditions with divine power as there was in Athens, Rome, or Palestine. The gods of Greece and Rome were held to be the guardians of the Greek and Roman genius and glory; their inspiring power was coëxtensive with national characteristics, and they were believed to watch over the national destiny. A truer and deeper faith taught the Hebrew people to understand God’s teaching that “as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts;” their faith was in a God far above their wisest prophet’s wisdom, more glorious than their greatest king’s glory; yet their history and their traditions were, as we have seen, inseparably bound up in their faith, though their faith was not, as in Athens and Rome, limited by their traditions. The Hebrew history, to the mind of the prophet, did not limit and confine the character of God, but revealed it; and without that history it would not have been revealed at all. But Christianity has seemed more or less at a loss how to manage its relations with national politics. The Roman

Church boasted itself universal, but, in fact, turned out to be quite intolerable to the maturer genius of the German nations. In throwing off its bondage, they were not careful to discover or define the relations in which their faith stood to their national life, and there has been ever since a formidable schism between the political and religious development of the Protestant countries. Nor has the uneasiness been confined to Protestant countries. Those which, like France, kept the forms of Romanism, have been unable to keep their faith in it, and there, even far more than in England and Germany, has the restless spirit of an unsatisfied national genius vibrated between the feverish fanaticism of an ecclesiastical polity, and the still more feverish fanaticism of military propagandism or revolutionary convulsion. Modern events are beginning to prove to all thoughtful minds, that nations and governments are more and more in want of a better understanding with the springs of spiritual faith, and that churches are more and more in want of a better understanding with the spirit of secular and political progress. The signs which indicate this in our own time are assuming fresh importance every year.

For example, the genius of revolution has long been, we will not say more religious, but certainly far more closely allied to the religious temperament, than the genius of regular government. Since the time of the Puritan revolution, all the greater statesmen, both in England and abroad—and in England certainly all the greater historians—have been of what we may call the purely secular type, men marked by sagacity and common-sense, often with a fine sense of honor, often keenly alive to popular sympathies, almost always humane-minded, but as a rule apparently blind to any relation between the supernatural and the human government of the world—such men as Walpole, Pitt, Fox, Turgot, Neckar, Canning, Peel, Palmerston, Guizot, and Cavour, and such historians as Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay; while, on the other hand, almost all the great revolutionary leaders, Washington alone excepted, have been marked by that peculiar temperament which, in its higher forms, feeds on the supernatural, and in its lower tries to satiate its cravings for something deeper than life by giving a supernatural force and edge to natural passions—as, for instance, the

great leaders of the first French Revolution, or, to take the higher types of the same temper, such as Kossuth, Mazzini, and Garibaldi. We could not have a more illustrative instance of these different types of character than in two of the greatest names mentioned above, Cavour and Garibaldi, the one a statesman, the other a revolutionary leader, both of the highest caliber, and noblest type of their respective orders of mind.

Cavour, we often hear, is ambitious, firm, sagacious, even astute, with a cautious respect for precedent and prescriptive right as a worldly principle that does not at all interfere with his willingness to violate both, if he can discover the elements of success—in short, a masterly but worldly politician and artful diplomatist. On the other hand, we are told that Garibaldi is a man of visionary simplicity and imaginative constitution, to whom nothing seems an impossibility that is noble and just, even though he does not understand, and is wholly unable to work, any of the ordinary engines for realizing his dreams; who neither has nor feigns any respect for external authority or prescription, and to whom, therefore, it costs scarcely any pain or any exertion of courage to overturn an established order of things, if it be based in injustice, though it be at the expense of temporary anarchy, and at the risk of eventual failure. And so men say that Cavour is deficient in what is called revolutionary *verve*, while in Garibaldi it exists in excess. Thus we speak; but, in fact, this is only a circumlocution to avoid saying that Cavour works by human experience, and Garibaldi by religious faith; that Cavour looks exclusively to human means, and trusts as little as he may to the help of that God who makes “the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and the things which are not to bring to naught things which are,” while Garibaldi would stake too much on the inner vision of his own mind, and refuse to open his eyes to the external lessons of the understanding and the senses, even where they were the right teachers. Cavour, in some sense or other, no doubt believes in a divine protection, but his temperament inclines to the faithlessness that would sacrifice something of perfect integrity to secure an efficient human means to his great ends; Garibaldi, in some sense or other, admits that such means are essential, yet his temperament

inclines him to that arrogant confidence which attributes to God a human impatience for the completion of every great work, so that when a safe and slow way, and a shorter one that only miracle can bring to a safe issue, branch off, he would prefer the latter.

Such is a fair contrast between the noblest type of modern statesmen and the noblest type of modern revolutionists: the one seeing in the state nothing but human elements, which an equitable and sagacious mind can order with adequate success, without going down to any deeper considerations; the other seeing in national life and popular government one of the chief concerns of God, who cherishes through long years in the breast of the exile and the prisoner the vision which is to effect more than the most sagacious statesman's forethought—a dream of glorified humanity, which works more freedom by its very errors than the astutest knowledge of human degradation by its unquestionable truth. There is nothing more marked in modern history than the strength which the state loses, and which disorganizing forces gain, in consequence of the complete absence of any faith in a principle of supernatural unity from the statesman's conception of the national life. We have selected the case of Italy as the most remarkable, because in the present exciting era we might have expected that *there* even the regular statesmen of the day would have exhibited some proud sense of a divine origin for the rising fortunes of the nation. Yet even there we find in the chief architect of those fortunes the same predominantly secular cast of mind which marks almost all the great line of English statesmen since the death of Cromwell.

We may cite as another sign of the same uneasy feeling between modern politics and modern faith, the wide popularity attained by the writings of Mr. Carlyle, which have found an echo in many minds to which the revolutionary enthusiasms of Kossuth or Mazzini have seemed refugee-dreams. Those writings, we need scarcely say, are one continuous attempt to peel off the husk of unreal and worn-out forms from modern social and political life, to find the meaning that should still underlie monarchy and aristocracy, to explain the causes of the disrepute into which they have fallen, to expose the folly of the external democratic remedies—

to restore the faith in true government—that of the capable and the upright. Mr. Carlyle's works may be said to be a continuous protest against the vulgarity and secularity of modern politics, entered by a strong and sincere intellect, singularly unsusceptible either of sympathy with popular emotions, or of respect for external authority. He cares nothing for so-called popular liberties, still less for aristocratic privilege; but he is eager to see government conducted by the exercise of a real spiritual authority, and to realize the natural fruits of strong spiritual despotism. The nationality principle, like the principle of popular right, is to him a chimera; the only right is the right of the capable to govern—of the incapable to be governed; for so alone can be realized in this outward world the "fact of the Universe," or "in the ancient dialect," as Mr. Carlyle calls it, "the will of God." Were he quite certain of the existence of a divine *personality*, Mr. Carlyle would be inclined to reproach him for delegating any power at all to incompetent men. An absolute theocracy would be his *beau idéal* of a state. Accordingly, it is his aspiration to sweep away the impostures of our parliamentary system, to get rid of the incapable rulers at any price, and to replace them by the capable, if he can. He rejoices in all those uprisings of a people against time-honored incapacities which vindicate the "eternal laws of fact," and in a word, with no respect for national traditions, for public opinion, for any of the watchwords which catch the popular ear, he has the very strongest belief in the spiritual and eternal foundations of government, and the deepest scorn for that dextrous manipulation of selfish motives which is too often represented as its equivalent. The popularity of Mr. Carlyle's writings arises probably very largely from this profound conviction of his, that all true government should rest on a spiritual basis, and be distinguished by certain divine, if not supernatural attributes. More than any writer of modern days, he represents the craving to see embodied in the state something intrinsically stately—a principle of faith rather than of sight—a right to command which men shall recognize instinctively as worthy of obedience—some imperfect reflection, in short, of the control exercised by the "eternal fact of the Universe," or, "in the ancient phrase," by God.

Now here we have two different currents of reaction against the commonplaceness, the utilitarianism, the vulgar tendencies in modern politics, from the most opposite points of view; that of the popular revolutionist who has a vision of God vindicating national independence and popular freedom, and "rights of man," to the nations, by the weak arms of a few patriotic dreamers; and that of the intellectual moralist who has a vision of the divine government as something infinitely searching, true, and strong—a divine Word, "whose name is faithful and true, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and out of whose mouth goeth a sharp sword," able to sift all hollowness, punish all half-heartedness, and smite down all corruption, and who believes that human government should either be an earthly image of this, or should not exist at all. The revolutionary creed as to earthly states is in some sense the reproduction, under the modifying influence of Christian modes of thought, of the Greek and Roman view of states and nations. It attaches the same kind of divine sanction to the genius, unity, and independent development of the nation, and claims the same kind of inherent right for the voice of popular government. Mr. Carlyle's is in some sense the reproduction, under the modifying influences of scientific ideas, of the Jewish view of states and governments. It lays the same exclusive stress on the spiritual qualifications of the governing power, on the degree in which it truly represents the searching word of God; and passes with the same neglect over all the rights of the governed, except the right to be governed well.

Both these opposite phases of political discontent are sound only so far as they attest the foundation, the one of nations, the other of governments, in a world above that of geography and of parliamentary elections; and unsound in this, that the revolutionary creed too soon merges the God of nations and peoples in the national or popular will—in other words, merges the superhuman in the human; while Mr. Carlyle's creed avowedly merges the separate life of nations and peoples in what he calls the divine "order of the Universe"—in other words, merges the human in the superhuman; and both errors, as all history shows, end in pretty much the same abuse.

The germ of mischief in the former creed is, that while it reasserts truly the foundation of national independence and popular liberty in the will of God, and appeals to the truly supernatural character of the discipline and aid by which the weak exile is enabled to overcome all but impossibilities in realizing his dream, it so identifies this faith with a popular formula as gradually to transfer the patriot's allegiance from the divine will that sanctions liberty, to the external condition of attaining it. Thus, instead of making his supernatural trust the safeguard and limit, as well as the strength of his liberty-formula, he makes a god of the cry itself; and thenceforth nothing can be more insatiable and superstitious than his worship of popular rights. He believes in them absolutely, however extravagant, however exercised, however abused. He satiates his soul on them, in the imagination that he is still leaning upon God. If there be any grievance, the divine remedy is "more liberty, more power for the people." The formula expands and becomes infinite in his eyes, even eternal, as he contemplates it—an idol to which all must be sacrificed. That very sense of the supernatural which was before a divine strength and spur, becomes now a fatal and almost diabolic scourge; for the insatiable hunger of the temperament that is formed to live in the supernatural world, when fed on a human formula, must lead to the worst extravagance of popular conceit and delusion, nay, often of popular cruelty. The revolutionary creed, while it professes to found national and popular liberties in the will of God, too soon puts them *above* it, frees them from all divine limits and restraints, while claiming for them a decisive sanction, and ends either with shelving the supernatural side of politics altogether, or, if unfortunately retaining it, with retaining it only as a degrading superstition, which gives a certain preternatural venom to political passions. So it happened that, amid the crash of all true government in the Paris revolutions, the hungry craving for some deep and eternal principle of free, equal, and fraternal government got so strongly embodied in the insatiable rage of murderous passions.

Let us, now, attempt to point out in a few lines what has been the real light which the Christian faith and Christian history has cast on the principles of nation-

al life, unity, and government; and when we speak of Christian faith and history, we wish distinctly to confess our belief that Christian faith truly understood includes a very large contribution from the results, not only of Greek and Roman, but of Teutonic life and thought. What the Hebrew revelation really completed was the un veiling of the life and character of God to Man, and of his spiritual power in Man. This revelation was to be the eternal center and stay of all true life, political, social, moral, to all the nations of the earth. But it was left for other nations, especially Greece and Rome in the first ages, and the German race in later centuries, to elaborate those human capacities for the gradual development of science, art, law, literature, and commerce, without which the splendor, variety, and intellectual wealth of the universe could never have been revealed at all, though they had proved fruitless of human good, and even of permanent human enjoyment without this spring of eternal life at the center. The revelation of the eternal character and relations to man which was completed in Christ, gave, we believe, the one absolute center to all the various radiating lines of human development—but the center only. It was not till this central power had permeated all the brilliant fruits of Greek art and thought, and of Roman skill in organization, and of German meditative sentiment, that any approximate estimate could be formed of the general scope of the Christian faith. As light is not adequately known till we see it shining through a variety of different media, and bringing out in each its own color, so the "light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world" could not be adequately understood, even as men may understand it, until it had chastened art and deepened literature, and widened the spirit of law, and spiritualized science, and given to all that new elasticity which an eternal foundation alone can give. Of course much, very much, of this still remains to be done. In politics especially, except at rare intervals, this eternal center has been hidden out of sight, and sometimes utterly forgotten. But still we have seen and learnt enough to form some estimate of the relative place which the Hebrew and the Classical view of politics should assume in the matured Christian faith.

As we have said, in the Hebrew nation

the bond of national unity had but little conscious reference to the national genius or national characteristics; it was almost entirely based on the unique historical discipline and government by which the nation had been educated. It was the divine task or purpose assigned to a nation which constituted in the eyes of the Jews the foundation of its national unity, and they were not accustomed to reckon characteristic genius or endowments amongst their qualifications for fulfilling that task or purpose. In the book of Revelation this teaching as to the foundation of national life and unity is extended to the other nations of the ancient world. Each is seen to have had a definite place and function in the divine plan of education for the human race. But the Hebrew prophet clearly regarded national life, at least up to the spiritual phase of it, as a poor tool or instrument in the hands of God, without independent and intrinsic value of its own. He hurried over all the long ages during which the unconscious development of national character and intellectual power, and of dim-sighted ignorant religion, was going on in the early world, as mere preliminary notes to the great revelation of God's kingdom. This was the end of the ages, the point on which all the lines of history converged. The Greeks and Romans, on the other hand, had of course no such conception of an eternal purpose connecting all the nations and all the ages in its many folds. But they had a clear belief in various forms of divine genius endowing them with, and developing, their most characteristic national gifts, directing their national destinies, and so limiting these gifts, as they conceived, by the law of race, that they would be endangered or perish with the loss of political independence.

Such were the supernatural and the natural view of national life and unity; the one resting exclusively on a divine law imposed upon the nation, and a divine testimony committed to it; the other, mainly on similarity of organization, common powers, common tastes and habits, and common tutelary deities. The one was a unity conferred by God's overshadowing purpose, the other by the community of human talents. It is not difficult to see how these conditions of true national unity are blended in the life of modern nations. The divine and the hu-

man bonds of unity are now interwoven at a thousand points; the spiritual light has permeated the human talents so as to fuse them into distinct national *characters*, only adapted, it may be, to some few forms of human activity, but capable of embodying in all of them an eternal purpose. Thus a true bond of unity in a nation, as in a family, simply depends on this—whether the common atmosphere of thought, feeling, and energy tends to foster, ripen, and deepen, or to hinder and shackle the growth of the highest nature in its members. If it aids this, if the nation lives in a truer and clearer relation to God, and has a clearer grasp of his purposes than the individuals who compose it could have in any other human relations, then the national bond is really divine, and its members may well feel with the classical nations, that the charm will be broken so soon as they lose their independence. But if this be not the case, if the stimulus of similar characteristics and habits prevents or impedes the free growth of the diviner nature in the separate elements of a nation, then national decay and dissolution is already begun; and with the spiritual the secular progress of the nation is arrested. And in this case no identity of race can suffice to create or maintain any true national unity. The supernatural knot is loosened so soon as the social or political influences put forth begin to interpose a mist between God and the individual soul, instead of constituting or vivifying its highest level of life. And this loosening of the supernatural knot is not distinguishable from that of the natural, since the supernatural is but a new life poured through the natural, and not an external addition to it.

But if this be the true interpretation of the sacredness attached both in ancient and modern times to national unity and independence—namely, that (as the Poles have recently asserted) it lends a new spring and elasticity to Church and State, to art, science, and literature—we must see that it is not a *nationality*, but a *nation* which is sacred. And a nation may both begin to be and cease to be. The time may be when separate tribes, previously too loosely organized, and too poor in moral qualities for any progress or spiritual unity of life, are welded together for the first time into a community capable of indefinite growth and spiritual organization. The time may be, again,

when either from moral or other causes unknown to us, this power of mutual aid has passed away, when the nation has lost its mutual cohesion, its divine unity and life, and must be dissolved. The value of national unity and independence is only secondarily a question of race, primarily one between the national heart and God, which will be answered at once and by acclamation both by instinct and conscience, if there be any promise of life for it, or if it be not already in its decay.

Again, what is the light cast by the Christian faith on the relations of national government to the life of the nation? Hebrew political prophecy recognized but one original source of true government, the word of God. So far as the king or judge spoke that, he was a true ruler and to be obeyed; so far as he did not, he was a false ruler and unworthy of obedience. This, as we have said, is the older and nobler form of Mr. Carlyle's intellectualized "right of the nobler." But it was any thing but the classical view of national government. The nation being regarded as united by characteristics of organization which permeated the whole body, national government early came to mean, government wielded by the nation, as well as over the nation. The nation was to bestow, as well as obey, the authority of its government. Otherwise, the natural course of its destinies might have been disturbed and misdirected by some foreign power, not in harmony with the genius of the race. How are these opposite conceptions of government to be reconciled? Thus: if the central power of the divine light is to be conceived as penetrating and transmuting, more or less effectually, all the common powers and characteristics which connect a nation, then the word of God to that nation must be distributed, just as his gifts are distributed, over its surface; and it will be certain that no government can rule it so wisely and effectually as one that is kept in close connection with the national mind and heart. Intimate knowledge of, sympathy with, and constant access to the heart of the people governed, are more truly divine conditions of government than even superior wisdom without these qualifications. For divine government is a molding *influence*, not compulsion, and must appeal to the mind with the natural authority of all its own

highest experience, or it will never produce its best fruits. The "right of the nobler" to govern is indisputable where it is recognized; but if it be not intimately and heartily recognized, then it is not to those who thus fail to recognize it the right of the nobler at all; they do not acquiesce in it as having a claim over their consciences, but for other reasons. The actual government of God in man is but a touch, a sway, an impulse given at the very center of our purposes and wishes; and so a national government that is not in constant and close intimacy with the nation's wishes, character, and habits, can not wield over it the noblest influence. And it must often, like God's government itself, permit national sins and evils to *ripen* which it feels keenly, unless it can gain the true coöperation of the national will in exterminating them.

But it does not follow that a true national government ought to follow tardily in the wake of popular opinion, but that it ought to guide and control it. For the government should be the highest existing form of the national conscience and intellect, should be able to feel to the full the spiritual power derived from the unity and freedom of the nation, and to direct the line of its further progress. If it can not guide the nation right, it should at least refuse to guide it wrong: it should throw the responsibility on others. A deep belief on the part of the national government that every one of its acts is clothed with the authority of the nation, and will go to determine the question of national decay or national progress, should certainly give something of that distinctness of purpose to its government which the greater ancient statesmen had in higher degree than the modern. Yet Pericles, when he prayed that no unsuitable word might drop from his mouth in the assembly of the people, mainly felt the heavy responsibility of shaping the *outward* destiny of Athens; he could not have felt, at least in the degree in which one of our English statesmen might feel it, the responsibility of more or less forming the inner temper of the national character—of giving it nobleness, sincerity, and fixity of purpose on the one hand; or, on the other, of multiplying the number of vacillating fancies and feverish exultations, or selfish impulses, which infest it.

We have now finished what has proved, we fear, a somewhat tedious discussion;

yet it is scarcely possible to express how strongly we feel that not only the greatness of the English nation, but the future course of English theology and faith, depend on the relation between that faith and our national life and government. In other countries the fresh impulses of a new grasp of truth have often *preceded* a practical regeneration in the life of the people. In England this has been seldom the case. Truth does not gain a living hold on the life of our nation till its power is wanted in aid of some practical reform. The Reformation here was an administrative reform rather than a result of changed national conviction; when it had been completed, the new faith gathered force in aid of it, and arrested the return of the tide. Again, the religious movement which marked the Puritan Revolution grew as it were in the wake of the political conflict, being in great measure called into popular life by the need of a spiritual weapon equal to so rare an emergency. And so it may be again. We may find that the vulgar morality of a slipshod parliamentary government is becoming intolerable; that if the country is not to lose her place among the nations, some higher standard of political life must be raised and battled for. And then it will be suddenly found that our theology has been as dim and formal as our political morality, and that the two are vitally connected. In waiting for such a time, we are sometimes tempted to lament the decline since the period of Cromwell's protectorship; to speak as if the political faith of the nation were incapable of ever reaching the same level of strength and sincerity again. But Cromwell's age was one of almost abject reliance on the words and letter of Scripture; and the religion of the time was therefore necessarily narrow and Judaizing, and unjust to the various culture handed down to us from the classical nations, and the habits of Saxon ancestors. It would be idle to expect that this phase of national faith could pass away, and be replaced by one resting on the broader foundations of the whole divine education of the ages which had gone before, without a long intervening period of vacillating opinion, external creeds, and dogmatic indifference, telling as much on the political as on the theological atmosphere.

Still the springs of political faith remain. Dr. Newman used to preach that



the English race, with all its great qualities, has no vivid sense of the supernatural. This may be in some sense true; but by the deep English love for that Order, political and social, the roots of which travel far and wide into the spiritual world, we have often already in our history been

brought back to feel and know, as well as unconsciously obey, the Eternal Will in which the unity of the nation is centred; and by the same craving we may be brought to realize it as vividly, and less fanatically, again.

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From the British Quarterly.

## THE EARTH WE INHABIT.\*

THIS is an amusing, if not a convincing book. The author has conceived a curious fancy, which long petting has, in his opinion, ripened into a fact. He believes that the earth literally grows; it is constantly expanding in bulk. Since 1831 he asserts that the planet has enlarged itself by fifty-five hundred and seventy-four feet at the equatorial diameter, and thirty-one hundred and eighty feet at the polar diameter; or, taking another estimate, he calculates that, since 1827, we have augmented our circumference to the extent of "about eight miles." From this, one very comfortable, and, to sordid souls, one very enchanting consequence results, for it follows that a man's landed property must be perpetually on the increase! In little more than half a century, it seems, from a comparison of surveys, that upward of eight hundred thousand acres must have been added to England; and "it is believed that, when the Ordnance surveys are completed, there will again appear an increase of nearly half a million acres on the total area of England and Wales." Further, Captain Drayson is of opinion that the orbit of our planet is also enlarging, that we are spinning round the sun in ever-widening circles, and that, consequently, the length of the year becomes greater as we recede. Now, upon what data does the

enterprising author rest his conclusions? Principally upon the discrepancies which have been found to exist between the measurements of areas and distances as made by the surveyor, and tested by the astronomer. In calculating a degree of latitude different values have been assigned by different observers; and to explain these "alarming" discords the author at first supposed that the metals employed must have contracted, but afterward renounced this idea as less probable than the notion of the earth's expansion. Unfortunately for Captain Drayson the variances which have been noticed don't all tell in the same direction. Fennel, in 1528, finds the degree to be *shorter* than Ptolemy did in his antiquated days. Snell, in 1617, estimates it at a still smaller figure than Fennel. Since, however, these diversities of measurement furnish too narrow a basis upon which to establish so startling a theory, the ingenious Captain presses a number of collateral facts into his service. The ancient tropical temperature of the earth; the extraordinary longevity of the antediluvians; the precession of the equinoxes; the answering configuration of coast-lines now widely separated; the "shiftings" of latitude of various observatories; the snappings of electric cables; the acceleration of the moon's motion, are all turned to dextrous account, and give such an air of plausibility to the book that we doubt not he will gain a few proselytes without having to compass either sea or land. It is needless to say, how-

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\* *The Earth we Inhabit: Its Past, Present, and Probable Future.* By Captain ALFRED W. DRAYSON, Royal Artillery. London: A. W. Bennett. 1859.

ever, that some of these phenomena may be explained upon other and more certain principles; whilst some, again, are totally unable to bear the strain to which they are subjected by the writer. Granting, for example, that the earth once *did* spin round the sun at a much swifter pace than it does at present, and that, therefore, the years of the earliest inhabitants were really much shorter than ours, it would still be monstrous to suppose that the change from the nine hundred and thirty years of Adam to the three-score and ten of the Psalmist could have been accomplished within such a comparatively limited period of its astronomical and geological history—that a planet which now requires three hundred and sixty-five days to perform a single round, could once, and so recently, have executed more than a dozen revolutions within the same interval. That submarine telegraph-wires should frequently be fractured by the anchors of vessels, by changes of position, by the weight of suspended portions, or by various other causes, we might naturally anticipate; but that the earth's expansion should snap a cable after a brief immersion requires a rapidity of growth on the part of the planet which the author is compelled to disown when he is asked why are not all railways dislocated? How is it that large buildings remain erect for centuries without cracking at the base? And upon what principle can the banks of a canal continue ungashed, or the surface of the

earth smooth and unfissured through such extensive tracts, when fearful severances like those of England from the continent, or of Spain from Africa, are supposed to have occurred?

Nor does the writer attempt to explain the cause of the earth's increasing corpulence. Why men grow stouter as they grow older we can readily understand. But the globe receives nothing into its interior; and to assume that it is undergoing a process of distension equally throughout its mass is a surmise for which there is little or no warrant in accredited fact. We have no hesitation, therefore, in expressing our conviction that the gallant captain has failed to raise his pleasant little speculation to the rank of a philosophical truth. To say nothing of the scientific difficulties which such a theory involves, his data are too weak to sustain the serious inference suggested not only with regard to our own earth, but with regard to the whole solar system itself. That the author is fully persuaded of the correctness of his views we are bound to believe, though his numerous flings at the opponents of discovery betray a sense of uneasiness which would lead to a different conclusion; but it is impossible to refrain from smiling when he intimates that the learned have long been in possession of the secret, but for some reason or other have agreed to conceal it from the knowledge of the world.

**A HISTORICAL RELIC.**—A French gentleman of my acquaintance is the lucky possessor of a historical relic of great value. It is no less a prize than an original miniature portrait of the Empress Josephine. It is a small head in profile, in a singular style of execution—apparently painted in gold on a cornelian stone, and very beautifully finished. He assures me that there is no doubt of its authenticity. And this is the way he came by it: Josephine, just before her death, delivered it to her confidential gentlewoman, along with a packet of precious letters, the private love correspondence between her and Napoleon. The letters were to be burned, and the portrait returned to the Emperor. Josephine's confident kept the letters for a time, then lent them to the gentleman aforesaid, with the portrait. The letters were eventually burned, as directed—but the Emperor dying at St. Helena, and the gentlewoman

somehow disappearing from the scene, the gentleman retains possession of the portrait. It is a relic which kings and queens would be proud to own—to say nothing of the Bric-a-bac princess, of whom one might say—"Jews might kiss and infidels adore" a relic of such rarity.

**THERE** is every probability of a revolution in Greece. The army is disaffected toward King Otho, his abdication is openly talked of and even his successor named, the grandson of Eugene Beauharnais, Duke Nicholas Leuchtenberg.

**AN** improvement has been made in an instrument called the laryngoscope. By means of a lens and mirror, the light of a lamp or candle can be concentrated so as to show the condition of the throat with great certainty.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

### XII.

OF THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR AND THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH; AND HOW IT WAS INTERRUPTED.

NEXT morning, Sir Thomas Seymour did not quit his chamber in the Wardrobe Tower, until close upon the hour appointed for his interview with the Princess Elizabeth. Full of ardor, and confident of success, he then prepared to set forth. Ugo Harrington, who had assisted him to decorate his person, and just before his departure had handed him a pair of perfumed gloves, attended him to the door, and wished him "buona riuscita." But it may be doubted whether the esquire's look was in entire accordance with the sentiment he expressed. There was more of malice in his smile than good-will.

As Seymour traversed the long and winding corridors of the palace in the direction of the apartments assigned to his sister, Lady Herbert, his stately figure and superb attire attracted the admiration of the various subordinate officers of the household thronging the galleries, and, with one accord, they agreed that he was the noblest personage about the court.

"Sir Thomas looks as brave as a king," observed a Master Cook, who was dressed in damask satin, with a chain of gold about his neck.

"His Highness the Lord Protector can not compare with him," remarked an equally gayly-attired clerk of the kitchen.

"All the court ladies and gentlewomen, they say, are dying of love for him—and no wonder!" said a spruce clerk of the spicery.

"You should see him in the tilt-yard, good sirs," quoth a fat sewer of the hall.

"Or in the manage, or the fencing-school," observed a tall henchman. "No man can put a horse through his paces, or handle the rapier like Sir Thomas Seymour."

"The King's highness ought to bestow

the Lady Elizabeth's grace in marriage upon him," observed a simpering page. "There is none other so worthy of her."

"That may be, or it may not," said Xit, who was standing among the group. "When the curtain is raised, then what is behind it shall be disclosed," he added mysteriously.

"What mean'st thou by that, little Solon!" cried the page. "Would'st intimate that thou knowest more than we who are in constant attendance on his majesty?"

"What I know, I know—and it shall never be confided to thee, on that thou mayst depend," rejoined Xit.

"This dandiprat's conceit is insufferable," cried the page. "Since he hath been appointed the King's dwarf, he gives himself the airs of a Spanish grandee. I vote we drive him from our company."

"Attempt it at thy peril, proud minion," retorted Xit fiercely, laying his hand upon the hilt of the miniature weapon with which he had been provided. "I stir not, and by our lady! he who touches me shall rue his rashness."

"Ha! what is this?" cried Fowler, who chanced to be passing at the moment—"a brawl near the presence-chamber! By the rood! you must mend your manners, my masters, or some of ye will smart for it. Ah! art thou there, my merry dapperling?" he added, noticing Xit. "Come with me. The King hath asked for thee."

"Dost mark that, sirrah page?" cried Xit scornfully, to his opponent. "If I be not fit company for thee, I am for thy sovereign lord and master. An thou wait'st till his majesty sends for thee, thou wilt tarry long enough. I follow on the instant, worshipful Master Fowler," he added, strutting after the gentleman of the privy-chamber, amid the laughter and jeers of the pages and henchmen.

Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Seymour had

reached his destination, and with a throbbing heart entered the waiting-chamber of Lady Herbert's apartments. Here he found an old porter, who, bowing respectfully, informed him that her ladyship, his sister, was without at the moment, but would return anon.

"I will await her coming, Thopas," said Sir Thomas, proceeding toward the inner apartment.

"Nay, there are two ladies in that room, Sir Thomas," cried the porter.

"Are they young or old, Thopas?" inquired Seymour.

"As to the matter of that, Sir Thomas, I should judge one of them to be neither old nor young, but betwixt and between, as we may say, though she is still a comely dame. But the other I take to be young, though I can not speak positively, seeing that her face was muffled up, but her gait and figure were those of a buxom damsel."

"I will in and resolve the point," said Seymour, smiling at the old man's description of the Princess and her governess. And lifting aside the arras, he entered the adjoining chamber.

It was a large room, hung with costly tapestry and silken stuffs, the latter embellished with golden birds deftly wrought in needle work, while the arras was covered with roses, fleurs-de-lys, and lions. Over the high-carved chimney-piece was placed a life-like portrait of Henry VIII., painted by Holbein, by whom the chimney-piece had likewise been designed. The roof was of oak, ornamented with grotesque figures. The chamber was lighted by a deep oriel window filled with stained glass, and in this recess, at a table covered with a Turkey carpet, sat two ladies, one of whom, it is almost needless to state, was the Princess Elizabeth, and the other her governess, Mistress Ashley. Of the latter it may be observed, that she was amiable and accomplished, but foolishly indulgent to the caprices of her somewhat headstrong pupil, of whom she was dotingly fond, and who did just what she pleased with her.

Mistress Ashley was seated at the bottom of the recess, and was so much occupied with her book that it is to be presumed she did not remark Sir Thomas Seymour's entrance. At all events, she neither looked up then, nor raised her eyes during the subsequent interview between the Princess and her suitor. What

use she made of her ears we pretend not to determine. The lovers gave themselves little concern about her.

On beholding Sir Thomas, Elizabeth arose and came forward to meet him. Seymour immediately threw himself at her feet.

"Rise, Sir Thomas," she cried. "I can not listen to you in this posture."

"Pardon me if I disobey you, sweet saint!" cried Seymour passionately. "A suppliant at your shrine, I can not rise till my prayers are heard. Forbid me not thus humbly to pay my vows to you—to tell you how deeply and devotedly I love you!"

"Nay, in good sooth, I must be obeyed," rejoined Elizabeth, in a tone not to be disputed.

"Have I become indifferent to you?" cried Seymour, rising, and assuming a despairing tone. "Have I deluded myself with the notion that my love was requited?"

"If I loved you not, Sir Thomas, I should not be here," she rejoined.

It was with difficulty that Seymour restrained himself from casting himself again at her feet.

"Never were syllables more grateful to mortal ear than those you have uttered, sweet Princess," he cried. "Repeat them, oh! repeat them. I can scarce believe I have heard aright."

"You make me feel I have said too much already, Sir Thomas. And yet I desire to deal frankly with you. 'Tis my nature to be candid."

"I know it! I know it! Gladden me once more with those words, I beseech you. My heart thirsts for them."

"Then, for the second time, I will own I love you, Sir Thomas. Will that suffice?"

"Oh! how shall I thank you for the happiness you confer upon me? What terms can I employ to express my admiration of your matchless beauty? What vows can I utter to attest my devotion? A life will not suffice to prove it—but my whole life shall be dedicated to you!"

"You would have me then believe that I am the sole object of your affections, Sir Thomas?" she said, looking searchingly at him.

"Can you for a moment doubt it, fair Princess?" he rejoined. "No, my whole heart is given to you."

"Perchance my suspicions may be un-

founded, so I will try to dismiss them. Report speaks of you as a general admirer of our sex, Sir Thomas."

"Report speaks falsely, as it ordinarily does, fair Princess, if it would imply that I admire a beautiful woman more than I should a glorious picture, or a nobly-sculptured statue. A lovely woman delights my eye, but only as a fair object to gaze upon."

"Do you class the Queen, my step-mother, among the fair women whom you merely gaze upon as you would at a picture or a statue, Sir Thomas?" demanded Elizabeth.

"Undoubtedly," he replied. "Her majesty's beauty excites no stronger feeling in me. But I can not look upon you unmoved, fair Princess."

Something like a sigh at this moment reached the ears of the pair, but they did not heed it, supposing the suspiration to proceed from Mistress Ashley.

"Mistrust me not, I implore you, fair Princess!" continued Seymour, anxious to dispel any doubts yet lingering in Elizabeth's breast. "Queen Catherine's gracious manner toward me has, perchance, called forth a fervent expression of gratitude on my part, which may have been mistaken for a warmer feeling. I say not that it is so, but such may be the case."

"The Queen persuades herself you love her—of that I am certain," said Elizabeth. "Is she self-deceived, or deceived by you?"

"Certes, she is not deceived by me. But I can not answer for any self-delusion practiced by her Highness."

"Hist! what was that?" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Methought I heard a sigh."

"Your governess must be much moved by the book she is reading," observed Seymour. "'Tis the second sigh she has heaved. But now that you have received every possible assurance of my truth and constancy, keep me no longer, I beseech you, in suspense. Am I to leave this chamber blest with the consciousness that I may call you mine, or must I hide my head in despair?"

"I would not have you wholly despair, Sir Thomas. But you must be content to wait. I am too young to think of nuptials yet. Some years must elapse ere I can take a husband. But I love you now, and do not think I shall change my mind. That is all I can say."

"Princess!" he exclaimed.

"I am a daughter of Henry the Eighth," continued Elizabeth, proudly, "and as such will do nothing unworthy of my great father, or of myself. Of all men I have ever beheld, you are the noblest-looking, Sir Thomas. To you, as I have already frankly confessed, my virgin heart hath been yielded. But to win my hand you must rise, for I will never wed with one inferior to myself in degree. Were you in your brother's place—were you Lord Protector of the realm—I would not say 'nay' to your suit. But unless you can attain a position equally eminent, I must conquer the love I bear you."

"If my ambition needed any spur, your words would furnish it, Princess," cried Sir Thomas. "That I have dared to raise my eyes to your highness is a proof that I aspire to greatness, and that no obstacle, however seemingly insurmountable, shall prevent me from obtaining it. I need scarcely tell you," he added, lowering his voice, "that I am the King your brother's favorite uncle, and that if I choose to exert the influence I have over my royal nephew, the dignity you have pointed out as needful to the claimant of your hand must be mine. As my consort, your highness shall be second to none in the kingdom."

"But Edward may oppose our union," said Elizabeth.

"His majesty will refuse me nothing—not even your hand," he rejoined.

"But the Lord Protector—and the council?"

"All obstacles must yield to determination."

"If Edward remains under the Lord Protector's control, you will soon lose your influence over him," observed Elizabeth.

"Be that my care to prevent," he rejoined significantly. "I am resolved to play for the highest stake, and to win it, or lose all. But to gain power without the prize that alone would render power valuable, would be to accomplish nothing. I am content to wait till such time as my position shall enable me to ask your hand in marriage. Meanwhile, as an incitement to present effort, and as a security for the future, I pray you let us plight our troth together."

"I like not to bind myself so," hesitated Elizabeth.

"Nay, I beseech you, refuse me not!" urged Seymour.

After a brief internal struggle, during which her lover pleaded yet more ardently, Elizabeth yielded, saying: "Be it as you will. What I have said I will abide by. Mistress Ashley shall witness our betrothal."

With this, she gave her hand to Seymour, who pressed it to his lips, and they were proceeding together toward the recess in which the governess was still seated, when a piece of arras on the right of the chamber was suddenly drawn aside, and Queen Catherine stood before them.

### XIII.

HOW THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD WAS BALKED OF HER REVENGE;  
AND IN WHAT MANNER KIT SOUGHT TO DIVERT THE KING.

THE injured Queen was pale as death. But her eyes flashed lightnings upon the startled pair, and she looked as if she would willingly annihilate them. Catherine, indeed, was very terrible at this moment, and it required no little courage to meet her glances. This courage Elizabeth possessed in an eminent degree, and though somewhat alarmed on the infuriated Queen's first appearance, she almost instantly recovered herself, and eyed Catherine with a glance almost as ireful and vindictive as her own.

Sir Thomas Seymour's position was very different, and infinitely more embarrassing. By this unexpected occurrence he had every reason to fear he should lose both Elizabeth and the Queen. By the latter his perfidy had evidently been detected—immediate exposure to the Princess in all probability awaited him. But he was not easily daunted, and though the situation was in the highest degree perplexing, almost desperate, he did not for a moment lose his presence of mind.

"Hold!" cried Catherine, extending her hand menacingly toward them, as they recoiled on beholding her. "No troth-plight can take place between you. I forbid it in the name of the council. Such a contract would be in direct violation of your august father's will, Elizabeth; and by the reverence you owe his memory, I charge you to forbear."

"You have much reverence for the King my father's memory, I must needs own, madam," rejoined the Princess, scornfully.

"I deserve the taunt, but it comes

with an ill grace from your lips," said Catherine.

"Why with an ill grace from mine?" cried Elizabeth. "Methinks no one hath greater right than myself to reproach King Henry's widow, who, forgetful alike of decency and duty, seeks to dishonor his memory—so far as dishonor can attach to a memory so glorious—by a marriage with another ere yet her royal husband's body is laid in the tomb."

"Princess!" interposed Seymour, "you mistake."

"What makes her majesty here, if she be not brought by jealousy?" cried Elizabeth. "No, I do not mistake. When her grace and I met yesterday, I felt I had a rival. Let her deny it if she can."

"I shall not attempt to deny it," replied Catherine, with dignity. "I have been deeply, basely deceived, and bitterly do I grieve that I listened to the voice of the tempter. But my present sufferings may serve to expiate my error, great though it be. May you, Elizabeth, never feel the humiliation, the self-reproach, the anguish I now experience! I will not attempt to palliate my conduct, but I may say that throughout this kingdom more miserable wife did not, and could not, exist than the unfortunate Catherine Parr, the envied consort of your father, King Henry. Evil was the hour that, dazzled by the splendor of a crown, and confident in my own firmness of principle, I consented to become his spouse! Since that fatal moment I have known little peace. Anxiously as I studied my fickle husband's lightest humors, I found it scarcely possible to please him, and to anger him would have insured my destruction. Surrounded by enemies, I was constantly exposed to secret machinations, and with difficulty escaped them, because the King ever lent ready credence to charges brought against me. Mine was a wretched existence—so wretched that, though clothed with the semblance of power, I would gladly have exchanged lots with the meanest of my subjects. No love could outlast such usage. Terror trampled out the embers of expiring affection. I never approached my terrible husband but with constraint and dread, uncertain whether I might not quit him for the scaffold. What wonder, after well-nigh four years of such misery, when the days of my suffering drew toward a close, I should not be wholly insensible to the attentions of one who

seemed to pity me, and feigned to adore me? What wonder, when death at last released me from tyranny almost insupportable, I should have forgotten that I was the widow of a great King, but a cruel husband, and ere he, who had more than once menaced me with death, and had even ordered the warrant for my execution, was laid in the grave, should have half promised my hand to him who had sworn to efface my previous sufferings by a life of devotion? What wonder I should be beguiled by Sir Thomas Seymour, who hath the glozing tongue of the serpent, and who is as fairspeoken and specious as he is perfidious? No epithet is strong enough to express the scorn I hold him in. My conduct may not be wholly free from censure, and some, as you have done, Elizabeth, may call it indecorous. But what respect do I owe to the memory of one who could treat me as your royal father treated me? Levity was never laid to my charge, and I was ever faithful and obedient and conformable to the King in all things. But all ties between us are now sundered. I owe him nothing—not even regret. I seek not to compare myself with the unhappy Queens who have gone before me, but it ill becomes the daughter of Anne Boleyn to reproach Catherine Parr."

"I pray your majesty to pardon me for adding to your affliction," said Elizabeth, "but I have been as basely deceived as yourself," she added, with a disdainful glance at Seymour.

"Before your highness condemns me, at least hear what I have to urge in my defense," implored Sir Thomas humbly.

But Elizabeth did not even bestow a look upon him. Turning toward Catherine, she said: "Your majesty is right in your judgment of this man. He is subtle and perfidious as the serpent, but he is baser than that reptile. He has deceived us both. Let us make common cause against him, and crush him!"

"You are vindictive, fair Princess," cried Seymour, "but I would counsel both you and her majesty to think twice ere you make any such attempt."

"Ah! now we see him in his true character," exclaimed Elizabeth. "The serpent hath found its sting."

"Enough! we have unmasked him," rejoined Catherine. "It shall be my business to forget him," she added, with a sigh.

"Her majesty relents," muttered Seymour, watching her narrowly. "All is not yet lost in that quarter. Were she alone, I should not despair of retrieving my position at once."

For a moment it seemed as if this chance would be given him. Calling to her governess, who had listened to the scene in affright, not knowing how it might terminate, Elizabeth prepared to depart, and looked at the Queen-dowager, as if expecting she would accompany her. Catherine, however, remained irresolute, and Seymour made sure of recovering the ground he had lost.

At this juncture a page entered the room, and announced: "The King."

On this, the Princes and her governess stood still.

"What brings the King here?" said Catherine. "Ah! I understand. Is his grace unattended?" she added to the page.

"The Countess of Hertford is with him, an please your majesty," replied the page.

"'Tis as I suspected," thought Catherine; and, advancing toward the Princess, she whispered: "Be cautious. Mischievous enough has been done already by the Countess. She must not triumph over us."

"Fear me not," rejoined Elizabeth, in the same tone. "No word of mine shall betray your majesty."

While this was passing, a second page entered, and called out as the first had done: "The King!" Then followed a gentleman usher, bearing a wand, who made a similar announcement. After which the tapestry covering the doorway was drawn aside, and Edward, accompanied by the Countess of Hertford, stepped into the room. Behind the young monarch came Fowler and Xit.

On entering the chamber, Lady Hertford's first glance was directed toward Catherine, and she was surprised and mortified to see her exhibit so much calmness of manner and look. By a great effort the Queen had succeeded in recovering her composure. Neither did Elizabeth betray any symptoms of agitation. As to Sir Thomas Seymour, he appeared so perfectly easy and unconcerned, that no one could imagine he had been the principal actor in such a scene as had just occurred. The only person who could not entirely shake off her perturbation was Mistress

Ashley. But of her Lady Hertford took little heed.

Having received the obeisances of all the party whom he found in the room, Edward turned to Lady Hertford, and said: "When you begged me to come hither, good aunt, you promised me an agreeable surprise, and some diversion. In what does the surprise consist?"

"My good sister would appear to be surprised herself, to judge from her looks," observed Sir Thomas Seymour, "though, it may be, not so agreeably as she expected. In any case, I am indebted to her for bringing your majesty here, though I fear it will be trouble taken for little gain."

"Perhaps my presence was the agreeable surprise intended for your majesty," observed the Queen-dowager. "If so, I shall feel highly flattered."

"Or mine," added Elizabeth, "though Lady Hertford could scarce know I was here."

"There your highness is mistaken," rejoined the Countess. "I was fully aware you were here. Perhaps Sir Thomas will account for being here likewise?"

"Nothing more easy, good sister," replied Seymour. "I came hither to see my sister Herbert, and learning she had gone to another part of the palace, I should have departed instantly, had I not found the Lady Elizabeth's grace and Mistress Ashley in possession of the room, and I remained in converse with them for a few minutes when her majesty the Queen-dowager arrived, and detained me until now."

"A likely story!" exclaimed Lady Hertford. "I can give another version of it."

"Indeed! then pray do so, good aunt!" cried Edward.

But the Countess's reply was checked by a very menacing glance fixed upon her by Seymour.

"I have bethought me, and must decline to say more on the subject," replied Lady Hertford.

"Nay, good aunt, that will not satisfy us," cried Edward. "You impugn Sir Thomas's veracity, and yet are unable, or unwilling, to prove him wrong."

"Press not my sister further, sire," said Seymour. "See you not she meditated some jest at my expense, which the plain statement I have given has robbed of its point?" And he again looked sternly at Lady Hertford.

"Ah! is it so, dear aunt?" said Edward, laughing. "Confess you have failed."

"That can not be denied, sire," replied the Countess.

"Ill-success should ever attend the mischief-maker," said Catherine.

"Nay, your majesty is too severe," rejoined Edward. "Our good aunt had no mischievous design in what she proposed."

"So your grace thinks, and it is well you should continue to think so," returned the Queen.

Any rejoinder by the Countess to the Queen-dowager's imprudent sarcasm was prevented by Sir Thomas Seymour, who kept his eye steadily upon his sister-in-law.

At this juncture Xit stepped forward, and, with an obeisance, said: "Your majesty came here to be surprised and diverted. 'Twere a pity you should be disappointed. Your amiable nature also delights in reconciling differences where any unfortunately exist. Will it please you to lay your commands upon the Countess of Hertford to give her hand to her grace the Queen-dowager?"

"Sire!" exclaimed the Countess, "you will not suffer this?"

"Nay, let it be so, good aunt," interrupted the King. "The knave has some merry design which we would not spoil by a refusal."

Thus enjoined, Lady Hertford very reluctantly advanced toward the Queen. But Catherine drew herself up proudly and coldly, and repelled her by a look.

"So! so!" cried Xit, with a comical look at the King. "Peradventure, we shall succeed better in the next attempt. Will your majesty enjoin Sir Thomas Seymour to take the hand of the Lady Elizabeth's grace?"

"To what purpose?" demanded Edward.

"You will see, sire," said the dwarf.

"Dar'st thou jest with me, thou saucy knave?" exclaimed the Princess, giving him a sound box on the ears.

"Pity so soft a hand should strike so shrewdly," observed Xit, rubbing his cheek. "But I have not yet done, sire. For the last essay, I pray that Sir Thomas may be directed to give his hand to her majesty the Queen-dowager."

"The command will be unavailing," cried Catherine. "I will not suffer him to approach me."



"The secret is out," exclaimed Xit, triumphantly. "There has been a quarrel. This, then, was the pleasant surprise designed for your majesty."

"On my faith, I believe the cunning varlet is right," said Edward.

"Thou givest thyself strange license, sirrah," said Seymour to the dwarf; "but if thou takest any more such liberties with me, thine ears shall pay for thine impertinence."

"One of them has paid for it already," rejoined Xit, taking refuge behind the youthful monarch. "Mine ears are the King's, and if your lordship deprives me of them you will do his majesty a wrong. Saving your presence, sire, you have been brought here on a fool's errand, and it is for your faithful dwarf to bring you off with credit—as he hath done."

"Wisdom sometimes proceeds from the lips of fools," observed Edward; "and we have learnt more from thy folly than we might have done from our discernment. That some misunderstanding exists is evident—whence originating we care not to inquire—but it must be set to rights. Come, good aunt," to Lady Hertford, "you shall go back with us. As to you, gentle uncle," he added, with a gracious smile, to Sir Thomas, "since neither the Queen, our mother, nor the Princess, our sister, seem to desire your company, we will relieve them of it, and will pray you to attend us in an inspection of our armory."

Saluting the Queen-dowager and Elizabeth, he quitted the chamber with Lady Hertford and Sir Thomas; the pages and henchmen, with Xit and Fowler, following them.

Sir Thomas Seymour remained for some time in attendance on his royal nephew, and though by no means in a lively mood, he contrived to disguise his feelings so effectually, and conversed with such apparent gayety and animation, that it was quite impossible to suspect he had any secret cause of uneasiness.

Accompanied by his uncle, the young King visited the Tower armory, and examined the formidable store of military engines at that time collected within it—bombards, culverins, sakers, and falconets, with portable fire-arms, as harquebuses, demi-haques, and dags. Edward next turned his attention to the armor, noting the breastplates of the globose form then in use, with the cuisses, casques, and

gauntlets. Swords of all shapes and sizes, from the huge two-handed blade to the beautiful damascened rapier, next underwent a careful inspection, with other of fensive weapons then in use, as lances, battle-axes, partisans, and martels. While pointing out such of these implements as were most worthy of the young King's notice, Seymour endeavored to profit by the occasion to inflame his breast with a love of military renown, and to a certain extent succeeded. Edward's cheek glowed and his eye flashed as he listened to his uncle's soldier-like details of certain incidents in the late war with France.

"In time I doubt not your majesty will lead your armies in person," observed Seymour, in conclusion, "and then our foes may find that England possesses another Edward, valiant as the third of that name, or as the Black Prince his warrior son."

"Hereafter it may be so," returned the King, with a gracious smile. "But meanwhile, we must intrust the command of our armies to those better able to lead them than ourself."

"Ah! here is a weapon that merits your majesty's attention," exclaimed Seymour, taking down a large two-handed sword. "With this very blade your august sire often fought at the barriers with the Duke of Suffolk, who alone was his match. Your highness will scarce wield it."

"Let me try," cried Edward, taking the mighty weapon, and vainly endeavoring to make a sweep with it. "Nay, in good sooth, it is above my strength," he added, resigning the weapon to his uncle.

"I will teach your majesty so to handle it that it shall defend you against ten ordinary blades," cried Sir Thomas. "As thus;" and stepping backward to a sufficient distance, he whirled round the immense blade with extraordinary quickness—delivering a thrust with it, and instantly afterward a downright blow. "An enemy would have fallen for each of those blows," he continued, laughing. "But the sword may be held with the left hand, and a thrust delivered in this manner," accompanying the words with a suitable action. "But there is danger that your adversary may seize the blade, and pluck it from you."

"So I should judge," replied Edward. "Dost think thou couldst lift that sword?" he added to Xit, who was re-

garding Sir Thomas Seymour's performance with admiration.

"I nothing doubt my ability to wield it, sire; ay, and to deliver a thrust with it for the matter of that," replied the dwarf confidently. "I have borne Og's partisan, which is a larger weapon."

"Give it him, gentle uncle," said the King.

"Tis not a toy for his hands," cried Sir Thomas, flinging down the mighty sword with a clatter that made Xit skip backward in affright. But he presently returned, and grasping the pommel with both hands, strove, but ineffectually, to describe a circle with the weapon. After repeated efforts, which put his own head in some danger, and caused the King much merriment, Xit was obliged to desist, and confess that the sword was too heavy for him.

Sir Thomas next explained to the King the various wards, thrusts, and blows that could be practiced with bill, partisan, and halberd, illustrating his remarks with the weapons in question, which he handled with the greatest dexterity. The lesson over, Edward returned to the palace, and sending for Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox, applied himself diligently to his studies, while Seymour, glad to be released, proceeded to the Wardrobe Tower.

#### XIV.

SHOWING HOW UGO HARRINGTON WAS ADMITTED INTO SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR'S CONFIDENCE.

ON entering his own chamber, Sir Thomas at once threw off the mask, and his esquire, perceiving from the expression of his countenance that something had gone wrong, forbore to address him, but watched him with a strange sort of smile as he flung himself angrily on a couch. After a while, Seymour broke the silence.

"Thou canst partly guess what has happened, Ugo," he said. "But it is worse than even thy imagination can conceive. I have lost them both."

"Diavolo! both! In what way, monsignore?"

"The last person on earth I should have desired or looked for was a secret witness of my interview with the Princess; and at the very moment I made sure of the prize, it was snatched from my grasp. When I tell thee that Queen Catherine stepped from behind the arras, where she

had lain *perdue*, listening to all my love-speeches to the Princess, and registering all my vows, thou wilt conceive the scene that followed. Her majesty looked as if she could have poniarded me, as thy amiable Florentines sometimes do their faithless lovers. But this was nothing to the reproaches I had to endure on both sides. They are ringing in my ears even now."

"The situation must have been the reverse of pleasant. And you failed in reconciling yourself with either of the fair ones, eh, monsignore?"

"Failed utterly, Ugo. The Princess is certainly lost; and I fear the Queen also."

"Per dio! that is unlucky. You will remember I had misgivings when your lordship embarked on this adventure."

"Would I had followed thy counsel, Ugo, and remained constant to Catherine. But I was enslaved by the charms of the bewitching Elizabeth, whom even now that she scorns me I adore."

"You say she is lost!"

"Alas! yes, Ugo—irrecoverably lost."

"In that case, think of her no more, but turn your thoughts wholly on the Queen—that is, if you have any hope of retrieving your position with her majesty."

"I do not entirely despair of a reconciliation, Ugo. But it will be difficult to effect."

"Via, via, monsignore. Every great object is difficult of attainment. You have often told me your ruling passion is ambition. But you appear to have misjudged yourself."

"I told thee the truth," cried Seymour, springing from the couch. "Ambition is my ruling passion, and all others must bow to it. Henceforth, I shall think only of my advancement. Hark thee, Ugo, thou knowest something of my projects, but thou shalt know more, for I can trust thee." The esquire bowed and smiled.

"I owe the Lord Protector little brotherly love, for he has ever shown himself my enemy. For years he has striven to keep me down, but unsuccessfully, for I have risen in spite of him. Had my sister, Queen Jane lived, I should have mounted rapidly, for she preferred me to her elder brother; but when I lost her, I lost much of Henry's favor. And why?—because my brother Edward feared I should supplant him. Thus, when Henry would

have ennobled me and enriched me, as he had ennobled and enriched Edward, I was passed by as of no account. Can I forget such treatment? Never!"

"I marvel not at your resentment, monsignore."

"Neither wilt thou marvel at the reprisals I mean to take for the wrong I have endured. Hertford's jealousy pursued me to the last with the King. He could not prevent certain marks of favor being bestowed upon me, nor altogether check the liking Henry had for me, and which manifested itself in various ways, but he so misrepresented me, that I never obtained the King's confidence—neither would his majesty confer any important trust upon me. Many posts for which I was specially fitted became vacant while Hertford was at the head of affairs, but his inalignant influence was ever at work with the King, and I was overlooked. By my brother's arts, and his alone, I was excluded from the list of Henry's executors, and degraded to the lower council, though my rightful place was with the upper. But this last injustice would have been redressed had Henry lived a short space longer. Sir John Gage and myself were kept from the dying King's presence till he could no longer cause his behests to be obeyed. Something strange there was in the signing of the will, Ugo, that inclines me to suspect all was not right; and Sir John is of my opinion, though he keeps a close tongue about the matter. In my belief the King was dead, or dying, when the will was stamped—for stamped it was, not signed."

"If such were the case, monsignore, the perpetrators of the fraud shall scarce escape the punishment due to their offense."

"Neither in this world nor the next shall they escape it," rejoined Seymour sternly. "What Henry's intentions were, I know from Sir John Gage—how they were frustrated, is best known to my brother. But not only has Hertford made me no reparation for the great wrong done me by him, but his jealousy has latterly increased to positive hate. My influence, he feels, is greater with our royal nephew than his own. Therefore he fears me, and would remove me altogether if he could. Luckily, that is not in his power. I am too strong for him now," he added, with a bitter smile, "and he will find it difficult to crush me, or even keep me

down much longer. He thinks to appease me by making me Baron Seymour of Sudley, and High Admiral of England. That is something, and I shall refuse neither the title nor the post. But they will not content me. Hertford would have all power and greatness concenter in himself, and leave little save the skirts to me. He hath made himself Lord Protector and governor of the King's person—the latter office should be mine—would be mine now, if the King had his way—shall be mine hereafter!"

"May your expectations be fulfilled, monsignore!" exclaimed Ugo.

"Thou wilt see," rejoined Seymour, with a significant smile. "But to make an end of my grievances. Not only has Hertford taken the two most important offices in the state to himself, but he means to add to them the dignities of Lord High Treasurer and Earl Marshal, forfeited by the Duke of Norfolk's attainder, with the style and title of Duke of Somerset."

"His Highness takes good care of himself, it must be owned," observed Ugo.

"Let him look well to his seat if he would keep it," rejoined Seymour, "for by my father's head I will not rest till I supplant him and install myself in his place. What he fears will come to pass. By surrendering to me half the spoil, he might have kept me quiet, but now I will be satisfied only with the whole. I will be Duke, Protector, Governor, Lord High Treasurer, Earl Marshal—all. And he shall be—less than I am now!"

"His Highness will richly have deserved his fate should it so befall him."

"The condition of parties is favorable to my project," pursued Seymour. "Beneath the crust of the volcano lurks a fire ready to burst forth on the slightest disturbance of the surface. The ancient nobility hate my brother, and unwillingly submit to him; while, on the contrary, they are friendly to me. With the Romanists I stand far better than he does, because, though I profess the new faith, I am tolerant of the old, and care not to pursue the Reformation further. My plan will be that of the late King, who showed his sagacity in the course he pursued, namely, to make one sect balance the other, and give neither the preponderance. By allying himself so closely with the Reformers, the Hertford will in-

our the bitter hostility of the Papists, and on this I count. My faction will soon be stronger than his. And he must walk warily if I can not catch him tripping. Then let him look to himself."

"Your lordship's influence with the King is the best guarantee for the success of your project," remarked Ugo. "If the council could likewise be won, the rest were easy."

"I have already sounded several of them, but I must proceed cautiously, lest I awaken my brother's suspicions. The Lord Chancellor is discontented; and the Earl of Arundel, Lord St. John, the Bishop of Durham, and Sir Anthony Brown, are sure to become alienated when further attempts are made by Cranmer to deepen the quarrel with the See of Rome. Disunion must ensue, and at that critical juncture I shall step in at the head of a powerful party, and grasp the reins of government. In anticipation of such an event, it shall be my business to secure the King's person. I do not desire to stir up rebellion, but rather than miss my mark I will do so; and if a revolt occurs, it shall not want a leader."

"Your lordship is a conspirator on a grand scale—a second Catiline!" observed Ugo, smiling in his singular way.

"This is a time when plots must needs be rife, for all is disjointed and unsettled," observed Seymour. "A king on the throne who is king only by name—ministers who would usurp supreme authority—conflicting parties both in Church and State—an old nobility detesting those recently created—a new nobility rapacious and insatiable—a discontented, oppressed, and overtaxed people—out of these troubled elements plots and conspiracies must arise—and some besides my own I can already see are hatching."

"Da vero, monsignore?" exclaimed Ugo, with an inquiring look.

"Ay, indeed," rejoined Seymour. "My brother is not firm enough to hold his place against the difficulties and dangers certain to beset him, even if he had nothing to fear from me," observed Seymour. "Lord Lisle feigns to be his friend, but I suspect he nourishes secret designs against him."

"Methought Lord Lisle was a partisan of your lordship," remarked Ugo, with a certain disquietude.

"I will not trust him further till I feel more sure of him. What is thy opinion

of Lisle, Ugo? Speak out. Thou know'st him."

"Not enough to judge him correctly, monsignore," replied the esquire. "But I am sure he could help you greatly if he would."

"Not a doubt of it," replied Seymour. "Lisle is precisely the man for my purpose; he is daring, ambitious, and troubled with few scruples. See what thou canst do with him, Ugo, but do not commit me."

"Rest easy, monsignore."

"Be liberal in thy offers; hold out any temptation thou pleasest."

"All shall be done as you desire. But hark! there is some one in the waiting-chamber."

"'Tis Dorset! I know his voice," cried Seymour. "What brings him here? Pray Heaven he has not heard of my quarrel with the Queen!"

"That is not likely," replied the esquire. "Her majesty will keep her own counsel. But here comes his lordship. Shall I retire, monsignore?"

"Ay, but remain within call."

As Ugo withdrew, the Marquis was ushered in by a page, and very heartily welcomed by Sir Thomas.

"I have come to inquire after your health, good Sir Thomas," observed Dorset. "Methinks you look wondrous well."

"Never better, my dear Marquis—never better. How fares my lady Marchioness, and your daughter, the fair Lady Jane? Have you reflected on my proposition?"

"Ahem?—yes," hesitated the other. "I almost fear I shall be obliged to decline it."

"He *has* heard of the quarrel," thought Seymour. "Your lordship is the best judge of your own affairs," he said in an indifferent tone. "Without me the union we spoke of will not take place. You are aware, I suppose, that the Lord Protector intends to affiance the King to the young Queen of Scots, who is about his majesty's own age, and promises to be of extraordinary beauty."

"Ay, but the Scots refuse the treaty of marriage proposed by the late King for their young Queen Mary," replied Dorset. "If Henry the Eighth failed, the Lord Protector is not likely to prove successful."

"The acceptance of the treaty may be enforced by the sword—a mode of settle-

ment which the Lord Protector will assuredly try, if he be not prevented."

"But other powers will not permit the alliance. King Francis is opposed to it."

"His Most Christian Majesty will not long outlast his royal brother Henry, if what I hear of him from his ambassador be true. The opposition of France will be useless. Rather than suffer the horrors of war, the Scots will consent to the treaty. My royal nephew's affiancement with the youthful Queen Mary, I repeat, *will* take place—if it be not prevented."

"But who shall prevent it?" cried the Marquis.

Seymour smiled, as who should say: "I can prevent it if I choose." But he did not give utterance to the words.

"I fear you somewhat overrate your power, Sir Thomas."

"Not a whit, my dear Marquis. I promise nothing that I will not perform." Approaching close to Dorset, he said in his ear: "I undertake to marry your daughter, the Lady Jane, to my royal nephew. But she must be committed to my charge."

"But you must be wedded before you can take charge of her—well wedded, Sir Thomas. An exalted personage like her majesty the Queen-dowager, for instance, would be precisely the guardian I should desire for my daughter."

"I was certain he had heard of the quarrel," thought Seymour. "Well, Marquis," he said, "suppose the Lady Jane Grey should be intrusted to her majesty?"

"Ah! then, indeed—but no! that can not be."

"Why not? I see what has happened. My mischief-making sister-in-law, Lady Hertford, has informed the Marchioness that there has been a trifling misunderstanding between the Queen and myself."

"Not a trifling misunderstanding, as I hear—for I will confess that a hint of the matter has been given me—but a violent quarrel, caused by her Highness's jealousy of the Princess. Ah! Sir Thomas—what it is to be the handsomest man at court! But you have thrown away a great chance of aggrandisement."

"Nonsense! I have thrown away no chance, as you will find, my dear Marquis. My amiable sister-in-law has made the most of the quarrel, which was of her own contrivance, and designed not to annoy me, but the Queen, whose affronts to

her at the banquet Lady Hertford seeks to avenge. The disagreement between myself and her majesty is of no moment—a mere lovers' quarrel—and will be speedily set right."

"Right glad am I to hear you say so, Sir Thomas—right glad, for your own sake."

"And for yours as well, my dear Marquis. If I marry not the Queen, your daughter marries not the King."

"That is coming to the point, Sir Thomas."

"I never go roundabout when a straight course will serve my turn. And now, Marquis, am I to have the disposal of the Lady Jane's hand?"

"Ah! marry, Sir Thomas, and I shall be greatly beholden to you."

"Is there aught more I can do to content your lordship?"

"I do not like to trouble you too much, Sir Thomas, but I happen at this moment to have occasion for a few hundred pounds—say five hundred—and if you can, without inconvenience, lend me the amount, I shall be infinitely indebted to you. Any security you may require—"

"No security is needed, Marquis. Your word will suffice. I am enchanted to be able to oblige you—not now, but at all times. What ho, Ugo!" he cried; adding, as the esquire, who was within ear-shot, promptly answered the summons: "Here is the key of my coffer. Count out five hundred pounds in gold, and let that sum be conveyed to the Marquis of Dorset's apartments."

Ugo took the small gold key from his patron, bowed, and retired.

"If I had asked him for double the amount he would have given it," muttered Dorset. "But I will have the rest some other time. You are very confident in your esquire's honesty, Sir Thomas?" he added aloud.

"With good reason, my lord. I have proved it."

At this moment a page entered, and announced: "The King!" Immediately afterward Edward was ceremoniously ushered into the chamber by Fowler. The rest of the young monarch's attendants, among whom was Xit, remained in the ante-chamber.

"Having finished my studies, gentle uncle," he cried, "I am come to have an hour's recreation with you. Shall we walk forth upon the ramparts?" Sir

Thomas bowed assent. "I would have had my sister Elizabeth's company, but she is out of sorts, and prayed to be excused. Ah! gentle uncle, you are to blame there. You have done something to offend her. But I must have you friends again. I can not let two persons I love so much remain at variance."

"Nay, your majesty, there is no difference between us."

"I am sure there is, and between the Queen, our mother, also—but we will set it right. You also shall bear us company in our walk, if you will, my Lord of Dorset. How doth our fair cousin, the Lady Jane?"

"My daughter is well—quite well, my gracious liege," replied Dorset. "Like your majesty, she pursues her studies even in the Tower. I left her but now reading the *Phædo* of Plato."

"Then we will not disturb her, for she can not be better employed. Otherwise, we should have been glad to converse with her during our walk."

"Nay, I am sure the Lady Jane would prefer your majesty's society to that of the greatest heathen philosopher—even to that of the divine Plato," observed Seymour.

"I know not that," replied Edward, smiling. "Our cousin Jane loves books better than society. Ere long you will have good reason to be proud of your daughter's erudition, my Lord Marquis."

"I will say for the Lady Jane Grey what her father could not say for her," interposed Seymour, "that she is pious as wise, and gentle as pious. Her virtues fit her for a throne."

"You speak enthusiastically, gentle uncle," said Edward. "Yet you go not beyond the truth. Such is my own opinion of my cousin. But she must not study over-much. A little exercise will do her good. How say you, my Lord of Dorset?"

"I will bring her to your majesty forthwith," replied the Marquis. "Twill delight her to obey you."

"You will find us on the northern ramparts," said Edward, as Dorset, with a profound obeisance, withdrew. "You are right, gentle uncle," he observed, as soon as they were alone. "My cousin Jane would adorn a throne. I would I might wed such another."

"Why not wed the Lady Jane herself, my liege?" demanded Seymour.

"My uncle, the Lord Protector, designs to affiance me to the young Queen of Scots."

"But if your majesty prefers the Lady Jane?"

"I shall have no choice," sighed Edward.

"Consult me before you assent to any marriage-treaty, sire, and it shall come to naught."

"I will," replied Edward, with a smile, as he went forth with his uncle.

## XV.

OF XIT'S PERILOUS FLIGHT ACROSS THE TOWER-MOAT ON FACOLET'S HORSE.

ACCOMPANIED by Seymour, and followed by Fowler and Xit, with a train of pages and henchmen, Edward ascended to the outer ballium wall by a flight of stone steps opposite the Broad Arrow Tower, and proceeded slowly toward the large circular bastion, known as the Brass Mount, situated on the north-eastern extremity of the ramparts. Here he halted, and tried to keep up a conversation with his uncle, but it was evident, from his heedless manner, that his thoughts were absent. At length Jane appeared upon the ramparts with her father, and uttering an exclamation of delight, the young King hurried off to meet her. When within a few paces of his fair cousin, however, he stopped, as if struck by the indecorum of the proceeding, his cheeks all a-flame, yet not burning a whit more brightly than those of the Lady Jane, who stopped as he stopped, and made him a lowly obeisance. The bashfulness with which Edward had been suddenly afflicted continued until the arrival of Sir Thomas Seymour, whose light laughter and playful remarks soon dissipated it, and he became voluble enough. By his desire the Lady Jane walked on with him, and he at once engaged her in discourse, not upon light and trivial themes, but on grave subjects such as he had discussed with her in the privy-garden. It was good to see them thus occupied, but it would have been better to have listened to their talk. Two such children have rarely come together. Two beings more perfectly adapted to each other could not be found, and yet—But we will not peer into futurity. The Marquis of Dorset and Sir Thomas Seymour followed at a respectful distance, both enchanted at what was taking place.

The latter felt confident of the realization of his ambitious designs; the former regarded his daughter as already queen.

Nearly an hour passed in this way—the progress of time being unnoted by the young King and his fair companion—when Edward, who had been hitherto almost unobservant of aught save his cousin, remarked that something unusual was taking place on the opposite side of the Tower-moat. A large circle had been formed, in the midst of which a mountebank was performing some feats, which seemed from the shouts and applause they elicited to astonish and delight the beholders. What the feats were, the King could not make out. Soon afterward the crowd began to disperse, and the mountebank was seen carrying off a wooden horse, with which no doubt he had been diverting the spectators.

"What tricks hath the fellow been playing with that wooden horse?" inquired the King of Seymour.

"Nay, my liege, it passeth my power to satisfy you," answered Sir Thomas.

"An please your majesty, I can give you the information you seek," said Xit, stepping forward. "'Tis Pacolet, the French saltinbanco, and his enchanted steed. To ordinary observation the horse seems made of wood; but Pacolet declares it is endowed with magic power, and will fly with its rider through the air. I have never seen the feat done, so I dare not vouch for the truth of the statement."

"Why, thou simple knave, 'tis an old tale thou art reciting," observed the Lady Jane. "Pacolet's enchanted horse is described in the French romance of Valentine and Orson."

"I know not how that may be, most gracious lady, for I am not well read in French romance," replied Xit, "but yonder fellow is Pacolet, and that is his horse, and a wonderful little horse it is. Your majesty may smile, but I suspect there is magic in it."

"If so, the magician ought to be burned," observed Edward; "but I do not think he is a real dealer in the black art."

"What will you say, sire, when I tell you that this sorcerer—this Pacolet—affirms that his horse can carry me across the Tower-moat?"

"When I see it done, I will own that Pacolet is really the magician thou proclaimest him," replied the King. "I am half inclined to test the truth of the fel-

low's assertion. How say you, fair cousin?" he added to Lady Jane. "Shall we have this Pacolet here, and make him exhibit the wondrous powers of his steed?"

"'Twould be a curious sight, no doubt, if the man himself were not put in jeopardy," she replied.

"Nay, if the horse be brought, I crave your majesty's permission to ride him," said Xit. "I have an extraordinary desire to perform the feat."

"But thou mayest break thy neck, and I have no desire to lose thee."

"Your majesty is most gracious, but the risk is nothing compared with the honor to be acquired."

"Let the knave have his way, good my liege," observed Sir Thomas Seymour. "No harm shall befall him. To-morrow afternoon, at this hour, I will have Pacolet and his steed brought hither, and if it shall please your majesty to attend, I will promise you good sport."

"We will not fail you, gentle uncle; and we hope our fair cousin will condescend to be present likewise."

As may be supposed, the Lady Jane did not refuse her assent, and after another short turn upon the ramparts, the King and those with him returned to the palace.

On the following afternoon Edward, who had been looking forward with some eagerness to the diversion promised him by his uncle, again appeared on the ramparts, but with a much more numerous retinue than on the previous occasion. In addition to Sir Thomas Seymour and the Marquis of Dorset, the royal party now comprised the Earl of Arundel, Lord Chamberlain, Sir John Gage, and Sir John Markham. Amongst the ladies, besides the Marchioness of Dorset and her daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, were the Princess Elizabeth and the Queen-dowager. The two latter were bidden to the exhibition by the amiable young monarch with the express design of composing the differences which he saw still existed between them and his uncle. But he failed in effecting a reconciliation. Both his sister and the Queen remained immovable. Elizabeth treated Sir Thomas with the utmost disdain, and would not vouchsafe him either a word or a look. Though not so scornful in manner as the Princess Catherine was equally cold and reserved, and haughtily repelled her faithless suitor's advances. Unable to comprehend

the cause of the quarrel, Edward was, nevertheless, much distressed by it, and expressed his regrets to his uncle, who shrugged his shoulders carelessly, as if it were a matter that gave him very little concern. Secretly, however, Sir Thomas had used every endeavor to reëstablish himself in the Queen's good graces. He had besought a private interview, but the request was refused. He had written to her more than one moving epistle, full of regrets, despair, prayers, protestations, and promises. These missives were conveyed by the trusty hand of his esquire, but no response came back. Still Sir Thomas, though rebuffed, was not discouraged. The storm would soon blow over, he thought. After the sharpest frost must come a thaw. The storm, however, was of some duration, and the frost lasted longer than he anticipated.

Whatever might be passing within, Sir Thomas took care not to let his appearance or manner be affected by it. Gay and full of spirit as ever, he seemed only anxious about his royal nephew's amusement. Seymour's chief aim, in fact, seemed to bring Edward and the Lady Jane together, and if he failed in all else, in this he entirely succeeded. During the whole time he remained on the ramparts, Edward kept his fair cousin near him, and seemed completely engrossed by her, much to the delight of the Marchioness of Dorset, who could not sufficiently express her gratitude to the contriver of the meeting.

But it is time to ascertain what preparations had been made for Xit's aerial expedition. The Brass Mount had been selected as the starting-point of the magic steed. The summit of this bastion, the largest, the loftiest, and the strongest of the Tower fortifications, was capable of accommodating a great number of persons, but only the royal party and those engaged in the exhibition were admitted upon it. The Brass Mount was defended by high embattled walls, on the inner side of which was a platform, whereon some of the heaviest guns in the fortress were placed, with their muzzles protruding through the crenulated walls. One of these guns had been dismounted, and its carriage appropriated to the Enchanted Horse, which was now set upon it, with its head toward the opening in the parapet, as if ready for flight.

A strange-looking steed it was! ugly

as a hobgoblin—large enough undoubtedly for a rider of Xit's proportions, yet not equal in size to a full-grown Shetland pony. It had a singularly weird and wicked-looking head, befitting an animal possessed of supernatural powers, horns as well as ears, and immense eyes, which it could open and shut, and turn in any direction. Only the head, neck, and tail were visible, the body of the horse being covered with red and yellow striped trappings that reached to the ground. On its head was a shaffron of blood-red plumes. It was furnished with a bridle having very broad reins, and a saddle with a very high peak and crupper; but in lieu of stirrups, a funnel-topped boot dangled on either side. Such was Pacolet's horse.

The enchanter himself was a swarthy-complexioned man, with quick black eyes, and gipsy features, and probably belonged to the wandering tribe. Habited in a tight-fitting dress of tawny silk, and wearing a brass girdle inscribed with mystic characters, and a tall pointed cap covered with similar figures, he carried a white rod, with a small gilt apple on the top.

On either side of the magic steed, with their huge partisans in hand, stood Gog and Magog. The laughter playing about their broad features showed they were in high good humor, and expectant of entertainment. The dwarfish hero of the day had not yet made his appearance, he being in the King's train.

While the royal party were taking up a position on the platform contiguous to the magic steed, the fantastic appearance of which caused much merriment, Sir Thomas Seymour went up to Pacolet, and after a few words with him, clapped his hands to intimate that all was ready. At this signal the diminutive figure of Xit instantly detached itself from the group of laughing pages and henchmen. Marching with a very consequential step, and bowing ceremoniously to the King as he passed, the dwarf was met half-way by Pacolet, who, taking him by the hand, lifted him on to the platform.

"My steed is ready, if you are, good master Xit," said the courteous enchanter. "Will it please you to mount him at once?"

"Not so fast, worthy Pacolet," rejoined Xit, conscious that all eyes were upon him, and anxious to display himself. "Give me a moment to examine thy horse.



By my troth! he hath a vicious looking head."

"You will find him tractable enough when you are on his back," observed Pacolet, displaying two ranges of very white teeth.

"May be so; yet I like not the expression of his eye. It hath malice and devilry in it, as if he would rejoice to throw me. Saints protect us! the beast seemed to wink at me."

"Not unlikely," replied Pacolet, who had placed one hand on the horse's head; "he has a habit of winking when he is pleased."

"Is that a sign of his satisfaction?" observed Xit. "I should have judged the contrary. How is the creature designated?"

"He is called Dædalus—at your service, good master Xit."

"Dædalus!" exclaimed Xit, startled. "Pray heaven he prove me not an Icarus. I like not the name. 'Tis of ill omen."

"'Tis a name like any other," observed Pacolet, shrugging his shoulders. "So ho! Dædalus—so ho, sir! You see he is eager for flight."

"If thou art afraid to mount, say so at once, and retire," cried Gog, gruffly. "His majesty will be wearied with this trifling."

"I afraid?" exclaimed Xit, indignantly. "When didst ever know me shrink from danger, base giant? One more question, worthy Pacolet, and I have done. What mean those boots?"

"They are designed to encase thy legs, and keep thee in thy seat," rejoined the enchanter.

"But I can maintain my seat without them," returned Xit, with a displeased look.

"A truce to this! Off with thee without more ado!" cried Magog. And seizing the dwarf, he clapped him in the saddle, while Pacolet, without a moment's loss of time, thrust his legs into the boots. Xit was disposed to be rebellious during the latter proceeding, but his strength availed him little, and he was obliged to yield with the best grace he could. At last, Pacolet left him, and went to the rear of the horse.

On this Xit took his cap, and waving an adieu to the royal party, all of whom looked much diverted with the scene, kicked his boots against the horse's sides,

and shouted: "Away with thee, Dædalus! away!"

But though he continued the application with increased vigor, the horse would not stir, but emitted an angry snorting sound.

"Pest take him!" cried the dwarf. "He won't move."

"Methought thou hadst been aware of the secret," rejoined Pacolet. "Turn the pin on his right shoulder, and he will move quickly enough."

Xit followed the enchanter's instructions, and Dædalus immediately began to glide through the opening in the parapet, not so quickly though but that his adventurous little rider was again enabled to wave his cap to the King. In another moment the dwarf had disappeared, and a hurried movement was made to the edge of the battlements to see what had become of him.

It was then perceptible to those nearest to the point of departure how the flight was to be accomplished. Two long pieces of wire, sufficiently strong to sustain the weight required, but nearly invisible at a short distance, were drawn across the moat from the bastion to the opposite bank, and along these wires the enchanted horse slipped, being guided in its descent by a cord fixed to its crupper—which cord was held by Pacolet. A large crowd was collected on the banks of the moat; but the spot where the wires were fastened down, and where it was expected the dwarf would descend, was kept clear by Og and half a dozen tall yeomen of the guard.

No sooner did Xit, mounted on the wooden horse, issue from the battlements, than a loud shout was raised by the beholders, to which the delighted dwarf responded by waving his hat to them, and he then commenced his downward course in the most triumphant manner. His exultation increased as he advanced; but it cost him dear. While replying to the cheers with which he was greeted, he leaned too much toward the left, and the horse immediately turned over, leaving his rider hanging head downward over the moat.

The shouts of laughter were instantly changed to cries of affright, but no assistance could be rendered the unfortunate dwarf, for Pacolet vainly tried to pull him up again. The spectators, however, were

not kept long in suspense. Xit's struggles soon disengaged his legs from the boots, and he dropped headlong into the moat, and disappeared beneath the tide.

But rescue was at hand. With the utmost promptitude Og dashed into the fosse, and waded out to the spot where Xit had sunk, which was about the middle

of the moat. Though the water quickly reached up to his shoulders, the giant went on until the head of the manikin suddenly popped up beside him. With a shout of satisfaction Og then seized him, held him aloft like a dripping water-rat, and bore him safely ashore amid the laughter and acclamations of the beholders.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## C O N C E R N I N G F U T U R E Y E A R S .

Does it ever come across you, my friend, with something of a start, that things can not always go on in your lot as they are going now? Does not a sudden thought sometimes flash upon you, a hasty, vivid glimpse, of what you will be long hereafter, if you are spared in this world? Our common way is too much to think that things will always go on as they are going. Not that we clearly think so, not that we ever put that opinion in a definite shape, and avow to ourselves that we hold it: but we live very much under that vague, general impression. We can hardly help it. When a man of middle age inherits a pretty country-seat, and makes up his mind that he can not yet afford to give up his profession and go to live at it, but concludes that in six or eight years he will be able with justice to his children to do so, do you think he brings plainly before him the changes which must be wrought on himself and those around him by these years? I do not speak of the greatest change of all, which may come to any of us so very soon: I do not think of what may be done by unlooked-for accident: I think merely of what must be done by the passing on of time. I think of possible changes in taste and feeling, of possible loss of liking for that mode of life. I think of lungs that will play less freely, and of limbs that will suggest shortened walks, and dissuade from climbing hills. I think of how the children will have outgrown daisy-chains, or even got beyond

the season of climbing trees. The middle-aged man enjoys the prospect of the time when he shall go to his country-house; and the vague, undefined belief surrounds him, like an atmosphere, that he and his children, his views and likings, will be then just such as they are now. He can not bring it home to him at how many points change will be cutting into him, and hedging him in, and paring him down. And we all live very much under that vague impression. Yet it is in many ways good for us to feel that we are going on—passing from the things which surround us—advancing into the undefined future, into the unknown land. And I think that sometimes we all have vivid flashes of such a conviction. I dare say, my friend, you have seen an old man, frail, soured, and shabby, and you have thought with a start, Perhaps *there is Myself of Future Years*.

We human beings can stand a great deal. There is great margin allowed by our constitution, physical and moral. I suppose there is no doubt that a man may daily for years eat what is unwholesome, breathe air which is bad, or go through a round of life which is not the best or the right one for either body or mind, and yet be little the worse. And so men pass through great trials and through long years, and yet are not altered so very much. The other day, walking along the street, I saw a man whom I had not seen for ten years. I knew that since I saw him last he had gone through very heavy

troubles, and that these had set very heavily upon him. I remembered how he had lost that friend who was the dearest to him of all human beings, and I knew how broken-down he had been for many months after that great sorrow came. Yet there he was walking along, an unnoticed unit, just like any one else; and he was looking wonderfully well. No doubt he seemed pale, worn, and anxious: but he was very well and carefully dressed; he was walking with a brisk, active step; and I dare say in feeling pretty well reconciled to being what he is, and to the circumstances amid which he is living. Still, one felt that somehow a tremendous change had passed over him. I felt sorry for him, and all the more that he did not seem to feel sorry for himself. It made me sad to think that some day I should be like him; that perhaps in the eyes of my juniors I look like him already, careworn and ageing. I dare say in his feeling there was no such sense of falling off. Perhaps he was tolerably content. He was walking so fast, and looking so sharp, that I am sure he had no desponding feeling at the time. Despondency goes with slow movements and with vague looks. The sense of having materially fallen off is destructive to the eagle-eye. Yes, he was tolerably content. We can go down-hill cheerfully, save at the points where it is sharply brought home to us that we are going down-hill. Lately, I sat at dinner opposite an old lady who had the remains of striking beauty. I remember how much she interested me. Her hair was false, her teeth were false, her complexion was shriveled, her form had lost the round symmetry of earlier years, and was angular and stiff; yet how cheerful and lively she was. She had gone far down-hill physically; but either she did not feel her decadence, or she had grown quite reconciled to it. Her daughter, a blooming matron, was there, happy, wealthy, good; yet not apparently a whit more reconciled to life than the aged grandame. It was pleasing, and yet it was sad, to see how well we can make up our mind to what is inevitable. And such a sight brings up to one a glimpse of Future Years. The cloud seems to part before one, and through the rift you discern your earthly track far away, and a jaded pilgrim plodding along it with weary step; and though the pilgrim does not look like you, yet you know the pilgrim is yourself.

This can not always go on. To what is it all tending? I am not thinking now of an out-look so grave that this is not the place to discuss it. But I am thinking how every thing is going on. In this world there is no standing still. And every thing that belongs entirely to this world, its interests and occupations, is going on toward a conclusion. It will all come to an end. It can not go on forever. I can not always be writing sermons as I do now, and going on in this regular course of life. I can not always be writing essays for *Fraser*. The day will come when I shall have no more to say, or when the readers of the *Magazine* will no longer have patience to listen to me in that kind fashion in which they have listened so long. I foresee it plainly this evening—the time when the reader shall open the familiar cover, and glance at the table of contents, and exclaim indignantly: “Here is that tiresome person again with the four initials: why will he not cease to weary us?” I write in sober sadness, my friend: I do not intend any jest. If you do not know that what I have written is certainly true, you have not lived very long. You have not learned the sorrowful lesson, that all worldly occupations and interests are wearing to their close. You can not keep up the old thing, however much you may wish to do so. You know how vain anniversaries for the most part are. You meet with certain old friends, to try to revive the old days; but the spirit of the old time will not come over you. It is not a spirit that can be raised at will. It can not go on forever, that walking down to church on Sundays, and ascending those pulpit steps; it will change to feeling, though I humbly trust it may be long before it shall change in fact. Don’t you all sometimes feel something like that? Don’t you sometimes look about you and say to yourself, That furniture will wear out: those window-curtains are getting sadly faded; they will not last a life-time? Those carpets must be replaced someday; and the old patterns which looked at you with a kindly, familiar expression, through these long years, must be among the old familiar faces that are gone. These are little things, indeed, but they are among the vague recollections that bewilder our memory; they are among the things which come up in the strange, confused remembrance of the dying man in the last

days of life. There is an old fir-tree, a twisted, strange-looking fir-tree, which will be among my last recollections, I know, as it was among my first. It was always before my eyes when I was three, four, five years old: I see the pyramidal top, rising over a mass of shrubbery; I see it always against a sunset-sky; always in the subdued twilight in which we seem to see things in distant years. These old friends will die, you think; who will take their place? You will be an old gentleman, a frail old gentleman, wondered at by younger men, and telling them long stories about the days when Queen Victoria was a young woman, like those which weary you now about George the Third. It will not be the same world then. Your children will not be always children. Enjoy their fresh youth while it lasts, for it will not last long. Do not skim over the present too fast, through a constant habit of onward-looking. Many men of an anxious turn are so eagerly concerned in providing for the future, that they hardly remark the blessings of the present. Yet it is only because the future will some day be present, that it deserves any thought at all. And many men, instead of heartily enjoying present blessings while they are present, train themselves to a habit of regarding these things as merely the foundation on which they are to build some vague fabric of they know not what. I have known a clergyman, who was very fond of music, and in whose church the music was very fine, who seemed incapable of enjoying its solemn beauty as a thing to be enjoyed while passing, but who persisted in regarding each beautiful strain merely as a promising indication of what his choir would come at some future time to be. It is a very bad habit, and one which grows unless repressed. You, my reader, when you see your children racing on the green, train yourself to regard all that as a happy end in itself. Do not grow to think merely that those sturdy young limbs promise to be stout and serviceable when they are those of a grown-up man; and rejoice in the smooth little forehead with its curly hair, without any forethought of how it is to look some day when overshadowed (as it is sure to be) by the great wig of the Lord Chancellor. Good advice: let us all try to take it. Let all happy things be enjoyed as ends, as well as regarded as means. Yet it is in the make of our na-

ture to be ever onward-looking; and we can not help it. When you get the first number for the year of the magazine which you take in, you instinctively think of it as the first portion of a new volume; and you are conscious of a certain though slight restlessness in the thought of a thing incomplete, and of a wish that you had the volume completed. And sometimes, thus looking onward into the future, you worry yourself with little thoughts and cares. There is that old dog: you have had him for many years; he is growing stiff and frail; what are you to do when he dies? When he is gone, the new dog you get will never be like him; he may be, indeed, a far handsomer and more amiable animal, but he will not be your old companion; he will not be surrounded with all those old associations, not merely with your own by-past life, but with the lives, the faces, and the voices of those who have left you, which invest with a certain sacredness even that humble but faithful friend. He will not have been the companion of your youthful walks, when you went at a pace which now you can not attain. He will just be a common dog; and who that has reached your years cares for *that*? The other indeed was a dog too, but that was merely the substratum on which was accumulated a host of recollections: it is *Auld Lang Syne* that walks into your study when your shaggy friend of ten summers come stiffly in, and after many querulous turnings lays himself down on the rug before the fire. Do you not feel the like when you look at many little matters, and then look into the Future Years? That harness—how will you replace it? It will be a pang to throw it by, and it will be a considerable expense too to get a new suit. Then you think how long harness may continue to be serviceable. I once saw, on a pair of horses drawing a stage-coach among the hills, a set of harness which was thirty-five years old. It had been very costly and grand when new; it had belonged for some of its earliest years to a certain wealthy nobleman. The nobleman had been for many years in his grave, but there was his harness still. It was tremendously patched, and the blinkers were of extraordinary aspect; but it was quite serviceable. There is comfort for you, poor country parsons. How thoroughly I understand your feeling about such little things. I know how you

sometimes look at your phaeton or your dog-cart; and even while the morocco is fresh, and the wheels still are running with their first tires, how you think you see it after it has grown shabby and old-fashioned. Yes, you remember, not without a dull kind of pang, that it is wearing out. You have a neighbor, perhaps, a few miles off, whose conveyance, through the wear of many years, has become remarkably seedy; and every time you meet it you think that there you see your own, as it will some day be. Every dog has his day; but the day of the rational dog is overclouded in a fashion unknown to his inferior fellow-creature; it is overclouded by the anticipation of the coming day which will not be his. You remember how that great though morbid man, John Foster, could not heartily enjoy the summer weather, for thinking how every sunny day that shone upon him was a downward step toward the winter gloom. Each indication that the season was progressing, even though progressing as yet only to greater beauty, filled him with great grief. "I have seen a fearful sight to-day," he would say, "I have seen a buttercup." And we know, of course, that in his case there was nothing like affectation; it was only that, unhappily for himself, the bent of his mind was so onward-looking, that he saw only a premonition of the snows of December in the roses of June. It would be a blessing if we could quite discard the tendency. And while your trap runs smoothly and noiselessly, while the leather is fresh and the paint unscratched, do not worry yourself with visions of the day when it will rattle and creak, and when you will make it wait for you at the corner of back-streets when you drive into town. Do not vex yourself by fancying that you will never have heart to send off the old carriage, nor by wondering where you will find the money to buy a new one.

Have you ever read the *Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith*, by that pleasing poet and most amiable man, the late David Macbeth Moir? I have been looking into it lately; and I have regretted much that the Lowland Scotch dialect is so imperfectly understood in England, and that even where so far understood its raciness is so little felt; for great as is the popularity of that work, it is much less known than it deserves to be. Only a Scotchman can thoroughly appreciate it.

It is curious, and yet it is not curious, to find the pathos and the polish of one of the most touching and elegant of poets in the man who has with such irresistible humor, sometimes approaching to the farcical, delineated humble Scotch life. One passage in the book always struck me very much. We have in it the poet as well as the humorist; and it is a perfect example of what I have been trying to describe in the pages which you have read. I mean the passage in which Mansie tells us of a sudden glimpse which, in circumstances of mortal terror, he once had of the future. On a certain "awful night" the tailor was awakened by cries of alarm, and, looking out, he saw the next house to his own was on fire from cellar to garret. The earnings of poor Mansie's whole life were laid out on his stock in trade and his furniture, and it appeared likely that these would be at once destroyed.

"Then (says he) the darkness of the latter days came over my spirit like a vision before the prophet Isaiah; and I could see nothing in the years to come but beggary and starvation—myself a fallen-back old man, with an out-at-the-elbows coat, a greasy hat, and a bald brow, hirling over a staff, requeshting an awmous: Nanse a broken-hearted beggar-wife, torn down to tatters, and weeping like Rachel when she thought on better days; and poor wee Benjie going from door to door with a meal-pock on his back."

Ah! there is exquisite pathos *there* as well as humor; but the thing for which I have quoted that sentence is its startling truthfulness. You have all done what Mansie Wauch did, I know. Every one has his own way of doing it, and it is his own especial picture which each sees; but there has appeared to us, as to Mansie, (I must recur to my old figure,) as it were a sudden rift in the clouds that conceal the future, and we have seen the way, far ahead—the dusty way—and an aged pilgrim pacing slowly along it; and in that aged figure we have each recognized our own young self. How often have I sat down on the mossy wall that surrounded my churchyard, when I had more time for reverie than I have now—sat upon the mossy wall, under a great oak, whose branches came low down and projected far out—and looked at the rough gnarled bark, and at the passing river, and at the belfry of the little church, and there and then thought of

Mansie Wauch and of his vision of Future Years! How often in these hours, or in long solitary walks and rides among the hills, have I had visions clear as that of Mansie Wauch, of how I should grow old in my country parish! Do not think that I wish or intend to be egotistical, my friendly reader. I describe these feelings and fancies because I think this is the likeliest way in which to reach and describe your own. There was a rapid little stream that flowed, in a very lonely place, between the highway and a cottage to which I often went to see a poor old woman; and when I came out of the cottage, having made sure that no one saw me, I always took a great leap over the little stream, which saved going round a little way. And never once, for several years, did I thus cross it without seeing a picture as clear to the mind's eye as Mansie Wauch's—a picture which made me walk very thoughtfully along for the next mile or two. It was curious to think how one was to get through the accustomed duty after having grown old and frail. The day would come when the brook could be crossed in that brisk fashion no more. It must be an odd thing for the parson to walk as an old man into the pulpit, still his own, which was his own when he was a young man of six-and-twenty. What a crowd of old remembrances must be present each Sunday to the clergyman's mind, who has served the same parish and preached in the same church for fifty years! Personal identity, continued through the successive stages of life, is a common-place thing to think of; but when it is brought home to your own case and feeling, it is a very touching and a very bewildering thing. There are the same trees and hills as when you were a boy; and when each of us comes to his last days in this world, how short a space it will seem since we were little children! Let us humbly hope that in that brief space parting the cradle from the grave, we may (by help from above) have accomplished a certain work which will cast its blessed influence over all the years and all the ages before us. Yet it remains a strange thing to look forward and to see yourself with gray hair, and not much even of that; to see your wife an old woman, and your little boy or girl grown up into manhood or womanhood. It is more strange still to fancy you see them all going on as usual in the round

of life, and you no longer among them. You see your empty chair. There is your writing-table and your inkstand; there are your books, not so carefully arranged as they used to be; perhaps on the whole less indication than you might have hoped that they miss you. All this is strange when you bring it home to your own case; and that hundreds of millions have felt the like makes it none the less strange to you. The common-places of life and death are not common-place when they befall ourselves. It was in desperate hurry and agitation that Mansie Wauch saw his vision; and in like circumstances you may have yours too. But for the most part such moods come in leisure—in saunterings through the autumn woods—in reveries by the winter fire.

I do not think, thus musing upon our occasional glimpses of the future, of such fancies as those of early youth—fancies and anticipations of greatness, of felicity, of fame; I think of the onward views of men approaching middle age, who have found their place and their work in life, and who may reasonably believe that, save for great unexpected accidents, there will be no very material change in their lot till that "change come" to which Job looked forward four thousand years since. There are great numbers of educated folk who are likely always to live in the same kind of house, to have the same establishment, to associate with the same class of people, to walk along the same streets, to look upon the same hills, as long as they live. The only change will be the gradual one which will be wrought by advancing years.

And the onward view of such people in such circumstances is generally a very vague one. It is only now and then that there comes the startling clearness of prospect so well set forth by Mansie Wauch. Yet sometimes when such a vivid view comes, it remains for days, and is a painful companion of your solitude. Don't you remember, clerical reader of thirty-two, having seen a good deal of an old parson, rather sour in aspect, rather shabby-looking, sadly pinched for means, and with powers dwarfed by the sore struggle with the world to maintain his family and to keep up a respectable appearance upon his limited resources; perhaps with his mind made petty and his temper spoiled by the little worries, the

petty malignant tattle and gossip and occasional insolence of a little backbiting village; and don't you remember how for days you felt haunted by a sort of nightmare that there was what you would be, if you lived so long? Yes; you know how there have been times when for ten days together that jarring thought would intrude, whenever your mind was disengaged from work; and sometimes, when you went to bed, that thought kept you awake for hours. You know the impression was morbid, and you were angry with yourself for your silliness; but you could not drive it away.

It makes a great difference in the prospect of Future Years if you are one of those people who, even after middle age, may still make a great rise in life. This will prolong the restlessness which in others is sobered down at forty: it will extend the period during which you will every now and then have brief seasons of feverish anxiety, hope, and fear, followed by longer stretches of blank disappointment. And it will afford the opportunity of experiencing a vividly new sensation, and of turning over a quite new leaf, after most people have settled to the jog-trot at which the remainder of the pilgrimage is to be covered. A clergyman of the Church of England may be made a bishop, and exchange a quiet rectory for a palace. No doubt the increase of responsibility is to a conscientious man almost appalling; but surely the rise in life is great. There you are, one of four-and-twenty, selected out of near twenty thousand. It is possible, indeed, that you may feel more reason for shame than for elation at the thought. A barrister unknown to fame, but of respectable standing, may be made a judge. Such a man may even, if he gets into the groove, be gradually pushed on till he reaches an eminence which probably surprises himself as much as any one else. A good speaker in Parliament may at sixty or seventy be made a Cabinet Minister. And we can all imagine what indescribable pride and elation must in such cases possess the wife and daughters of the man who has attained this decided step in advance. I can say sincerely that I never saw human beings walk with so airy tread, and evince so fussily their sense of a greatness more than mortal, as the wife and the daughter of an amiable but not able bishop I knew in my youth, when

they came to church on the Sunday morning on which the good man preached for the first time in his lawn-sleeves. Their heads were turned for the time; but they gradually came right again, as the ladies became accustomed to the summits of human affairs. Let it be said for the bishop himself, that there was not a vestige of that sense of elevation about *him*. He looked perfectly modest and unaffected. His dress was remarkably ill put on, and his sleeves stuck out in the most awkward fashion ever assumed by drapery. I suppose that sometimes these rises in life come very unexpectedly. I have heard of a man who, when he received a letter from the Prime Minister of the day offering him a place of great dignity, thought the letter was a hoax, and did not notice it for several days. You could not certainly infer from his modesty what has proved to be the fact, that he has filled his place admirably well. The possibility of such material changes must no doubt tend to prolong the interest in life, which is ready to flag as years go on. But perhaps with the majority of men, the level is found before middle age, and no very great worldly change awaits them. The path stretches on, with its ups and downs; and they only hope for strength for the day. But in such men's lot of humble duty and quiet content there remains room for many fears. All human beings who are as well off as they can ever be, and so who have little room for hope, seem to be liable to the invasion of great fear as they look into the future. It seems to be so with kings, and with great nobles. Many such have lived in a nervous dread of change, and have ever been watching the signs of the times with apprehensive eyes. Nothing that can happen can well make such better; and so they suffer from the vague foreboding of something which will make them worse. And the same law reaches to those in whom hope is narrowed down, not by the limit of grand possibility, but of little; not by the fact that they have got all that mortal can get, but by the fact that they have got the little which is all that Providence seems to intend to give to *them*. And indeed there is something that is almost awful, when your affairs are all going happily, when your mind is clear and equal to its work, when your bodily health is unbroken, when your home is pleasant, when your income is a *uple*,

when your children are healthy and merry and hopeful—in looking on to future years. The more happy you are, the more there is of awe in the thought how frail are the foundations of your earthly happiness: what havoc may be made of them by the chances of even a single day. It is no wonder that the solemnity and awfulness of the Future have been felt so much, that the languages of Northern Europe have, as I dare say you know, no word which expresses the essential notion of Futurity. You think, perhaps, of *shall and will*. Well, these words have come now to convey the notion of Futurity; but they do so only in a secondary fashion. Look to their etymology, and you will see that they *imply* Futurity, but do not *express* it. *I shall* do such a thing means, *I am bound to do it*, *I am under an obligation to do it*. *I will* do such a thing, means, *I intend to do it*, *It is my present purpose to do it*. Of course if you are under an obligation to do any thing, or if it be your intention to do any thing, the probability is that the thing will be done; but the Northern family of languages ventures no nearer than *that* toward the expression of the bare awful idea of Future Time. It was no wonder that Mr. Croaker was able to cast a gloom upon the gayest circle, and the happiest conjuncture of circumstances, by wishing that all might be as well that day six months! Six months! What might that time not do? Perhaps you have not read a little poem of Barry Cornwall's, the idea of which must come home to the heart of most of us:

"Touch us gently, Time!  
Let us glide adown thy stream,  
Gently—as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
Husband, wife, and children three—  
One is lost—an angel, fled  
To the azure overhead.

"Touch us gently, Time!  
We've not proud nor soaring wings:  
Our ambition, our content,  
Lies in simple things.  
Humble voyagers are we  
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,  
Seeking only some calm clime:  
Touch us gently, gentle Time!"

I know that sometimes, my friend, you will not have much sleep if, when you lay your head on your pillow, you begin to think how much depends upon your

health and life. You have reached now that time at which you value life and health not so much for their service to yourself, as for their needfulness to others. There is a petition familiar to me in this Scotch country where people make their prayers for themselves, which seems to me to possess great solemnity and force when we think of all that is implied in it. It is, *Spare useful lives!* One life, the slender line of blood passing into and passing out of one human heart, may decide the question whether wife and children shall grow up affluent, refined, happy, yes, and good; or be reduced to hard straits with all the manifold evils which grow of poverty in the case of those who have been reduced to it after knowing other things. You often think, I doubt not, in quiet hours, what would become of your children if you were gone. You have done, I trust, what you can to care for them, even from your grave: you think sometimes of a poetical figure of speech amid the dry technical phrases of English law: you know what is meant by the law of *Mortmain*; and you like to think that even your *dead hand* may be felt to be kindly intermeddling yet in the affairs of those who were your dearest: that some little sum, slender perhaps, but as liberal as you could make it, may come in periodically when it is wanted, and seem like the gift of a thoughtful heart and a kindly hand which are far away. Yes, cut down your present income to any extent, that you may make some provision for your children after you are dead. You do not wish that they should have the saddest of all reasons for taking care of you, and trying to lengthen out your life. But even after you have done every thing which your small means permit, you will still think, with an anxious heart, of the possibilities of Future Years. A man or woman who has children has very strong reasons for wishing to live as long as may be, and has no right to trifle with health or life. And sometimes, looking out into days to come, you think of the little things, hitherto so free from man's heritage of care, as they may some day be. You see them shabby, and early anxious: can *that* be the little boy's rosy face, now so pale and thin? You see them in a poor room, in which you recognize your study-chairs, with the hair coming out of the cushions; and a carpet which you remember now threadbare and in holes.



It is no wonder at all that people are so anxious about money. Money means every desirable material thing on earth; and the manifold immaterial things which come of material possessions. Poverty is the most comprehensive earthly evil; all conceivable evils, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, may come of *that*. Of course, great temptations attend its opposite; and the wise man's prayer will be what it was long ago—"Give me neither poverty nor riches." But let us have no nonsense talked about money being of no consequence. The want of it has made many a father and mother tremble at the prospect of being taken from their children; the want of it has embittered many a parent's dying hours. You hear selfish persons talking vaguely about faith. You find such heartless persons jauntily spending all they get on themselves, and then leaving their poor children to beggary, with the miserable pretext that they are doing all this through their abundant trust in God. Now this is not faith, it is insolent presumption. It is exactly as if a man should jump from the top of St. Paul's, and say that he had faith that the Almighty would keep him from being dashed to pieces on the pavement. There is a high authority as to such cases—"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." If God had promised that people should never fall into the miseries of penury under any circumstances, it would be faith to trust that promise, however unlikely of fulfillment it might seem in any particular case. But God has made no such promise; and if you leave your children without provision, you have no right to expect that they shall not suffer the natural consequences of your heartlessness and thoughtlessness. True faith lies in your doing every thing you possibly can, and *then* humbly trusting in God. And if, after you have done your very best, you must still go, with but a blank outlook for those you leave, why, *then* you may trust them to the Husband of the widow and Father of the fatherless. Faith, as regards such matters, means firm belief that God will do all he has promised to do, however difficult or unlikely. But some people seem to think that faith means firm belief that God will do whatever they think would suit them, however unreasonable, and however flatly in the face of all the established laws of his government.

We all have it in our power to make ourselves miserable, if we look far into future years and calculate their probabilities of evil, and steadily anticipate the worst. It is not expedient to calculate too far ahead. Of course, the right way in this, as in other things, is the middle way; we are not to run either into the extreme of over-carefulness and anxiety on the one hand, or of recklessness and imprudence on the other. But as mention has been made of faith, it may safely be said that we are forgetful of that rational trust in God which is at once our duty and our inestimable privilege, if we are always looking out into the future, and vexing ourselves with endless fears as to how things are to go then. There is no divine promise that if a reckless blockhead leaves his children to starve, they shall not starve. And a certain inspired volume speaks with extreme severity of the man who fails to provide for them of his own house. But there is a divine promise which says to the humble Christian: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." If your affairs are going on fairly now, be thankful, and try to do your duty, and to do your best, as a Christian man and a prudent man, and then leave the rest to God. Your children are about you; no doubt they may die, and it is fit enough that you should not forget the fragility of your most prized possessions; it is fit enough that you should sometimes sit by the fire and look at the merry faces and listen to the little voices, and think what it would be to lose them. But it is not needful, or rational, or Christian-like, to be always brooding on that thought. And when they grow up, it may be hard to provide for them. The little thing that is sitting on your knee may before many years be alone in life, thousands of miles from you and from his early home, an insignificant item in the bitter price which Britain pays for her Indian Empire. It is even possible, though you hardly for a moment admit *that* thought, that the child may turn out a heartless and wicked man, and prove your shame and heart-break; all wicked and heartless men have been the children of some body; and many of them doubtless the children of those who surmised the future as little as Eve did when she smiled upon the infant Cain. And the fireside by which you sit, now merry and noisy enough, may grow lonely—

lonely with the second loneliness, not the hopeful solitude of youth looking forward, but the desponding loneliness of age looking back. And it is so with every thing else. Your health may break down. Some fearful accident may befall you. The readers of the magazine may cease to care for your articles. People may get tired of your sermons. People may stop buying your books, your wine, your groceries, your milk and cream. Younger men may take away your legal business. Yet how often these fears prove utterly groundless! It was good and wise advice given by one who had managed, with a cheerful and hopeful spirit, to pass through many trying and anxious years, to "take short views:" not to vex and worry yourself by planning too far ahead. And a wiser than the wise and cheerful Sydney Smith had anticipated his philosophy. You remember who said: "Take no thought"—that is, no over-anxious and over-careful thought—"for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Did you ever sail over a blue summer sea toward a mountainous coast, frowning, sullen, gloomy; and have you not seen the gloom retire before you as you advanced: the hills, grim in the distance, stretch into sunny slopes when you neared them; and the waters smile in cheerful light that looked so black when they were far away? And who is there that has not seen the parallel in actual life? We have all known the anticipated ills of life—the danger that looked so big, the duty that looked so arduous, the entanglement that we could not see our way through—prove to have been nothing more than specters on the far horizon; and when at length we reached them, all their difficulty had vanished into air, leaving us to think what fools we had been for having so needlessly conjured up phantoms to disturb our quiet. Yes, there is no doubt of it, a very great part of all we suffer in this world is from the apprehension of things that never come. I remember well how a dear friend whom I (and many more) lately lost, told me many times of his fears as to what he would do in a certain contingency which both he and I thought was quite sure to come sooner or later. I knew that the anticipation of it caused him some of the most anxious hours of a very anxious though useful and honored life. How vain his fears proved! He was taken

from this world before what he had dreaded had cast its most distant shadow. Well, let me try to discard the notion which has been sometimes worrying me of late, that perhaps I have written as nearly many essays as any one will care to read. Don't let any of us give way to fears which may prove to have been entirely groundless.

And then, if we are really spared to see those trials we sometimes think of, and which it is right that we should sometimes think of, the strength for them will come at the time. They will not look nearly so black, and we shall be enabled to bear them bravely. There is in human nature a marvelous power of accommodation to circumstances. We can gradually make up our mind to almost any thing. If this were a sermon instead of an essay, I should explain my theory of how this comes to be. I see in all this something beyond the mere natural instinct of acquiescence in what is inevitable; something beyond the benevolent law in the human mind, that it shall adapt itself to whatever circumstances it may be placed in; something beyond the doing of the gentle comforter Time. Yes, it is wonderful what people can go through, wonderful what people can get reconciled to. I dare say my friend Smith, when his hair began to fall off, made frantic efforts to keep it on. I have no doubt he anxiously tried all the vile concoctions which quackery advertises in the newspapers, for the advantage of those who wish for luxuriant locks. I dare say for a while it really weighed upon his mind, and disturbed his quiet, that he was getting bald. But now he has quite reconciled himself to his lot; and with a head smooth and sheeny as the egg of the ostrich, Smith goes on through life, and feels no pang at the remembrance of the ambrosial curls of his youth. Most young people, I dare say, think it will be a dreadful thing to grow old: a girl of eighteen thinks it must be an awful sensation to be thirty. Believe me, not at all. You are brought to it bit by bit; and when you reach the spot you rather like the view. And it is so with graver things. We grow able to do and to bear that which it is needful that we should do and bear. As is the day so the strength proves to be. And you have heard people tell you truly, that they have been enabled to bear what they never thought they could have come through with their reason or

their life. I have no fear for the Christian man, so he keeps to the path of duty. Straining up the steep hill, his heart will grow stout in just proportion in its steepness. Yes, and if the call to martyrdom came, I should not despair of finding men who would show themselves equal to it, even in this common-place age, and among people who wear Highland cloaks and knickerbockers. The martyr's strength would come with the martyr's day. It is because there is no call for it now, that people look so little like it.

It is very difficult, in this world, to strongly enforce a truth, without seeming to push it into an extreme. You are very apt, in avoiding one error, to run into the opposite error; forgetting that truth and right lie generally between two extremes. And in agreeing with Sydney Smith, as to the wisdom and the duty of "taking short views," let us take care of appearing to approve the doings of those foolish and unprincipled people who will keep no outlook into the future time at all. A bee, you know, can not see more than a single inch before it; and there are many men, and perhaps more women, who appear, as regards their domestic concerns, to be very much of bees. Not bees in the respect of being busy; but bees in the respect of being blind. You see this in all ranks of life. You see it in the artisan, earning good wages, yet with every prospect of being weeks out of work next summer or winter; who yet will not be persuaded to lay by a little in preparation for a rainy day. You see it in the country gentleman, who, having five thousand a year, spends ten thousand a year; resolutely shutting his eyes to the certain and not very remote consequences. You see it in the man who walks into a shop and buys a lot of things which he has not the money to pay for, in the vague hope that something will turn up. It is a comparatively thoughtful and anxious class of men who systematically overcloud the present by anticipations of the future. The more usual thing is to sacrifice the future to the present; to grasp at what in the way of present gratification or gain can be got, with very little thought of the consequences. You see silly women, the wives of men whose families are mainly dependent on their lives, constantly urging on their husbands to extravagances which eat up the little provision which might have been made for themselves and their

children when he is gone who earned their bread. There is no sadder sight, I think, than that which is not a very uncommon sight, the care-worn, anxious husband, laboring beyond his strength, often sorrowfully calculating how he may make the ends to meet, denying himself in every way; and the extravagant idiot of a wife, bedizened with jewelry and arrayed in velvet and lace, who tosses away his hard earnings in reckless extravagance; in entertainments which he can not afford; in giving to people who do not care a rush for him; in preposterous dress; in absurd furniture; in needless men-servants; in green-grocers above measure; in resolute aping of the way of living of people with twice or three times the means. It is sad to see all the forethought, prudence, and moderation of the wedded pair confined to one of them. You would say that it will not be any solid consolation to the widow, when the husband is fairly worried into his grave at last — when his daughters have to go out as governesses, and she has to let lodgings—to reflect that while he lived they never failed to have champagne at his dinner-parties; and that they had three men to wait at table on such occasions, while Mr. Smith next door had never more than one and a maid-servant. If such idiotic women would but look forward, and consider how all this must end! If the professional man spends all he earns, what remains when the supply is out off; when the toiling head and hand can toil no more? Ah! a little of the economy and management which must perforce be practiced after *that*, might have tended powerfully to put off the evil day. Sometimes the husband is merely the care-worn drudge who provides what the wife squanders. Have you not known such a thing as that a man should be laboring under an Indian sun, and cutting down every personal expense to the last shilling, that he might send a liberal allowance to his wife in England; while she meanwhile was recklessly spending twice what was thus sent her; running up overwhelming accounts, dashing about to public balls, paying for a bouquet what costs the poor fellow far away much thought to save, giving costly entertainments at home, filling her house with idle and empty-headed scapegraces, carrying on scandalous flirtations; till it becomes a happy thing if the certain ruin she is bringing on

her husband's head is cut short by the needful interference of Sir Cresswell Cresswell? There are cases in which tarring and feathering would soothe the moral sense of the right-minded onlooker. And even where things are not so bad as in the case of which we have been thinking, it remains the social curse of this age, that people with a few hundreds a year determinedly act in various respects as if they had as many thousands. The dinner given by a man with eight hundred a year, in certain regions of the earth which I could easily point out, is, as regards food, wine, and attendance, precisely the same as the dinner given by another man who has five thousand a year. When will this end? When will people see its silliness? In truth, you do not really, as things are in this country, make many people better off by adding a little or a good deal to their yearly income. For in all probability they were living up to the very extremity of their means before they got the addition; and in all probability the first thing they do on getting the addition, is so far to increase their establishment and their expense that it is just as hard a struggle as ever to make the ends meet. It would not be a pleasant arrangement that a man who was to be carried across the straits from England to France, should be fixed on a board so weighted that his mouth and nostrils should be at the level of the water, and thus that he should be struggling for life, and barely escaping drowning all the way. Yet hosts of people, whom no one proposes to put under restraint, do as regards their income and expenditure a precisely analogous thing. They deliberately weight themselves to that degree that their heads are barely above water, and that any unforeseen emergency dips their heads under. They rent a house a good deal dearer than they can justly afford; and they have servants more and more expensive than they ought; and by many such things they make sure that their progress through life shall be a drowning struggle. While if they would rationally resolve and manfully confess that they can not afford to have things as richer folk have them, and arrange their way of living in accordance with what they can afford, they would enjoy the feeling of ease and comfort; they would not be ever on the wretched stretch on which they are now, nor keeping up the hollow appearance of

what is not the fact. But there are folk who make it a point of honor never to admit that in doing or not doing any thing, they are actuated for an instant by so despicable a consideration as the question whether or not they can afford it. And who shall reckon up the brains which this social calamity has driven into disease, or the early paralytic shocks which it has brought on?

When you were very young, and looked forward to Future Years, did you ever feel a painful fear that you might outgrow your early home affections, and your associations with your native scenes? Did you ever think to yourself, Will the day come when I shall have been years away from that river's side, and yet not care? I think we have all known the feeling. O plain church to which I used to go when I was a child, and where I used to think the singing so very splendid: O little room where I used to sleep; and you, tall tree, on whose topmost branch I cut the initials which the readers of *Fraser* know; did I not even then wonder to myself if the time would ever come when I should be far away from you—far away as now, for many years, and not likely to go back—and yet feel entirely indifferent to the matter; and did not I even then feel a strange pain in the fear that very likely it might? These things come across the mind of a little boy with a curious grief and bewilderment. Ah! there is something strange in the inner life of a thoughtful child of eight years old. I would rather see a faithful record of his thoughts, feelings, fancies, and sorrows, for a single week, than know all the political events that have happened during that space in Spain, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Turkey. Even amid the great grief at leaving home for school in your early days, did you not feel a greater grief to think that the day might come when you would not care at all; when your home ties and affections would be outgrown; when you would be quite content to live on month after month far from parents, sisters, brothers; and feel hardly a perceptible blank when you remembered that they were far away? But it is of the essence of such fears, that when the thing comes that you were afraid of, it has ceased to be fearful; still it is with a little pang that you sometimes call to remembrance how much you feared it once. It is a daily regret, though not

a very acute one, (more's the pity,) to be thrown much, in middle life, into the society of an old friend whom as a boy you had regarded as very wise; and to be compelled to observe that he is a tremendous fool. You struggle with the conviction; you think it wrong to give in to it; but you can not help it. But it would have been a sharper pang to the child's heart, to have impressed upon the child the fact that "Good Mr. Goose is a fool, and some day you will understand that he is." In those days one admits no imperfection in the people and the things one likes. You like a person; and *he is good*. That sums the whole case. You do not go into exceptions and reservations. I remember how indignant I felt as a boy, at reading some depreciatory criticism of the *Waverley Novels*. The criticism was to the effect that the plots generally dragged at first, and were huddled up at the end. But to me the novels were enchanting, enthralling; and to hint a defect in them stunned one. In the boy's feeling, if a thing be good, why, there can not be any thing bad about it. But in the man's mature judgment, even in the people he likes best, and in the things he appreciates most highly, there are many flaws and imperfections. It does not vex us much now to find that this is so; but it would have greatly vexed us many years since to have been told that it would be so. I can well imagine that if you told a thoughtful and affectionate child, how well he would some day get on, far from his parents and his home, his wish would be that any evil might befall him rather than that. We shrink with terror from the prospect of things which we can take easily enough when they come. I dare say Lord Chancellor Thurlow was moderately sincere when he exclaimed in the House of Peers: "When I forget my king, may my God forget me!" And you will understand what Leigh Hunt meant when, in his pleasant poem of *The Palfrey*, he tells us of a daughter who had lost a very bad and heartless father by death, that,

"The daughter wept, and wept the more,  
To think her tears would soon be o'er."

Even in middle age, one sad thought which comes in the prospect of Future Years is of the change which they are sure to work upon many of our present

views and feelings. And the change, in many cases, will be to the worse. One thing is certain, that your temper will grow worse if it do not grow better. Years will sour it, if they do not mellow it. Another certain thing is, that if you do not grow wiser, you will be growing more foolish. It is very true that there is no fool so foolish as an old fool. Let us hope, my friend, that whatever be our honest worldly work, it may never lose its interest. We must always speak humbly about the changes which coming time will work upon us, upon even our firmest resolutions and most rooted principles; or I should say for myself that I can not even imagine myself the same being, with bent less resolute and heart less warm to that best of all employments which is the occupation of my life. But there are few things which, as we grow older, impress us more deeply than the transitoriness of thoughts and feelings in human hearts. Nor am I thinking of contemptible people only when I say so. I am not thinking of the fellow who is pulled up in court in an action for breach of promise of marriage, and who in one letter makes vows of unalterable affection, and in another letter, written a few weeks or months later, tries to wriggle out of his engagement. Nor am I thinking of the weak though well-meaning lady, who devotes herself in succession to a great variety of uneducated and unqualified religious instructors; who tells you one week how she has joined the flock of Mr. A., the converted prize-fighter, and how she regards him as by far the most improving preacher she ever heard; and who tells you the next week that she has seen through the prize-fighter, that he has gone and married a wealthy Roman Catholic, and that now she has resolved to wait on the ministry of Mr. B., an enthusiastic individual who makes shoes during the week and gives sermons on Sundays, and in whose addresses she finds exactly what suits her. I speak of the better feelings and purposes of wiser if not better folk. Let me think here of pious emotions and holy resolutions, of the best and purest frames of heart and mind. Oh! if we could all always remain at our best! And after all, permanence is the great test. In the matter of Christian faith and feeling, in the matter of all our worthier principles and purposes, *that* which lasts longest is best. This indeed is true of

most things. The worth of any thing depends much upon its durability—upon the wear that is in it. A thing that is merely a fine flash and over, only disappoints. The highest authority has recognized this. You remember who said to his friends, before leaving them, that He would have them bring forth fruit, and much fruit. But not even *that* was enough. The fairest profession for a time, the most earnest labor for a time, the most ardent affection for a time, would not suffice. And so the Redeemer's words were: "I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that *your fruit should remain.*" Well, let us trust that in the most solemn of all respects, only progress shall be brought to us by all the changes of Future Years.

But it is quite vain to think that feelings, as distinguished from principles, shall not lose much of their vividness, freshness, and depth, as time goes on. You can not now by any effort revive the exultation you felt at some unexpected great success, nor the heart-sinking of some terrible loss or trial. You know how women, after the death of a child, determine that every day, as long as they live, they will visit the little grave. And they do so for a time, sometimes for a long time; but they gradually leave off. You know how burying-places are very trimly and carefully kept at first, and how flowers are hung upon the stone; but these things gradually cease. You know how many husbands and wives, after their partner's death, determine to give the remainder of life to the memory of the departed, and would regard with sincere horror the suggestion that it was possible they should ever marry again; but after a while they do. And you will even find men, beyond middle age, who made a tremendous work at their first wife's death, and wore very conspicuous mourning, who in a very few months may be seen dangling after some new fancy, and who in the prospect of their second marriage evince an exhilaration that approaches to crackiness. It is usual to speak of such things in a ludicrous manner, but I confess the matter seems to me any thing but one to laugh at. I think that the rapid dying out of warm feelings, the rapid change of fixed resolutions, is one of the most sorrowful subjects of reflection which it is possible to suggest. Ah! my friends, after we die, it would not

be expedient, even if it were possible, to come back. Many of us would not like to find how very little they miss us. But still, it is the manifest intention of the Creator that strong feelings should be transitory. The sorrowful thing is when they pass, and leave absolutely no trace behind them. There should always be some corner kept in the heart for a feeling which once possessed it all. Let us look at the case temperately. Let us face and admit the facts. The healthy body and mind can get over a great deal; but there are some things which it is not to the credit of our nature should ever be entirely got over. Here are sober truth, and sound philosophy, and sincere feeling together, in the words of Philip van Artevelde:

"Well, well, she's gone,  
And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief  
Are transitory things, no less than joy;  
And though they leave us not the men we  
were,  
Yet they do leave us. You behold me here,  
A man bereaved, with something of a blight  
Upon the early blossoms of his life,  
And its first verdure—having not the less  
A living root, and drawing from the earth  
Its vital juices, from the air its powers:  
And surely as man's heart and strength are  
whole,  
His appetites regerminate, his heart  
Reopens, and his objects and desires  
Spring up renewed."

But though Artevelde speaks truly and well, you remember how Mr. Taylor, in that noble play, works out to our view the sad sight of the deterioration of character, the growing coarseness and harshness, the lessening tenderness and kindness, which are apt to come with advancing years. Great trials, we know, passing over us, may influence us either for the worse or the better; and unless our nature is a very obdurate and poor one, though they may leave us, they will not leave us the men we were. Once, at a public meeting, I heard a man in eminent station make a speech. I had never seen him before; but I remembered an inscription which I had read, in a certain churchyard far away, upon the stone that marked the resting-place of his young wife, who had died many years before. I thought of its simple words of manly and hearty sorrow. I knew that the eminence he had reached had not come till she who would have been proudest of it was beyond knowing it or caring for it. And

I can not say with what interest and satisfaction I thought I could trace, in the features which were sad without the infusion of a grain of sentimentalism, in the subdued and quiet tone of the man's whole aspect and manner and address, the manifest proof that he had not shut down the leaf upon that old page of his history, that he had never quite got over that great grief of earlier years. One felt better and more hopeful for the sight. I suppose many people, after meeting some overwhelming loss or trial, have fancied that they would soon die; but that is almost invariably a delusion. Various dogs have died of a broken heart, but very few human beings. The inferior creature has pined away at his master's loss; as for *us*, it is not that one would doubt the depth and sincerity of sorrow, but that there is more endurance in our constitution, and that God has appointed that grief shall rather mold and influence than kill. It is a much sadder sight than an early death, to see human beings live on after heavy trial, and sink into something very unlike their early selves and very inferior to their early selves. I can well believe that many a human being, if he could have a glimpse in innocent youth of what he will be twenty or thirty years after, would pray in anguish to be taken before coming to *that*! Mansie Wauch's glimpse of destitution was bad enough; but a million times worse is a glimpse of hardened and unabashed sin and shame. And it would be no comfort—it would be an aggravation in that view—to think that by the time you have reached that miserable point, you will have grown pretty well reconciled to it. *That* is the worst of all. To be wicked and depraved, and to feel it, and to be wretched under it, is bad enough; but it is a great deal worse to have fallen into that depth of moral degradation, and to feel that really you don't care. The instinct of accommodation is not always a blessing. It is happy for us that though in youth we hoped to live in a castle or a palace, we can make up our mind to live in a little parsonage or a quiet street in a country town. It is happy for us that though in youth we hoped to be very great and famous, we are so entirely reconciled to being little and unknown. But it is not happy for the poor girl who walks the Haymarket at night that she feels her degradation so little. It is not

happy that she has come to feel toward her miserable life so differently now from what she would have felt toward it had it been set before her while she was the blooming, thoughtless creature in the little cottage in the country. It is only by fits and starts that the poor drunken wretch, living in a garret upon a little pittance allowed him by his relations, who was once a man of character and hope, feels what a sad pitch he has come to. If you could get him to feel it constantly, there would be some hope of his reclamation even yet.

It seems to me a very comforting thought, in looking on to Future Years, if you are able to think that you are in a profession or a calling from which you will never retire. For the prospect of a total change in your mode of life, and the entire cessation of the occupation which for many years employed the greater part of your waking thoughts, and all this amid the failing powers and flagging hopes of declining years, is both a sad and a perplexing prospect to a thoughtful person. For such a person can not regard this great change simply in the light of a rest from toil and worry; he will know quite well what a blankness, and listlessness, and loss of interest in life, will come of feeling all at once that you have nothing at all to do. And so it is a great blessing if your vocation be one which is a dignified and befitting one for an old man to be engaged in; one that befits his gravity and his long experience; one that befits even his slow movements and his white hairs. It is a pleasant thing to see an old man a judge; his years become the judgment-seat. But then the old man can hold such an office only while he retains strength of body and mind efficiently to perform its duties; and he must do all his work for himself; and accordingly a day must come when the venerable Chancellor resigns the Great Seal; when the aged Justice or Baron must give up his place; and when these honored Judges, though still retaining considerable vigor, but vigor less than enough for their hard work, are compelled to feel that their occupation is gone. And accordingly I hold that what is the best of all professions, for many reasons, is especially so for this, that you need never retire from it. In the Church you need not do all your duty yourself. You may get assist-

ance to supplement your own lessening strength. The energetic young curate or curates may do that part of the parish work which exceeds the power of the aging incumbent, while the entire parochial machinery has still the advantage of being directed by his wisdom and experience; and while the old man is still permitted to do what he can with such strength as is spared to him, and to feel that he is useful in the noblest cause yet. And even to extremest age and frailty—to age and frailty which would long since have incapacitated the judge for the bench—the parish clergyman may take some share in the much-loved duty in which he has labored so long. He may still, though briefly, and only now and then, address his flock from the pulpit, in words which his very feebleness will make far more touchingly effective than the most vigorous eloquence and the richest and fullest tones of his young coadjutors. There never will be, within the sacred walls, a silence and reverence more profound than when the withered kindly face looks as of old upon the congregation, to whose fathers its owner first ministered, and which has grown up mainly under his instruction; and when the voice that falls familiarly on so many ears, tells again, quietly and earnestly, the old story which we all need so much to hear. And he may still look in at the parish school, and watch the growth of a generation that is to do the work of life when he is in his grave: and kindly smooth the children's heads; and tell them how one, once a little child, and never more than a young man, brought salvation alike to young and old. He may still sit by the bedside of the sick and dying, and speak to such with the sympathy and the solemnity of one who does not forget that the last great realities are drawing near to both. But there are vocations which are all very well for young or middle-aged people, but which do not quite suit the old. Such is that of the barrister. Wrangling and hair-splitting, brow-beating and bewildering witnesses, making coarse jokes to excite the laughter of common jurymen, and addressing such with clap-trap bellowings, are not the work for gray-headed men. If such remain at the bar, rather let them have the more refined work of the equity courts, where you address judges and not juries; and where you spare clap-trap and misrepresentation, if for no better

reason, because you know that these will not stand you in the slightest stead. The work which best befits the aged, the work for which no mortal can ever become too venerable and dignified, or too weak and frail, is the work of Christian usefulness and philanthropy. And it is a beautiful sight to see, as I trust we all have seen, *that* work persevered in with the closing energies of life. It is a noble test of the soundness of the principle that prompted to its first undertaking. It is a hopeful and cheering sight to younger men, looking out with something of fear to the temptations and trials of the years before them. Oh! if the gray-haired clergyman, with less now indeed of physical strength and mere physical warmth, yet preaches, with the added weight and solemnity of his long experience, the same blessed doctrines now, after forty years, that he preached in his early prime; if the philanthropist of half a century since is the philanthropist still—still kind, hopeful, and unwearied, though with the snows of age upon his head, and the hand that never told its fellow of what it did, now trembling as it does the deed of mercy: then I think that even the most doubtful will believe that the principle and the religion of such men were a glorious reality! The sternest of all touchstones of the genuineness of our better feelings, is the fashion in which they stand the wear of years.

But my shortening space warns me to stop; and I must cease, for the present, from these thoughts of Future Years. Cease, I mean, from writing about that mysterious tract before us; who can cease from thinking of it? You remember how the writer of that little poem which has been quoted asks Time to touch gently him and his. Of course he spoke as a poet, stating the case fancifully; but not forgetting that when we come to sober sense, we must prefer our requests to an Ear more ready to hear us, and a hand more ready to help. It is not to Time that I shall apply to lead me through life into immortality! And I can not think of years to come without going back to a greater poet, whom we need not esteem the less because his inspiration was loftier than that of the Muses, who has summed up so grandly in one comprehensive sentence all the possibilities which could befall *him* in the days and ages before him.



"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory!" Let us humbly trust that in that sketch, round and complete, of all that can ever come to us, my readers and I may be able to read the history of our Future Years!

A. K. H. B.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## SOLDIERS AND THEIR SCIENCE.\*

A MELANCHOLY interest attaches to the work bearing the above title. It is from the pen of one of those victims to Tartar treachery, whose fate, while yet doubtful, was the subject of the hopes and fears of many an English heart. The sequel is too well known; and all that remains is to mourn the loss of one so highly gifted, and the premature close of a career of such early and brilliant promise.

Independently, however, of the sad interest thus attaching to it, the work before us claims peculiar notice on its own account, as an admirable free hand sketch of military history. The signs of the times have brought out the military spirit of the nation. A volunteer army has sprung into existence, and one among many other merits which it possesses is, that it is an army of educated soldiers. Such men can not fail to acquire *some* notions of the science of that in which they are engaged, standing in this respect distinguished from uneducated men, whose reflections are commonly bounded by the objects around them. It is true there are two sides to this picture. There is, as regards military bodies, an element of weakness as well as of strength in the fact here stated, but we have no alternative but to accept the one with the other. A highly educated force may criticise and disobey, just as an uneducated force will be more prone to the lower vices and become more easily demoralized. It is obvious that the best antidote to the former danger is good military instruction, such as will instill sound notions, so far as it goes, while it never ceases to warn against hasty conclu-

sions from imperfect data, and even against the too rigorous application of principles and maxims which, however generally true, may be absolutely inappropriate to the particular case.

Nor is it only to volunteers that such instruction is necessary. It is evident that the late improvements in fire-arms tend to bring into greater importance individual action, to throw both soldiers and officers more on their own resources, to make less of the machine and more of the man. It is therefore of great consequence that the young officer should early become acquainted with sound military principles, over and above what he will learn in the barrack-square, or on the field-day. Not that such principles will, or at least ought to be, antagonistic to the latter teaching. Rather, by showing the end which is desired to be attained, they will prove its best illustration.

Captain Brabazon's work is well calculated for this purpose. Being short, it is professedly discursive, and leaves the field open to more minute inquiry in every question it opens. But it is not the less suggestive, and in this quality consists perhaps its greatest merit. It seizes the salient points of military history as illustrated by the greatest commanders, ancient and modern. Generalization is ventured upon freely, but dogmatism is carefully excluded. Principles start spontaneously out of the narrative, but are left as the history leaves them, seldom, perhaps indeed too seldom, developed, and never assuming the axiomatic form.

Some illustration of the above remarks may now be not unacceptable.

To Epaminondas is assigned the honor of the discovery of "that great principle

\* *Soldiers and their Science.* By Captain BRABAZON, R.A. London: J. W. Parker. 1860.

of war which, independent of the nature of the troops and arms employed, will forever form the basis of good military combinations ;" and this principle is defined to be "the concentration of an overwhelming force upon a decisive point." Reference is of course here made to the battles of Leuctra and Mantinea, the first in history which may be fairly said to have been generals' battles, as distinguished from those which, like Marathon, the Lutzen of Gustavus Adolphus, Inkermann, and others, were essentially soldiers' battles. The problem which Epaminondas was called upon to solve, was how to beat a well-appointed and disciplined army with a very inferior force ; and he plainly saw that if he pitted man against man, he would be defeated by the mere force of numbers. Hitherto, when armies were about to engage, they were drawn up in parallel order, and in lines of equal strength throughout, and the battle soon became general along the whole front ; an arrangement evidently disadvantageous to the weaker party. Epaminondas, in the actions above named, massed the principal part of his forces upon the one or the other flank, leaving the remainder of his line comparatively weak. He then attacked the enemy on some advantageous point, whether on the flank or center, with the wing thus reinforced, holding back, or, in military phrase, *refusing* the rest of his line, until, having pierced and routed that part of the enemy's force on which was thus accumulated the whole weight of the assault, the "refused" wing could take its part in the remainder of the action against a half-beaten and dispirited foe, and complete his defeat.

The importance of the principle thus practically enunciated by Epaminondas can scarcely be over-stated. It lies at the root of all strategy, whether that term be applied to the general operations of a campaign, or to those of the battle-field. And the lesson it teaches is this : that there is, or ought to be, at every moment, some *one* object to be attained, on which the efforts of the whole disposable force should, if necessary, be concentrated. To discover this object, and then to attain it, are of course the practical questions to be solved in each particular case, and they are questions of exceeding difficulty ; but it is a great step gained when this oneness of purpose is recognized as a preliminary necessity, and when the action of every

man, horse, and gun, is then combined toward its accomplishment, instead of being frittered away, as is too often the case, in a thousand objectless efforts.

In the battle of Mantinea, the Theban general further bequeathed to us the important principle of marching, when in presence of an enemy, in the order in which it is designed to fight him ; the strict observance of which saved perhaps the French Emperor at the battle of Solferino. This merit is indeed assigned by our author, but it would appear erroneously, to Hamilcar, though there is no doubt that the science of marches was greatly advanced by the Carthaginian general. To such a degree of perfection indeed was it brought under his auspices, that—

"At an interval of two thousand years, Frederick, in some of his most brilliant maneuvers, may be said rather to have equalled than surpassed him. Before Hamilcar reduced the principle of marches to a system, generals were often content, after selecting a point at which to meet the enemy, to advance toward it by the shortest route, and in an order of march which has been aptly termed processional, reserving their talent for the choice of a good position and the skillful occupation of it by their troops. Disdaining so conventional a method, Hamilcar, in the proximity of the enemy, broke up his army into several columns, thus increasing its mobility, and assimilating its order of march to its order of battle. He then boldly advanced by maneuvering marches, in which his troops were so disposed as to be able to give battle in any direction, and on any point of the space they were traversing ; while such were the rapidity and variety of his evolutions, that they baffled and disconcerted even those veterans who had formerly become inured to war under his command." (P. 82.)

The science of marches thus initiated by Epaminondas, and brought to such perfection by Hamilcar, was well understood in the subsequent ages of Greece and Rome, but appears to have been lost in the Middle Ages, and not to have been recovered till, with what may be termed the modern military epoch, it received a new existence in the days of Maurice of Nassau.

The military art has now been traced to its origin in two of its most important branches, but it is to be observed that in each of these the object in view is limited to the mere scene of conflict. It was reserved to Alexander to vastly extend the strategical horizon. That great conqueror appears to have regarded war not as a

mere series of disconnected actions, but as a whole ; embracing every circumstance affecting the welfare of his army, establishing a regular system of transport and supply, keeping the army well furnished with pontoons and battering trains, aiding its operations by a staff of engineers and draughtsmen, making the battle subservient to the campaign, and this again, to an unbounded scheme of military policy. But the lesson of military science handed down to us by Alexander, is preëminently that of patient yet enterprising strategy :

"Rapid in his marches, and impetuous in battle, he could wait and wait until seven months of tedious and apparently hopeless labor had reduced the stronghold of Tyre, and gained for his army a secure base of operations ; nor would he advance against the Persians, twice defeated, on the Granicus and the Issus, until he had established his authority along the whole coast, from the Black Sea to Alexandria, and thus cut off the enemy from all communication with the malcontents in Greece." (P. 19.)

In war, as in every thing else, the most brilliant exploits rest on a deep substratum of common-sense. In Alexander, Gustavus Adolphus, Napoleon, and our own illustrious Wellington, we find the same tenacity in securing a firm base of operations and well-guarded line of communications from the base to the front, which underlies all strategical science. At first sight, we should expect to find this less displayed in the campaigns of Napoleon, who appears sometimes to plunge into the midst of his enemies regardless of all system. But this is only because the excessive brilliancy of his successes conceals the means by which they were obtained. In the most dashing of his campaigns, that of 1796, in Italy, he himself has taken pains to show us that on his line of operation, from Chambery to Verona, he had no less than four fortified places as dépôts for his magazines and hospitals ; and in the ensuing campaign, that of 1797, he had, on a line of operation extending eighty leagues from Mantua to his camp on the Simmering, no less than three places in échelon, and a point of support at every five or six marches. In modern war, this regularity of system is first found in the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus. While studiously preserving his own communications, the Swedish monarch continually threatened those of the enemy ; husband-

ing his strength, and careful of his troops he held them well in hand, seldom detached them, and was ready to launch them on their enemy with terrific violence the moment the occasion offered. The strategy of our own great chief of modern times might be described in terms almost identical.

Hannibal appears on the scene rather as an operator of consummate skill with the instruments then possessed and generally known, than as the originator of any new strategical or tactical principles. His marches were models of successful enterprise, as his battles were models of deep-laid stratagem and rapid *coup d'œil*. The mere fact of his holding together for so many years, in the midst of a hostile country, an army composed of such heterogeneous elements as was the so-called Carthaginian army, proves him to have possessed an extraordinary moral ascendancy over all around him. In this quality, indeed, as well as in his power of forming alliances and combinations, in his abundant use of stratagem, and his decisive assaults of cavalry, he bears a remarkable resemblance to Marlborough, as in the completeness of the defeat he usually inflicted on his enemy he may be compared with Cromwell, Nelson, and Napoleon. The latter is a strong test of the moral power of a commander. When the conflict is over it requires no common sway over men to urge them on, exhausted with the struggle, to fresh attacks and fresh pursuits. To do so implies a tenacity of will which will be satisfied with nothing short of the absolute accomplishment of its purpose, and which may of itself be almost said to constitute greatness.

In the old Roman army we see reflected the special genius of the nation for law and government, in the form of discipline and organization. Its marches alone are a proof of the excellence of its administration ; for then, as now, large masses of men, if not well paid and fed, would fall out of their ranks and turn marauders ; and the mere fact that it was possible to enforce the severest penalties against plunder, is a proof that the army was so well cared for as to make the perpetration of it a crime. One of the strongest evidences, however, to the same purport, is to be found in the high dignity attaching to the rank of *Quæstor*, an office corresponding to our Commissary-General, but more nearly perhaps to the French Inter-

dant. This officer could rise to the highest commands. The circumstance of his superintending the civil departments, as we should term them, of the army, was in the eye of the Roman no derogation to his military position; rather, by rendering him familiar both with the general operations and with the details of those collateral services on which the well-being of an army so much depends, such an experience educated him in the best possible school for the chief command. There is much matter for reflection in all this. It is a very difficult question, whether a commissariat department should consist of civilian officers, as in the British service, or of military officers, as in the French army and our own army in India. But there can be no doubt that the more we elevate the rank of the officer at the head of such a department, and render him capable of attaining the highest offices in the state, the more likely will it be that our armies will be well cared for, and therefore efficient. Surely history does not speak in vain when it tells us that Rome's greatest orator and Rome's greatest general had been commissary-generals. Cicero was commissary-general, as we should say, in Sicily, and Cæsar in Spain.

On the special genius of Cæsar our author has a passage which we should do wrong to the work not to transcribe *in extenso*. Speaking of the *Commentaries*, he observes:

"Through the easy clearness of his narrative we enter into the motives and opinions of the General. We admire his vigorous conceptions, and the electric rapidity of his strokes; but beyond all, we admire the boundless variety of his resources, and the completeness of the duties which he assumed and scrupulously discharged. As chief of the army, he not only directed its marches, and led it in battle, but he dwells with pride on the happy artifices of his siege operations; he relates how he procured supplies in the enemy's country, and often obtained by negotiation and treaty what he despaired of gaining by force of arms; how he built ships of novel design, destroyed the enemy's fleets, and even transported one of his own by land; how he constructed impregnable works, and threw bridges across the most rapid rivers, so that Cæsar included in the office of a Roman general those of admiral and naval architect, of ambassador, commissary, and engineer; and thought no detail beneath his notice which might contribute, however remotely, to the safety and welfare of his army.

"This universality of his genius gave to all

Cæsar's enterprises a unity of design which can rarely characterize those of a less versatile commander. Since artillery and fortification have been treated as distinct sciences, and a vast accumulation of stores has become necessary for the maintenance of an army in the field, custom has sanctioned a division of power among various departments which is doubtless beneficial when confined to matters of executive detail. But whenever a general has had the power and the will to desert the beaten track, and assume the responsible control of every branch of his army, then experience has proved that the great operations of war are ever most successful when they all obey the original impulse of one mind." (P. 49.)

We may observe with respect to many of these eminently practical qualifications a counterpart to the great Roman conqueror in the Duke of Wellington. His well-known boast was, that if other generals could fight armies, he could feed them. In the lines of Torres Vedras, which immortalized him as a defensive commander, he was, in respect to their general plan, his own engineer; both the general position and the place and size of the works being detailed in a memorandum of instructions to the commanding Royal Engineer, "written after a detailed reconnaissance of the ground, and a personal visit to every part of it." And in every line of the Duke's dispatches we observe the same care for the smallest as well as the most important details; the exemplification in his own person of the rule he ever strongly inculcated on his officers, and which we hope will be looked upon as the guiding principle of those officers who are now beginning to issue from the Staff College to undertake their duties on the staff of the army:

"It is to be hoped that the general and other officers of the army will at last acquire that experience which will teach them that *success can be attained only by attention to the most minute details, and by tracing every part of every operation from its origin to its conclusion, point by point, and ascertaining that the whole is understood by those who are to execute it.*" (Dispatches; 15th May, 1811.)

It would be difficult to find in the whole range of military literature a more simple or more practical lesson of wisdom than this.

We pass by the subsequent military history of the ancient world, and that of the Middle Ages, which is almost barren of useful results in a scientific point of view, and find our attention arrested once

more by a great Eastern conqueror, who in his day must have made more than Asia tremble. We allude of course to Timour. It is much the fashion to view this great chieftain as the mere leader of innumerable hordes, and the subduer of less warlike tribes. But our author has pointed out with great force and clearness the claims of Timour to a place in history as a cavalry commander of the highest order.

"His method of attack, however it might vary in application, was in principle always the same. Rapid and successive charges in échelon from the center, supported by strong and well-directed reserves, formed the basis of a system of cavalry tactics which we owe to this great general, and which the experience of succeeding ages has been unable to improve." (P. 90.)

"The army being drawn up in three lines of tomans or squadrons, the attack was usually opened by the two center squadrons of the first line, which rapidly advanced to the charge, closely succeeded by the two squadrons which had stood on either side of them in line, and which now covered their flanks; these again were supported by the adjoining squadrons, and so on until the whole of the first line was engaged. Each separate attack afforded a chance of victory, while, as each was in a measure independent, its failure did not occasion any general rout.

"If disorders appeared at any point of the Tartar lines, Timour, who watched over the field from a commanding post, dispatched instant succor; but if the whole front either wavered or recoiled, then the occasion was worthy of the general himself. In his own words, 'The time was come to put the foot of courage into the stirrup of patience,' and placing himself at the head of his reserves, he charged into the thickest of the fight. This appearance of Timour in person never failed to turn the doubtful balance. The fiery courage of the soldier prevailed, when the deeply-studied plans of the general might have miscarried." (P. 98.)

With Timour's method of attack the writer compares that of Cromwell at Naseby, and observes on the close resemblance between the systems of these two self-taught generals. At the battle of Naseby, Cromwell commanded the cavalry of the right wing, and attacked by successive divisions, or, in military phrase, in échelon from his left, that is, from the side nearest the center of the whole line. The cavalry of Seidlitz and Ziethen, organized under the eye of Frederick the Great, and which was probably the finest that modern Europe has yet seen, is noticed in the same happy spirit of generalization:

"In the management of his cavalry, Frederick

was guided by the same principles as Timour and Cromwell. He sacrificed weight to speed, and relied upon rapid and successive charges supported by strong reserves. Such a system has in all ages proved its superiority over that of heavy, cumbrous squadrons maneuvering at a slow pace, and trusting either to the effect of their fire or to the mere weight of men and horses; yet how seldom do we see it adopted and fully carried out." (P. 204.)

Modern strategy has been said, and we think justly, to owe its origin to Gustavus Adolphus. He certainly was the first who thoroughly appreciated the importance of keeping open the communications with the rear, by which alone provision could be made for the constant drain of ammunition and exhaustion of supplies in the front or fighting line. And in the same degree as it was incumbent upon him to preserve his own roads of communication with the sources of supply, was it important, as he clearly saw, to threaten, and, if possible, possess himself of those of the enemy. This opened a new and more scientific object to military operations. Hitherto commanders of armies had contented themselves with leading their forces to battle according to the most approved fashion, and taking the chances of victory or defeat. The object was, so far, still the same, but with this addition, that, supposing the preliminary strategical maneuvers to have been successful, the enemy, if defeated, would be cut off from his sources of supply, and virtually annihilated. It was of course essential that no such catastrophe should follow upon defeat in the opposite case; and hence the principle of war here referred to, technically expressed, is to threaten, and if possible possess yourself of, the enemy's lines of communication without exposing your own. The principle is simple enough, although it was long before it was enunciated, or even tacitly acted upon, but the application is in general excessively difficult. The question is solved, when an army can by any means place itself on the flank of the hostile columns between their base of operations and their front, while its own line of communication and of retreat lies direct to its rear, and is as far removed as possible from any possible attempts of the enemy. The action of the Prussians at Waterloo, it will be seen, was essentially of this character.

That the true principle of war from the earliest ages has been to guard carefully

the base of operations—that is to say, the sources of supplies of all kinds, and the lines of communication with that base, does not admit of dispute. We have already seen it illustrated by Alexander. But if so important when war was comparatively a simple affair, and when little more than the supplies of food had to be conveyed, how essential must be its observance in the complex military operations of modern times, when the necessary transport train even of a small army winds its way over miles and miles of road, and when the engines and munitions of war are so bulky and weighty that it requires a long railway-train to convey only a half battery of artillery! It is obvious that in these days an army, deprived for any length of time of communication with its base, must perish from sheer exhaustion, even without the *coup de grace* of an unsuccessful general action.

We have made use of the expressions “base of operations” and “lines of communication,” because they are generally adopted by military writers. But we can not but think they have been selected rather unfortunately by our teachers in these subjects, the French, as they convey a far too *geometrical* meaning. No harm, however, will be done if the military student will only remember that the expression “base of operations” means nothing more than the place or places whence are received the reinforcements, military stores, and munitions of war, while the line of communications, or, as it is frequently termed, “of operations,” means nothing more than the road or other way by which those reinforcements, stores, etc., are forwarded to the front. In the Crimean war, this country, the sea, and more particularly the harbor of Balaklava, constituted our base, while that well-nigh fatal seven miles from Balaklava to the front was our line of operation or communication.

The example of Gustavus was not lost, and Turenne, Condé, Montecuculli, Eugene, and Marlborough, brilliantly illustrated the revival of strategical science. There is much to occupy the attention of the military student in the operations of all these commanders, but in none more than in those of Marlborough. In the Blenheim campaign we have a magnificent example of an operation very rare in war, and which seldom fails to mark the commander of the highest order—namely,

a strategical march, by which the designs of the enemy are frustrated, and his army put in imminent peril before even the opposing forces have met. Of such a character was in ancient times the march of the Consul Nero, which resulted in the defeat and death of Hasdrubal, and the extinction of the last hope of the conquest of Rome in the breast of Hannibal. Of such a character in modern times were the marches of Napoleon over the Alps upon Milan and Alessandria in 1800, and upon Ulm in 1805, and that of Wellington upon Vittoria in 1813. In all these cases, the enemy was morally subdued before a blow was struck. We can scarcely indeed recall an instance of a great strategical march failing in the accomplishment of its object, although in nearly all instances it terminates in a general action, in which the forces are often, after all, equally balanced. May not the cause of this almost universal success be found in the spirit-stirring nature of the march itself, in which probably some glimpse of the mighty import of the event that is being consummated is caught even by the youngest recruit in the army? However this may be, it is certain that the intellectual effort, the moral resolution, and the daring spirit that must combine to plan and carry out a great strategical march, can not but be communicated from the general to the force that obeys his will, and vibrates through every portion of it.

That Marlborough has not yet received full justice at the hands of military critics is but too apparent to every one who has carefully studied his exploits by the light of his dispatches. The reason is very plain. The French are our tutors in military literature, and they exercise their vocation with a full sense of their responsibility to the national *amour propre*, by ignoring as far as possible the great deeds of any commander the narration of which would wound it. Thus the fame of Marlborough, and also that of Wellington, have suffered in continental military literature. We have indeed little right to complain of this, as the remedy is in our own hands. Military literature, however, is comparatively little prized in this country, and it is doubtful whether we shall ever emerge from our present state of dependence upon that of France.

After referring to the almost unexamplified difficulties with which Marlborough was beset at every turn, from Dutch dep-

uties and old-fashioned generals, to German princes taking the command on alternate days out of his hands, our author thus ably sums up the military qualities of England's great, if not greatest general:

"His military acts, like those of every master hand, bear stamped upon them the impress of original creative genius. As bold and comprehensive as Turenne in the larger combinations of war, he was animated in the field by the chivalrous intrepidity of Condé and Gustavus. He rarely abandoned the initiative. He loved to close and grapple with the enemy; but even in the heat of action he would still disconcert them by feints and demonstrations. He made greater use of stratagems and false attacks than any general since the time of Hannibal, whom he further resembled by dealing his decisive blows at the head of large cavalry reserves. He well knew the value of a concentrated artillery fire, and considering the very small proportion of this arm which then entered into the composition of armies, his advancing forty pieces in line to bear upon a decisive point at Malplaquet may be ranked with the greatest efforts of Napoleon at a period when artillery was much more numerous. Having gained a victory—and he never failed to gain one—his first care was for the wounded, not only of his own but of the defeated army. 'The Duke of Marlborough,' says Duclos, a French historian, 'always showed the utmost attention to his prisoners, and set the example of that humanity which has since softened the horrors and calamities of war.' (P. 180.)

We next come to the Great Frederick, beyond all doubt a marvel of military genius. Strategic writers, basing their criticisms upon their geometrical diagrams, have cast their censures upon him pretty freely; but what avails all this against the wondrous successes which established a new kingdom against Europe in arms? Granting that this extraordinary commander committed errors, (and he himself is the first to admit them,) shall we say therefore with Jomini that he was ignorant of strategy? We know that a chess-player plays a very different game when his instinct shows him that he has an inferior adversary, from that which he plays when pitted against an equal. And again, how different is his play when he is driven into a corner and his game seems desperate, his antagonist closing around him with all his pieces, while he is crippled and forced back, and sees "looming in the distance" the apparently inevitable checkmate. It is then that he will play bold neck-or-nothing strokes. By all the

principles of the game he must be defeated; but he may yet dazzle and paralyze his adversary, and, it may be, discover some open joint in his armor, some happy entrance to the fifth rib. Now may we not see in this analogy very much the position of Frederick, staking largely on fortune—bold, dashing, yet always reflective and calculating; comprehensive in his projects, measuring precisely his adversary; surrounded, repulsed, defeated, but never despairing, and ultimately getting the better of all his enemies? To such a man, in such a position, the present moment is every thing. In other circumstances a more scientific but slower line of action might doubtless have been preferable. But Frederick had no leisure for this. His object was to get at his enemy in the shortest possible time, and beat him. The caliber of his adversaries also was well known to him, and he felt that he might play tricks upon which he would not have ventured in presence of an Eugene or a Turenne. We believe that this is the key to the greater portion of Frederick's campaigns and actions.

Still, making every allowance, we must admit that we nowhere see in the generalship of the Prussian monarch any thing resembling that model of strategy presented us in the dying struggle of Napoleon in 1814. But this is little more than saying that Frederick was not sixty years in advance of his own time. In any case sound criticism will pause before it condemns, on merely geometrical grounds, and in entire ignorance of the thousand and one moral, physical, political, and geographical considerations which must have influenced that great commander, a line of action which to a very deep and long head seemed at the moment the best.

Apart, however, from all questions of the merits or demerits of Frederick's strategy, there can not be a question that he gave a fresh impetus to military science. He was the first in modern times to appreciate the value of a thoroughly educated staff. And here we may observe that in the Peninsular war, especially toward its close, the importance of such a corps was equally appreciated in our own army; and so high was the opinion the French entertained of our Quartermaster-General's staff, that they carefully studied after the peace the system of military instruction at the Staff College of that day,

and ultimately founded upon it the *École d'Etat Major*. We may rest assured that what Alexander and Frederick found necessary for their armies, and what Wellington encouraged in his, must be a matter of the greatest importance to the well-being and skillful direction of the troops; and hence the necessity of carefully watching the effect of the present Staff College, which has been established on the broadest possible basis for the instruction of future staff officers, at the public expense, and which we believe is well adapted to the purpose for which it is destined.

Another great advance in military science is due to Frederick—in the lightness and rapidity, as compared with the tactics of the times before him, which he infused into the movements of his troops of every arm. Of his cavalry we have already spoken. His infantry was formed in three ranks, thus presenting a striking contrast to the formation of Gustavus Adolphus a century before in six ranks, which was itself an innovation upon the usual order of that time in ten ranks. The change is due to the gradual increase in the number of musketeers, with the extinction of the pikemen, and to the necessity which was at once felt of developing to the fullest extent the line of fire; while there was no longer the same reason for the deep mass of ancient times, for mere weight and physical force, which could in very few instances be now brought into play. The British army, as is well known, has for many years adopted a still thinner formation, that of two ranks; and it would appear that the French army, since the Italian campaign, has followed our example. In point of fact, another element has made its appearance in the question since the time of Frederick, and even of the First Napoleon; namely, the tremendous force and accuracy of modern fire-arms. Of the accuracy, however, we can at present say little in regard to its practical effect on war, saving that in the recent Italian battles the improvement in this respect does not appear to have rendered the contest shorter than were general actions in the days of good old Brown Bess. Nor were the lists of killed and wounded greater; though in point of fact it was not to be expected that they should be, since one of the most certain lessons taught us in military history is, that the more formidable the weapons the less will be the

carnage. The reason is, that the affair is in nearly all cases decided before it becomes a hand-to-hand conflict, and the more accurate the fire-arms the greater will be the distance between the adverse lines at which this decision takes place, and consequently the facility afforded to the beaten party of making good its retreat. But the increased force of penetration of modern fire-arms may not improbably give rise to the question of formation in three or even in two lines, since it is certain that the same bullet will in very many, perhaps in the majority of cases, prove the destruction of both front and rear-rank man together. We see, then, that the order of formation has become more and more shallow from the time of Gustavus to the present day; and the question is, has it reached its limit? There is much to be said on both sides in the reply; but upon the whole it seems not improbable that the ultimate formation is not yet attained, and that the next great change in tactics will be the advancing to attack in single rank, followed by a second, and possibly by a third rank, sufficiently near to replace the first in case of disaster, or at the critical moment to join with it in the contest; thus presenting a succession of *waves* of attack, each light in itself, and easily stemmed, yet in their accumulation irresistible. But this question merits far more space and time than we have at present to give to it, and we merely suggest it for the consideration of those interested in such speculations.

When to what we have already said of the increased lightness and activity given by Frederick to his infantry and cavalry, we add that he adopted the same view with respect to artillery, by organizing horse-artillery batteries, it will be evident that this principle, with the illustration afforded to it by his actions, is the legacy that great warrior has left to military science.

From the military era inaugurated by the Great Frederick, the elementary tactics of which have in great part survived to our own day, we descend through the American and French revolutionary eras to the times of Napoleon and Wellington. The wars, however, of those revolutions must not be altogether passed by. Indeed, as paving the way to the more regular wars of the nineteenth century, they could not be neglected without manifest detri-



ment to military history. Both showed what could be effected by raw levies properly directed with reference to the circumstances in which they were placed—the Americans in a thickly wooded country acting in light skirmishing order, and depending on the natural instinct of the individual marksman; the French fighting in masses, yet not trusting their undisciplined hordes to the assault in line of regular troops, advancing in dense columns, and overthrowing the comparatively thin lines of enemies who were not possessed of sufficient *moral force* to meet such an attack. Both were instances of Paixhan's remarkable saying, that "the strength of nations is no longer in their barracks." Both were, after a severe struggle, eminently successful.

The systematic way in which the First Napoleon carried on his wars has already been alluded to. It can not be too deeply impressed upon the military student. No great result was ever achieved without corresponding labor and difficulty, and the wars of Napoleon form no exception to this rule. In his dispatches, now published, we see the intense activity of his mind. Every thing was thought *through*, every operation traced beforehand from its beginning to its end. If Napoleon's successes are due to instinct, inspiration, genius, or to any other quality of which we have no very clear conception, they are due to it only so far as it crowned a work traced and carried out in all its material bearings by the workings of common-sense.

"Napoleon," says our author, "the creature of genius and inspiration, founded no school of war." So far as that he acted on principles which had been acted upon by every great commander that ever lived, this is true; but when we consider the generalship of the age before Napoleon, and that of his enemies during the last years of the European struggle, we can not but see a marked difference, which can be traced to nothing but the study on the part of his contemporaries, of his successes. Napoleon's school would seem to be preëminently a school of strategy, and in this school he taught his enemies too well. The flank position taken up by the Russians when the French advanced upon Moscow; the parallel march of Kutusoff to that of the French during the retreat, "cutting in" here and there, like a knight's move at chess, as Sir G. Cathcart

happily describes it, and causing them infinite distress; lastly, the position taken up by the Allies behind the Bohemian mountains, acting upon the communications of the French in Dresden, are instances in proof. We may add that the victory of Waterloo, which, in its decisive effects at least, was altogether a strategical one, was the final illustration of the magician defeated in his own art.

Napoleon had little time to reduce to practice his ideas on organization, of which we have the germ in his conversations at St. Helena; but in the suddenness of his concentrations, the rapidity of his strokes, the tenacity with which he pursued his enemy to the death, and the everlasting *ruse* which enveloped all his measures, the military student has much, very much, to reflect upon; and the *Correspondence* now published by order of the Emperor, gives him the opportunity of examining them in full detail.

Seldom was there a greater contrast presented by two generals in the same age than between Napoleon and Wellington. Each represented somewhat to excess the peculiar characteristic of his nation, Napoleon the *furia Francese*, Wellington the English *solidarité*. When they met, it was a battle of giants. If we were required to compare their modes of action, we might say that never was attack like that of Napoleon, never was defense like that of Wellington. Yet this would not by any means exhaust the subject; for while, on the other hand, the attack of Assaye, the passage of the Douro, the onset at Salamanca, and the strategical advance upon and battle of Vittoria, prove the English general's capacity for attack; the battle of Dresden and the campaign of 1814, prove the French Emperor's talent for defensive war.

The battles of Wellington were mostly fought on what our neighbors term the "defensive-offensive" plan, that is, receiving the enemy's general attack on the position, but at the same time meeting him, exhausted by his march, *at the charge*, and in many cases catching him in the act of deploying. The principle was still further carried out in the readiness in which the whole body was held to move to the attack if occasion should offer, a trait remarkably exemplified in the battle of Salamanca. In short, the defense in every case was not of a stationary character, as was that of the Prussians in their villages

at Ligny, but eminently *mobile*. It may be added that the defensive element in Wellington's actions was in general forced upon him by circumstances; the instant readiness in which his forces were kept for the return blow was peculiarly his own.

We have not space to touch upon the various subsidiary branches of military science—as the merits and demerits of fortified towns, the value of field-works, especially detached forts where supported by large masses of troops, so admirably illustrated in Torres Vedras, Silistria, and Kars, and we might almost add, Sebastopol; the proportions of the several arms, and the use of each, especially of artillery, all of which subjects, with many others, are more or less dwelt upon in the volume before us.

One point, however, we must allude to by way of caution to the young military student, namely, the apparent, but only *apparent* denial, in the introduction to the work, of all military science whatever. Its general tenor, indeed, is a sufficient corrective to this error, if error it be, which probably is merely the expression of a nervous, rapid train of ideas. The author protests strongly against what may be termed the geometrical theories of military science; those theories which would reduce every military operation to a mere question of scale and compasses. And certainly, so far as the writings of Jomini and his followers have this tendency, we readily coincide in the criticism. That they possess it to a certain extent there can be little doubt. It will be well, however, to consider the question more generally—in what sense war can be looked upon as a science?

Let us put a case, impossible in itself, yet to a certain degree attainable in many instances, and suppose that we were fully acquainted with the moral and military qualities of the generals of two opposing armies, with the skill and energy of their staff, commissariat, medical and all other departments, with the characteristics both of officers and men, with the numbers and composition of each arm, with all the antecedents and with the resources at the disposal of both armies; further, that we knew well the country in which they were about to act, its physical and local peculiarities, and the habits of its people; then we may safely say that the result of the war would be, if not absolutely, at

least to the highest degree of moral certainty, predictable. Now what does this fact, which will hardly be disputed, imply? It implies that the issue of a war is not a matter of blind chance; that it depends, humbly speaking, upon a combination of qualities and resources in the opposing forces, and that these qualities must be exercised, and these resources developed, according to principles which, whether known or unknown to us, are beyond doubt equally fixed and real. The fact that the game of war is frequently found to be the most uncertain of all games, proves nothing to the contrary. It only shows that the true apprehension of the above elements of the calculation is excessively difficult in practice. Experience in war is universally acknowledged as the best teacher; and the precise knowledge which experience brings of the data before mentioned, and of the principles of action which spring from them, proves that there is in war a sufficient sequence of cause and effect to constitute it a science.

There are, then, principles of war, fixed and real; and if principles, then there is a science which combines and elaborates them. Of what nature, then, is this science? Napoleon gives us the best clue to the answer by telling us in what respect war is *not* a science. We must not expect, with the limited knowledge which under the best of circumstances we can hope to acquire of the data above mentioned, to attain to any thing resembling a demonstrative certainty. "Nothing," says the great warrior, "is absolute in war." Accordingly we find that principles which in some wars are unquestionable are not applicable at all to others; for instance, the principles on which wars against independent chiefs of half-savage peoples should be conducted are totally different from those which should govern military operations against regular armies. If any one doubt this, we will ask him to take one of the first principles laid down in all scientific military works, from Jomini downward—namely, that of destroying your enemy in detail by opposing masses of your forces to fractions of his. Now in a war such as we are considering, so far from this being the object to be attained, the real object is to induce the enemy to unite his forces, in order that you may destroy them once and for all. Again, the first of all principles of war is

said to be to concentrate superior forces upon the decisive point. - But, as in the illustration just given, there is in many cases *no* decisive point whatever. It is of little consequence where the enemy is. There may be a decisive *object* to be attained, and this object may be to provoke him to concentrate in order that he may be the more easily annihilated. But the use of the term *point* evidently introduces a geometrical or at least a topographical idea into the axiom, which had best be avoided.

But although the real science of war, as deduced from historic fact, has been sadly overloaded with definitions and axioms, it would be unsafe to neglect on that account the study of the principal writers of strategy and tactics. One writer, indeed, is almost absolutely exempt from this fault, and, which strongly confirms the truth of our position, that writer is the only one who ever commanded large armies in the field. We allude of course to the admirable work of the Archduke Charles on the *Principles of War*. Of tactical works we know scarcely any that can compare with Frederick's *Instructions to his Generals*, and Crawford's *Standing Orders*. But

the best of all studies is that which the student carves out for himself, by collating the historical account of military events with the dispatches of the chief actors. In this course at least all pedantry will be avoided, and we may add that it is admirably adapted to the studies of the English officer who has before him for the purpose the pages of Napier and Gurwood.

The following opinion of Napoleon, while confirming the truth of the above remarks on war as a science, justifies the course taken by our author in his interesting and instructive treatise :

"Tous les grands capitaines n'ont fait de grandes choses qu'en se conformant aux règles et aux principes naturels de l'art, c'est à dire par la justesse des combinaisons et le rapport raisonné des moyens avec les conséquences, des efforts avec les obstacles. Ils n'ont réussi qu'en s'y conformant, quelles qu'aient été d'ailleurs l'audace de leurs entreprises et l'étendue de leur succès. Ils n'ont cessé du faire constamment de la guerre une véritable science. C'est à ce titre seul qu'ils sont nos grands modèles, et ce n'est qu'en les imitant qu'on doit espérer d'en approcher."

J. E. ADDISON.

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From Colburn's New Monthly.

## THE GORILLA AND HIS COUNTRY.\*

APART from the interest derived from the pursuit of the previously little known man-monkey, the Gorilla, Mr. du Chaillu's explorations embraced a most interesting portion of Equatorial Africa. The discovery of a hilly and mountainous region between the head-waters of the Congo, the Benuwe, the Shari, the Nile, the Zambesi, and the Eastern Lake district, at once explodes the popular theory, which, upon the removal of the supposed central Mountains of the Moon to the east coast,

was made to supersede all previous notions. This theory consisted in advocating the existence of a great central watery upland, the surplus waters of which broke through gaps in the surrounding hilly decline, and went to feed the above-mentioned great rivers. The Apingi, or Gorilla range, presents a far more rational and common-place view of the subject. It is a watershed, same as is seen in other parts of the world, and which may fairly be believed to be more or less continuous with Speke's Mountains of the Moon, north of Lake Tanganyika on the one hand, and with an unexplored hilly region, that may yet be found between the easterly

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\* *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa*. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. London: John Murray. 1861.

tributaries to Lake Tsad, and the most westerly tributaries to the Nile.

The physical characters, the cannibalistic propensities, a variety of points in habits and manners, notoriously the remarkable mode of salutation found by Anderson among the Damaras, and by Petherick among the Niyam-Nams, of spitting in the face, would tend to establish a close alliance between the negro tribes scattered over this great and little known central intertropical region. At the same time a variety of other circumstances far more open to discussion would come, notwithstanding the diversity of opinion entertained by anatomists as to the existence of fundamental or of mere accidental varieties of structure-differences which may be considered as insuperable, or differences as the great length of arms, or the largely developed canine teeth, which can readily be accounted for by difference of habits, climbing trees, and tearing up roots, etc.; to induce the belief, according to the views entertained by the followers of the progressive development theory, that the lowest in the scale of the cannibal negroes would come nearest to the great apes, that still share with him the forest and the mountain in his native land.

The singular region of Equatorial Africa, the interior of which it was Mr. du Chaillu's good fortune to be the first to explore, and of whose people, and strange animal and vegetable productions, he now presents us with a most interesting account, is, according to our traveler himself, chiefly remarkable for its fauna, which is, in many respects, not only extraordinary, but peculiar. In this comparatively narrow belt, extending on either side of the Equator, is found that monstrous ape the Gorilla. Here, too, and here only, is the home of the very remarkable nest-building ape, the *Troglodytes calvus*, the *nsheigo mbouvé* of the natives; of the hitherto unknown *kooloo-kamba*, another ape no less remarkable than the *T. calvus*; and of the chimpanzee. North, south, and east of this region, the lion lords it in the forests and the desert; only in this tract he is not found. It would seem, then, as if not the first, at all events the most favored home of the great ape tribe, and we believe some fanciful generalizer also placed the original home of the negro in Equatorial Africa. Certainly, if there ever was any family relationship, this would

appear to have been its center, or point of propagation.

The same region is remarkable in other respects; not only does the fauna contain a very unusual number of species peculiar to itself, but even some of those animals which it has in common with the regions to the north and south, seemed to Mr. du Chaillu to be varieties, a feature which would equally apply to man and to the *simiadae*, as well as to the elephant. Doubtless the peculiar formation of the country causes this exceptional condition. Instead of the vast, thinly-wooded, and arid or sparsely watered plains of Northern, Eastern, and Southern Africa, the explorer finds here a region very mountainous, and so densely wooded that the whole country may be described as an impenetrable jungle, through which man pushes on only by hewing his way with the ax. These forests, which have been resting probably for ages in their gloomy solitude, seem unfavorable even to the rapid increase of the beasts, who are their chief denizens. There are no real herds of game, nor have the people of this region yet attained that primitive step in the upward march of civilization, the possession of beasts of burden. Neither horses nor cattle are known here: man, or woman rather, is the only beast of burden.

Of the eight years which Mr. du Chaillu spent in this region, the work before us contains the record of the last four—1850, '57, '58, and '59, which were alone devoted to a systematic exploration of the interior. The first four years were chiefly devoted to commercial pursuits, in which he was engaged conjointly with his father. Thus, when he started as a traveler, he had the very great advantages of tolerably thorough acclimation and a knowledge of the languages and habits of the sea-shore tribes, which proved of infinite service to him among the tribes of the interior, with whom he was in every case able to hold converse, if not by word of mouth, at least by a native interpreter, with whose language he was familiar.

It would be tedious to give a detailed epitome or analysis of journeys and explorations extending in different directions, with frequent returns to the sea-coast, over many years. Mr. du Chaillu traveled—always on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men—about eight thousand miles during his four years' tra-

vels. He shot, stuffed, and brought home over two thousand birds, of which more than sixty are new species; and he killed upward of one thousand quadrupeds, of which two hundred were stuffed and brought home, with more than eighty skeletons. Not less than twenty of these quadrupeds are species hitherto unknown to science. What a terrible being is civilized man, armed with all the powers of modern art as applied to destruction, going for the first time into a new and prolific country, and what a contrast does he present to the poor, helpless, untutored, and superstitious savage, dwelling in the same realms!

It is to be observed that the coast line, excepting where marsh (as at the delta of the Ogobai) renders it too unwholesome for human habitation, is dotted here and there with negro villages, and at a few points with "factories," which have been established for the prosecution of general trade. The trade with the back country of the Gaboon river, which is the chief settlement on the coast, is, indeed, held by the Mpongwes, or coast tribes, and they are in consequence of this monopoly much averse to any communication between the whites and the interior. The American missionaries have also an important station at Baraka, eight miles from the mouth of the river. The Mpongwes, once numerous, are, like many other African tribes, said to be entirely disappearing. Of the Ndina tribe, only three persons remain of what was once a numerous people. Mr. du Chaillu, who speaks of this mysterious and to some extent unaccountable disappearance and extermination of certain tribes, says elsewhere that polygamy and the numerous murders or accusations for witchcraft do more to cause this decrease than aught else visible—much more than fever and irregular habits.

After visiting the beautiful island of Corisco, Mr. du Chaillu's first journey was up the Muni to the coast-range, called Sierra del Crystal. The start was effected in a canoe manned by twelve armed negroes. The first tribe he got amongst were the Mbousha, and he witnessed his first witch-tragedy—the killing of a poor old man for that imaginary crime. The Shekiani, who succeeded to the Mbousha, were more warlike, but as superstitious and cruel as their predecessors. Our traveler was well received at the village of

the chief Mbenc; which was situate at the foot of the first granite-range of the Sierra del Crystal. The lower ranges of these hills attain an elevation of from five to six hundred feet, and the farther and higher from two to three thousand feet. It is beyond these hills that the Fans, a cannibal tribe, live, and that the Gorilla has also his home. This chief provided our traveler with a party to accompany him as far as the Fan tribe. He first observed on this occasion that the natives had still the privilege of using their bare feet as monkeys do theirs. They can catch hold of objects with their toes and jump from rock to rock without falling.

Arriving on the top of the sierra and at the head-waters of the Ntambounay at the same time, our traveler was very nearly put *hors de combat* at the very onset of his travels by a great venomous serpent, and was also for the first time introduced, but only at a distance, to the Gorilla, of which he first found traces in a deserted sugar-cane plantation, the canes of which had been beaten down and torn up by the roots, and were lying about in fragments which had evidently been chewed.

"We followed these traces, and presently came to the footprints of the so-long-desired animal. It was the first time I had ever seen these footprints, and my sensations were indescribable. Here was I now, it seemed, on the point of meeting face to face that monster of whose ferocity, strength, and cunning the natives had told me so much; an animal scarce known to the civilized world, and which no white man before had hunted. My heart beat till I feared its loud pulsations would alarm the Gorilla, and my feelings were really excited to a painful degree.

"By the tracks it was easy to know that there must have been several gorillas in company. We prepared at once to follow them.

"The women were terrified, poor things! and we left them a good escort of two or three men to take care of them and reassure them. Then the rest of us looked once more carefully at our guns—for the gorilla gives you no time to reload, and woe to him whom he attacks! We were armed to the teeth. My men were remarkably silent, as they were going on an expedition of more than usual risk; for the male gorilla is literally the king of the African forest. He and the crested lion of Mount Atlas are the two fiercest and strongest beasts of this continent. The lion of South-Africa can not compare with either for strength or courage.

"As we departed from the camp, the men and women left behind crowded together, with fear written on their faces. Miengai, Makinda, and Ngolai set out in one party, and myself and Yeava formed another, for the hunt. We de-

terminated to keep near each other, that, in emergency, we might be at hand to help each other. And for the rest, silence and a sure aim were the only cautions to be given.

"As we followed the tracks, we could easily see that there were four or five of them; though none appeared very large. We saw where they had run along on all-fours, the usual mode of progression of these animals; and where, from time to time, they had seated themselves to chew the canes they had borne off. The chase began to be very exciting.

"We had agreed to return to the women and their guards, and consult upon final operations, when we should have discovered their probable course; and this was now done. To make sure of not alarming our prey, we moved the whole party forward a little way to where some leafy huts, built by passing traders, served for shelter and concealment. And having here bestowed the women—who have a lively fear of the terrible gorilla, in consequence of various stories current among the tribes, of women having been carried off into the woods by the fierce animal—we prepared once more to set out in chase, this time hopeful to catch a shot.

"Looking once more to our guns, we started off. I confess that I never was more excited in my life. For years I had heard of the terrible roar of the gorilla, of its vast strength, its fierce courage, if, unhappily, only wounded by a shot. I knew that we were about to pit ourselves against an animal which even the leopard of these mountains fears, and which, perhaps, has driven the lion out of this territory; for the king of beasts, so numerous elsewhere in Africa, is never met in the land of the gorilla. Thus it was with no little emotion that I now turned again toward the prize at which I had been hoping for years to get a shot.

"We descended a hill, crossed a stream on a fallen log, and presently approached some huge boulders of granite. Alongside of this granite block lay an immense dead tree, and about this we saw many evidences of the very recent presence of the gorillas.

"Our approach was very cautious. We were divided into two parties. Makinda led one and I the other. We were to surround the granite block behind which Makinda supposed the gorillas to be hiding. Guns cocked and in hand, we advanced through the dense wood, which cast a gloom even in mid-day over the whole scene. I looked at my men, and saw plainly that they were in even greater excitement than myself.

"Slowly we pressed on through the dense brush, fearing almost to breathe lest we should alarm the beasts. Makinda was to go to the right of the rock, while I took the left. Unfortunately, he circled it at too great a distance. The watchful animals saw him. Suddenly I was startled by a strange, discordant, half-human, devilish cry, and beheld four young gorillas running toward the deep forests. We fired, but hit nothing. Then we rushed on in pursuit; but they knew the woods better than we. Once

I caught a glimpse of one of the animals again, but an intervening tree spoiled my mark, and I did not fire. We ran till we were exhausted, but in vain. The alert beasts made good their escape. When we could pursue no more, we returned slowly to our camp, where the women were anxiously expecting us.

"I protest I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas this first time. As they ran—on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these 'wild men of the woods.'

"In our absence the women had built large fires and prepared the camp, which was not so comfortable as last night's, but yet protected us from rain. I changed my clothes, which had become wet through by the frequent torrents and puddles we ran through in our eager pursuit, and then we sat down to our supper, which had been cooked meantime. And now I noticed that, by the improvidence of the women, who are no better managers than the men, (poor things!) all my plantains were gone—eaten up; so that I had to depend for next day—and in fact for the remainder of our passage to the Fan tribe—on two or three biscuits which, luckily, I yet possessed.

"As we lay about the fire in the evening before going to sleep, the adventure of the day was talked over, and of course there followed some curious stories of the gorillas. I listened in silence to the conversation, which was not addressed to me, and was rewarded by hearing the stories as they are believed, and not as a stranger would be apt to draw them out by questions.

"One of the men told a story of two Mbondemo women who were walking together through the woods, when suddenly an immense gorilla stepped into the path, and, clutching one of the women, bore her off in spite of the screams and struggles of both. The other woman returned to the village, sadly frightened, and related the story. Of course her companion was given up for lost. Great was the surprise, therefore, when, a few days afterward, she returned to her home. She related that the gorilla had misused her, but that she had eventually escaped from him.

"'Yes,' said one of the men, 'that was a gorilla inhabited by a spirit.'

"Which explanation was received with a general grunt of approval.

"They believe, in all this country, that there is a kind of gorilla—known to the initiated by certain mysterious signs, but chiefly by being of extraordinary size—which is the residence of certain spirits of departed negroes. Such gorillas, the natives believe, can never be caught or killed; and also, they have much more shrewdness and sense than the common animal.

In fact, in these 'possessed' beasts, it would seem that the intelligence of man is united with the strength and ferocity of the beast. No wonder the poor African dreads so terrible a being as his imagination thus conjures up.

"One of the men told how, some years ago, a party of gorillas were found in a cane-field tying up the sugar-cane in regular bundles, preparatory to carrying it away. The natives attacked them, but were routed, and several killed, while others were carried off prisoners by the gorillas; but in a few days they returned home uninjured, with this horrid exception, the nails of their fingers and toes had been torn off by their captors.

"Some years ago a man suddenly disappeared from his village. It is probable that he was carried off by a tiger; but as no news came of him the native superstition invented a cause for his absence. It was related and believed that, as he walked through the wood one day, he was suddenly changed into a hideous large gorilla, which was often pursued afterward, but never killed, though it continually haunted the neighborhood of the village.

"Here several spoke up and mentioned names of men now dead whose spirits were known to be dwelling in gorillas."

The natives manifest curious notions of a certain relationship between man and the gorilla in these stories of the spirits of men living in them; but we have at the same time a glimpse of a far higher order of ideas, even in this conception of savages, for they make the spirit of man a superior and non-essential thing to its corporeal residence, and a thing of which they apparently do not consider the gorilla to be possessed. At the same time, they have evidently traditions of women abducted by the gorillas, but Mr. du Chaillu denies the fact in another part of his work.

The first Fan—warrior and cannibal as he was—whom our traveler met with was so terrified at seeing a white man, that he let his spear fall to the ground, and his shield shook and rattled with terror. Two women who were with him were equally terrified; they took him for a spirit just come down from the sky. These Fans are described as being much lighter in shade than any of the coast tribes, strong, tall, well made, active, and with an intelligent look. But they are very superstitious, and have many fetiches.

It was while he was among the Fans that our traveler killed his first Gorilla.

"The next day we went out all together for a gorilla-hunt. The country hereabouts is very rough, hilly, and densely crowded; consequent-

ly, hunting is scarcely to be counted sport. But a couple of days of rest had refreshed me, and I was anxious to be in at the death of a gorilla.

"We saw several gorilla-tracks, and about noon divided our party, in the hope of surrounding the resting-place of one whose tracks were very plain. I had scarce got away from my party three hundred yards when I heard a report of a gun, then of three more, going off one after the other. Of course I ran back as fast as I could, and hoped to see a dead animal before me, but was once more disappointed. My Mbondemo fellows had fired at a female, had wounded her, as I saw by the clots of blood which marked her track, but she had made good her escape. We set out at once in pursuit; but these woods are so thick, so almost impenetrable, that pursuit of a wounded animal is not often successful. A man can only creep where the beast would run.

"Night came upon us while we were still beating the bush, and it was determined to camp out and try our luck again on the morrow. Of course, I was only too glad. We shot some monkeys and birds, built our camp, and, while the men roasted their monkey-meat over the coals, I held my birds before the blaze on a stick. Fortunately we had food enough, and of a good kind, for next day.

"We started early, and pushed for the most dense and impenetrable part of the forest, in hopes to find the very home of the beast I so much wished to shoot. Hour after hour we traveled, and yet no signs of gorilla. Only the everlasting little chattering monkeys—and not many of these—and occasionally birds. In fact, the forests of this part of Africa—as the reader has seen by this time—are not so full of life as in some other parts to the south.

"Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

"This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right: and then we marched on cautiously.

"The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

"Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high, (he proved four inches shorter,) with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

"He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense base-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

"The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep base *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

"With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a straggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat—for they really eat this creature. I saw that they would come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I would myself give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as

we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted, while my men ate gorilla.

"I noticed that they very carefully saved the brain, and was told that charms were made of this—charms of two kinds. Prepared in one way, the charm gave the wearer a strong hand for the hunt, and in another it gave him success with women. This evening we had again gorilla stories—but all to the same point already mentioned, that there are gorillas inhabited by human spirits."

The illustration of this exploit gives a lively impression of the cool murder of a very stout and indignant old man of the woods.

Mr. du Chaillu observed many evidences of cannibalism whilst with the Fans; piles of human bones mixed up with offal were thrown at the sides of many houses. There was a pile of the same description, consisting of rib, leg, and arm-bones and skulls, at the back even of the house assigned for his own residence. He had occasion to see how they kill elephants, having joined with their king in a grand hunt in which some five hundred men were engaged. They construct a kind of defense of strong climbing plants, (lianes,) which entangle the elephants, and whilst thus obstructed, they ply the animals with spears, till the poor wounded beast looks like a huge porcupine. A man was killed upon this occasion—a rare event, for in case of danger our traveler says they climb up trees "with astonishing swiftness—almost like monkeys." The body was removed to another Fan village to be sold and eaten.

"While I was talking to the king to-day, (ninth,) some Fans brought in a dead body which they had bought in a neighboring town, and which was now to be divided. I could see that the man had died of some disease. I confess I could not bear to stay for the cutting up of the body, but retreated when all was ready. It made me sick all over. I remained till the infernal scene was about to begin, and then retreated. Afterward I could hear them from my house growing noisy over the division.

"Eating the bodies of persons who have died of sickness is a form of cannibalism of which I had never heard among any people, so that I determined to inquire if it were indeed a general custom among the Fans, or merely an exceptional freak. They spoke without embarrassment about the whole matter, and I was informed that they constantly buy the dead of the Osheba tribe, who, in return, buy theirs. They also buy the dead of other families in their own tribes, and, besides this, get the bodies of a great many slaves from the Mbichos



and Mbondemos, for which they readily give ivory, at the rate of a small tusk for a body.

"Until to-day I never could believe two stories—both well authenticated, but seeming quite impossible to any one acquainted with this people—which are told of them on the Gaboon. A party of Fans who came down to the seashore once actually stole a freshly-buried body from the cemetery, and cooked it and ate it among them; and at another time a party conveyed a body into the woods, cut it up, and smoked the flesh, which they carried away with them. The circumstances made a great fuss among the Mpongwe, and even the missionaries heard of it, for it happened at a village not far from the missionary grounds, but I never credited the stories till now, though the facts were well authenticated by witnesses. In fact, the Fans seem regular ghouls, only they practice their horrid custom unblushingly and in open day, and have no shame about it. I have seen here knives covered with human skin, which their owners valued very highly."

The farthest point reached by Mr. du Chaillu in this direction was an Osheba town, probably a tribe of the Fans. He left the mountaineers, of whom, except for the abominable practice of cannibalism, he appears to have entertained a very favorable impression, by the river Noya, among whose tribes he amused himself by shooting and netting antelopes, deer, and some smaller animals, thus adding largely to his collections. At one of these villages he relates:

"I was glad to go to sleep early, but was scarce soundly asleep when I was turned out of the house by a furious attack of the bashikouay ants. They were already all over me when I jumped up, and I was bitten terribly. I ran out into the street and called for help. The natives came out, and lights were struck, and presently I was relieved. But now we found that the whole village was attacked. The great army was pouring in on us, doubtless excited by the smell of meat in the houses; and my unfortunate antelope had probably brought them to my door. All hands had to turn out to defend ourselves. We built little cordons of fire, which kept them away from places they had not yet entered, and thus protected our persons from their attacks; and toward morning, having eaten every thing they could get at, they left us in peace. As was to be expected, I found my antelope destroyed—literally eaten up.

"The vast number, the sudden appearance, the ferocity and voracity of these frightful animals never cease to astonish me. Last night they poured in literally by millions and billions, and only when many fires were lighted were they forced from that direct and victorious course which they generally hold. Then, how-

ever, they retreated in parties, and with the greatest regularity, vast numbers remaining to complete the work of destruction."

The new moon was also welcomed in one of these Mbicho villages by the chief coming out of his house and dancing along the street, his face and body painted in black, red, and white, and spotted all over with spots the size of a peach. A characteristic incident occurred farther down, after a visit to a remarkable cavern full of vampire-bats. The stream had now become a swamp:

"Its bed, no longer narrow, was spread over a flat of a mile, and the now muddy waters meandered slowly through an immense growth of mangroves, whose roots extended entirely across and met in the middle, showing their huge rounds above the mire and water, like the folds of some vast serpent.

"It was high tide, and there was not a canoe to be had. To sleep on this side among the mangroves, and be eaten up by mosquitoes, was not a pleasant prospect, and to me there seemed no other. But my men were not troubled at all. We were to cross over, quite easily, too, on the roots which projected over the water's edge, and which lay from two to three feet apart at irregular distances. It seemed a desperate venture; but they set out, jumping like monkeys from place to place, and I followed, expecting every moment to fall in between and stick in the mud, perhaps to be attacked by some noxious reptile whose rest my fall would disturb. I had to take off my shoes, whose thick soles made me more likely to slip. I gave all my baggage, and guns and pistols to the men, and then commenced a journey whose like I hope never to take again. We were an hour in getting across—an hour of continued jumps and hops. In the midst of it all a man behind me flopped into the mud, calling out 'Omemba!' in a frightened voice.

"Now, 'omemba' means snake. The poor fellow had put his hand on an enormous black snake, and, feeling its cold, slimy scales, let go his hold and fell through. All hands immediately began to run faster than before, and to shout, and to make all kinds of noises to frighten the serpent. But the poor animal also took flight, and began to crawl away among the branches as fast as he could. Unfortunately, his fright led him directly toward some of us; and a general panic now ensued, every body running as fast as he could to get out of the way of danger. Another man fell into the mud below, and added his cries to the general noise. I came very near getting a mud-bath myself, but luckily I escaped. But my feet were badly cut up."

After a brief visit to a missionary station, Mr. du Chaillu continued his shooting

excursions, varied almost every day by some incident or other. One day it was the corpse of a woman—young, evidently—and with features once mild and good. She had been tied up to a tree on some infernal accusation of witchcraft, tortured, and left to die! On another it was a narrow escape from a wild bull:

"It is a very savage beast, and one, which I only wounded, attacked me. I had taken good aim, but my bullet struck a vine on its way and glanced aside, so that, instead of hitting the beast between the eyes, I only wounded him in the body.

"It was a huge bull, and, turning fiercely, he came at me without stopping to think. I had but a moment to consider, and prudently determined to run, for, though I had my second barrel in reserve, the crash of the infuriated bull was too powerful. As I turned to make my escape, I found my foot hopelessly caught in a tough vine. I was a prisoner, and the bull dashing toward me, head down and eyes a-flame, tearing asunder the vines which barred his progress as though they had been threads. I had been nervous a moment before; but now, turning to meet the enemy, felt at once my nerves firm as a rock, and my whole system braced for the emergency.

"All depended on one shot, for, entangled as I was, if I missed, the bull would not. I waited a second more, till he was within five yards of me, and then fired at his head. He gave one loud, hoarse bellow, and then (thank God!) tumbled at my feet, almost touching me, a mass of dead flesh.

"The hunt after wild boar was my daily amusement, and by its means I supplied the whole camp with meat; but the finest experience of this trip I must now relate. Arming myself one evening, and blacking my face with charcoal, as was my fashion in all my hunts—nothing seems to catch the eye of a wild beast in this country so quickly as a white face—I went out of sound of the encampment, and in what I knew to be a walk of the buffalo, and lay down under the shelter of a huge ant-hill to watch for game. It was a starlight night, but in the forest there was a somber light, in which such a spectacle as I wished for would have shown to advantage. Here I lay for one hour, two hours, three hours, and heard no sound but the undistinguishable medley which so eloquently tells of the night-life of the woods. Now and then the cracking of a twig and a grunt told of some perambulating pig; and once a whole herd of gazelles filed past me in fine array, never knowing my presence, as I was luckily to windward of them. At last, I am ashamed to say, I fell asleep. How long I dozed I do not know, but I was awakened with a start by an unearthly roar—a yell—as of some animal in extreme terror and agony.

"I started up, looked hurriedly about the narrow space which was open around me, but saw

nothing. The woods were yet resounding with the cry which had so startled me. And now a dull booming roar succeeded, and I could guess that beyond my sight, out in some other open space, some fortunate leopard had gained a meal. Determined to see the fight, if possible, I made toward the sounds, and, emerging from the wood, saw scudding across the plain, and at but little distance from me, a wild bull, on whose neck was crouched what I instantly knew, from the natives' description, to be a leopard. Vainly the poor beast reared, tossed, ran, stopped, roared, and yelled. In its blind terror it at last even rushed against a tree, and nearly tumbled over with the recoil. But once more anguish lent its strength, and it set out on another race. I took as good aim at the leopard's figure as I could, and fired, but with no effect that I could discover. The exciting spectacle lasted but a minute; then the bull was lost to my sight, and presently his roars ceased. Probably the leopard had sucked away his life, and was now feasting on the carcass."

A next journey was effected in a canoe by the Mbata creek, to a king with the melodramatic name of Rompochombo, hence to Sangatanga, the residence of the chief of Cape Lopez, across hilly, rolling land with vast woods, whose chief occupants are wild boar and chimpanzees; by little clearings with cottages, across creeks with sharks, and over immense prairie tracts, where the buffalo has his home and pasture. The king of this fine country—Bango by name—is concerned in the slave-trade, and, as a sequence, is a demoralized, drunken vagabond. He has three hundred wives, and no end of barracoons, or slave-pens, from whence our traveler saw six hundred human beings embarked in a schooner of one hundred and seventy tons during the short time of his stay. Better almost be a Gorilla than a man in such a country.

On a shooting excursion made into the interior from Cape Lopez, Mr. du Chaillu obtained a new variety of guinea-fowl, crested, and very handsome; it would constitute a splendid addition to the poultry-yard. Another interesting new bird was also obtained in the same region, a black wild fowl, (*Phasidus niger*.) These two birds are the most interesting of the sixty new species that Mr. du Chaillu discovered. There was also plenty of other game—leopards, elephants, the niaré or wild bull of Equatorial Africa, a beautiful creature, and antelopes.

After another stay at the Gaboon, Mr. du Chaillu started for a more important excursion in the Camma country, south

of Cape Lopez. The Camma people—or Commi, as they call themselves—were like the Mpongwe, with the same language, and sharp traders. Whilst on this excursion, our traveler relates:

"I set out early on the 19th to try and get a shot at some buffalo, which were said to be in the prairie at the back of the town. Ifouta, a hunter, accompanied me, and met with an accident through losing his presence of mind. We had been out about an hour, when we came upon a bull feeding in the midst of a little prairie surrounded by a wood, which made our approach easy. Ifouta walked around opposite to where I lay in wait, in order, that if the animal took alarm at him, it might run toward me; and then began to crawl, in the hunter fashion, through the grass toward his prey. All went well till he came near enough for a shot. Just then, unluckily, the bull saw him. Ifouta immediately fired. The gun made a long fire, and he only wounded the beast, which, quite infuriated, as it often is at the attack of hunters, immediately rushed upon him.

"It was now that poor Ifouta lost his presence of mind. In such cases, which are continually happening to those who hunt the *Bos brachicheros*, the cue of the hunter is to remain perfectly quiet till the beast is within a jump of him, then to step nimbly to one side, and let it rush past. But Ifouta got up and ran.

"Of course, in a moment the bull had him on his horns. It tossed him high into the air twice, thrice, ere I could run up, and, by my shouts, draw its fury to myself. Then it came rushing at me. But my guns do not hesitate, and, as I had a fair shot, I killed it without trouble.

"Ifouta proved to be considerably bruised, but, on the whole, more scared than hurt; and when I had washed him in a creek near by, he was able to walk home."

Here, also, our traveler obtained his first young Gorilla:

"On the fourth of May I had one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life. Some hunters who had been out on my account brought in a young Gorilla *alive*! I can not describe the emotions with which I saw the struggling little brute dragged into the village. All the hardships I had endured in Africa were rewarded in that moment.

"It was a little fellow of between two and three years old, two feet six inches in length, and as fierce and stubborn as a grown animal could have been.

"My hunters, whom I could have hugged to my heart, took him in the country between the Rembo and Cape St. Catherine. By their account, they were going, five in number, to a village near the coast, and walking very silently through the forest, when they heard what they

immediately recognized as the cry of a young Gorilla for its mother. The forest was silent. It was about noon; and they immediately determined to follow the cry. Presently they heard it again. Guns in hand, the brave fellows crept noiselessly toward a clump of wood, where the baby Gorilla evidently was. They knew the mother would be near; and there was a likelihood that the male, the most dreaded of all, might be there too. But they determined to risk all, and, if at all possible, to take the young one alive, knowing what a joy it would be for me.

"Presently they perceived the bush moving; and crawling a little further on in dead silence, scarce breathing with excitement, they beheld, what has seldom been seen even by the negroes, a young Gorilla, seated on the ground, eating some berries which grew close to the earth. A few feet further on sat the mother, also eating of the same fruit.

"Instantly they made ready to fire; and none too soon, for the old female saw them as they raised their guns, and they had only to pull triggers without delay. Happily they wounded her mortally.

"She fell. The young one, hearing the noise of the guns, ran to his mother and clung to her, hiding his face, and embracing her body. The hunters immediately rushed toward the two, hallooing with joy as they ran on. But this roused the little one, who instantly let go his mother and ran to a small tree, which he climbed with great agility, where he sat and roared at them savagely.

"They were now perplexed how to get at him. No one cared to run the chance of being bitten by this savage little beast, and shoot it they would not. At last they cut down the tree, and, as it fell, dexterously threw a cloth over the head of the young monster, and thus gained time to secure it while it was blinded. With all these precautions, one of the men received a severe bite on the hand, and another had a piece taken out of his leg.

"As the little brute, though so diminutive, and the merest babe for age, was astonishingly strong and by no means good-tempered, they could not lead him. He constantly rushed at them. So they were obliged to get a forked stick in which his neck was inserted in such a way that he could not escape, and yet could be kept at a safe distance. In this uncomfortable way he was brought into the village.

"There the excitement was intense. As the animal was lifted out of the canoe in which he had come a little way down the river, he roared and bellowed, and looked around wildly with his wicked little eyes, giving fair warning that if he could only get at some of us he would take his revenge.

"I saw that the stick hurt his neck, and immediately set about to have a cage made for him. In two hours we had built a strong bamboo house, with the slats securely tied at such distances apart that we could see the gorilla and it could see out. Here the thing was immedi-

ately deposited; and now, for the first time, I had a fair chance to look at my prize.

"It was a young male gorilla, evidently not three years old, fully able to walk alone, and possessed, for its age, of most extraordinary strength and muscular development. Its greatest length proved to be, afterward, two feet six inches. Its face and hands were very black, eyes not so much sunken as in the adult. The hair began just at the eyebrows, and rose to the crown, where it was of a reddish-brown. It came down the sides of the face in lines to the lower jaw much as our beards grow. The upper lip was covered with short coarse hair; the lower lip had longer hair. The eyelids were slight and thin. Eyebrows straight, and three quarters of an inch long.

"The whole back was covered with hair of an iron-gray, becoming dark nearer the arms, and quite white about the *anus*. Chest and abdomen covered with hair, which was somewhat thin and short on the breast. On the arms the hair was longer than any where on the body, and of a grayish-black color, caused by the roots of the hair being dark and the ends whitish. On the hands and wrists the hair was black, and came down to the second joints of the fingers, though one could see in the short down the beginning of the long black hair which lines the upper parts of the fingers in the adult. The hair of the legs was grayish-black, becoming blacker as it reached the ankles, the feet being covered with black hair.

"When I had the little fellow safely locked in his cage, I ventured to approach to say a few encouraging words to him. He stood in the furthest corner, but, as I approached, bellowed and made a precipitate rush at me; and though I retreated as quickly as I could, succeeded in catching my trowser-legs, which he grasped with one of his feet and tore, retreating immediately to the corner furthest away. This taught me caution for the present, though I had a hope still to be able to tame him.

"He sat in his corner looking wickedly out of his gray eyes, and I never saw a more morose or more ill-tempered face than had this little beast.

"The first thing was, of course, to attend to the wants of my captive. I sent for some of the forest-berries which these animals are known to prefer, and placed these and a cup of water within his reach. He was exceedingly shy, and would neither eat nor drink till I had removed to a considerable distance.

"The second day found Joe, as I had named him, fiercer than the first. He rushed savagely at any one who stood even for a moment near his cage, and seemed ready to tear us all to pieces. I threw him to-day some pine-apple leaves, of which I noticed he ate only the white parts. There seemed no difficulty about his food, though he refused now, and continued during his short life to refuse, all food except such wild leaves and fruits as were gathered from his native woods for him.

"The third day he was still morose and sav-

age, bellowing when any person approached, and either retiring to a distant corner or rushing to attack. On the fourth day, while no one was near, the little rascal succeeded in forcing apart two of the bamboo rails which composed his cage, and made his escape. I came up just as his flight was discovered, and immediately got all the negroes together for pursuit, determining to surround the wood, and recapture my captive. Running into the house to get one of my guns, I was startled by an angry growl issuing from under my low bedstead. It was Master Joe, who lay there hid, but anxiously watching my movements. I instantly shut the windows, and called to my people to guard the door. When Joe saw the crowd of black faces he became furious, and, with his eyes glaring and every sign of rage in his little face and body, got out from beneath the bed. We shut the door at the same time and left him master of the premises, preferring to devise some plan for his easy capture rather than expose ourselves to his terrible teeth.

"How to take him was now a puzzling question. He had shown such strength and such rage already, that not even I cared to run the chance of being badly bitten in a hand-to-hand struggle. Meantime Joe stood in the middle of the room looking about for his enemies, and examining, with some surprise, the furniture. I watched with fear lest the ticking of my clock should strike his ear, and perhaps lead him to an assault upon that precious article. Indeed, I should have left Joe in possession, but for a fear that he would destroy the many articles of value or curiosity I had hung about the walls.

"Finally, seeing him quite quiet, I dispatched some fellows for a net, and opening the door quickly, threw this over his head. Fortunately we succeeded at the first throw in fatally entangling the young monster, who roared frightfully, and struck and kicked in every direction under the net. I took hold of the back of his neck, two men seized his arms and another the legs, and thus held by four men this extraordinary little creature still proved most troublesome. We carried him as quickly as we could to the cage, which had been repaired, and there once more locked him in.

"I never saw so furious a beast in my life as he was. He darted at every one who came near, bit the bamboos of the house, glared at us with venomous and sullen eyes, and in every motion showed a temper thoroughly wicked and malicious.

"As there was no change in this for two days thereafter, but continual moroseness, I tried what starvation would do toward breaking his spirit; also, it began to be troublesome to procure his food from the woods, and I wanted him to become accustomed to civilized food, which was placed before him. But he would touch nothing of the kind; and as for temper, after starving him twenty-four hours, all I gained was that he came slowly up and took some berries from the forest out of my hand, immediately retreating to his corner to eat them.

"Daily attentions from me for a fortnight more did not bring me any further confidence from him than this. He always snarled at me, and only when *very* hungry would he take even his choicest food from my hands. At the end of this fortnight I came one day to feed him, and found that he had gnawed a bamboo to pieces slyly, and again made his escape. Luckily he had just gone; for, as I looked around, I caught sight of Master Joe making off on all fours, and with great speed, across the little prairie for a clump of trees.

"I called the men up and we gave chase. He saw us, and before we could head him off made for another clump. This we surrounded. He did not ascend a tree, but stood defiantly at the border of the wood. About one hundred and fifty of us surrounded him. As we moved up he began to yell, and made a sudden dash upon a poor fellow who was in advance, who ran, tumbled down in affright, and, by his fall, escaped, but also detained Joe sufficiently long for the nets to be brought to bear upon him.

"Four of us again bore him struggling into the village. This time I would not trust him to the cage, but had a little light chain fastened around his neck. This operation he resisted with all his might, and it took us quite an hour to securely chain the little fellow, whose strength was something marvelous.

"Ten days after he was thus chained he died suddenly. He was in good health, and ate plentifully of his natural food, which was brought every day for him; did not seem to sicken until two days before his death, and died in some pain. To the last he continued utterly untamable; and, after his chains were on, added the vice of treachery to his others. He would come sometimes quite readily to eat out of my hand, but while I stood by him would suddenly—looking me all the time in the face to keep my attention—put out his foot and grasp at my leg. Several times he tore my pantaloons in this manner, quick retreat on my part saving my person; till at last I was obliged to be very careful in my approaches. The negroes could not come near him at all without setting him in a rage. He knew me very well, and trusted me, but evidently always cherished a feeling of revenge even toward me.

"After he was chained, I filled a half-barrel with hay and set it near him for his bed. He recognized its use at once, and it was pretty to see him shake up the hay and creep into this nest when he was tired. At night he always again shook it up, and then took some hay in his hands, with which he would cover himself when he was snug in his barrel."

River navigation, in this country so rich in animal and vegetable life, is one of the most picturesque things imaginable, but even this was surpassed by Lake Angue, a vast body of water dotted with various beautiful wooded isles, full of fish, covered with water-fowl, but redolent with

crocodiles. Wherever, says our author, the eye was turned, these disgusting beasts, with their dull leer and huge savage jaws, appeared in prodigious numbers. This was a sad drawback from the picturesque. It was in the same district that Mr. du Chaillu first met with the nest-building ape.

"This day (he relates) we went out on a hunt—one of those hunts which are marked with the brightest of red ink in my calendar. On this day I discovered a new and very curious ape. We had been traveling some hours, when we came upon a male and female of the *Bos brachicheros*. I shot the bull, a splendid fellow, who furnished us dinner and supper. After dinner we marched on, and had a weary time of it for some hours, the ground being swampy and no game in sight. As I was trudging along, rather tired of the sport, I happened to look up at a high tree which we were passing, and saw a most singular-looking shelter built in its branches. I asked Okabi whether the hunters here had this habit of sleeping in the woods, but was told, to my surprise, that this very ingenious nest was built by the *nshiego mbouci*, an ape, as I found afterward, which I put in the genus *Troglodytes*, and called *Troglodytes calvus*; an animal which had no hair on its head—so Okabi told me.

"I saw at once that I was on the trail of an animal till now unknown to the civilized world. A naturalist will appreciate the joy which filled me at this good fortune. I no longer felt tired, but pushed on with renewed ardor and with increased caution, determined not to rest till I killed this nest-building ape. One such discovery pays the weary naturalist-hunter for many months of toil and hardship. I felt already rewarded for all the inconveniences and expenses of my Camma trip. I have noticed that it is always at the most unexpected moment that such a piece of luck befalls a poor fellow.

"I saw many of these nests after this, and may as well say here, that they are generally built about fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and invariably on a tree which stands a little apart from others, and which has no limbs below the one on which the nest is placed. I have seen them at the height of fifty feet, but very seldom. This choice is probably made that they may be safe at night from beasts, serpents, and falling limbs. They build only in the loneliest parts of the forest, and are very shy, and seldom seen even by the negroes.

"Okabi, who was an old and intelligent hunter, was able to tell me that the male and female together gather the material for their nests. This material consists of leafy branches with which to make the roof, and vines to tie these branches to the tree. The tying is done so neatly, and the roof is so well constructed, that until I saw the *nshiego* actually occupying his habitation, I could scarce persuade myself that

human hands had not built it. It throws off rain perfectly, being neatly rounded at the top for this purpose.

"The material being collected, the male goes up and builds the nest, while the female brings him the branches and vines. The male and female do not occupy the same tree, but have nests not far apart.

"From all I have observed, I judge that the nshiego is not gregarious. The nests are never found in companies; and I have seen even quite solitary nests occupied by very old nshiegos imbouvé, whose silvery hair and worn teeth attested their great age. These seemed hermits who had retired from the nshiego world.

"They live on wild berries, and build their houses where they find these. When they have consumed all that a particular spot affords, they remove and build new houses, so that a nest is not inhabited for more than eight or ten days.

"We traveled with great caution, not to alarm our prey, and had a hope that, singling out a shelter and waiting till dark, we should find it occupied. In this hope we were not disappointed. Lying quite still in our concealment, (which tried my patience sorely,) we at last, just at dusk, heard the loud peculiar "Hew! hew! hew!" which is the call of the male to his mate. We waited till it was quite dark, and then I saw what I had so longed all the weary afternoon to see. A nshiego was sitting in his nest. His feet rested on the lower branch; his head reached quite into the little dome of a roof, and his arm was clasped firmly about the tree-trunk. This is their way of sleeping.

"After gazing till I was tired through the gloom at my poor sleeping victim, two of us fired, and the unfortunate beast fell at our feet without a struggle or even a groan.

"We built a fire at once, and made our camp in this place, that when daylight came I might first of all examine and skin my prize. The poor ape was hung up, to be out of the way of the bashikouay and other insects, and I fell asleep on my bed of leaves and grass, as pleased a man as the world could well hold."

On the twenty-fifth of November our traveler got a second young gorilla. The incidents connected with its capture are of a most touching description:

"This time I was accessory to its capture. We were walking along in silence, when I heard a cry, and presently saw before me a female gorilla, with a tiny baby-gorilla hanging to her breast and sucking. The mother was stroking the little one, and looking fondly down at it; and the scene was so pretty and touching that I held my fire, and considered—like a soft-hearted fellow—whether I had not better leave them in peace. Before I could make up my mind, however, my hunter fired and killed the mother, who fell without a struggle.

"The mother fell, but the baby clung to her, and, with pitiful cries, endeavored to attract her attention. I came up, and when it saw me it hid its poor little head in its mother's breast. It could neither walk nor bite, so we could easily manage it; and I carried it, while the men bore the mother on a pole. When we got to the village another scene ensued. The men put the body down, and I set the little fellow near. As soon as he saw his mother, he crawled to her and threw himself on her breast. He did not find his accustomed nourishment, and I saw that he perceived something was 'hematter with the old one. He crawled over her body, smelt at it, and gave utterance, from time to time, to a plaintive cry, 'Hoo, hoo, hoo,' which touched my heart.

"I could get no milk for this poor little fellow, who could not eat, and consequently died on the third day after he was caught. He seemed more docile than the other I had, for he already recognized my voice, and would try to hurry toward me when he saw me. I put the little body in alcohol, and sent it to Dr. Wyman, of Boston, for dissection.

"The mother we skinned; and when I came to examine her, I found her a very singular specimen. Her head was much smaller than that of any other gorilla I ever saw, and the rump was of a reddish-brown color. These are peculiarities which made this specimen different from all others I have seen. I called her, therefore, the gorilla with the red rump."

The natives of the whole gorilla region have like superstitions about these strange creatures, though each relates from different authority:

"I remember," said one, "my father told me he once went out to the forest, when just in his path he met a great gorilla. My father had his spear in his hands; when the gorilla saw the spear, he began to roar. Then my father was terrified and dropped his spear. When the gorilla saw that my father dropped the spear, he was pleased. He looked at him, then left him and went into the thick forest. Then my father was glad, and went on his way."

"Here all shouted together: 'Yes! so must we do when we meet the gorilla. Drop the spear. That appeases him.'

"Next Gambo spoke: 'Several dry seasons ago a man suddenly disappeared from my village after an angry quarrel. Some time after, an Ashira of that village was out in the forest. He met a very large gorilla. That gorilla was the man who had disappeared. He had turned into a gorilla. He jumped on the poor Ashira, and bit a piece out of his arm. Then he let him go. Then the man came back, with his bleeding arm. He told me this. I hope we shall meet no such man-gorillas. They are very wicked. We would have terrible times.'

"Chorus—'No, we shall not meet such wicked gorillas.'

"Then one of the men spoke up: 'If we kill a gorilla to-morrow, I should like to have a piece of the brain for my fetich. Nothing makes a man so brave as to have a fetich of gorilla's brain. This gives a man a strong heart.'

"*Chorus*—(of those who remained awake.) 'Yes! this gives a man a strong heart.'"

The next day they shot a female gorilla, and caught its little one, which ran to its dead mother and buried its head in her bosom. It unhappily lived but ten days after capture. While she was alive no woman who was *enciente*, nor the husband of such women, dared approach her cage. They believe firmly that, should the husband of a woman with child, or the woman herself, see a gorilla, even a dead one, she would give birth to a gorilla and not to a man-child. "This superstition I have noticed among other tribes too," Mr. du Chailu says, "and only in the case of the gorilla."

It was in the same region that our traveler first met with the kooloo-kamba.

"On the sixth of April (he relates) we set off for a two or three days' hunt. We went up-river for about ten miles, and then struck inland to a deserted Bakalai village, where we made our camp. When that was arranged we went out to look for gorilla tracks. It was too late to hunt; but Querlaouen, my chief hunter, wanted to be ready for the morrow. I saw nothing; but Malaouen, another hunter, came in after dark, and said he had heard the cry of the kooloo, and knew where to find it in the morning. I myself on returning to the camp had heard this cry, but did not know what animal had uttered it.

"Of course I asked what this kooloo was, and received for answer a circumstantial description of the animal, which threw me into the greatest excitement; for I saw that this was most certainly a new species of ape, of which I had not even heard as yet. It was called *kooloo-kamba*, by the Goumbi people, from its noise or call, 'kooloo,' and the Camma word *kamba*, which means, 'speak.' The Bakalai call it simply 'koola.'

"I scarce slept all night with fidgeting over the morrow's prospects. The kooloo was said to be very rare here, and there was a chance only that we should find that one whose call had been heard.

"At last the tedious night was gone. At the earliest streak of dawn I had my men up. We had fixed our guns the night before. All was ready, and we set out in two parties. My party had been walking through the forest about an hour, when suddenly I stepped into a file of bashikouay ants, whose fierce bites nearly made me scream. The little rascals were infuriated

at my disturbance of their progress, and held on to my legs and to my trowsers till I picked them off. Of course I jumped nimbly out of the way of the great army of which they formed part, but I did not get off without some severe bites.

"We had hardly got clear of the bashikouays when my ears were saluted by the singular cry of the ape I was after. 'Koola-kooloo, koola-kooloo,' it said several times. Gambo and Malaouen alone were with me. Gambo and I raised our eyes, and saw, high up in a tree-branch, a large ape. We both fired at once, and the next moment the poor beast fell with a heavy crash to the ground. I rushed up, anxious to see if, indeed, I had a new animal. I saw in a moment that it was neither a *nshiego mbouvé*, nor a chimpanzee, nor a gorilla. Again I had a happy day—marked forever with red ink in my calendar.

"We at once disemboweled the animal, which was a male. I found in its intestines only vegetable matter and remains. The skin and skeleton were taken into camp, where I cured the former with arsenic sufficiently to take it into Obindji.

"The animal was a full-grown male, four feet three inches high. It was less powerfully built than the male gorilla, but as powerful as either the chimpanzee or *nshiego mbouvé*. When it was brought into Obindji, all the people and even Quengueza, at once exclaimed: 'That is a kooloo-kamba.' Then I asked them about the other apes I already knew; but for these they had other names, and did not at all confound the species. For all these reasons I was assured that my prize was indeed a new animal; a variety, at least, of those before known.

"The kooloo-kamba has for distinctive marks a very round head; whiskers running quite round the face and below the chin; the face is round; the cheek-bones prominent; the cheeks sunken; the jaws not very prominent—less so than in any of the apes. The hair is black; long on the arm, which was, however, partly bare.

"The chimpanzee is not found in the woods where I shot this kooloo-kamba. The gorilla is evidently much the more powerful animal of the two. The kooloo is, however, the ape, of all the great apes now known, which most nearly approaches man in the structure of its head. The capacity of the cranium is somewhat greater, in proportion to the animal's size, than in either the gorilla or the *nshiego mbouvé*. Of its habits these people could tell me nothing, except that farther interior it was found more frequently, and that it was, like the gorilla, very shy and hard of approach."

On the twentieth of the same month he shot another colossal lone male gorilla. Though there are sufficient points of diversity between this animal and man, our hunter remarks on this occasion: "I never kill one without having a sickening

realization of the horrid human likeness of the beast."

One day in May a young *nshiego* *mbouvé* was captured:

"For some hours after we started we saw nothing but old tracks of different wild beasts, and I began to think that Anguilai's *ogana* had been too sanguine. Finally, toward twelve o'clock, when we were crossing a kind of high table-land, we heard the cry of a young animal, which we all recognized to be a *nshiego* *mbouvé*. Then all my troubles at once went away out of mind, and I no longer felt either sick or hungry."

"We crawled through the bush as silently as possible, still hearing the baby-like cry. At last, coming out into a little cleared space, we saw something running along the ground toward the spot where we stood concealed. When it came nearer we saw it was a female *nshiego* *mbouvé*, running on all-fours, with a young one clinging to her breasts. She was eagerly eating some berries, and with one arm supported her little one."

"Quelaouen, who had the fairest chance, fired, and brought her down. She dropped without a struggle. The poor little one cried, 'Hew! hew! hew!' and clung to the dead body sucking the breasts, burying its head there in its alarm at the report of the gun."

"We hurried up in great glee to secure our capture. I can not tell my surprise when I saw that the *nshiego* baby's face was pure white—very white indeed—pallid, but as white as a white child's."

"I looked at the mother, but found her black as soot in the face. The little one was about a foot in height. One of the men threw a cloth over its head and secured it till we could make it fast with a rope; for, though it was quite young, it could walk. The old one was of the bald-headed kind, of which I had secured the first known specimen some months before."

"I immediately ordered a return to the camp, which we reached toward evening. The little *nshiego* had been all this time separated from its dead mother, and now, when it was put near her body, a most touching scene ensued. The little fellow ran instantly to her, but, touching her on the face and breast, saw evidently that some great change had happened. For a few minutes he caressed her, as though trying to coax her back to life. Then he seemed to lose all hope. His little eyes became very sad, and he broke out in a long plaintive wail, 'Ooe! ooe! ooe!' which made my heart ache for him. He looked quite forlorn, and as though he really felt his forsaken lot. The whole camp was touched at his sorrows, and the women were especially moved."

"All this time I stood wonderingly staring at the white face of the creature. It was really marvelous and quite incomprehensible; and a more strange and weird-looking animal I never saw."

"While I stood there, up came two of my hunters and began to laugh at me. 'Look, Chelly!' said they, calling me by the name I was known by among them, 'look at your friend. Every time we kill gorilla, you tell us: 'Look at your black friend!' Now, you see, look at your white friend!' Then came a roar at what they thought a tremendously good joke."

"'Look! he got straight hair, all same as you. See white face of your cousin from the bush! He is nearer to you than gorilla is to us.'"

"And another roar."

"Gorilla no got woolly hair like we. This one straight hair, like you."

"'Yes,' said I; 'but when he gets old his face is black; and do not you see his nose how flat it is, like yours?'"

"Whereat there was a louder laugh than before. For, so long as he can laugh, the negro cares little against whom the joke goes."

This little fellow lived five months, and became quite tame and affectionate. His only bad propensities were love of drink and a tendency to thieve. He would steal into bed with the negroes, and sit with them at the fireside, and delighted to eat with them.

"As the dry season advanced, and the nights grew cooler, he became exceedingly fond of sitting near the fire with the men in the evening; and Master Tommy seemed then to enjoy himself wonderfully, and quite as much as any human being. From time to time he looked up into the faces of those round him, as if to say, 'Do not drive me away!' and the very white color of his face contrasted singularly with the black heads around him. His eye was intelligent, and when left to himself his whole countenance had a look of sadness, sometimes painful to behold. Many times I tried to penetrate and read the inward thoughts of this wonderful little creature, which not only excited my wonder, but that of the natives. Tommy had a reputation quite as great as mine throughout the country. But alas! poor Tommy! One morning he refused his food, seemed downcast, and was very anxious to be petted and held in the arms. I got all kinds of forest berries for him, but he refused all. He did not seem to suffer, but ate nothing; and next day, without a struggle, died. Poor fellow! I was very sorry, for he had grown to be quite a pet companion for me; and even the negroes, though he had given them great trouble, were sorry at his death."

"On the seventh of June," Mr. du Chailu relates, "we went on a gorilla hunt." This was from the *mbando* or *olako*, that is to say, ebony-cutting camp of Igoumba, an Ashira chief. "All the *olako* was busy



on the evening of my arrival with preparations; and as meat was scarce, every body had joyful anticipations of hunger satisfied, and plenty in the camp. Three days afterward they killed their largest gorilla. Its height was five feet nine inches, measured from the tip of his toes. Its arms spread nine feet. Its chest had a circumference of sixty-two inches. The hands, those terrible claws like weapons, with one blow of which it tears out the bowels of a man, or breaks his arms, were of immense masculine power, and bent like veritable claws. The big toe was no less than six inches in circumference."

On the second of August fever drove our hunter back to the coast, and it was the tenth of October, 1859, before he was sufficiently recovered from his fatigues and sickness to undertake his last excursion into the country of the Ashira and the Apingi. At Goumbi, the first village he arrived at, he witnessed a horrible scene—the poisoning of three women accused of witchcraft, and their being afterward hacked to pieces. On the twenty-ninth, emerging from the immense forest, he saw spread before him the great Ashira prairie-land, dotted plentifully with villages, which looked in the distance like ant-heaps. In the far distance loomed up mountains higher than any he had yet seen, and whose peaks were lost in the clouds.

The Ashira people received him with the same kindness and hospitality, mingled with the same fear and astonishment, as the other tribes of the interior. A species of wild boar, having a curious white face, with several large warty protuberances on each side, was here met with.

On the twenty-first he set out to ascend the high peak of Nkoomoo nabouali, which was about forty miles off. They killed a gorilla on the way, but suffered much from want of provisions. On the sixth of December he left Ashira-land for the Apingi country, crossing the river Oviqi by a bridge of peculiarly primitive structure, being merely a bundle of climbers to hold by while fording the torrent. As he advanced the country became more rugged and mountainous. Gorillas abounded, and they shot a full-grown male. Whereupon our hunter remarks: "There is enough likeness to humanity in this beast to make a dead one an awful sight, even to accustomed eyes, as mine were by

this time. I never felt quite that matter-of-course indifference, or that sensation of triumph which the hunter has when a good shot has brought him a head of the choice game. It was as though I had killed some monstrous creation, which yet had something of humanity in it."

Nor does he seem to have got more reconciled to this strange creature when alive than when dead; for he relates: "I find that I do not get accustomed to the roar of the Gorilla. Notwithstanding the numbers I have hunted and shot, it is still an awful sound to me. The long reverberations coming from his portentous chest, the vindictive bark with which each roar is begun, the hollow monotone of the first explosion, all are awe-inspiring, and proclaim the beast the monarch of the forest."

The Gorilla lives in the loneliest and darkest portions of the dense African jungle. It is a restless and nomadic creature, living in pairs with their young. It is a strict vegetarian, does not ascend trees, but sleeps with its back to a tree. Sometimes an old male wanders companionless. It is then as wicked as a "rogue" elephant, possibly from having been deprived of its mate. The Gorilla is the only animal that meets man face to face, and, like man again, he is very easily killed, and falls forward at the first shot in his breast, "with a dreadful note of human agony." "It is," adds our hunter, "this lurking reminiscence of humanity, indeed, which makes one of the chief ingredients of the hunter's excitement in his attack of the Gorilla." Its common walk is on all-fours.

We can not, with the limited space at our command, enter into the anatomical discussion relative to the difference in structure between the troglodyte anthropoid apes and the human species, but we can not help thinking that the character of the Gorilla has been misrepresented, when depicted as so vindictive and ferocious. Not being a carnivorous and hunting animal, but one that is purely vegetarian, would argue quiet habits; an idea which is further strengthened by its retired habitations, its conjugal fidelity, and love of its offspring. In most of the instances described by Mr. du Chaillu, this poor creature had been hunted some time before found; and is it surprising that, when at last placed at bay, it should come forward to defend its wife and young, beating its breast, and roaring defiance at those who have followed it up to its last

place of refuge to take away its life? The natives, we have seen, tell a tale of a man who let his spear fall, and the Gorilla consequently let him off free. Their tradition is also that the Gorilla makes prisoners, but that he sometimes maims them. Is this to be wondered at, when they always kill the Gorilla when they have the power to do so?

After being offered a slave for supper,

asked to work miracles, elected monarch of the country, claimed as a husband, and exploring the mountains till his shoes were worn out, and himself and his companions had almost perished from fatigue, exposure, sickness, and starvation, Mr. du Chaillu returned almost as nearly dead as alive to the sea-shore, whence a friendly ship bore him back to civilization, to friends, and to renewed health.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## MINA: A MODERN PATRIOT OF SPAIN.

"Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate!  
They fight for freedom, who were never free."

LORD BYRON. *Childe Harold, Canto I.*

GUERRILLA warfare, originating in a local term,\* has passed into an acknowledged system, a branch of organized tactics, and is considered by many of our modern Folarads, Guischarchts, and Montecuculis, as not only an important but even a decisive element of national defense, peculiarly applicable to mountainous countries, where great lines of communication are few, and easily broken. It has also been recommended, amidst the host of theories born of the invasion panic, as well adapted to England, where the land is generally level, and a net-work of roads; because, say these advocates, every farmhouse is a post, and every hedge-row a rampart. We are not going, at present, to dispute these premises, which seem to involve something of contradiction, or to show that our Rifle Volunteers (more power to them, as we say in Ireland) have not one jot of the guerilla in their composition, or are little likely to be rendered available in that capacity. They are intended for and are capable of much better service, as they will show should the opportunity occur. We only propose

to cast a glance at recent history, in one or two instances, and to see what its pages teach us on the subject of guerillas.

Hofer, the "Tell of the Tyrol," as he has been called, and with more justice than flattery, though less fortunate than his prototype; and Espoz y Mina, the renowned Spanish partisan, have won enduring reputation by their exploits as guerilla-leaders. Garibaldi once ranked in this list, but he has soared far above it, and is now entitled to be enrolled as a conqueror and liberator on a grand scale. His renown rivals that of Scanderbeg, without even the blemish of early though almost unconscious apostasy. Hofer did wonders in the campaign of 1809, almost annihilated the division of Lefebvre, which thrust itself into the Caudine forks, at Innspruck, as Dupont did at Baylen, and retarded, though he could not prevent, the subjugation of his country. His trial and execution in 1810 was an act of petty revenge, which endeared his memory to millions, and exalted his fame, while it inflicted indelible disgrace on the conquerors.

When the Spanish regular armies were successively and easily swept from the field, during the Peninsular contest by the

\* From the Spanish *Guerra*, a small war, or skirmish, a body of partisans.

legions of Napoleon, the military strength of the country resolved itself into independent bands, each under a favorite leader, hanging perpetually on the flanks, intercepting the supplies, and harassing, without effectually staying, the march of the invaders. Those who imagine that the tide was checked, not to say turned, by these hordes of banditti, under a patriotic name, for such they were in reality, would do well to consider what a great authority, and a personal observer, Sir William Napier, says on this particular point. Speaking of the exploits of Mina, he observes: "The communications of the French were troubled, and considerable losses inflicted upon their armies by this celebrated man, undoubtedly the most conspicuous person amongst the Partida chiefs. And here it may be observed, how weak and inefficient this guerilla system was to deliver the country, and that even as an auxiliary, its advantages were nearly balanced by the evils." The greatest of these evils lay in the mutual detestation engendered, and the reciprocal cruelties resorted to. A war of retaliation leads to barbarism in its direst shape, and the patriotic devotion of the Spanish guerillas was too often disgraced by savage acts, which might be emulated but scarcely surpassed by Caffres and New-Zealand cannibals. They expected no quarter, and seldom extended any to their prisoners. *Væ victis*, war to extermination, was their motto and practice. Often they were not content with the infliction of death on their opponents, unaccompanied by protracted torture. The alcalde of Frasco, an old man, was burnt alive by the Spaniards, his own countrymen, because he happened to be taken amongst a party of French. The system thus adopted on both sides has no parallel in modern warfare, except in Calabria, where the proceedings of the French under Manhès, against the *Masse*, as they were called, or more properly, the insurgent bands of robbers, and their corresponding resistance, were characterized by the same unmitigated ferocity, and at the same period. If a Frenchman took a Calabrese, he stripped and hung him up by a hook in the ribs to a tree, there to perish by degrees. This spectacle was witnessed by officers of the writer's regiment, who were taken prisoners at Palmi, on their march to Naples, in 1809. If a Calabrese took a Frenchman, he also

stripped him, rubbed him over with oil, and then roasted him by a slow fire. But be it remembered, that both in Spain and Italy, the foreign invaders took the lead in all these indescribable horrors, and are assuredly answerable for the consequences.

Napier mentions a startling fact, that notwithstanding the violent measures resorted to by the Partida leaders in Spain to fill their ranks, deserters from the French, and even from the British, formed one third of their forces. It would be absurd to argue that patriotism could have had any thing to do with the feelings of this contingent. Release from discipline and the hope of pillage must have been their only incentives. One of the first exploits of Mina was to slay the commander of a neighboring band, because, under the mask of opposing the public enemy, he relaxed himself by plundering his own countrymen. The historian then goes on to say: "The guerilla system in Spain was the offspring of disorder, and disorder in war is weakness, accompanied by ills the least of which is sufficient to produce ruin. It is in such a warfare that habits of unbridled license, of unprincipled violence and disrespect for the rights of property are quickly contracted, and render men unfit for the duties of citizens; and yet it has been cited, with singular inconsistency, as the best and surest mode of resisting an enemy, by politicians who hold regular armies in abhorrence, although a high sense of honor, devotion to the cause of the country, temperance, regularity, and decent manners form the very essence of the latter's discipline." We quote this passage the more readily, as in the present day there are not wanting writers who maintain that England, the richest country in the world, traversed and intersected like a gridiron, by highways and railways, with a concentrated population of twenty millions, could be best defended by guerilla warfare.

The entire number of guerillas in Spain never much exceeded thirty thousand. Lord Wellington, at the desire of the British Government, sent presents to the principal leaders, acknowledging the importance of their services, which he thought of more value than they really proved, because at that time he only knew them by report. "When he afterward advanced into Spain," says Napier,

"and saw them closely, he was forced to acknowledge that, although active and willing, they were so little disciplined that they could do nothing against the French troops, unless the latter were very inferior in numbers. If the French took post in a house or church, of which they only barricaded the entrance, the guerillas were so ill-equipped as military bodies, that their enemy could remain in security until relieved. In like manner Napoleon, reprimanding his generals for suffering the Partidas to gain any head, observed, that when cut off from communication with the English ships, they were a nullity!"

The leaders of the guerillas were men from every class of society, including monks and doctors, peasants, artisans, cooks, and collegiate scholars. Some were named from a deformity, others from the fashion of their clothes; but each had his sobriquet, founded on a moral or physical characteristic. It has never been clearly decided whence or wherefore Juan Martin Diaz, the *Empecinado*, derived his strange agnomen. Some say he was so designated from his swarthy complexion; others, that finding his family murdered by the French, he made an oath of vengeance, and smeared his face with pitch, not to be washed off until the final expulsion of the invaders; as old General Thomas Dalziel would never suffer his beard to be shaved, under a vow, after the execution of Charles the First, until the House of Stuart was restored. This *Empecinado* was as blood-thirsty as he was active and enterprising; but in the former quality he was even exceeded by a female demon, named Martina, whose band infested Biscay. She murdered friends and foes with such balanced impartiality, that Mina was compelled at last to hunt her down, until the truculent Amazon and her whole gang were surprised and shot off at once upon the spot.

There were two Minas, nephew and uncle. Xavier, the first and youngest, called also the Student, had but a short career, being taken prisoner by Suchet in 1809, in the neighborhood of Pampeluna. While reconnoitering by moonlight, in the hopes of surprising a valuable convoy, he stumbled on a French patrol, when it was too late to retreat. He had been proscribed as a bandit, nevertheless his life was spared, but he was kept a close prisoner,

and his services were lost to his country. Nothing could be more romantic and marvelous than his adventures, achievements, and escapes, until the night of his capture. Once, near Estella, he was driven to an insulated rock, which could only be assailed on one side. That point he defended until darkness set in, and then lowering himself and followers by a rope, he slipped away without losing a man. When his unexpected loss occasioned many disputes as to who should succeed him, Espoz y Mina, who had hitherto served under his nephew, yielded with considerable reluctance to the general wish which nominated him as chief. He had been brought up as a tiller of the land, and was scarcely able to read or write; but on the call of the Junta, summoning all children of the soil to the defense of their country, he came forth from obscurity, and took up arms with the rest. Until accident made him a leader, his opportunities had been few; but no sooner did he assume command than his daring and decided character immediately exhibited itself. Echevarria had created a schism in opposition, and called off many partisans. The force became divided and enfeebled. Mina lost no time in bringing the question to issue. He surprised his rival, shot him, with three of his subordinate officers, and reformed the wavering band. No sooner was this competitor disposed of, than Mina encountered a more subtle danger through the treachery of one of his own sergeants, who, from the evil expression of his countenance, had received the distinctive appellation of *Malcarado*, or foul-faced. Disliking the new commander, he determined to betray him to the enemy, and with this object entered into arrangements in concert with the French general, Panettier, whose brigade was in the vicinity, to surprise the guerilla chieftain in his bed. The attempt very nearly succeeded; but Mina, obtaining a few minutes' notice to prepare, defended himself desperately with the bar of the door, until his chosen friend and comrade, Gustra, arrived to the rescue with a few followers, and enabled him to escape. Mina, with the rapidity of lightning, collected his band, repulsed the enemy, took *Malcarado* prisoner, and executed summary justice on him without delay. The village curé and three alcaldes, who were found to have abetted in the plot, were hung side by side upon

the same tree, and their houses burned to the ground. No sharper practice had ever been exhibited in the old border warfare between feudal chieftains; but Mina's uncompromising severity, at the outset, terrified the discontented and the plotters, and secured for him, in all his future operations, the implicit obedience of his followers, and the ready coöperation of the country people and local authorities.

An account of Mina's guerilla exploits was written in 1811 by a Spanish colonel, Don Lorenzo Ximenes, who had served with and describes him from close intimacy. From this narrative, which may be fully relied on, with memoirs of a later date, we collect the following particulars.

Mina was a well-made man, of a florid aspect, robust in form, and about five feet eight inches in height. When the Spaniards took up arms in 1808, against the French, he was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, having been born at Ydocin, near Pampeluna, in 1782. He had a fixed idea that women interfered with public life, and were, above all other impediments, the heaviest clog on military operations. Under this conviction he avoided female society as resolutely as Charles the Twelfth did, and never suffered any officer or soldier of his band to be accompanied by such an encumbering addition to his light marching order. He was sparing of speech, but frank in manner, lived almost as abstemiously as a hermit, drank no wine, seldom slept more than two hours in the night, and then always with his loaded pistols in his girdle and the door of his room locked, if he chanced to enjoy the unusual luxury of a bed-chamber. This arose not from fear, but to be prepared as much as possible, against the many chances of surprise or assassination. The great feature of his tactics was perpetual movement, so that his enemies should be misled by conflicting rumors as to his "whereabouts," unable to fix him in any assigned locality, or to calculate when and where his attack would strike them. With this leading object ever in view, he was habitually incommunicative and mysterious as a hieroglyphic. His most trusted lieutenants never knew the intended line of march nor the game in view until the prize was almost within their grasp. When the drum or bugle was heard, whether for ordinary parade or immediate and desperate ser-

vice, neither officer nor soldier could tell, but all were required to appear fully equipped, the mounted officers in the saddle, and the mules, with their scanty baggage, loaded for the march. In fact, his entire success depended on profound secrecy and correct intelligence. When least expected, he appeared suddenly, placed himself at the head of his men, issued no complicated orders, but simply exclaimed: "Follow me!" In this manner he often marched thirty miles, with only an occasional halt of a few minutes; and on a particular expedition, where he succeeded in surprising and capturing, near Estella, a large convoy of French stores and provisions, he moved through by-paths in the mountains full forty miles without allowing refreshment either to horses or men for the whole day. At that particular period, he was utterly without provender, and his band must have dispersed for a time had he not, fortunately, replenished his commissariat at the expense of the enemy. When he had a superabundance he was most liberal, and gave freely to the peasants of an impoverished or plundered district, as well as to his own people, without requiring payment. His name became so popular that, if supplies were forthcoming at all, they poured into his cantonment or bivouac, when neither fear nor lucre could obtain a market for the regular troops.

Whenever a volunteer of infantry joined Mina, he was only allowed to bring with him a pair of sandals, half-stockings, breeches and jacket. His own personal wardrobe was confined to the clothes on his back. He required no sumpter mules to carry articles of luxury nor even of necessary convenience. When his shirt was dirty, he went to the nearest farmhouse, asked for the owner, entered, and said: "I am Mina; the shirt I have on requires washing, give me a clean one." The countryman complied invariably, and if there was time, washed the exchanged shirt and then got back his own; if not, he kept Mina's, and Mina his. The arms of the band, in general, were outwardly rusty and ill-looking, but particularly well-cleaned within, and the locks and flints in excellent condition. Not Cromwell himself was more emphatic in the order: "Keep your powder dry." If the bayonets were encrusted with blood, it was seldom washed off. On one occasion, he directed a detachment of thirty men

to load each musket with three balls; "and I know that they obeyed me," said he, "for, at the first discharge, they killed or wounded sixty people."

Mina's cavalry seldom reached two hundred. They were the best equipped portion of his troops; dressed like hussars, with blue jackets and pantaloons, and caps similar to those of the regular army, with this exception, that they had a piece of red cloth about a yard long hanging down the back, in a point from the cap, and terminated by a gold tassel. All wore sandals and spurs. Mina himself never wore jack or half-boots, but sandals, that he might escape the more readily by climbing up the side of a mountain, in case (as frequently happened) his horse should be shot or exhausted. Several times he saved himself in this way, almost miraculously.

If a juvenile recruit applied for enlistment in the cavalry, Mina began by minutely examining and questioning him in person; after which he called for the commanding officer of the infantry and said: "This boy wishes to serve in the cavalry; take him first with you, and let me know how he gets on." In the first action that took place a mounted captain kept him close to himself, and narrowly watched his behavior. At the fourth, if he stood fire resolutely, and showed an ardent spirit, the captain brought him to the chief and made his report: "The lad will do; he is worthy to die for his country." Mina then gave him a horse and arms, and kept his own eye upon him in the hour of battle. On this system his small troop of equestrians were composed of the most devoted and intrepid Spaniards in the peninsula. There was among them a boy, scarcely fourteen years old. He was mounted on a pony, with arms in proportion to his size and youth—a small double-barreled carbine, with pistols and sword. He was always in the advanced guard and first in a fight. Once, he found himself in the midst of five French troopers, and called on them to surrender. They, observing a strong party of Mina's cavalry closely following their young leader, turned about, and were in the act of galloping off, when "*el chico*" (the fine boy) charged one of them, knocked him off his horse, and, at the same time, seized the bridle of a second, until some of his companions came up and put them both to the sword. Mina saw the exploit, and

exclaimed: "*El chico* is the bravest man in the division."

The French designated Mina the King of Navarre. Whenever he entered a house, every thing he wanted was laid before him ere he could ask for it. The whole province thought it an honor to have him for a guest, and none of his officers were suffered to pay for their meals. There might have been policy as well as love in this, under the idea that they would take without ceremony if not ceremoniously treated. Mina adopted an ingenious plan of ridding himself entirely of French spies, without inflicting on them the extreme penalty, as by the articles of war of all nations "in such cases provided." When his outposts seized and brought one of this suspected fraternity before him, he caused the prisoner to be stripped naked, to see if he concealed scraps of paper, plans, or drawing. If any thing of the kind was found, he called one of his chosen guard and said: "Take this fellow, he is a spy; cut off his right ear." The soldier, who had been pretty well practiced in this work, drew out his sword and performed the operation with the dexterity of a regular surgeon. That part of the ceremony concluded, "*Viva Mina*" was stamped on the forehead of the culprit with a red-hot iron. He was then kicked out, indelibly branded for the rest of his life. So ashamed were the sufferers under this disgrace, that they shrank from showing themselves, and in more than one instance were found lying in the hills, starved to death.

Mina established an hospital for his sick and wounded, near a beautiful little village called Estella, on the brow of a mountain. It was attended by six female nurses and two excellent surgeons. The French discovered the exact spot, and made several attempts to surprise the hospital, but never with success. Mina was always made aware of their approach. The inhabitants of the village then, at his signal, turned out in a body, and carried away the invalids in biers, on their shoulders, at least six leagues into the mountains, where they remained, in inaccessible security, until the enemy retired. In this same mountain was a cave where he fabricated his own gunpowder, with which he was in general well supplied. His operations were principally confined to his native province of Navarre, every inch of which, mountain and plain, he was ac-

quainted with from infancy, and could traverse by night without a guide.

Mina encouraged the Navarrese to traffic with the French, and gave them passports for the purpose, by which means he secured many articles essential to the comfort and advantage of his men that he could not otherwise obtain. If those who wished to trade were rich, he exacted permissory fees from them, which went toward the pay of his soldiers, and more particularly to the remuneration of the peasants and others who brought him information of the movements of the French. To these allies he was unbounded in liberality, and they, in return, supplied him with information worth more than its weight in gold. Not a man could stir in the enemy's quarters without his being immediately acquainted with it. If the *alcaldes*, or justices of the peace, of a village were ordered by the French general to make any requisition, and did not at once communicate the particulars to Mina, he paid them a domiciliary visit in the night, and shot them incontinently. Nine of these judicial episodes illustrated his career. If he obtained the necessary information, he took his steps accordingly, either to intercept the supply, cut off the escort, or delay their march. Every volunteer who joined his band had an ample supply of wine, meat, and bread. Every thing he took in action he was allowed to consider his own, but not until the battle was over. Marauders who left off fighting to plunder prematurely were fusiladed on the spot, without even a drum-head court-martial.

Mina's field maneuvers were simple and concise. His "Dundas" would not have occupied half a page. "Form column!—line-of-battle!—charge!" This was all. He could not say, with old Sir Andrew Agnew, at Fontenoy, "Lads, dinna pull a trigger till ye spy the ruffles on their sarks," for the French in Spain wore no ruffles, and not always shirts; but his word was: "Never fire till you are sure of hitting your mark." Gaming of all sorts was prohibited in his camp, and neither officer nor soldier possessed a pack of cards. When duty was neglected, punishment fell on all alike, without distinction of rank. He invariably rejected "regulars" when they offered themselves. "These automatons," said he, "are mere book-men and theorists, made to fail. They pretend to every thing, and do

nothing." The book-men and theorists repaid the compliment in full, for, from the Duke of Wellington downward, they held the irregulars in sovereign contempt. "Clear the way, canaille!" was Murat's word when he rode in singly amidst a cloud of Cossacks. Both sides were wrong, as extremes are never right.

Gurichaga, Mina's second in command, was also a remarkable man, with many requisites for his post—the only person in whom the chief had implicit confidence, and sometimes consulted. He was about the same age, taller and thinner, with less self-command, of a most hasty and insolent temper, of moderate talents, but brave as a Paladin of old, fiery in action, and powerful with the sword. He was severe with the troops; but as he never spared himself either in toil, privation, or battle, they feared, respected, and obeyed him. He watched every one in action, and upon his report they were degraded or promoted. Every man knew the country and the mountain passes as well as their leader did; and when the pressure of circumstances required, Mina dispersed his band, naming a particular rendezvous, perhaps twenty leagues off, where they never failed to arrive, even though the intermediate country might be held by divisions of the enemy. A remarkable instance occurred in 1810, when he was surrounded by twenty thousand French, who had received order to destroy him and his corps at all hazards. Mina knew the full extent of the danger that threatened him, but with his three thousand men, remained in the mountains for fifteen days, treating the beleaguering host with the utmost contempt. At length, about dusk on an autumnal evening, he saw himself fairly surrounded by four columns, bearing down upon his front, flanks, and rear, and taking up ground preparatory to attack on the following dawn. Mina was now fairly encompassed in a net, from which extrication seemed impossible. With the greatest coolness he called his officers round him. "Gentlemen," said he, "we are rather unpleasantly situated here. Let every captain look to his own company. The rendezvous will be at such a place, (naming one,) the rallying word—Mina: and now let every man disperse, and make the best of his way." The order was obeyed instantly, and without noise. The French deployed their columns at daybreak in the morning; but

where they expected to catch the sleeping weasels, they found nothing but untenanted furze. In five days afterward, there was Mina again upon their track, committing his usual audacious depredations, ten leagues from his circumvented lair, and without the loss of a single man.

Not long after this, on the twenty-second of May, 1811, Mina achieved the greatest of all his exploits—a deed of partisan daring and success almost equal to that of Sarsfield in 1690, when he sallied from Limerick, took, and blew up King William's battering-train, and effected the raising of the siege with the liberation of the beleaguered city. A column of twelve hundred French infantry was escorting a convoy of eight hundred Spanish prisoners and a considerable amount of treasure to France. Mina attacked them at the Puerto de Arlaban, near Vittoria, with the most triumphant result. The prisoners were restored to freedom, and their joy at their unexpected deliverance exceeded all bounds; but it was checked by the death of many of these unarmed captives, indiscriminately confounded with their guards, and thus unfortunately killed in the *melée*. The victory was also stained by the deliberate murder of six Spanish ladies, who for being attached to French officers, were in cold blood executed after the fight was over. Such instances were not solitary where the *lex talionis* seemed to be the recognized military code on the part of all the belligerents. Mussena, whose baggage was captured, intended to travel homeward by this convoy, but disliking the order of the march, he remained in Vittoria until a better opportunity, and thus Mina lost the chance so nearly thrown in his way of adding to his trophies a French marshal of the empire of the highest reputation. Franceschi, a young French general of rising fame, was taken in this miserable way, at an earlier period, and died a prisoner.

Mina had struck a blow that resounded far and wide through the country. The enemy for the moment was paralyzed at his daring and good fortune; but he was surrounded by watchful opponents, and a sudden onset of cavalry, a single neglect by an outpost, might at any moment force him to abandon his prize. He had no time to waste either in delay or deliberation. His next object was to place the prisoners he had emancipated beyond

the casualty of recapture. He marched through many villages, and across many mountains, sometimes in a narrow defile, at others across an open plain, and not unfrequently close to the French lines. He moved in the direction of Valencia for the purpose of opening communication with Duran and the Empecinado, to whom he dispatched messengers, requesting them to coöperate with him by passing along the banks of the Ebro, to protect his own passage across. He waited with anxiety eighteen days for an answer from the Empecinado, but none arrived. That partisan had, unfortunately, been attacked at the precise juncture, and lost his artillery. Mina then resolved to execute his project alone. He ordered some boards to be placed on cars, with preparations to construct a bridge, and spread a report that he intended to cross the river at a certain point. The carts and wagons, loaded with these materials, he moved down in the daytime toward the water. The French drew nigh and waited anxiously, expecting Mina and his troops. In the mean while he started at dead of night, marched twelve miles below the point where it was given out that he intended to throw his bridge, and coming to the banks of the Ebro, jumped off his horse and said: "Here is the spot where I intend to carry you across." The whole column was halted without noise or confusion. Mina forced his own horse into the river to try the depth, and finding it practicable, ordered a hundred men to get up behind a hundred of the cavalry, and plunge into the stream. In this manner the eight hundred enfranchised prisoners were taken over, and safely landed on the other side, before the French were aware that he was not on his way to the bridge. As soon as this maneuver was successfully accomplished, Mina exclaimed: "Now, Spaniards, you are safe from all danger of recapture." He then divided two handkerchiefs full of dollars amongst them, saying they had as good a right to share in the plunder of the French as he and his own people had, and, wishing them farewell, galloped back into the river with his cavalry, leaving twenty dragoons and an officer to escort them on their route to Valencia.

This extraordinary leader might often have doubled or trebled the amount of his force, so popular had his successes made him; but he had no per-



sonal vanity, no desire to be the general of a host; his ambition was bounded to the reputation of first of the guerillas, and he was often heard to say, he could manage four or five thousand men, but that he should be lost at the head of a regular or numerous army.

In October, 1811, Mina descended from the mountains of Leon, and entered Navarre with an organized band of above five thousand in number. They were well armed, but in want of clothing and ammunition, with which, through the agency of Mr. Tupper, our consul at Valencia, they were soon abundantly supplied. A general plan of invasion was discussed, in conjunction with Duran and the Empecinado, but the three leaders were unable to agree, and each then acted upon his own resources. Two were speedily discomfited, but Mina contrived to cut off and either kill or make prisoners of a whole battalion of Italians, while crossing a plain in the neighborhood of Huesca. The French generals, Reille and Musnier, exasperated at this misfortune, spread around their columns to intercept him; but he contrived to evade them, and, between fighting and rapid marches, reached Motrico, on the coast of Biscay, with his captives. The *Iris*, an English frigate, took some off his hands, and the remainder were sent on to Corunna, through the Asturian mountains, but only thirty-six out of three hundred arrived. The rest were shot by the escort, under pretext that they made a noise near a French post! These, and similar acts, such as shooting prisoners in retaliation, in the ratio of ten or even twenty to one, as practiced by the curate Merino, Napier says, "were recorded with complacency in the English newspapers, and met with no public disapprobation."

On the seventh of April, 1812, Mina attacked and defeated with great loss a Polish regiment, escorting an enormous convoy of treasure, prisoners, baggage, camp-followers, and invalided officers returning to France. All the Spanish prisoners were released, and joined Mina's band; and it was said that at least one million of francs (£40,000) fell into his hands, besides the equipages, arms, stores, and a quantity of church plate. On the twenty-eighth of the same month, he captured another convoy; but he had now become so notoriously formidable, that General Abbé, recently appointed French

governor of Navarre, directed every corps in his command to unite in combined movements to put him down. Abbé was an active, able officer, and Mina with much difficulty escaped from his clutches. He was often heard to say that no general ever gave him so much trouble, or proved so truly formidable to him. In 1813, after the battle of Vittoria, when Clauzel, with the wreck of the French army, was slackly pursued by the Duke of Wellington, Mina displayed tactical ability far beyond what might have been expected from a partisan general. He imposed upon Clauzel a belief that the whole allied army were close upon his track, took from him three hundred prisoners, and forced that skillful strategist to destroy some of his artillery and heavy baggage, and retire rapidly to Jacca. During the blockade of Pampeluna by O'Donnell and Carlos D'Espana, Mina and his guerillas again did good service as a covering corps. But when the allies entered France, the Spaniards began to pay off old scores on their invaders by plundering and murdering to such an extent, that Lord Wellington was compelled to send the greater portion of them back to their own country. Some of Mina's battalions mutinied, and were foremost in these excesses, which materially impeded the English general's comprehensive plans, tarnishing at the same time their own reputation, and exposing themselves to defeats which somewhat diminished the credit of their renowned commander.

The subsequent career of Mina, although he lived to 1836, and reached the age of fifty-four, furnishes less satisfactory and less remarkable materials for biography than his short and meteoric course as a leader of guerillas. In that capacity alone we treat of him in this short notice. After the general peace of 1814, he soon discovered, in common with all Spaniards who really loved their country, that in fighting for the restoration of Ferdinand the Seventh, they had restored a monarch who was almost equally compounded between despotism, imbecility, and a systematic evasion of his solemn engagements. Mina endeavored to produce a reaction against the existing system, in his native province, but failed, and sought an asylum in France, where Louis the Eighteenth not only protected, but granted him a pension. In 1822 he returned to Spain, under an expectation that Ferdinand would, at last, be true to

the constitution which he had most reluctantly yielded under compulsion. Mina was then appointed Captain-General of the three armies of Navarre, Catalonia, and Arragon, but again, in 1823, found it prudent to leave Spain, and come to England. He was cordially welcomed as a hero and patriot of the first order, and great attempts were made to lionize him, from which he shrank with unaffected modesty. Sheridan Knowles inscribed

*Virginius* to the guerilla chief, with this laconic flourish: "Illustrious man! to you I dedicate this play. Who will demand my reasons?" On the accession of Queen Christina, Mina returned to his own country, received an important command, and took an active part against Don Carlos. But he added little to his earlier fame in that sanguinary contest, his measures partaking fully of the savage animosity with which it was pursued.

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From the Leisure Hour.

## LIGHTS ALOFT—THE AURORA BOREALIS.

IN higher latitudes than our own, when the sky of the winter night is clear of clouds, the air calm, and the stars shine out with the greatest distinctness through the transparent atmosphere, while variously-colored auroral lights flare aloft, finely contrasting with the silvery snow of the ground beneath, the scene is very striking, often gorgeous; yet it is solemn withal, and sometimes even awful to the stranger, owing to the seemingly portentous features of the celestial spectacle, gazed upon amid the solitude and stillness of an arctic region. Such a scene suggested the fine lines of a northern poet: "Evening Reflections on the Majesty of God, on seeing the great Northern Lights."

"Now day conceals her face, and darkness fills  
The field, the forest, with the shades of night;  
The gloomy clouds are gathering round the hills,  
Vailing the last ray of the lingering light.  
The abyss of heaven appears, the stars are kindling round:  
Who, who can count those stars, who that abyss can sound?"

"Just as a sand 'whelmed in the infinite sea;  
A ray the frozen iceberg sends to heaven;  
A feather in the fierce flame's majesty;  
A mote, by midnight's maddened whirlwind driven;  
Am I, midst this parade, an atom, less than naught,  
Lost and o'erpowered by the gigantic thought.

"And we are told by wisdom's knowing ones,  
That there are multitudes of worlds like this;  
That yon unnumbered lamps are glowing suns,  
And each a *Huk* amidst creation is:  
There dwells the Godhead too; there shine his wisdom's  
essence.  
His everlasting strength, his all-supporting presence.

"Where are thy secret laws, O Nature! where?  
Thy North Lights glitter in the wintry space;

How dost thou light from ice thy torches there?  
There has thy sun some sacred, secret throne?  
See in yon frozen sea what glories have their birth;  
Thence night leads forth the day to illuminate the earth."

The writer, Michael Lomonosov, flourished during the first half of the last century. He was the father of Russian poetry, became eminent also as a man of science, and rose to the directorship of the university of St. Petersburg. Born near the icy shores of the White Sea, he was far more familiar with auroral phenomena than we are. Though seen in our own country, the luminous meteor is only an occasional visitant, and there are often long intervals of intermission; but in more northerly latitudes it occurs with great frequency, and with incomparably greater splendor. While also to us merely an object of curiosity and fascination, its brilliant coruscations are of practical utility to the inhabitants of polar climes. Being without the light of the sun in winter for months together, they relieve their long dreary night, compensate for the absence of the solar illumination, and aid in the discharge of the various occupations of life.

"Even in the depth of polar night they find  
A wondrous day; enough to light the chase,  
And guide their daring steps to Finland fairs."

Though the meteoric display has been viewed with astonishment and admiration for ages, alike by the peasant and the

philosopher, it still remains one of the unexplained wonders of nature.

The term *Aurora Borealis*, or Northern Lights, *Nordlichter* of the Germans, properly the Northern Daybreak, originated with Gassendi, in France, in the year 1621. The name alludes to the site of the appearance, toward the north part of the heavens, and to its resemblance at times to the faint streaks which mark the sky a little before sunrise. Historical notices of the phenomenon date from the time of Aristotle, who undoubtedly refers to it in his work on meteors, describing it as occurring on calm nights, and comparing the exhibition to flame mingled with smoke, or to the distant view of burning stubble; purple, bright red, and blood color, being the predominant hues. Seneca, Pliny, and other classical writers, refer to the same strange lights aloft; and mediæval chronicles of swords gleaming, armies fighting, and blood flowing, in the night sky, are allusions to auroral displays distorted by the imaginations of the vulgar.

The following "strange, terrible, and unwonted apparition," observed at Hull on the night of the third of September, 1654, the anniversary of the battle of Worcester and the battle of Dunbar, when Cromwell's second parliament was summoned to meet, is thus recorded by an authority of the place: "On a sudden the sky seemed to be of a fiery color, and there immediately appeared in the air, in the east, a huge body of pikemen, several parties marching before as a forlorn hope. Suddenly was beheld in the west another army, which seemed to march toward the eastern army with all possible speed. And then first there was the representation of some skirmishes between parties of each army. Afterward both parties did engage, and furiously charged each other with their pikes in such dreadful sort as the beholders were stricken with terror thereat. Both these armies appeared of a red color. Within a little while, there came from the north-west another army, greater than the former, which marched directly to the place where the former battle was fought. This army was black, and here was perceived horse as well as foot. And now began another battle, far exceeding the former in fierceness and cruelty. Reader, what interpretation thou wilt make of this apparition I know not, neither shall I add any thing

of my own to the relation; only take notice and believe it. It is no fiction nor scarecrow, but a thing real, and far beyond what is here reported."

Although we may smile at the panics that have been sometimes caused by auroral displays, not the less solemn is the remembrance of the divine power which regulates all the wonderful phenomena of the natural world. "If," says the pious Hervey, in his *Meditations*, "if this waving brightness which plays so innocently over our heads be so amazing to multitudes, what inexpressible consternation must overwhelm unthinking mortals when the general conflagration commences! Oh! how shall I, or others, stand undismayed amidst the glare of a burning world, unless the Lord of Jehovah be our defense? How shall we be upheld in security when the globe itself is sinking in a fiery ruin, unless the Rock of Ages be our support?"

Auroral appearances are so very diversified, that it is impossible to include every particular in a brief and general statement. But the following features are commonly conspicuous in localities where the meteoric lights have the most distinct character, and are revealed in their full glory. A cloud or haze is first seen in the north region of the heavens, which gradually becomes darker, but has very little density, as the stars are sometimes beheld shining brightly through it. This cloud assumes the form of a circular segment, resting at each corner on the horizon. It is soon surrounded by a broad luminous *arch*, usually of a bluish-white color, which remains visible for several hours, but is in a state of constant motion. It rises and falls, extends toward the east and toward the west, or breaks in one part, then in another. From this arch, *rays* shoot forth with the rapidity of lightning one after another toward the zenith, where they unite to form the so-called *corona*, or crown, which encircles the summit of the heavenly canopy. But it is only in rare instances that a perfect crown or circle appears. The grandeur of the spectacle has then attained its maximum; and from this time the lights become faint and intermittent, till they entirely fade from the sky. A strong tremulous motion from end to end is almost always observable in the rays, comparable to the convolutions of a snake, or the flutter of a ribbon agitated by the

wind. They have hence acquired the name of the "merry dancers" in the Shetlands, while viewed with awe by rude Indian tribes as the spirits of their fathers roaming through the land of souls.

To conceive aright of the magnificence of the display, where its greatest splendor is seen, the effect of color must be remembered. The arches are sometimes gray, gold yellow, white bounded by a fringe of yellow, or nearly black passing into violet blue. The rays are steel-gray, yellowish gray, pea-green, celandine green, gold yellow, violet blue, rose red, and blood red. When the latter color has been prominent, rustic sages have shaped the crimson beams into aerial conflicts.

"Fierce, fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war."

Maupertuis describes a very remarkable aurora, seen in Lapland, December 18th, 1786, when an extensive region of the heavens was tinged with such a lively red that the whole constellation of Orion seemed as if dipped in blood. He adds, that he observed only two of these red colored lights in that country, where they are exceedingly rare, although the variety of tints is very great. Hence they are regarded by the natives as of portentous omen. But red auroras have of late years been seen in the Shetlands, in many parts of Scotland, and in England from the north to the south extremity. One of a fine blood color was seen at 10 P.M., October 24th, 1847, when, such was the vigilance of our metropolitan firemen, that they set out in various directions to extinguish the celestial blaze! A crimson aurora was seen October 18th, 1848, when Taurus was magnificently red. The intensity of the light varies from a faint radiance to a lustre nearly equaling that of the moon. Mr. Lowe, of Highfield House, remarks: "9 h. 36 m.—Could read the words, 'The Times, Friday, April 9th, 1858.'" An aurora afforded Dr. Dalton sufficient light to read by on an evening in the middle of October, at eight o'clock. Löwenhorn recognized the phenomenon in bright sunshine.

In the interval between September, 1838, and April, 1839, M. Lottin, an officer of the French navy, and member of a scientific mission sent to the northern seas, observed nearly a hundred and fifty meteors of this class. They were most frequent from the 17th of November to the 25th

of January, being the period during which the sun was constantly below the horizon. During this space of time, sixty-four auroras were visible, besides many which a clouded sky concealed from the eye, but the presence of which was indicated by the disturbances produced upon the magnetic needle. On one occasion, while on the north coast of Norway, a light fog appeared between four and eight o'clock P.M., which became colored on its upper edge, being fringed with the light of the meteor rising behind it. This border at length took the form of a regular arc, of a pale yellow color, and swelled slowly upward. Rays streamed from it sometimes instantaneously, sometimes gradually, of very various length, but all converging to the same point of the heavens. Now they quivered like a leaf in the breeze; anon they curved like the folds of a serpent. The base of the rays was blood-red, the middle pale emerald, and the remainder clear yellow. Waves of differently colored light also occasionally intermingled with the rays. "Let it then be imagined that all these vivid rays of light issue forth with splendor, subject to continual and sudden variations in their length and brightness; that these beautiful red and green tints color them at intervals; that waves of light undulate over them; and, in fine, that the vast firmament presents one immense and magnificent dome of light, reposing on the snow-covered base supplied by the ground—which itself serves as a dazzling frame for a sea calm and black as a pitchy lake—and some idea, though an imperfect one, may be obtained of the splendid spectacle which presents itself to him who witnesses the aurora from the Bay of Alten."

Various results of calculation have been given as to the elevation of auroral phenomena. Early observers were disposed to fix the seat beyond the limits of our atmosphere. But this hypothesis is clearly untenable, from the fact of the earth's diurnal motion having no effect upon the apparent position of the luminous display; and while thus partaking the rotation of the globe, other circumstances intimate its purely terrestrial character. Heights ranging from the region of the lower clouds to five hundred miles and more above the surface, have been estimated for different exhibitions. The wide geographical area over which the same aurora has occasionally been seen, undoubtedly

involves a very considerable altitude. Thus, one example, that of the third of September, 1839, was observed in the Isle of Skye, by M. de Saussure; at Paris by the astronomers of the Observatory; at Asti, in the Sardinian States, by M. Quetelet; at New-Haven, in Connecticut, by Mr. Herrick; and at New-Orleans by credible witnesses. The remarkably fine display of the year 1716, seen by Halley, and described by him in the *Philosophical Transactions*, was observed all over Europe, from the confines of Russia on the east, to Ireland on the west. On the other hand the evidence is equally decisive at times in favor of a low elevation. A brilliant aurora was seen by Mr. Farquharson, the minister of Alford, in Aberdeenshire, on the 29th of December, 1829, from eight to half-past eleven in the evening, above a thick bank of clouds, which covered the tops of the hills to the northward of his residence, and which never rose to any great altitude above the horizon. The same aurora was seen in the zenith, at a quarter-past nine, by Mr. Paul, another minister, at Tullynessle, only two miles north of Alford, so that its height could not have exceeded that of the summit of Ben Nevis. Captain Parry, during his third voyage, observed an aurora even between the hills and his ship, anchored at Port Bowen.

The sudden glare and rapid bursts of these wondrous aerial fires render it difficult to imagine them altogether without the accompaniment of explosive sounds. In fact, hissing, rustling, murmuring, and crackling noises are reported by the Copper Indians, Crees, and Esquimaux; by Henderson in Iceland; Hearne at the mouth of the Coppermine river; and Gmelin in Siberia. The latter states that, on the confines of the icy sea, the spectral forms appear like rushing armies; and that the hissing, crackling noises so terrify the hunters and their dogs, that overcome with terror, they fall prostrate to the ground. But the counter testimonies are so numerous and influential as to engender the suspicion of some mistake. Captain Lyon stood for hours on the ice listening, without catching the faintest sound. Parry, Franklin, and Richardson, in polar regions; Thienemann, in Iceland; Giesecke, in Greenland; Lottin and Brevais, near the North Cape; Wrangel and Anjou, on the coast of the Arctic Ocean, observed the aurora thousands of times, and bear witness to the complete noise-

lessness of the spectacle. Perhaps the following remark by Lieutenant Hood explains the discrepancy: "We repeatedly heard a hissing noise like that of musket-balls passing through the air, which seemed to proceed from the aurora; but Mr. Wentzel assured us that this noise was occasioned by severe cold succeeding mild weather, and acting upon the surface of the snow previously melted in the sun's rays." Humboldt quaintly remarks, that auroras have become less noisy since their features have been more accurately noted.

There is reason to believe, though the fact is perfectly inscrutable, that auroral visitations have a character of periodicity, being rare through a certain cycle of years, and common through another, while remarkable also for splendor and peculiar combinations of form and color. Prior to the beginning of the last century, the luminosity was considered a great rarity by the inhabitants of Upsal, in Sweden, a country in which it has since been an ordinary spectacle. Nothing is more usual now in Iceland than the fantastic, flickering glare; but Torsæus, the historian of Denmark, an Icelander, who wrote in 1706, records his remembrance of the time when it was an object of terror in his native island. Halley tells us that, when he observed the great aurora of 1716, he had begun to despair of ever seeing one at all, for nothing of the kind had occurred in England for upward of eighty years, or of the same magnitude for nearly a century and a half, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. On the occasion referred to, the afternoon was very serene and calm. As it began to grow dark, about seven o'clock, an unusual illumination appeared in the heavens, streaming out of a dusky cloud low down toward the horizon in the north-east. Halley was spending the evening in the house of a friend, and was not aware of what was passing without till between nine and ten. He was speedily out of doors at a favorable gazing station, and continued watching the extraordinary scene to its termination, after midnight, with the interest and admiration natural to a man of science and of taste. The converging streamers formed a well-defined corona near the zenith. "Some likened it," he states, "to that representation of glory wherewith our painters in churches surround the holy name of God; others to those radiating stars with which the

breasts of the Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter are adorned; many compared it to the concave of the great cupola of St. Paul's." Owing to the near coincidence, in point of time, of the grand apparition with the execution of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, for his part in the rebellion of the previous year, it was long remembered by the northern peasantry under the name of the "Derwentwater Lights." Courtly sycophants of the House of Hanover did not fail to recognize the meteor as a kind of celestial inauguration of the new dynasty.

Auroral gleams continued increasing in brilliancy and frequency to the middle of the century, when there was a temporary retrogression. Another period of visitation dates from the year 1827. Fine exhibitions occurred in the autumns of 1847-8, also in the spring of 1858; and it may be noticed that they ushered in the remarkably exceptional weather of the last eighteen months. "All over the world," says Admiral Fitzroy, referring to the early autumn of 1859, "not only in the arctic but in the antarctic regions, in Australia, South-America, the West-Indies, Bermudas, and elsewhere, auroræ and meteors were unusually prevalent; and they were more remarkable in their features and appearances than had been noticed for many years. There was also an extraordinary disturbance of currents along telegraphic wires. Submarine wires were unusually disturbed, and this was followed within two or three days by great commotions in the atmosphere, or by some remarkable change." In September, marked magnetic disturbances were noted at Kew; and toward the close of October, that series of storms commenced, with prevailing ungenial weather, the like of which has not been recorded in our annals. It is desirable to notice concurrent physical facts, though their precise relation may not be understood, and they may have no relation at all except as closely coinciding in their occurrence.

Contrary to an old opinion upon the subject, the same phenomenon adorns the sky of the southern hemisphere; and there it must be designated *Aurora Australis*, the Southern Lights, *Südlichter* of the Germans. But, as appearing in the direction of both poles, the term *Aurora Polaris*, or Polar Lights, would be the most appropriate style. Don Antonio

Ulloa, off Cape Horn, in the year 1745, witnessed the first appearance of the kind to Europeans in that region. Captain Cook also saw it in the night-sky of the south. In the narrative of his second voyage, it is remarked that, on the 17th of February, 1773, "a beautiful phenomenon was observed in the heavens. It consisted of long columns of a clear white light, shooting up from the horizon to the eastward, almost to the zenith, and spreading gradually over the whole southern part of the sky. These columns sometimes bent sideways at their upper extremity, and though in most respects similar to the northern lights, yet differed from them in being always of a whitish color, whereas ours assume various tints, especially those of a purple and fiery hue. The stars were sometimes hid by, and sometimes faintly to be seen through, the substance of these southern lights." Subsequent voyagers in high southerly latitudes have given descriptions of the *Aurora Australis*—as M. Simonoff, the astronomer to Bellinghausen's expedition, and Sir James Clark Ross. These southern lights have been seen more than once in England, while the northern lights have been caught sight of as far as latitude 45° in the opposite hemisphere.

Various circumstances show the aurora to be unquestionably a meteor of the electro-magnetic class. Its light may be very correctly imitated by passing a current of electricity through an exhausted receiver; and while irregular movements of the magnetic needle accompany its appearance, the coruscations are most intense near the magnetic poles. The general conclusion may therefore be adopted, that the equilibrium being disturbed in the distribution of terrestrial magnetism, it is restored by a discharge attended by the evolution of light—the flashes of a magnetic storm—in the same way as in the electrical storm, the forked lightning indicates the restoration of the disturbed equilibrium in the distribution of electricity. But great obscurity rests upon this department of meteorology; and from science we pass to poetry, again quoting the lines of Lomonosov:

"Come, then, philosopher, whose privileged eye  
Reads Nature's hidden pages and decrees;  
Come now, and tell us whence, and where, and why,  
Earth's icy regions glow with lights like these,  
That fill our souls with awe: profound inquirer, say,  
For thou dost count the stars, and trace the planet's way.

"What fills with dazzling beams the illumined air?  
What wakes the flames that light the firmament?

The lightnings flash : there is no thunder there—  
And earth and heaven with fiery sheets are blent ;  
The winter's night now gleams with brighter, lovelier ray  
Than ever yet adorned the golden summer's day.

"Is there some vast, some hidden magazine,  
Where the gross darkness flames of fire supplies ?  
Some phosphorous fabric which the mountains screen,  
Whose clouds of light above those mountains rise ?

Where the winds rattle loud around the foaming sea,  
And lift the waves to heaven in thundering revelry ?

"Thou knowest not ! 'tis doubt, 'tis darkness all !  
Even here on earth our thoughts benighted stray,  
And all is mystery through this earthly ball—  
Who, then, can reach or read yon Milky Way ?  
Creation's lights and depths are all unknown—untrod :  
Who, then, shall say how vast, how great creation's God !"

From Chambers's Journal.

## A N T I Q U E G E M S .

It is a common error to confuse gems with precious stones, whereas gems should signify carved or engraved stones only, such as cameos or intaglios. At the coronation of the present Czar at Moscow, the Countess of Granville, our ambassador's wife, eclipsed the rest of the company—exceedingly rich in jewels though the great Russian families are—by her magnificent ornaments, the triumph of art over mere material wealth. Others were in a blaze of diamonds and "glimmer of pearls," but those, however valuable, could, if lost, be replaced ; while the English lady's *parure*, composed of eighty-eight gems selected from the best specimens in the Devonshire collection of Greek and Roman art, could never be reproduced. Mere decoration, however, is the lowest use to which these exquisite embodiments of taste and skill can be put. The historian and the antiquary are both indebted to them. They indestructibly preserve for us, although in miniature, the exact representations of the most celebrated works of the ancient sculptors, long since destroyed or lost. "The Apoxyomenos of Callicrates, which was pronounced the 'canon' or model of statuary in bronze, but which, together with almost all the other works in that metal, has perished in the times of barbarism, is allowed by all archæologists to have been the original of the famous intaglio in the Marlborough cabinet, an athlete using the strigil, itself also classed amongst the finest engravings known. The Apollo Delphicus, too, supporting his lyre upon the head of a Muse by his side, a subject

often reproduced without any variation, and usually in work of the greatest excellence, is incontestably the copy of some very famous and highly revered statue of this deity, then in existence. Again, amongst the Mertens-Schaaflhausen gems, the attention is attracted by a singular design, the same god armed with his bow and arrows in his one hand, and with the other holding the fore-feet of a stag standing erect ; the whole composition betokening an archaic epoch. There can be small doubt but that this little sard has handed down to us a faithful idea of the bronze group by the early statuary Canachus, which from its singularity was accounted the chief ornament of the Didymæon at Athens : an Apollo thus holding a stag, the hind-feet of which were so ingeniously contrived by means of springs and hinges in the toes, that a thread could be passed between them and the base on which they rested, a mechanical *tour de force* thought worthy by Pliny of particular mention."

Gems supply us with pictures of the usages of domestic life amongst the ancients, giving us authentic details of the forms and construction of innumerable articles used in war, navigation, religious rites, the games of the circus and arena, the representations of the stage, with the costume, masks, and all other accessories of the scenic performance. In a good collection of impressions from ancient gems, the student will see the various pieces of armor of the ancient Greek or Etruscan warrior carefully made out in their minutest details ; and the obscure subject of the construction of the ancient

trireme has been principally elucidated by the representations thus handed down to our times. The disputed chronology of Egyptian history has been already to some extent, and will doubtless be yet more fully made out by the aid of the numerous scarabei and tablets bearing the names and titles of the kings, whenever a more satisfactory mode of interpreting their hieroglyphical legends, than the present conjectural method, shall have been discovered.

Surely, then, the study of Antique Gems is not one to be despised, or set down in the final company of Genealogy, Heraldry, or the Art of Illumination. It seems, indeed, to be peculiarly fitted for one whose life is passed in lettered ease, and we are much indebted to Mr. King, of Trinity College, Cambridge, for his admirable exposition of the matter.\* His enthusiasm was, of course, ready laid, like a housemaid's fire, for such a pursuit, and has increased with application, or he could never have set about, and far less completed, so large and interesting a volume out of such materials. A hack writer could not have rendered the subject readable, even if he himself survived the compilation; but with our author it is a labor of love, and he goes about it as though he were composing something in praise of his mistress. He does not believe it to be in the power of time or chance to hurt his favorites. "Once a captain, always a captain," he applies to all gems, no matter how ancient. He protests that the breast-plates worn by the Jewish high-priests—the earliest instance on record of the art of the gem-engraver—are still shining somewhere.

"It will sound incredible to the ear of the uninitiated, but every one conversant with the nature of gems will admit that these most venerable productions of the glyptic art *must still be in existence*. No lapse of time produces any sensible effect upon these monuments, as is testified by the numerous seals even in a softer material, vitrified clay, bearing the name of Thothmes III., the cotemporary of Moses himself. Their intrinsic value also, as the finest gems that could be procured by the zeal of a race trafficking all over the world, must have rendered them objects of care to all the conquerors into whose

hands they fell, and though removed from their original vestments, and re-set in various ornaments, they must have always ranked amongst the most precious state jewels of the captor of the Holy City. This doubtless was the cause that the breast-plate belonging to the first temple is not mentioned in the list of articles sent back by Cyrus to Jerusalem. The breast-plate in use after the captivity, and described by Josephus, was carried to Rome, together with the other spoils of the temple. Of the subsequent fate of these treasures, the more probable account is, that they were transferred to Constantinople, and deposited by Justinian in the sacristy of Santa Sophia. Hence, there is a chance of the gems emerging from oblivion at no distant day, when the 'Sick Man's' treasury shall be rummaged. What a day of rejoicing both to archæologists and to the religious world will the identification of one of these sacred monuments occasion; a contingency by no means to be thought chimerical in an age which has witnessed the resuscitation of Sennacherib's signet, [of which a woodcut is given,] of his drinking-cup, and of his wife's portrait."

Gems of considerable antiquity are still extant, with legends in the Rabbinical Hebrew character; as also huge gold rings with inscriptions on the shank, used at the celebration of the marriage-ceremony.

Concerning the materials used by the gem-engraver, we find the following interesting particulars. The carnelian, and its superior variety the sard, has the first place, as the stone most commonly used, and the best adapted for the work. The most ancient intaglios, such as the Etruscan and Egyptian, are cut on red carnelians. The sard is a finer variety, tougher, more easily worked, and susceptible of a higher and more enduring polish. The name is derived from Sardis, whence they were first imported into Greece. Chalcedony is called white carnelian by our lapidaries. Next to the sards rank the onyx, sardonyx, nicolo, and agate. The sardonyx is a white opaque layer, superimposed upon a red transparent stratum of true red sard. The common onyx has two opaque layers of different colors, usually in strong contrast to each other, as red and white, green and white. The agate is of the same substance as the onyx, but the layers are wavy, and often con-

\* *Antique Gems*. By the Rev. C. W. KING, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. John Murray, Albemarle Street.



French army. In 1846 the Chasseurs à Pied received it instead of their chamber-rifles; and the smooth carbines of the artillery were altered into *mousquetons à tige*, which are still in use. For the Algerian light infantry, the Zouaves and Tirailleurs Indigènes, (known since the Italian war as Turcos,) smooth-bore infantry muskets were converted into rifles *à tige*, though they have recently exchanged them for those of the Chasseurs with the sword-bayonet. The adjoining states soon followed the example of France, Prussia taking the lead by arming her Chasseurs with the rifle *à tige*, for which, however, the needle-gun has since been substituted. Still, as we have said, this new gun was far from perfect; it was complicated, and the mode of loading awkward with long barrels. Hence it was not the right weapon yet, and further improvements must be made ere the whole of the line infantry could be armed with rifles. This was effected by the expansion system, introduced by Minié, who solved the problem in 1849.

The Minié bullet, hollow at the base, had an iron *culot*, or cup, inserted, which, when the powder exploded, was forced up into the bullet, and necessarily drove the softer lead into the grooves. This invention was an eminent improvement, for the gun remained extremely simple, the loading was effected with equal speed as that of a smooth bore, and there was no fear of intrusting it to the rank and file. Moreover, old muskets could be converted to the new system with very slight expense. In 1849, therefore, the French government introduced Minié muskets, under the name of *fusils de précision*, but, from some cause or another, the Minié gun has not made its way in France, while in other armies it plays a most important part, after various sensible modifications. In 1851 England had twenty eight thousand Minié guns made on the French system, and it resulted in a failure, which we have to thank for the Enfield rifle, to which we shall presently refer. In 1852 Belgium also introduced the Minié, with equal unsatisfactory results; but the Germans, by slight alterations, produced that technical perfection of the Minié, which gives it, at the present day, so prominent a place in modern armament.

After the smaller German States, with the Grand Duchy of Baden at their head,

had introduced the Minié, the Crimean war, which proved the superiority of the English and French rifles over the French smooth-bores, stirred Prussia to action, and in 1855 and 1856 three hundred thousand muskets were converted in that country into Miniés. Since then, however, very large numbers of needle-guns have been made, and the Miniés have been handed over to the reserve. Nor did Russia stand aloof from progress. Instructed by the Crimean war, she supplied herself with Miniés during the campaign, partly by the conversion of smooth-bores in her own factories, and partly by obtaining them from Liège and American and German factories, as contraband of war. After peace was signed, the Russian government did not rest till the whole of the infantry was armed with Miniés of the latest and best model. We may mention, in a few words, what improvements have been made in this model—five grooves have been introduced, instead of the four progressive grooves of the French, the caliber has been reduced, and sharp iron *culots* introduced. The last was a very important improvement, for the original Minié bullet had two grave faults—either the *culot* split up the lead, or else it fell out. With the sharp-pointed long *culot* both these faults are avoided, and the Germans believe they have solved a difficulty which at one moment threatened the entire abolition of the cup. In fact, several experiments have been made to do away with it, and in 1852 Captain von Neindorff, in the Prussian service, introduced a bullet with a hollow base, which the force of the powder drove into the grooves. It was soon discovered, however, that this bullet, when transported any distance, was liable to lose its shape, and it has never been regularly introduced, though it has been the basis of several experiments in this country and on the Continent. In 1853, Colonel Timmerhans, of the Belgian army, made another modification in the Minié bullet, by placing in the bell-shaped cavity a leaden plug, cast with the bullet. This, however, proved a failure for various technical reasons we need not enter into, and was abolished finally from the Belgian army in 1854.

In England the unfavorable result of the first Minié rifles led eventually to the introduction of the Enfield-Pritchett, the regulation arm of the service. In this the expansion of the bullet was produced

skill of the engraver. The agate of King Pyrrhus was said to have been marked naturally so as to represent Apollo holding the lyre, and surrounded by the nine Muses, each with her appropriate attribute. Agates occur at the present day marked with figures which it seems almost impossible to ascribe to a mere freak of nature. Amongst those in the British Museum is one representing the head of Chaucer covered with the hood, as in his well-known portrait, the resemblance of which is most extraordinary; and yet the pebble is evidently in its original state, not even polished, but merely broken in two. But in most of these "nature-paintings," the natural veins and shadings of the stone have been probably much assisted by the imagination of the beholder.

If nature, however, imitates art, art has not been slow in repaying the polite attention. It is almost impossible for any one not "a scholar and a gentleman," as well as a lapidary and a man of taste, to tell whether the thing offered to him as an antique gem is genuine or not. The devices used to entrap, not the unwary, but the most sagacious, are well-nigh numberless. Besides the execution of the gems, which is at least as difficult a thing to estimate as that of a painting, the precious stones themselves have from very early times been imitated. Crystal, heated and plunged into a tincture of cochineal, becomes a ruby, and into a mixture of turmesole and saffron, a sapphire; while the carbuncle of ancient times, as of to-day, was made out of the same comparatively cheap substance. The crystal being cut to the proper form, its back is painted the required color, and then it is set in a piece of jewelry. To baffle this, in the case of the chrysolithus, Pliny expressly mentions that the stone was set *open*. "Although the Roman jewelers made false jaspers of three colors by cementing as many slices of different stones together, and hence its name *Terebinthizusa*, they do not seem to have been acquainted with doublets, the favorite device of the modern trade, by which a thin slice of real stone is backed by a faceted crystal, and then so set as to conceal the junction. The ancient frauds in colored stones were entirely confined to the substitution of pastes for the true, to detect which Pliny lays down many rules—some fanciful enough, but containing one that is infalli-

ble, that by means of a splinter of obsidian, a paste may be scratched, but not a real stone." After such ingenious frauds as these, the Cingalese, who cut such very fine emeralds out of the thick bottoms of our wine-bottles, to sell to the "steam-boat gentlemen," may be considered to be quite unsophisticated; as also the Brighton lapidaries, who cast old glass fragments into the sea, which the attrition of the shingle soon converts into the form of real pebbles. "These tradesmen," as Mr. King wittily observes, "do literally cast their bread into the water, and find it again after many days." We rather suspect that the eye is not greatly refreshed by the contemplation of the Brighton emeralds, and that even "if engraved with the figure of a beetle," they would not be very advantageous to persons having suits to monarchs," as Pliny says the magicians of his time declared emeralds to be. The amethyst, as its name implies, was supposed to prevent intoxication, and was therefore invaluable set in a ring, and worn at supper-parties. The ruby, being powdered, and taken in water, was a certain though expensive cure for liver-complaints, as well as a most trustworthy lightning-conductor. The chrysolite, bored through, and strung on an ass's hair, was capital for expelling devils. But the amber had the most excellent though dangerous qualities, for if laid upon your wife when she was asleep, she would confess to certain peccadillos, which it was not likely you would have otherwise got out of her.

Mr. King tells us that the Egyptian scarabei, or "beetle-stones," are the earliest monuments of the glyptic art in existence. The beetles are cut out of basalt, carnelian, agate, lapis-lazuli, and other hard stones, but are as frequently made of a soft limestone, or of a vitrified clay, the harder stones appearing to have been *filed* into shape by means of a piece of emery. The softer substances were probably fashioned into the beetles, and then engraved with a splinter of flint; for Herodotus speaks of the Ethiopian arrows being headed with the stone by means of which they engrave their signets. The earliest method of wearing them was that of simply stringing them, intermixed with other beads, as a necklace, the engraved base of the scarab serving at the same time the purpose of a signet. The Assyrian and Persian cylinders were similarly

hold his rifle perpendicularly lest the powder should cling to the sides of the barrel. With the breech-loader, on the other hand the soldier need not stir, but can keep his eye on the enemy during the whole period of loading. Other advantages are, that infantry can fire a volley, and load again as they advance on the enemy, while cleaning the piece is so facilitated that it may be effected even during the action. The great defect of breech-loaders is their want of durability: they naturally wear out much sooner at the orifice, and an eye-witness has informed us that during the Schleswig-Holstein campaign the Prussian troops were compelled to fire under the arm, as the flame flashed forth from the opening after some rounds had been fired, and the fouling rendered it impossible to close the breech hermetically.

Of breech-loaders proper, the only weapons employed in Europe are the chamber-loading guns for infantry and marines in Sweden and Norway; the varieties of revolvers and the needle-gun. Breech-loading carbines have also been partially introduced among the English cavalry. Of the first weapon we need only say that there is a chamber separate from the gun, and is fired on the percussion system, while in the needle-guns the opening is at the back of the chamber, which forms a portion of the barrel.

The idea of the revolver is very old, as many specimens of which pistols on that system may be seen in collections of old arms. Colonel Colt was the first to bring it back into general use, and successive improvements have been made, the last by Mr. Harding, in what is called the Harding-Deane revolver, which is exquisitely simple in its mechanism, and not liable to get out of order. Many attempts have been made to apply the principle to guns, but they have generally failed, and the revolver-pistol is now generally used in the European navies. In the Indian mutiny, however, the English troops employed it with very deadly effect. The breech-loading carbine—also an American invention—makes very excellent practice, but it has hitherto been found advisable to adhere to the old pattern, because the great object is to keep complicated weapons as far as possible out of soldiers' hands. We may mention another peculiarity of Sharp's breech-loader, that it is self-capping, there being a provision of

caps, one of which slips on to the nipple by the act of setting the hammer.

The Prussian needle-gun was invented by Professor Dreyse, at Sommerda, so far back as 1835, and he applied the new system to breech-loaders soon after. The Prussians are excessively sanguine about this weapon, and say that, ere long, it will become the universal arm. Our readers will form the most perfect idea of this gun from children's toy-muskets, from which a wooden ramrod is fired by means of a powerful spring, to the great detriment of looking-glasses. The act of pulling the trigger sets a steel spring in motion, which drives the needle through the powder into the explosive matter, which sits just behind the conical bullet. The action of the powder is said to be greatly increased by being fired from the point, and there is no doubt of the good practice made by the needle-gun, for, in the revolution of 1849, we saw men shot at Mannheim the whole width of the Neckar, which is a little over nine hundred yards. One great advantage of the needle-gun is the abolition of caps, which are most troublesome things to put on, especially in winter, and the lock is naturally far less complicated than in ordinary muskets. The only fragile part is the needle, but it is very easy to put in a fresh one, even in action. The Prussian government are so convinced of the merits of these guns, that they have introduced them throughout the army—line and landwehr, chasseurs and light cavalry, being armed with them, which produces an admirable uniformity of ammunition, a matter of vital consequence in action. It has been objected, that the Prussians have as yet been unable to try the merits of the needle-gun in a campaign; but its use in Baden and Schleswig-Holstein fully proved its value. When we take into consideration that the soldier can fire five times in a minute, there is no gainsaying that the needle-gun is a very valuable invention. Hitherto Prussia has alone introduced this arm, but the Emperor Napoleon has been making numerous experiments recently with breech-loaders, and, with his practical good sense, it is very possible that he may make such improvements as to render their general introduction highly advisable.

We have not alluded to any but regulation weapons in this sketch, else we might have said a word in favor of the Lancas-

ter gun with which the engineers are armed. From all we hear it is an admirable weapon, but we have no doubt that the Enfield will remain the standard arm of the service. Take it altogether, we prefer it to every rifle now in use, for it is simple, easy of repair, light and handy. Whitworth's rifle, we are prepared to allow, makes better practice; but the reason is very simple: the caliber is partly reduced, and we need no ghost to tell us that the smaller that is, the more accurate the fire will be. But this accuracy is paid for; in the first place, the Whitworth fouls far more rapidly than the Enfield, and that is a serious consideration in the field, for it must never be forgotten that in action that gun is the best which *ceteris paribus* fires the greatest number of rounds before it wants cleaning. Moreover, the range of the Enfield is quite sufficient for an action; for the first quarter of an hour long-range weapons may be effectively used by sharpshooters, but, so soon as the powder-smoke begins to hang on the ground, the range becomes of very slight consequence. We believe that the Enfield is the queen of muskets ourselves, and only inferior to the breech-loader. Of course, if all the Prussians say about the needle-gun be true, they have the best rifle in the world; but we think that, had its merits not been counterbalanced by grave disadvantages, we should have heard more about it in this country.

Very great changes have necessarily been effected by the new fire-arms in the mode of fighting, as the Italian campaign proved. In the first place, cavalry seem to have fallen entirely into the background, and artillery and light infantry do all the work: the former throwing the foe into confusion, the latter breaking through their ranks by the impetuosity of the charge. But the race has been far from

equal between the ordnance and the rifle; we know to a nicety what the latter is capable of effecting, but there appear no limits to the range and accuracy of the former. At a distance from which a field-battery opens fire, and the speed and precision of the firing, it would be very easy to destroy an entire cavalry regiment ere it reached the guns in its charge. This is a subject which has not escaped the notice of the Emperor Napoleon, and we expect to hear ere long of his resolve with respect to the future employment of cavalry.

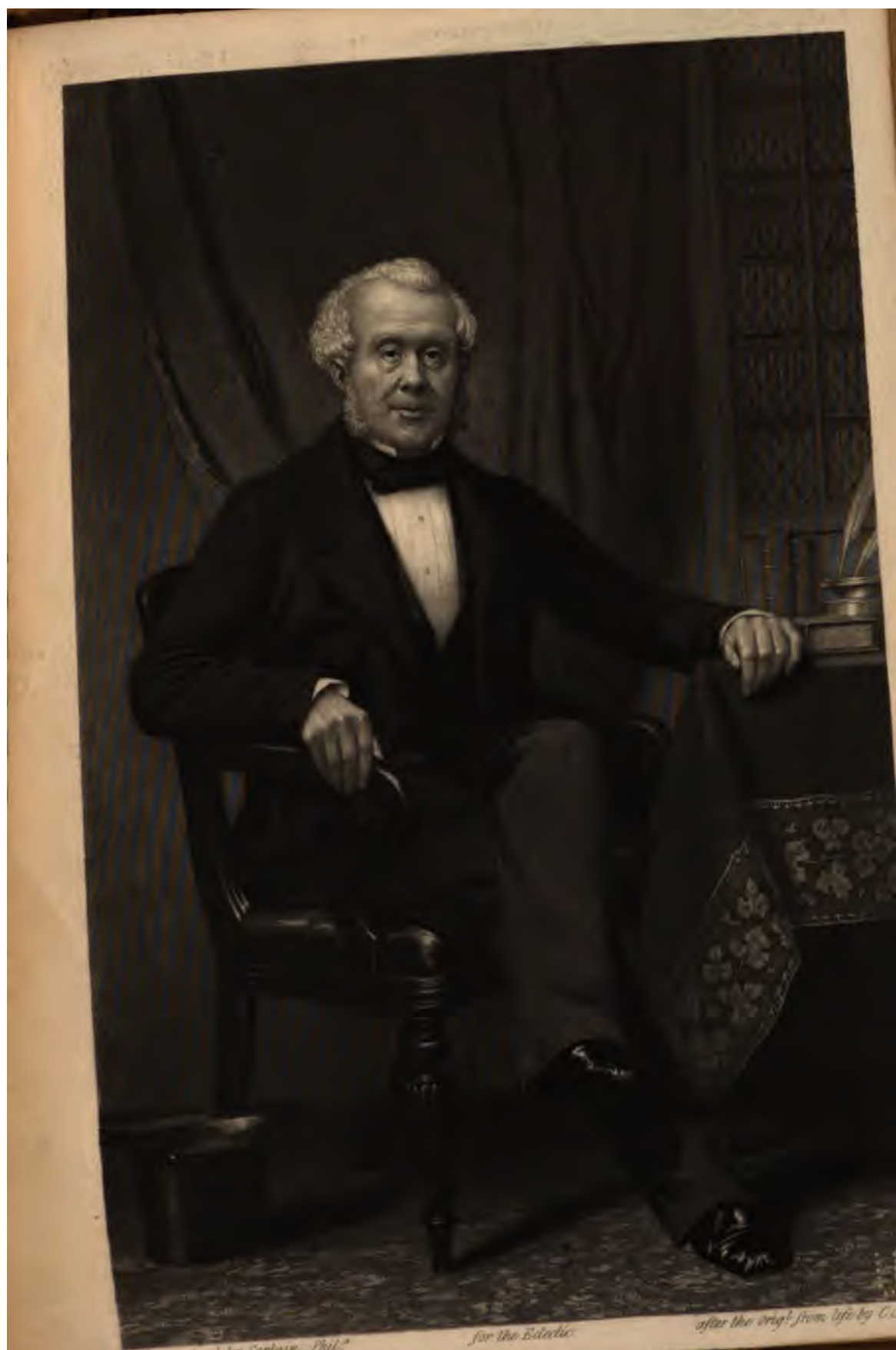
Altogether, we are of opinion that England is in no way behind the rest of Europe as regards her ordnance and fire-arms; and that we may remain perfectly satisfied with Enfield rifles until a decisive campaign has tested the merits and demerits of the Prussian breech-loading gun. Should it prove all its partisans say of it, then no hesitation would be possible, and the whole of our infantry would have to be re-armed. But, until that takes place, we think the war department act wisely in adhering to the Enfield, which is a general favorite with the soldier. Mr. Whitworth's friends are naturally very irate that his gun has been neglected; but there are insuperable objections to its introduction as the regulation arm. The great merits of his rifle are acknowledged in the fact that it is selected for the Wimbledon contest; but this is one of those few cases in which a thing may be too good. At the same time, it must never be left out of sight that, under Providence, the Enfield rifle regained us our Indian possessions. It would be the height of ingratitude to discard so valuable a weapon save for the most urgent reasons; and those reasons, we humbly repeat, can only be the perfecting of the breech-loader. When that takes place, we are prepared to surrender our old friend the Enfield, but not before.

## L O R D P A L M E R S T O N .

FEW English statesmen of modern times have filled so high a position in the imperial government of England for so long a period, or exerted so wide and commanding influence in the affairs of Europe, as Lord Palmerston. The very fine portrait of this eminent statesman which adorns the present number of *THE ECLECTIC*, was photographed but a short time since, and represents him very life-like seated in his private cabinet. Mr. Sartain has had eminent success in depicting his lordship as he really appears, as a glance at the soft rich shading in the engraving will show. It seems needful to give but a brief outline biographical sketch of one whose name, character, and position are so well known over the civilized world.

HENRY TEMPLE VISCOUNT PALMERSTON was born on the twentieth of October, 1784. He was eighteen years of age when he succeeded to this title. He was educated at Cambridge, and, in 1806, about the time of Mr. Pitt's death, was elected member of Parliament for the borough of Horsham. He ranged himself on the ministerial side of the house, and supported the government by his vote and influence. In the next Parliament he was returned for Newport, in the isle of Wight. Having joined the Portland administration in 1807, he was made one of the lords of the admiralty. In 1809, during the administration of Mr. Perceval, he obtained the office of Secretary-at-War, in the room of Sir James Murray Pulteney; and next year, vacating his seat for Newport, was elected for the University of Cambridge. He continued to fill the office of Secretary-at-War for nineteen years successively, namely, from October, 1809, to May, 1828, when he gave place to Sir Henry Hardinge, in consequence of the breaking up of Lord Goderich's cabinet. Some time prior to 1825 he was fired at and slightly wounded by a man, without his having given the least provocation; but on inquiry the man was proved to be clearly insane. The office which Lord Palmerston filled for so long a period, extending through the successive administrations of Perceval, Castlereagh, Liverpool, Canning, and Goderich, is one

of acknowledged importance, and of no inconsiderable difficulty; and the best proof of his lordship's competency for discharging its functions is to be found in his continuing to retain it undisturbed amid the conflict of parties, and the perpetual changes which, in other offices, were continually taking place. It is pretty evident that Lord Palmerston, for much of this time, must have avowed tory politics, and given his support to them. But it is equally plain that he latterly imbibed the more liberal principles of Mr. Canning; and after that lamented statesman's death he discovered an evident leaning toward the enlightened policy of Lord Goderich and Mr. Huskisson. Though, like the latter, he accepted the office of Secretary-at-War in the Wellington ministry, he took Mr. Huskisson's part in the *fracas* occasioned by that gentleman's vote on the East-Retford question, and resigned his place on account of what he considered to be the arbitrary conduct of "The Duke" on that occasion. He aided the Peel and Wellington cabinet in the removal of the Catholic disabilities, a measure of which he was one of the most powerful advocates. When the first Reform bill was introduced to the House of Commons, in 1831, by Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston appeared among his supporters, and he continued to give that measure his powerful support until the efforts of its promoters were finally crowned with success. This line of action cost him his seat for the University of Cambridge, which he had held since 1809. He was, however, returned in 1831, for Bletchingley. In 1832 he sat for South-Hants, but was defeated at the general election in 1834. In 1835 he was elected for Tiverton, which he still represents. He held the seals of the foreign secretaryship from 1830 until the dissolution of the Whig cabinet in 1834. In the April following he resumed that office, and resigned it again in 1841. With the return of the Whigs to office, in 1846, he again took the same office, which he resigned December twenty-second, 1851. His lordship is one of the best practiced statesmen of whom England can boast.



Wm. C. C. Phil.

for the Esclav.

after the orig<sup>l</sup> from life by C.



From the London Times.

## THE LONDON EXHIBITION OF 1862.

THE unremitting labors of the Royal Commissioners are fast reducing the huge mass of details connected with next year's Exhibition to order and system. The arrangements connected with the organization of Trade Committees for English exhibitors are fast progressing towards completion, and the Commission appointed by the French Emperor is equally diligent and forward in its results. On the Continent, however, there is a certain amount of apathy as to the intended display. That this is due to political causes alone is known from the fact that only in those parts of Europe which either have been in a state of disturbance, or apprehend it for next year, is this feeling, or rather absence of feeling, for the Exhibition discoverable. To make up for it, however, English manufacturers are throwing themselves into it with redoubled ardor. As in the last Exhibition, one half the entire space of the building will be allotted to England and the colonies, and the remainder among the various foreign countries. All the applications for space from England have been sent in, and some idea may be formed of their extent when we state that, if all were granted that is asked, England alone would require a building nearly three times larger than the entire structure for next year. It follows, therefore, as only half this is allotted to Great Britain, that the demands for space will all have to be reduced one sixth of what is now asked. Some exhibitors' demands are most preposterously exorbitant.

A visit to the site of the proposed building is the best way to get a fair idea of the immense extent of the intended structure, and also of the rapidity with which it is being raised. A fortnight ago and the surveyors were only marking out the ground, and a line of little sticks of different colors was the sole aid to tracing the plan of the building. Now all the concrete foundations have been laid and hardened, and the walls of the picture-

gallery are already some fifteen feet high. The first impression on entering the works is, that you are in a hopground of colossal proportions, so bare looks the flat inclosure, with its hundreds of scaffold-poles, set in lines of such length that the furthest off seems a mere twig. Stray men are at work here and there removing gravel, or setting broad slabs of stone on little cubes of brickwork. There are really some 800 employed in all, but they are lost, and look as nothing in the wide inclosure. When all is in full operation, from 3000 to 3500 laborers will be required. The site of the domes is as yet only marked by sticks, with here and there solid square columns of brickwork and masonry let into the ground to carry the cast-iron columns. The brickwork and masonry, also, on which the columns for the nave and transepts will rest, are also complete, and the great picture-gallery, as we have said, is most rapidly advancing. There must be very many of our readers who have contemplated building improvements in some form or other, if only in the way of a little green-house, or an additional stall to the stable, and who can, therefore, understand what the builder's "bill of quantities" means, and recollect how they have shrunk in alarm from the estimate of so many thousand bricks, two tons of mortar, five hundred cwt. of timber, so many hundred Queen slates, and so on.

All bills of quantities, however, fall into utter insignificance when we come to look at the amount of materials required to complete the building for 1862. The foundations have already consumed 5000 tons of concrete, which, as the first item, is pretty fair. On these foundations will be laid nearly 60,000 tons, or 1,400,000 cubic feet, of brickwork, requiring upwards of 18,000,000 bricks to build it. To 18,000,000 bricks no less than 22,000 tons of mortar will be requisite. 10,000 tons of iron-work—namely, about 7000 tons of cast, and 3000 tons of wrought-



iron—will be used in the entire structure. As there are nearly 1,200,000 superficial feet of flooring, the same amount of timber as of iron is required—namely, 10,000 tons. The flooring alone consumes 360 miles of planking, seven inches wide, and 270 miles' length, nine inches wide, or upward of 600 miles' length of planking in all. The actual quantities are 1,200,000 and 2,000,000 lineal feet of each kind. For the windows no less than 108 miles' length, or 600,000 feet, of sashing will be required, to fill in which are required 500 tons of sheet-glass and upward of 50 tons of putty. The roofs will need 600,000 square feet of felt; and among the minor items are between 200 and 300 tons of nails, 600 tons of paint, 300 tons of piping, and so on. The cubical contents of the whole structure will be no less than 73,000,000 cubic feet.

The public have recently been rather astounded to see that the district surveyor summoned Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, the contractors, for commencing a building not in accordance with the provisions of the Building Act. Now, when this Act was passed such a gigantic structure as that intended for next year's Exhibition was never contemplated. The Act pro-

vides that no building for trade purposes shall exceed in contents 216,000 cubic feet; but from this are exempted all railway stations and buildings, also all buildings for the service of the Crown. As all the articles to be exhibited next year will have their prices affixed, and as all, or nearly all, will be sold before the Exhibition is over, the building necessarily comes within the provisions of the Act as one for trade purposes, and, though built under Royal charter, is neither a Crown nor a railway building. Consequently, under the Act its contents would be limited to 216,000 cubic feet, instead of 73,000,000, as intended. Fortunately, the Board of Works overruled the legal interference of the district surveyor, and sanctioned the erection of the building. But for this sensible solution of the difficulty, Lord Granville would have had to pass a short Bill exempting the proposed building from the provisions of the Act, and not a nail could have been driven or a brick laid until such bill had passed both Houses. The magistrate was obliged to inflict a nominal fine of one shilling on Mr. Kelk for his contemplated infraction of the law, and with this the affair has dropped.

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From the London Review.

## D I P H T H E R I A .

A PESTILENTIAL disease which is new, or which is believed to be so, always excites great alarm, because the imagination is apt to exaggerate evils of which experience has not yet measured the extent, and for which skill has not yet provided a remedy. Since the disappearance of cholera, diphtheria has, for several years been the principal source of apprehension. There seems, however, to be a mistaken notion generally prevalent as to the novelty of this disease, and as to the opinions of the medical profession on the subject. It is true that diphtheria, *as an epidemic*, is new to the nineteenth century; but M.

Bretonneau, the first medical writer of the present day who drew attention to it, never considered it as a new disease, but at once identified it with a malady described by the Italian and Spanish physicians of the sixteenth century, which, again, is well known to have been no other than the "putrid sore throat" of our older English writers. Neither has there been much difference of opinion on this point among physicians in general. The chief difference has been as to whether diphtheria be an independent disease, or merely a modification of scarlet fever. It may not be altogether un-

profitable to present our readers with a brief statement of the facts of the case, as established by a comparison of recent investigations with the recorded observations of past times:

1. There is little reason to doubt that a description given by the ancient Greek physician Aretæus refers to the disease in question.

2. In modern times, the disease prevailed in an epidemic form in Spain, Italy, Sicily, and other European countries, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It visited England, France, Italy, Sweden, Holland, Germany, and North-America about the middle of the eighteenth century, and then, in a great measure, disappeared till about the year 1818, when it broke out in France, and continued to prevail, more or less, for some years. Within the last three or four years it has been prevalent on the Continent of Europe, in Great Britain, in North-America, and in Australia.

3. It has been known by many names. Besides the technical applications given to it by various medical writers, it has received, in England, the popular names of "putrid sore throat," "malignant sore throat," and "epidemic croup," and in Spain that of *garotillo*. Lastly, in the year 1821, it was described by M. Bretonneau, of Tours, under the name of "diphtherite," or *diphtheritis*, which term having been found etymologically objectionable, has lately been exchanged for *diphtheria*.

4. Though it has prevailed epidemically only at particular times and at uncertain intervals, it has never ceased to show itself in a sporadic form—that is to say, scattered here and there among the population, like any other disease, and apart from any epidemic influence.

5. The most remarkable feature of the disease, and that from which it derives its name of "diphtheria," (*diphthera*, a skin,) is the tendency to the formation of a false membrane, consisting of a peculiar exudation from the mucous surface of the throat,

air-passages, and occasionally other parts of the body. The false membrane varies much in consistence, situation, and extent. It is sometimes confined to the pharynx and tonsils, and at others extends to the lining membrane of the mouth, or downward into the gullet. Sometimes it affects the larynx, and even extends into the windpipe and bronchial tubes. Occasionally the diphtheric exudation is present in the form of a few limited patches in the throat, or absent altogether in cases which, nevertheless, are clearly attributable to the same epidemic influence. Lastly, the exudation may appear on any part of the body which has been denuded of its cuticle.

6. The frequent occurrence of putrid or malignant sore throat, in connection with scarlet fever, led to a long controversy as to whether these diseases were or were not essentially the same; and, till lately, the balance of opinion had inclined greatly in favor of their identity. Renewed observation of malignant sore throat, under its present name of diphtheria, has turned the scale in an opposite direction. We have now the advantage of knowing—that was not formerly well understood—that specific febrile poisons may be, and not very unfrequently are, coëxistent, and productive of their peculiar effects, in the same living system. This sufficiently accounts for the instances in which the symptoms of diphtheria are combined with those of scarlet fever, while a careful observation of the separate diseases has convinced a majority of inquirers that they are essentially distinct. This conclusion is much fortified by the consideration that diphtheria is found to be frequently associated with measles as well as with scarlet fever, yet no one ever supposed that it was identical with the former. In truth, diphtheria, like cholera and other epidemics, has a great tendency to impress some of its own peculiar characters on other diseases which are prevalent at the same time.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**AN IMPERIAL PLAYTHING.**—The following appears in the *Moniteur*: The Emperor and Empress on Saturday visited the trirème, that beautiful specimen of an ancient vessel which was built according to the orders and indications of his Majesty, and which, on her being launched, excited so much attention and interest among persons who occupy themselves with naval archaeology. The Emperor, in ordering the execution of this vessel, had for object to throw light on the disputed question of the old row-galleys, known by the name of trirèmes. No precise description of these vessels has come down to our times, and we can only form an opinion of them from some bassi reliefs and scattered passages in ancient authors. In spite of the researches of *savans*, among whom may be mentioned those of M. Gal, historiographer of the marine, the exact meaning of the word trirème could not be decided on. Now the problem of three rows of oars placed one over the other appears to be practically solved by the experiment which the Emperor has had made. The trirème now at St. Cloud is 40 metres (131 ft. 3 in.) long at the water-mark, 5½ metres (18 ft. 3 in.) wide, and drawing 1m. 10c. (8 ft. 7 in.) of water. She is propelled by 130 oars, 65 on either side, each moved by one man. They are arranged in three rows; the lower one is under a covered deck, which explains the name of *talamites*, (*talamos*, room under the deck,) by which the ancient authors distinguished these rowers; the other two rows are open, and the oars of the upper row pass behind the heads of those of the row under them. This arrangement also explains the name of *zygites*, (*zugos*, yoke,) given to the latter, as well as that of *tranites*, (*tranos*, throne,) applied to the men on the upper benches. Two rudders are placed, according to the indication of the ancient bassi reliefs. The bow is armed at the water's edge with the *rostrum*, a spear with three points, intended to pierce and lay open the sides of the enemy's vessels. When the Emperor and Empress arrived on board the trirème, all the rowers were at their posts, and immediately, at a signal from the commanding officer, the 130 oars were in movement with perfect regularity, although the men had received but little drilling. The galley, on leaving St. Cloud, went down the river toward Neuilly-bridge. Her speed, making allowance for that of the current, was 5½ knots an hour. Before reaching the bridge at Neuilly the trirème was turned round by the action of her rudders and the oars on one side backing water, while the others pulled as before, after which she again ascended the river to St. Cloud. During the passage back the Emperor had different experiments made of the action of the different rows of oars, suppressing in succession that of the *talamites*, the *zygites*, or the *tranites*. On reaching her former mooring their Majesties landed, testifying their perfect satisfaction, both at the graceful appearance of the galley, and at the manner in which the experiments had been conducted. Although the visit of their Majesties was unexpected, the banks of the river were soon lined by a numerous assemblage of persons, who hailed them with the warmest acclamations.

**AN EVENING WALK WITH A LION.**—Shortly after my arrival in Natal, a brother officer and myself made a shooting excursion to the St. John's river. One day we pursued a herd of elands, and my friend killed one. After the usual precautions to secure the meat from the attacks of the vultures, we returned to our camp, and K— proceeded with a wagon to bring in the slain. I had early in the morning passed a vlei on which a number of wild ducks were swimming, and, my horse being tired with the morning's chase, I thought a walk there in the afternoon would enable me to have a little sport and also make a savory addition to our commissariat supplies. Thither accordingly I proceeded alone. I found the duck wild, and had some difficulty in bagging any—so much so, that the sun was down ere I turned my steps homeward. I had not gone far before I found it gradually growing dark: as the distance was only about a mile and a half, this troubled me little, and I proceeded cheerily, visions of eland-steaks, and other good things to be enjoyed on my arrival, making me step out with a view of placing myself before them with as little delay as a hungry man could wish. Gradually objects became more indistinct and the darkness more decided. I hastened on. I knew I was in a totally uninhabited spot, and I began to feel uncomfortable—though I scarcely knew why, or at what. I glanced to the right and left to make sure I did not lose my way. About 100 yards on my right I saw an animal moving parallel with me: it appeared small, and I wondered what it could be. I kept my eye fixed upon it, and as I did so, the conviction forced itself upon me that it was gradually edging toward me. Either it was nearer, or the increasing shades of darkness caused it to loom larger; certainly it looked bulky and of more formidable dimensions than when I first became conscious of its presence. Silently and stealthily it continued its course—a vague, undefined feeling of danger and insecurity arose within me. What could it be? I had been so short a time in the country that I scarcely knew the wild animals by daylight; much less, then, could I recognize my persevering friend by twilight.

Uneasy and alarmed, I determined to lessen the distance between us. I argued, if it is any thing dangerous, it will be scared at my boldness; if, on the contrary, it is an antelope, I shall be satisfied, and dismiss my apprehensions. This plausible view of the case I supported by inclining to the right toward my silent and phantom-like friend. My heart beat quick as I approached. He looked bulky and heavy about the head and shoulders; he stepped slower and slower; presently he stopped. I looked hard: was it possible? Even my inexperienced eye could not be mistaken. There was no room for doubt: at about fifty yards distance stood, in his pride of strength and power, a lion. Day was over, night had begun: it was his hour, his time when he asserted his supremacy in the wilds, when he ranged the plains in search of prey. I hesitated a moment what to do. I then, without turning my back on him, walked steadily away. I kept my eye on him: as soon as I was in motion he renewed his

silent march, parallel to mine. With difficulty I prevented myself from running, but I stepped forth at my best pace; vain effort—the distance rather diminished than increased between us. I slackened my pace—my friend slackened his: there was something terrible in his silent and menacing movements. I understood his intentions well: he was waiting until it was dark, that I could not discover his approach. I had my gun loaded, alas! with small shot—I had not a single bullet with me. I held my gun cocked and pointed toward him. I thought I would fire; but perhaps that would only hasten the catastrophe—I had heard, a gun fired irritated lions instead of intimidating them. I decided to walk steadily on. I could now see the camp-fires about a quarter of a mile distant. As I drew nearer, I grew darker; but still I could distinguish indistinctly and at intervals the same dark object alongside. With my nerves strung to a painful tension, I got within a hundred yards of the fire. Human nature could stand it no longer: I uttered a loud shout, and rushed in frantic haste to the fire, to the discomfiture of my astonished servant. I have hunted often since, and slain many lions—but I never remained out alone, with only shot in my gun, after nightfall. —A. B.—*Corresp. "Field."*

CHARLES II. AND THE BISHOP.—On one occasion Charles II. asked Bishop Stillingfleet: "How it was that he always read his sermons before him, when he was informed that he always preached without a book elsewhere?" Stillingfleet answered something about the awe of so noble a congregation, the presence of so great and wise a prince, with which the King himself was very well contented. "But pray," continued Stillingfleet, "will your Majesty give me leave to ask you a question? Why do you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?" "Why, truly, doctor," replied the King, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked the two Houses so often and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

LACONIC.—The late Professor D — was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex; but, in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or note of warning. Of course, the lady replied by a gentle "No." The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again. "Do you remember," at length, said the lady, "a question which you put to me when we last met?" The Professor said that he remembered. "And do you remember my answer, Mr. D —?" "Oh! yes," said the Professor. "Well, Mr. D —," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind." "And so have I," dryly responded the Professor. He maintained his bachelorhood to the close. — *Illustrations of Scottish Character.*

WILLIAM III. ON HIS DEATH-BED. — He strained his feeble voice to thank Auverquerque for his affectionate and loyal services for thirty years. To Albemarle he gave the keys of his closet and of his private drawers. "You know," he said, "what to do with them." By this time he could scarcely breathe. "Can this," he said to the physicians, "last long?"

He was told that the end was approaching. He swallowed a cordial, and asked for Bentinck. Those were his last articulate words. Bentinck instantly came to the bed-side, bent down, and placed his ear close to the King's mouth. The lips of the dying man moved, but nothing could be heard. The King took the hand of his earliest friend, and pressed it tenderly to his heart. In that moment, no doubt, all that had cast a slight passing cloud over their long and pure friendship was forgotten. It was now between seven and eight in the morning. He closed his eyes and gasped for breath. The bishops knelt down and read the commendatory prayer. When it ended William was no more. When his remains were laid out, it was found that he wore next to his skin a small piece of black silk ribbon. The lords in waiting ordered it to be taken off. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary. — *Macaulay.*

A STORK STORY.—Mr. Horace Mayhew, in his new work on Jutland, tells the following story: "An English manufacturer settled somewhere in Zealand, amused himself by changing the eggs laid by a stork, who annually built her nest on his house, for those of an owl. In due course of time the eggs were hatched, and he was startled one morning by a tremendous row going on in the nest of the parent storks. The male, in a violent state of excitement, flew round and round his nest; the female chattered away, protecting her nestlings under her wings; it was quite evident that the stork was not satisfied with the produce of his helpmate; there was something *louché* about the whole affair; he would not recognize the offspring. After a violent dispute the male flew away, and shortly returned, accompanied by two other storks, birds of consequence and dignity. They sat themselves down on the roof, and listened to the *pros* and *cons* of the matter. Mrs. Stork was compelled to rise and exhibit her children. "Can they be mine?" exclaimed the stork. "Happen what may, I will never recognize them." On her side, Mrs. Stork protested and fluttered, and vowed it was all witchcraft—never had stork possessed so faithful a wife before. Alas! alas! how seldom the gentle sex meets with justice in this world when judged by man, or, in this case, by stork kind. The judges looked wondrous wise, consulted, and then of a sudden, without pronouncing sentence, regardless of the shrieks for mercy, fell on the injured Mrs. Stork, and picked her to death with their long, sharp beaks. As for the young owls, they would not defile their bills by touching them, so they kicked them out of the nest and they were killed in the tumble. The father stork, broken-hearted, quitted his abode, and never again returned to his former building-place."

THE DESCENDANTS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Your correspondent "A. B.," in his interesting notes on *Descendants of Eminent British Worthies*, falls into a mistake in saying that Sir Walter Scott's "race" "has perished," and also that "those of but slight relationship inherit his land and title." Now, not only has Sir Walter Scott a direct descendant living, but at the same time the title is extinct at present. A few words will explain this. The representative of Sir Walter Scott is Mary Monica Scott, the daughter of Mr. Hope Scott, the eminent Parliamentary counsel, and Charlotte, the daughter of Lockhart, who, as all the world knows, was Scott's son-in-law, having married Sir Walter's eldest daughter, Sophia.

Mary Monica Scott is the only surviving daughter of the late Mrs. Hope Scott, for, although a son and several other daughters were born, they died prematurely. Miss Hope Scott, who is now about nine years of age, is, therefore, the great-grandchild of Sir Walter Scott by the female side, and is the heir-ess of Abbotsford House and estate: her father, Mr. Hope Scott, being merely administrator or tutor in respect to the property at present. Should Mary Monica Scott die without issue, then the property, but not the title, will revert to the nephew or nephews of Sir Walter Scott, the sons of his eldest brother, who, I believe, are at present resident in America, or some of the other colonies. Thus, although "the hope of founding a family" in the direct male line, as Lockhart observes, "died with him," there is still a hope, which all will cherish, that this child, the sole living link that remains of the great minstrel's house and family, may grow up to woman's estate, and perpetuate the "race" which has already suffered such adverse fate.—*Letter to the Editor of a London paper.*

**THE LATE DUEL AT BERLIN.**—The *New Prussian Gazette* gives the following account of the duel between M. de Manteuffel and M. Twesten: "We are able to give the following details of the duel which took place on Monday last near Potsdam. The adversaries were Major-General Baron de Manteuffel, chief of the Military Cabinet of the King, and M. Twesten, councillor of the Tribunal of Berlin, and son of the theological professor at the university of the same city. There recently appeared at Berlin an anonymous brochure, entitled *That which may yet save us*. In this pamphlet the Military Cabinet is vigorously attacked. M. de Manteuffel is depicted as a man who views military appointments exclusively from the court point of view, and who for some time past has been a complete stranger to the army. Caprices and nepotism were spoken of, and M. de Manteuffel was compared to 'Count Grunne, of Vienna, who in Italy gave over the command of the army to Count Giulay;' and it was asked if a battle of Solferino was equally necessary for us 'to remove this fatal man from his fatal position.' M. de Manteuffel heard that this brochure was the work of Councillor Twesten, and wrote to ask him if he was the author. The reply was in the affirmative, and the latter gave the reasons why he considered the maintenance in office of M. de Manteuffel dangerous to the state. M. de Manteuffel demanded a public retraction, which M. de Twesten refused, offering, however, to give satisfaction of another kind. Thus provoked, M. de Manteuffel demanded a duel at eleven paces, with power to either adversary to advance three paces. On the ground the seconds made every attempt to effect a reconciliation, and a very moderate declaration was drawn up. M. Twesten read it and declared it was impossible he could subscribe to it. The principals were then placed; M. Twesten advanced immediately three paces, fired, and the ball of his pistol whizzed close by the eyes of M. de Manteuffel. The latter advanced three paces, raised his arm, and said: 'Throughout this affair you have conducted yourself as a perfect gentleman. I consider it my duty to beg you once more to end the difference by signing the moderate declaration which has been drawn up.' The reply was: 'It is impossible for me to retract.' M. de Manteuffel wheeled round, receded three paces, and fired in turning round. His ball struck M. Twesten on the wrist of the right hand.

We should add that M. de Manteuffel is near-sighted, and that he abstained from putting on his glasses." A later account states that it was expected that M. Twesten's hand would have to be amputated. The King of Prussia, on hearing of the duel, ordered the military authorities at once to commence a court-martial against General Manteuffel, and the Minister of Justice to prosecute M. Twesten.

**THE POLES AND THEIR PRISON.**—Eighteen miles from Warsaw stands the largest fortress in the world, a fortress with casemated and bomb-proof barracks for 40,000 men, and with a circumference of 11 miles. Whether this fact is generally known or not, it is certain that very few Englishmen—very few persons of any country but Russia—have been allowed the opportunity of inspecting this wondrous stronghold. Nor, I believe, is our Government at present in possession of any plan or sketch of the immense works; and, as evidence of the jealousy with which it is hidden from the eyes of strangers, I may mention that special permission from the Czar is requisite to enable any foreigner to enter it. The fortress is called Modlin, or the New Georgian; in Russian Novo-Giorgiewsk.—*Once a Week.*

**NATIONAL WALLACE MONUMENT.**—The Earl of Elgin has promised to send the sword of King Robert Bruce to be carried before the Wallace Committee, in the procession on the 24th. It was with this sword, it will be remembered, that the aged and eccentric Mrs. Bruce, of Clackmannan, knighted Robert Burns and his friend, William Nicol, remarking, at the same time, that she had as good a right to confer knighthood as some folks. There is a long account of this interesting relic in the second volume of Dr. Chalmers' *History of Dunfermline*, recently published. It will be remembered that the Wallace Committee have already secured the sword of Wallace from Dumbarton Castle, and the sword of Sir John de Græme from the Duke of Montrose, so that on the forthcoming occasion three weapons closely identified with the history of the national independence will be exhibited.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*, June 14.

**KENSINGTON GARDENS, LONDON.**—The gardens are now looking beautiful. When William III. bought them, they were but very small—26 acres. Caroline, Queen of George II., added 300 acres, and they then consisted in the whole of about 360 acres; Queen Anne having added about 30. After the gardens had been arranged for Queen Caroline, the public were admitted on Saturdays only, full dress being required. The Serpentine was formed between 1730 and 1733; and the bridge, designed by Sir John Rennie, was built at a cost of £36,500 in 1826. Kensington Gardens may be regarded as one of the just boasts of London.

**ANOTHER REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.**—On Tuesday the Emperor, Empress, Prince Imperial, and Prince Napoleon, (Jerome,) the Princes Lucien and Joachim Murat, proceeded to the Invalides, in order to be present at the ceremony of removal of the mortal remains of Napoleon I. from the private chapel dedicated to St. Jerome, in which they were originally deposited, to the central mausoleum under the dome. The military invalids still capable of bearing arms formed in line four deep, in the Place de Vauban, on the southern side of the church. The subterraneous crypt, in the center of

which is the sarcophagus of porphyry, was hung in black cloth, embroidered with the Imperial arms. From the foot of the staircase of the crypt to the level of the sarcophagus an inclined plane was contrived, so as to enable the coffin to be readily raised. The Cent Gardes were ranged in line round the crypt, and a stand was raised for the members of the Imperial family whence the whole of the proceedings could be watched. When the Emperor was seated the Grand Master of Ceremonies handed the hat, sword, and decorations of Napoleon I. to the three marshals, Randon, Magnan, and Vaillant; then the body was moved on a little car from the chapel, preceded by the clergy and accompanied by twelve Cent Gardes, and followed by the marshals, grand officers of the Court, members of Privy Council, by the Governor of the Invalides, and the Emperor's household. The car being rolled to the side of the sarcophagus, the coffin was lowered into its last resting-place, and the ceremony was complete. Very few people were present, and the day was dull and showery.

SOME of us fret inwardly, and some fret outwardly. The latter is the better plan for our friends, but the worse for ourselves.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consist in promoting the pleasure of others.

**AN ANALYSIS OF THE SUN.**—Two German chemists, working together in their laboratory at Heidelberg, have analyzed the body of the sun! Fabulous as it may seem, this is literally true. They arrived at the results of their analysis solely by close examination of the rays of light. By this means it is ascertained, in a manner quite convincing to those who have witnessed the experiments, that the body of the sun contains large portions of iron and other metals and earths common to this globe of ours.

DURING the reign of Bonaparte, when the arrogant soldiery expected to dispute all civilians, whom they in their barrack-room slang termed Pekins, Talleyrand one day asked a general officer, "What is the meaning of that word, Pekin?" "Oh!" replied the General, "we call all those Pekins who are not military." "Exactly," said Talleyrand, "just as we call all people military who are not *civil*."

USEFUL knowledge can have no enemies except the ignorant; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

WHAT head is never gray, but sometimes bald? The fountain-head.

**DEFECTIVE ARRANGEMENT.**—A paper giving an account of Toulouse, in France, says: "It is a large town, containing sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick*." This is equaled only by a known description of Albany which runs thus: "Albany is a city of eight thousand houses, and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, *with most of their gable ends to the street*."

LADY Mary Wortley Montagu's life, it appears, is not yet finished. A new edition is in press in London, which will contain a fragment of her autobiography and more than five hundred hitherto unpublished letters of herself, her son, and husband.

THE total population of the globe is estimated by M. Dietrich, Director of Statistics at Berlin, to be 1,288,000,000 persons. Mathematicians say that they can calculate the change in the center of gravity of the earth produced by the movement of a single man from one place to another.

A FRENCH raspberry has been introduced into this country by Mr. Conklin of Cold Spring harbor, Long Island, which stands the winter and bears two crops a year.

**COACH v. RAIL.**—It results, from official returns made to the English, French, and Prussian Governments relative to the movement of passengers on railways, and the accidents which take place, that there is one death out of every 4,500,000 passengers, and one wounded out of every 381,000. These calculations are made, as regards England, on the passenger traffic from 1848 to 1856; for France, from 1835 to 1856; and for Prussia, from 1851 to 1856. Similar calculations made for the traffic by the diligences, for 1846 to 1856, give one death for every 355,463 passengers, and one wounded for every 29,872. There is therefore more than twelve times more danger in traveling by coach than by rail.

THE expenses of the British Museum are half a million of dollars per annum.

**MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.**—I suppose few Americans will fail to receive with almost personal sympathy the announcement that the Duke of Newcastle is about to marry our Princess Mary of Cambridge. The Princess is a comely and singularly buxom young lady. She is like her sister the Princess Augusta, who married the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; only the younger daughter is more lively, looks cleverer, and is decidedly fatter. The Duke of Newcastle has been married before to the daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, but the marriage was dissolved at his suit, as I dare say your readers will remember. Nor need I tell you how much he is esteemed in private life, as well as in political society, as one of the most amiable as well as conscientious men. The Queen's consent is a mark at once of her not thoroughly sharing the spirit of George the Third's marriage act, and of her esteem for the Duke, the guardian of the Prince of Wales during his visit to you. The Princess Mary is the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, and is twenty-seven years of age.

ENGLAND exports annually from the United States, hard India-rubber to the amount in value of \$125,000.

THE thimble was invented by the Dutch in 1696.

THE English bankers are alarmed at the large indebtedness of their country to the United States. The amount of specie remitted us since the 28th of November has reached the enormous sum of twenty-nine millions of dollars. The *Daily News* admits that America "holds the strings of the specie movement in its hands."

THERE are 8000 men at work upon the Suez Canal, and it is to be opened next year.



